UNTO THE
UPRIGHT
THERE ARISETH
LIGHT IN THE
DARKNESS.
Psalm cxii. 4

THE
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"Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness" . . . . . *Frontispiece.*
Sick Child . . . . . *To face p.* 126
"Come unto Me" . . . . . ,, 190
Meditation . . . . . ,, 268
Christ Preaching on the Lake . . . . . ,, 300
"For as the earth bringeth forth her bud" . . ,, 372
Three Hundred Years Ago—Lighting the Beacon Fire . . . . . *To face p.* 398
News of the Armada, 1588 . . . . . ,, 534
"Thy sun shall no more go down" . . . . ,, 588
Sunset on Tintern . . . . . ,, 646
The Blessing . . . . . ,, 689
Frieze from the Arch of Titus . . . . . ,, 753

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Index.

PAGE

Alexander, Bishop and Mrs. 213
Amoy, Recent Explosion at 264
Ancestral Names 113
André-Walther, Madame, Some Recollections of 77
Anecdotes of John Welsh of Irongray . . 510
Arch of Titus at Rome 797
Armada, Danger from, in 1588 . . . 453
Armada Thanksgiving 533

Backwoods Preacher—Peter Cartwright . 149, 165, 180, 202
Bertie Danby's Training 495, 511, 526, 540, 559, 574, 591, 607, 621, 639
Bible Notes and Queries 60, 125, 141, 238, 253, 318, 407, 619, 669, 810, 815
Biography:—
Alexander, Bishop and Mrs. . . . 213
André-Walther, Madame . . . 77
Cartwright, Peter . . 149, 165, 180, 202
Drury, Rev. M. 251
Edwardes, Sir Herbert . . . 283, 298
Falconer, Ion Keith 709
Griffiths, Ann 762
Handel, George Frederick . . . 410
Hemans, Mrs.. . . . . 522, 614
Lasserre, Henri 508
Morley, Samuel 117
"Blessing" of Charles de Groux . . . 696
Blind, Library for the 380, 590
Buddhist Sermons, Stories from . . . 567
Bunyan Characteristics 549
Bunyan's Pulpits 537

Calm Sunday in the North Sea . . . 248
"Calmest, brightest when the sun goes down" 817
Canton, Day at 473
Cartwright, Peter, the Backwoods Preacher 149, 165, 180, 202
Chautauqua Summer Assembly . . . 772
Children's Prayer 61
Christian Angareion 197
Christmas Box in the Olden Time . . . 809
Christmas Boxes 816

Church History:—
Coptic Church. 44, 53
Paris at the Time of the Reformation 40, 104, 167, 257, 311, 369
Congo and its Missions 504, 521
Coptic Church 44, 53
Cornish Story 491
Cromwell, Deathbed of 393

Danger in 1588 453
Day at Canton 473
Day Dreams 472
Deathbed of Cromwell 393
Derry, Bishop of, and Mrs. Alexander . 213
"Docky" 428
Downs, Mission Work in the 530
Duchess in a Sunday School 655
Dying Hours of the Emperor William . 330

Early Life of St. John 325
Early Mission Work in Ireland . 293, 357, 426
East, Letters to my Children from the . 618, 648 701, 717, 749, 764, 799, 813, 827
Edinburgh House of Refuge 557
Edinburgh Industrial Brigade . . . 219
Edinburgh, Miss Stirling's Home . . . 444
Edinburgh, New Guthrie School . . . 304
Edinburgh, Vennel School 306
Edwardes, Sir Herbert 283, 298
Emperor William, Dying Hours of the . . 330
Enigma, New Year's 16, 96
Explosion at Amoy, Recent 264

PAGE

Faith, Impossibility of pleasing God without . 70
Falconer, Ion Keith 709
Fear, Mortality from 568
Falls of St. Fereol, on the St. Lawrence . . 329
First Sheaf 489
First Sunday School in London . . . 333
Firstling of the Flock 345
Flying Fay 254
For Better, for Worse . . . 90, 108, 139
For God and my Neighbour 138
For Thirty Years; A Reminiscence of the Young Women's Christian Association . 747
French in the Pacific 8

Gamut of Graces 757
Gethsemane and its Teachings . . . 172
Glasgow Boys' Brigade 188
Glasgow Foundry Boys 74
"Grotte de Ham": a Parable of Nature . 360

"Ham, Grotte de": a Parable of Nature . 360
Handel, Last Days of 410
Harvest, Lesson of the 605
"Heaven is as near by sea as by land" . . 529
Heights of the Himalaya 440
Hemans, Mrs. 522, 614
Henry III. and the Duke of Guise . . . 377
Hidden Texts 48, 144, 160, 176, 224, 334, 368, 400, 432, 448, 464, 494, 576, 672, 704, 736, 816
Himalaya, Heights of 440
Holden Eyes 216
Hope that is in us, and the reason of it . . 300
Hospital Nurses in London and on the Continent . . 346, 458, 596, 682, 698, 822
How Mary came Home 785
Huguenot Family Life 583
Hymn, Story of a—"Nun danket alle Gott" . 539
Hymns on the New Jerusalem 266

"I am but a little Child" 463
Impossibility of pleasing God without Faith . 70
India, Mission Work amongst the Mohammedans in 613
Indian Recollection 461
"In the days of our Fathers" 114
In the Days of the Great Armada 351, 367, 382, 397, 412, 430, 446
In Time of Need 818
Ireland, Early Mission Work in . 293, 357, 426
Iron in the Soul 628
Islamism 85, 177, 203
"It was the time of roses" 401

Janet's Macfarlane's Prayer . . 641, 658, 673
Japan, Sail through Inland Sea of . 145, 255, 280
"Jenny Wren's Mite" 15, 31, 47
Jewish Synagogue, Visit to a 493

Jottings from the South Pacific:—
Church Kites 397
Help for New Guinea 397
Respect to the Aged 634
Sea Snips 781
Triumph over Cannibalism . . . 396
"Just Enough" 305

Kirk-Braddan and its Vicar 251

Lasserre, Henri 508
Last Days of Handel 410
Last Hours 392
Lay Preacher 295
Leaving Behind, On 245
Lesson of the Harvest 605
Lesson of the Pride of Life 490
Lesson of the Roses 402

PAGE

Lesson of the Spring Flowers. 234
Letter Missions 749

Letters to my Children from the East—
Introductory 618
House or Chamber on the Wall . . 827
Memphis 764
Mirage 749
Obelisk of Heliopolis 717
Pillars or Heaps 701
Pyramids 813
Simoom 648
Thebes 799
Library for the Blind 380, 590
Life Work of Samuel Morley 117
Little Meg and the Lodger . . . 767, 782
London, Coming to 728
London, First Sunday School in . . . 333

"Man goeth forth" 593
Manners, Old and New 349
March of Islam 177, 203

Marcus Stratford's Charge: or, Rot's Temptation 1, 25, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 121, 129, 153, 161, 185, 193, 209, 226, 241, 260, 273, 289, 307, 321, 337, 353, 373, 385, 403
Maré Mission, Story of the 733
Margareta Colberg: a Tale of the Reformation 417, 433, 449, 469, 481, 497, 513
Marguerite Leroy: a Leaf from the Journal of a French Pastor 236

Mission Work, Home and Foreign:—
Amongst the Mohammedans in India . 613
Early Mission Work in Ireland 293, 357, 426
In Edinburgh. . 219, 306, 364, 444, 557, 653
In Glasgow 18, 74, 188
In the Downs 530
In the North Sea 248
Jottings from the South Pacific . 396, 634
Letter Missions 789
Maré Mission 733
Missionary Ships 634, 667
On the Congo 504, 520
Missionary Ships 634, 667
Missy 79, 95, 111
Modern Islam 85

Monthly Religious Record 63, 127, 207, 271, 335, 415, 478, 542, 623, 687, 751, 829
Morley, Samuel, Life Work of 117
Mortality from Fear 568
Mount Tabor, Slopes of 761
My Share; What is it? 21

Naaman's Wife 697
Nesta and Phyllis 287, 303, 319
New Jerusalem, Hymns on the . . . 266
New Year's Enigma 16, 96
New Year's Word of Cheer 5
Night and Morning 89
Night in Trafalgar Square 57
"Night Thoughts" of Young. 421
North Sea, Calm Sunday in 248
Not out. 475

Old Gwen 689, 705, 722, 737, 753, 769, 794, 801
Old Manners and New 349
Old Nanny 636
On Coming to London 728
On Leaving Behind 245
On Tact 315
On Uncongenial Circumstances . . . 138
"One Another" 277
Our Eben-ezers and our Naphtalis . . . 825

PAGE

Pacific, French in the 8
Painter's Model 222, 239
Parable of Nature—The "Grotte de Ham" . 360

PARABLES OF OUR LORD:—
Introductory 29
Sower 92
Tares and Wheat 157
Few Short Parables. 269
Paris at the Time of the Reformation 40, 104, 167, 257, 311, 369
Perfection, Talk with Cousin Mabel about 501, 587
Peter Cartwright, the Backwoods Preacher 149, 165, 180, 202
Pilgrim Father's Pulpit 666

POETRY:—
Alpine Cattle Bells 720
Armada 457
Beacon Light 443
"Brook in the Way" 676
By the Way 578
Children's Hymn 492
Convalescent 233
Crosswort 366
Difference, The 124
From the Spring to the Sea . . . 328
God's Forge 654
His Evening Portion 722
Home Fireside 184
How the World can Change in a Year . 60
Hymn for Nightfall 409
"I will not let Thee go". 94
In June Time 344
In Newness of Life 78
In Perils of Waters. 136
Lettice and Kate 473
Long Sermon 152
Message "So Loved" 333
My Grandchildren at Church . . . 73
New Year Reverie 14
New Year's Eve 828
On a Foxglove 606
Only Begun 680
Peace 222
Pictures from the Poets . . 120, 297, 569
Playhouses 578
Poor of the Flock 18
Pot of Mignonette 56
Prayer Meetin' 13
Redbreast 24
Rest at Nightfall 201
Royal Gifts 372
Secret Chamber 815
Skylark 720
Song of the Mountains 622
Step Outside 658
Summer 426
Sweetest Song. 815
Tempted like as we are 727
"The Earth is the Lord's" 760
"The Lord is thy Sun" 477
Tranquil Days 536
Under Mara's Ripples 638
"We praise Thee" (With Music) . . 600
Widowhood 558
Writing on the Ground 617
Pride of Life, Lesson of the 490

PROBLEM OF THE POOR:—
Edinburgh . . . 219, 306, 364, 444, 557, 653
Glasgow. 18, 74, 188
Pulpits, Some Notable 537, 666
Puritan Preaching, A 713

PAGE

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY 545, 561, 578, 594, 609, 625, 650
Recent Explosion at Amoy 264
Recollection, an Indian 461
Reformation, Paris at the Time of the 40, 104, 167, 257, 311, 369
Religion in Russia—Peasantry . . 485, 554
Reminiscences of Swiss Travel . . . 286
Revolution of 1688 on its Religious Side. Some Illustrative Incidents . 661, 714, 742, 776, 792, 810
Rome, Arch of Titus at 797
Roses, Lesson of the 402

SABBATH THOUGHTS (*see* also "Sermons in the Family"):—
"Blessed be the Lord!" 14
Love to God 606
Night and Morning. 89
Sail through the Inland Sea of Japan 145, 225, 280

SAINT JOHN: APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER:—
Early Life and Discipleship . . . 325
Apostolic Call: "Boanerges". . . . 389
Disciple whom Jesus loved 437
Apostles in Jerusalem: "Their Departure" 517
Ephesus: Records and Legends . . 570
Writings of the Apostle—The Apocalypse 677
Fourth Gospel and the Three Epistles 693, 725, 805
Santa Lucia: a Story of Corsica 143, 159, 175, 191, 205
Shepherd's Widow. 553
Scripture Characters 240, 288, 334, 368, 432, 464, 512, 528, 560, 576, 622, 672
Scripture Enigmas 16, 32, 48, 80, 144, 160, 192, 206, 224, 288, 302, 320, 334, 368, 414, 432, 448, 494, 528, 560, 592, 608, 622, 656, 736, 816
Scripture Questions 62, 96, 192, 206, 270, 320, 352, 368, 448, 464, 560, 672, 720, 816
Scripture Verses . 16, 144, 206, 270, 368, 384, 437, 494, 622, 686, 816
Seafarers' Home 137

SERMONS IN THE FAMILY:—
Christian Angareion 197
Gamut of Graces 757
Gethsemane and its Teachings . . 172
Holden Eyes 216
Hope that is in us, and the reason of it . 300
"I am but a little Child" 463
Impossibility of pleasing God without Faith 70
Iron in the Soul 628
New Year's Word of Cheer 5
"One Another" 277
Our Eben-ezers and our Naphtalis . . 625
Steward 37
Talitha Cumi 341
Worries of Daily Work 101
Serpent, Tales of the 376
Shepherd's Widow 553
Sick Child 126
Simon Magus: a Study in Apostolic History . 465
Slopes of Mount Tabor 761

SOME NOTABLE PULPITS:—
Bunyan's 537
Pilgrim Father's 666
South Pacific, Jottings from the . . 396, 684
Sower 92
Spanish Captain and the Scotch Minister . 573
Spring Flowers, Lesson of the . . . 234
Step Outside 657

PAGE

Steward 37
Story, a Cornish 491
Story of a Hymn—"Nun danket alle Gott" . 539
Story of the Maré Mission 733
Stories from Buddhist Sermons . . . 567
Summer 426
Summer Assembly at Chautauqua . . . 772
Sunday School, Duchess in a 656
Sunday School in London, First . . . 333
Sunset at Tintern 645
Swiss Travel, Reminiscence of . . . 286

Tact 315

TALES:—
Bertie Danby's Training 495, 511, 526, 540, 559, 574, 591, 607, 621, 639
Cornish Story 491
"Docky" 428
Flying Fay 254
How Mary came Home 785
In the Days of the Great Armada 351, 367, 382, 397, 412, 430, 446
In Time of Need 818
Janet Macfarlane's Prayer . 641, 658, 673
"Jenny Wren's Mite" . . . 15, 31, 47
Little Meg and the Lodger . . 767, 782
Marcus Stratford's Charge; or, Roy's Temptation 1, 25, 33, 49, 65, 81, 97, 121, 129, 153, 161, 185, 193, 209, 230, 241, 260, 273, 289, 307, 321, 337, 353, 373, 385, 403
Margareta Colberg: a Tale of the Reformation . . 417, 433, 449, 469, 481, 497, 513
Marguerite Leroy: a Leaf from the Journal of a French Pastor 236
Missy 79, 95, 111
My Share: What is it? 21
Nesta and Phyllis 287, 303, 319
Not out 475
Old Gwen 689, 705, 722, 737, 753, 769, 794, 801
Old Nanny 636
Painter's Model 222, 239
Ralph Ellison's Opportunity 545, 561, 578, 594, 609, 625, 650
Santa Lucia: a Story of Corsica 143, 159, 175, 191, 205
Willie Wills' Wings 671, 685, 703, 719, 735
Tales of the Serpent 376
Talitha Cumi 341
Talk with Cousin Mabel about Perfection 501, 587
Tares and Wheat 157
Thanksgiving, Armada 533
Trafalgar Square, Night in 57
True Mother of Charity—Some Recollections of Madame André-Walther . . . 77

Uncongenial Circumstances 133

Vicar of Kirk-Braddan 252
Visit to a Jewish Synagogue 493

Waiting for the Ferry 577
Welsh of Irongray, John, Anecdote of . . 510
Willie Wills' Wings . 671, 685, 703, 719, 735
Winter Gleaners 17
Worries of Daily Work 101

Young Christian Singer (Ann Griffiths) and her Letters 762
Young Women's Christian Association, Reminiscences of 747
Young's "Night Thoughts" 421

Things New and Old.

PAGE

Arab Tale from Zanzibar 590

Bethlehem, Star of. 110
Bible, Diseases of the 46
Books for the Blind 380, 590
Bush Negroes of Surinam 221

Diseases of the Bible 46
Duke of Kent and Legh Richmond. . . 525

Early Tracts 638

Faith Healing 350
Figurative Language of the South Seas . . 477

Garrison of Khartoum 732
George III. and the Sabbath . . . 350

PAGE

Hardening of Pharaoh's Heart . . . 221
Healing by Faith 350
Hospital Children 526

Indian Marriage Reforms 732

Khartoum, Garrison of 732

Legh Richmond and the Duke of Kent . . 525
Letters from General Gordon. . . . 638

McCall Mission 732

Nazareth, Orphans at 366
Negroes of Surinam, Bush 221

Orphans at Nazareth 366

PAGE

Pharaoh's Heart, Hardening of . . . 221
Progress and its Responsibilities . . . 366
Putting the Cart before the Horse . . . 350

Responsibilities of Progress 366

Sabbath, George III. and the 350
South Seas, Figurative Language of . . 477
Star of Bethlehem 110
Surinam, Bush Negroes of 221

Talitha Cumi 341
Tracts, Early 638

Word to the Wise 350

Zanzibar, Arab Tale from 590

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

BY EVELYN E. GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," ETC.

A TALK ABOUT THE FUTURE.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTORY.

"AND is Marcus really coming home next week?" asked Muriel looking up from her book, as the sense of the eager talk of the little knot of brothers and sisters gathered about on the lawn, penetrated to her understanding. "Is not that rather sudden, Roy? I thought he was not going to settle at home till the autumn?"

"So he always said before," answered Roy, a bright-faced, graceful lad of seventeen, detaching himself a little from the group and advancing a step nearer to Muriel, "but mother and he have

been corresponding rather vigorously of late, I don't quite know what about, and to-day there came a letter to say that he had definitely resigned his post at the embassy, and would leave St. Petersburg at once. He will be here by the end of next week."

Muriel Kynaston glanced quickly at Roy, as if to read from his face the answer to her unspoken question. Did the lad know in how precarious a state was his mother's health, and what all her friends were saying so sadly about her? Had he no suspicions as to the reason for the sudden return home of Marcus Stratford, her step-son, whose property was the house she inhabited with the large surrounding estates? Could it be that he was blind to what was so patent to the rest of the world?

Roy's face was bright, with the light-hearted buoyant look that was its characteristic expression; his brilliant hazel eyes, that gave peculiar archness and beauty to a very attractive countenance, were dancing with the eager light of anticipation; it was plain that he had not a fear in the world.

Muriel changed the form of her question. It was not for her to suggest anxious fears.

"Are you glad he is coming?"

"Oh, yes," answered Roy quickly, "I think it will be delightful. I always liked Marcus. He's just as good as a real brother to me."

"I don't remember Marcus," said a little fair-haired sister who was leaning against Muriel's knee. "Is he nice, Roy?"

"I think so, Lilias; but he's been three years away, so perhaps he's grown cantankerous and cross—who knows? He'll have lots of stories to tell us about sledging and ice-yachting, and bear-hunts and wolves. I wish I could go out and see the world as he has done."

Roy's bright face glowed, and Sydney and Joyce cried simultaneously:

"Ah, wouldn't it be fine! I want to see the world too!"

Muriel's eyes took a dreamy far-away look, as they often did when a new idea had struck her.

She was the eldest of a large family of brothers and sisters, and her next brother was away at sea, so that there seemed a good gap between her and the five gathered about her on the lawn, —impetuous Syd and his shadow, Joyce; the irrepressible twins known as Topsy and Jacko, and little golden-haired Lilias. She seemed a great deal older than any of these, and they all looked up to her with a sort of loving admiration that was very pretty to see.

She was a gentle, graceful maiden of some twenty summers, with a good deal of quiet individuality and force of character, and an independence of mind not common at her age. She was generally silent and reserved and rather difficult of access, but when she did give her confidence she gave it frankly and fully, and her clear, thoughtful judgments, when once formed, seldom changed, and had a value of their own for those who sought her counsel.

Roy placed very great faith in Muriel's judgment and opinions. He had a boyish love and admiration for her, dashed with a reverence that gave it a peculiar character of its own. She had always been very fond of him. He had been something like another brother in that house ever since the marriage of his mother with Mr. Stratford had brought her and her little son to the pleasant parish of Drayton. Roy had been educated by Mr. Kynaston with his own sons, instead of going to school and college as his step-brother Marcus had done, and he was therefore much more intimate with the whole neighbourhood and its inhabitants than the son of the house, who had been born among them.

Muriel had always been his chief confidant and friend, save perhaps Vincent, the absent sailor, and now he turned towards her and asked:—

"Don't you want to see the world, too, Muriel?"

"I am not sure if I do," she answered thoughtfully. "I think I should find it too big for me."

Roy laughed, studying her face the while.

"People who go about say just the other thing —that it is quite a little world after all."

"Not in the way I was thinking of."

"And what way is that?"

"I don't know if I can explain. I was thinking of all the sin and misery, and striving and bitterness. I don't know much about it all in this little quiet corner; but I often think the world must be a cruel, terrible place, and I do not think I ever wish to leave my sweet, sheltered home."

"Ah, that is because you are a girl. You wouldn't feel so if you were a man. You can't think how I long sometimes to get away and see other places and learn what real life is like. Fancy, I have been at the Hermitage ever since I was four—thirteen whole long years, and I have never been anywhere, except once or twice to London or the sea with mother! Doesn't it seem absurd?"

"I don't know," answered Muriel thoughtfully. "I have always been at home, too."

"When Marcus comes to settle at home and take care of mother, I shall be freer," said the boy eagerly. "I shall talk to him the first time I have a chance, and see what he thinks. I want to take to the diplomatic service as he did, but I think I ought to have a University education first. I must get him to talk mother out of her queer prejudice against sending me to Oxford or Cambridge. It's quite time I began to think about it in earnest."

"You would not like to go if she objected?"

"Oh, but she won't object, if Marcus advocates it," cried Roy gaily. "You don't know what a lot she thinks of old Marcus and his opinions. It's all bosh what books say about step-mothers and step-sons being at daggers drawn. Marcus and mother are just as fond of one another as if he were her own son. You can't think how glad she is that he is coming home so soon."

"I dare say she feels the care of that large property rather an anxiety."

"Well, perhaps she does; but she is used to it, for she managed it for father—my step-father, I mean, you know—ever so many years before he died. I suppose if it hadn't been for that, Marcus would have had to give up his appointment then, and settle at home, as he says he is going to do

now. Do you know Marcus well, Muriel? Do you think it will make things nicer having him back?"

"I know him in one way very well, and in one way very little," answered Muriel smiling. "I can remember him as long as I can remember anything. He seemed a big boy when I was little, and he used to be very good to me always, take me nutting and blackberrying with him, and bring me home on his back when I was tired; and he used to row me about in his boat on your lake and get me water-lilies. Marcus was quite my hero and big playfellow all the time I was little. But afterwards when he grew up and went to Eton and Oxford, and then abroad, I saw less and less of him. Often in vacation time he had his own friends with him, and did not come very much here, and for three years he has been away altogether, and it seems as if he might be very much changed in so long a time. But we all of us always liked him, and he is quite an old friend here. I think people will be pleased to think that he is coming home."

"I am," said Roy; "I think it will be jolly! The Hermitage is just a little bit dull sometimes. It will wake it up to have the master at home. Then I shan't be quite so much tied when mother has some one else to keep her company. I do want to get away sometimes, and see a little more of life."

"I wonder if you will like it when you do?" said Muriel with a grave smile. "But, Roy, ought you not to be going home? Your mother will be wondering what has become of you. It is long past five."

"Why, so it is! Well, good-bye; I suppose I must be going now," and Roy bounded off with the swift, elastic step of a young deer, whilst Muriel was left alone with little Lilias, the other brothers and sisters having wandered away to their favourite haunts farther afield.

Mr. Kynaston was a retired medical man, who had been obliged to give up practice in middle life on account of ill-health. He had been glad then to augment his somewhat slender means by taking pupils, of whom Roy Edington was one; and when, a year or two back, a substantial legacy had enabled him to purchase the property he had hitherto rented and dispense with resident pupils, he had still continued to let Roy share the studies of his sons, which he continued from choice to direct himself. Between the families of Coombe Drayton and the Hermitage a very close intimacy existed, and the obviously failing health of Mrs. Stratford occasioned very serious anxiety and sorrow in the minds of those who were aware of it.

When Mrs. Kynaston came upon her daughter wrapped in a brown study by herself in the garden, she was not surprised at the reason alleged for her grave looks.

"I was thinking about Mrs. Stratford, and her wish for Marcus to come home. Do you think she is going to die?"

"I fear, my love, that her days on earth are numbered."

"I do not think Roy can know."

"No; he is young, and he is too much with her to mark the change that is passing upon her gradually. Poor boy! It will be a great blow to him."

"I think it will be a blow to us all," said Muriel, a look of awe stealing over her face. "Nobody I have known very well has ever died—Mr. Stratford I hardly ever saw for two years before his death, and I was much younger then—and it all seems so sad and strange. Mother, dear, is it wrong to feel so? For Christians, I mean? In one way death doesn't seem sad, in the abstract you know, and when we think of what comes after. But when I think of any one I really know and love, and fancy their having to say good-bye to all the familiar things, and our sweet beautiful world, the birds and the flowers, and the faces they have loved—then it all seems so sad, and I sometimes wonder if it is wrong to feel so."

"Not wrong, I think, my love. It is a natural feeling, and one that belongs to our nature. Change and separation must seem sad to us of necessity, and death speaks of both; but the comfort lies in knowing that the separation is but brief, and that, in the world where our loved ones have gone, we shall some day in God's mercy join them, where there will be no partings any more."

"And all will be more beautiful than this," added Muriel, looking round at the still loveliness of the peaceful evening. "I wonder if Roy will feel that—if it will help to comfort him?"

"I trust so, my love. Dear Roy has been carefully taught by a tender, loving mother."

"Yes, I know he has," answered Muriel; adding after a pause during which her face had grown strangely thoughtful, "but, mother, there are some things that I do not think any one can teach us. We must feel them for ourselves."

"That is true, my love; and perhaps Roy is rather young to have learned lessons of that kind yet."

"Perhaps; but I think it is more that he is so full of other interests he has no time to think. He is a dear boy, but sometimes I fancy there is something a little wanting in him, though I could hardly say what."

Mrs. Kynaston smiled a little at her daughter's words. She did not think it strange that Roy had not quite reached the standard of her own thoughtful, earnest, eldest child.

CHAPTER II.—RETURN.

MEANTIME Roy Edington was racing homewards, light of heart and merry of aspect, towards the grey old house upon the wooded hill-side known by the name of the Hermitage.

He remembered no other home than that quaint, old-fashioned house, with its irregular front, its low elevation, and lichen-covered walls and roofs. He had been brought there as a tiny boy when his mother married again, and of the life that had gone before he retained not the dimmest recollection.

He had been very happy in this quiet retreat with his mother for his constant companion, and

pleasant friends and comrades within easy reach. His step-brother Marcus, eight years his senior, had always been very good to him, "just like a real brother," as he sometimes said, and Mr. Stratford had been "father" to the child (who only learned by degrees that such was not his real relationship) as long as he lived.

Roy had a peculiarly bright, winning disposition and a sunny temperament that made petting and love come to him as a sort of right. He had once been addicted to sudden gusts of passion when his will was crossed, but he had appeared to grow out of these as years passed by, and to be wholly loving and loveable. He certainly had few ungratified wishes, for his demands were never unreasonable, and in the easy affluence of his home he could obtain almost as a matter of course every indulgence he really cared for. His wish to follow Marcus to public school had been quickly quenched in the pleasure of sharing the studies of his friends and playfellows at Coombe Drayton: and although he had many vague yearnings after freedom and adventure and world-wide wanderings, yet these dreams had never yet taken definite shape, or prompted him to crave any radical change in the easy flow of events.

After being a child and a mere boy somewhat long, he seemed hovering upon the verge of a stage of more rapid development, and his mother's eyes often rested earnestly upon him as he expounded to her some of his dawning hopes and theories, and she watched with trembling anxiety lest she should find some flaw in the character of her boy, which hitherto seemed to display such brightness and promise. But apprehensive as her anxious love made her, she had not seen in him, so far, one sign to trouble her seriously as to his future. He was bright and loving and frank and truthful as heart could wish. He loved her with his whole heart and gave her his entire confidence.

What could have been more tender and loving than his greeting to-day, after his absence during study hours, spoken between two or three boyish kisses?

"Am I late, little mother? I am so sorry. I stayed to tell Muriel about Marcus. Now I will make the tea; you lie still where you are. You are better, are you not, for this nice hot day? When Marcus comes, you will be quite strong. I want you so much to ride with me again. There are such lots of things I want to show you, in places where the carriage can't come; and then you don't care much for driving now, either. To be sure, a brougham is very dull; but very soon it will be summer, and then we shall have you quite well and strong. Marcus will take all the things that tire and bother you, and you will have nothing to do but amuse yourself, and come about with me."

Mrs. Stratford's eyes had taken rather a wistful look as the boy rattled on in this unconscious fashion of the future and what it held. To anyone not altogether inexperienced, that sweet, pale, wasted face, those hollow brilliant eyes, and the hectic flush upon the waxen cheek told a tale that could not be mistaken or contradicted. But Roy had watched this gradual fading without in the least knowing what it meant, and although he had been anxious sometimes about his mother in the winter months, now that the March winds were safely over, and April had come in hot and bright, he was quite happy, and was fully convinced that she was on the high road to complete recovery. How often it is that the nearest and dearest are least aware of what is really coming upon those they love the best!

But Mrs. Stratford said nothing to the boy of the trouble that she well knew was even now overshadowing him. She had tried once or twice to break to him the coming change, for which she herself was prepared, with quiet, Christian resignation; but, somehow, she had never managed to make him understand the drift of her words, and latterly she had made no further attempts to open his eyes. Everything seemed to wait till Marcus should return. Upon him she leaned in her weakness and helplessness, as upon a tower of strength.

She listened day by day to Roy's glad anticipations of his brother's return, and joined in his eager speculations as to what Marcus would think and do, and say, under all sorts of circumstances; what horses he would ride; whether he would want hunters when the autumn came, and whether he would preserve more rigorously, and have shooting parties in the season.

"For you know, mother, we have been just a little bit dead-alive and dull all these years. I've been rather too young to look after guests, and you've not been strong; but we shall change all that when Marcus comes. He's very rich, I know, everybody says so, and he will be able to do things in proper style. I have been very happy, of course, all this time; but I do begin to want to see a little of life now."

The mother would look anxious as she heard words like these, yet she did not check the boy's eager flow of talk. After all, was it not natural that he should feel so? Did not every young thing long for a wider field of action, when the strength of coming manhood began to overpower the shrinking timidity of childhood?

Roy took infinite pride and pleasure in seeing his brother's rooms put ready for him, in choosing a new carpet for the study, and in helping the footman to burnish the barrels of the guns in the rack, and the spurs, and the tops of the riding-whips hanging against the wall. He wondered what his tastes would be in books and pictures, and made himself very busy, and happy, and tiresome in instituting fresh alterations every day in the arrangements of furniture and ornaments; but by the time the all-important day arrived, he really had contrived to get everything to his satisfaction, and when the carriage came round which was to take him to the station to meet Marcus he was in a state of the most joyous anticipation and delight.

It was three years since his brother had gone away; Roy wondered, as he stood upon the platform watching the train come in, if he would have changed very much in that time. He used to be very tall, but slightly built, and he was very good-looking, with dark hair and grey eyes.

It was not likely that three years had made much difference, and yet when the train stopped, and two or three passengers alighted, no face for the moment struck the boy as belonging to Marcus.

"Roy!" said a voice just behind; a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning quickly, Roy found himself face to face with his brother.

"Why, I never saw you get out!" he cried.

"I was close to the engine. I saw you as we came in. You are not much changed, Roy, only you have grown out of all knowledge. Yes, that is my luggage; it is all right. You have got the carriage waiting? How is your mother?"

"Oh, better to-day—awfully pleased at getting you back; all the place is more or less excited about it. I'm so jolly glad you really are here at last! It'll be twice the fun now you are at home again!"

Roy looked up with his frank, gay smile to meet a somewhat penetrating glance from his brother's keen grey eyes. He wondered that Marcus should look quite so grave; but he was proud of his good looks and commanding presence, and thought it became him to be somewhat stern and reserved. He studied him as he sat opposite to him in the carriage, chatting in easy, unembarrassed fashion, and calling attention to any changes that had taken place during his absence, and came to the conclusion that if Marcus had changed it had been for the better.

His figure had broadened and attained more dignity and grace of proportion by having lost the reedy slimness of his earlier years; and the face had changed in somewhat similar fashion. There were the same handsome regular features, and well opened, resolute eyes, but the expression had grown more manly and self-reliant, and there was a calm look of power and dignity and self-restraint about the lines of the mouth, as well as a penetrating keenness in the glance of the eyes, that was far more striking than any mere physical beauty. The face was pale, with a clear, olive tint, and a good deal tanned by exposure to the weather. The hair was dark brown with a glossy wave in it, and a drooping moustache veiled a little the somewhat stern lines of the mouth. Roy felt an increasing respect and admiration for his brother as he studied his face, and wondered a little what made him so grave and silent.

"I'm sure he's no end of a good fellow; I shall like him awfully," he said to himself; "but I believe he could be a regular tyrant if once one got across him! No fear of that for me, though!"

It was with great pride and pleasure that he watched the sensation produced in the village and the Hermitage grounds as the carriage rolled on bringing the young master home. Marcus returned the salutation of the people with grave courtesy, but he hardly spoke all the way home.

"Mother, mother, here he is; I've brought him home to you!" cried Roy, opening the door and ushering his brother into the drawing-room where his mother was anxiously awaiting them; but next moment the boy withdrew, a little shadow of perplexity upon his face.

"Why, I never knew she cared for Marcus quite so much. She could hardly look at him or speak to him for crying!"

A NEW YEAR'S WORD OF CHEER.

BY THE REV. J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

"Let us lift up our heart."—*Lam.* iii. 41.
"Lift up your heads."—*Luke* xxi. 28.
"Lift up the hands that hang down."—*Heb.* xii. 12.

"DEPRESSION, depression, depression!" How sadly familiar the word has been for many years. It is not an unfamiliar word at any time; but lately it almost seems as if it had come, not to visit, but to stay. The depression in agriculture and commerce has been so long continued, that it is almost a weariness to speak of it. And though we may take a hopeful view of the outlook, with the expectation that the clouds may roll away, and the sun appear, there still remain burdens sufficient to weigh heavily on those who are thoughtful enough to vex themselves with "the riddle of this painful earth." We may think that the new "Lockesley Hall" gives quite too dark a picture of the times; but it cannot be denied that the nineteenth-century progress has not fulfilled the expectations of its enthusiastic votaries of sixty years ago.

Steam and electricity have accomplished all, and even more than all, that was expected of them as physical agencies; but is life so very much nobler than it was? Is it so much easier to make a living? Is the living so very much better when it is made? Is the sum of human happiness so much the greater? or of human misery so much the less? Now that Nature does so very much of man's work, and at so high a rate of speed, is man's labour so much the lighter? Is there more leisure to read, to think, to enjoy? Of what great advantage is it to get such a wondrously energetic servant as steam, ready to do anything, everything, for us, in the shortest time, in the most efficient manner, on the largest scale, if the master has only to work all the harder? How many business men are there who find it the most enjoyable thing in life to get out of hearing of the engine's shriek, out

of reach of the telegraph wires! Does not this suggest the question, which is the master and which the servant; whether man is lord of steam, or steam the tyrant of man?

It is all very well for men of leisure to sing the praises of this age of progress; it is rather a pleasant thing to sit in a quiet window and see excited crowds rushing past in all directions; but ask those who are in the midst of the press, who have to struggle daily to hold their own, who have to confess that year by year competition gets keener, and there must be closer watching, and faster, and at the same time more cautious driving, even to keep abreast of others—ask these, and they will tell you that even nineteenth-century progress at the best is no great gospel, something quite other than good tidings of great joy to all mankind. They will tell you that if they had nothing better to lift them up, they would have more to tell of weights than of wings. There is still as erst the burden and heat of the day, only the burden gets heavier, and the heat more oppressive as the famous century draws near its end.

Nature brings her compensations, of course. There is something exhilarating in the ceaseless activity. There is no time to mope or be dull. Then, the delights of home are all the sweeter by contrast with the eagerness and hurry of the market and street. And if we had been so constituted that our horizon was bounded by the day, and our outlook by the walls of our places of business and our places of residence, it would be quite enough as a perennial spring of satisfaction that we should be getting on in business and happy at home. But, thank God, we are not so constituted. A wider outlook has been given to us, and a larger sympathy. We have minds that look before and after. We have hearts that beat for others as well as for ourselves; and we cannot shut our eyes to the sorrows around us or the prospects before us. And therefore we need some loftier cheer than comes from the thought that whatever others may fear, we at least are comfortable; that the present moment is bright enough, whatever of darkness the future may bring. If life is harder and more exacting than it was, we desire the more ardently to know what is to become of it all. In what is this toil and press and eager activity to end?

I may lift up my hands for a while for the mere pleasure of doing it, and the thrill of satisfaction which a kind Creator has associated with energetic use of my powers; but as year after year passes on I feel more and more inclined to press the question, what is it all for? I may lift up my heart from the purgatory of the street to my paradise of a home; but when one by one the angels of my paradise fly away, whither then shall I lift up my heart? While I have been lifting up hands and heart, I have been keeping my head down, and shutting my eyes. If that is all the cheer I get, I can enjoy it only when I forbid myself to think.

It was the fashion some time ago to seek refuge in mere thoughtlessness: to say "Begone, dull care," and "No more of idle sorrow," and "Be happy while you may;" but to do our times justice, there is far less of this now. There is far less disposition to shirk the dark and disagreeable in human life, far more honesty in facing the actual and the inevitable. Hence the tone of sadness which pervades the writings of those who have no higher cheer. They feel that they cannot lift up the head, and so they scarcely try it with the heart, while it is only because they cannot help it, that they still continue to lift up the hands. Increase of knowledge has proved increase of sorrow. It may be said that there is an element of hope in the thought of evolution; but, if there be, it works so slowly, puts its golden age so many millions of years after we shall all be dead, that it does not quicken the heart-beat much, or infuse much eagerness into the plodding labours of man's daily life. Far be it from us to despise the encouragement which comes to the thoughtful mind from the evidence of upward development which our students of nature discover in her slowly unfolding processes; only it is a little too vague and far-away to do for a new year's word of cheer. Perhaps it might do for the opening of a millennium; but we want something a little more suitable to our small stature and short span of life, and the brief, but to each of us most important, period of time which we are entering now.

Let us betake ourselves to our Bibles, then, and see if we can get nothing better. And I question if there is any feature in the Bible more outstanding than its constant call to cheerfulness and courage. And this without any blinking of the dark things of human life and history. It not only faces these, it emphasises them. It sets no "fool's paradise" before the eyes of men. It recognises all that is depressing in nature and in circumstance. It does not leave out of sight the law of gravitation, the downward tendency of all earthly things. But over against that downward gravitation, it sets a great sphere of light with a mighty power of heavenward attraction. Above the cold dark earth of man's daily life, it opens heaven and sets the sun in it, to pour light and warmth down, and in the night-time to give promise of the day; and not only so, but to win life upward out of the darkness of earth into the light of heaven. With that sun shining in the heavens it is no mockery to say, "lift up your heart," "lift up your head," "lift up the hands that hang down." You can lift them all up together, and lift them up for evermore.

The heart first: "Let us lift up our heart to God in the heavens." The reason of this is that "out of the heart are the issues of life." God's message to each of us is, "My son, give me thine heart." And when once the heart is opened to the Divine Spirit, life springs up in it, life which responds to the call of God, and, unrestrained by the law of gravitation which keeps all dead things down, grows upward and heavenward as the days and the years pass on. There are those who think they must begin with the head; they must by searching find out God; they must by some grand exercise of their powerful reason get to know and comprehend Him. The result is, they cannot find Him at all. Some people wonder

that these things should be hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes; they wonder that that great philosopher towering above his fellows should not have come within reach of God, when this little child or this plain unlettered man feels His presence in his heart. Why should men wonder?

> I know a mount, the gracious sun perceives
> First when he visits—last, too, when he leaves—
> The world; and, vainly favour'd, it repays
> The day-long glory of his steadfast gaze
> By no change of its large calm front of snow.
> And underneath the mount, a flower I know,
> He cannot have perceived, that changes ever
> At his approach. . . .

The great philosopher is the mountain rearing its head high above its fellows, and quite out of sight of the little flowers that bloom around its base. But though it is high enough to catch all the sunlight, it is "vainly favoured"; there is "no change of its large calm front of snow." But the little flower, so small as to attract no notice to itself, thrills at every touch of the sun, lifts its fair face up to the eye of day, catches the colours of the spectrum and weaves them into the tissues of its own substance—and why? Because there is life at the root of it—a life which, tiny as it is, is set in clearest relation to the great throbbing universe-heart of the sun. Look at that stately tree. How has it managed to lift its head so high? It once was a little seed lying on the ground. Look at it now. How has it all happened? It has all come of the upstriving life at the heart of it. In obedience to the law of gravitation it dropped upon the ground, but it had no mind to stay there. God bade it rise, and it rose and grew, and it has been growing ever since into a larger and a fuller life. Look at the great stone in the stream beside it. When the tree was at its smallest, the stone was at its largest. It lies yet where it lay, slowly wasting away by the action of the very same water which is bringing life and refreshment to the other. There is no life at the heart of that stone, nothing to answer to the heavenward summons of the sun. Oh yes, the sun beats on it every day, and the rain falls on it, and the winds breathe over it, and the waters lave it; but these all waste it, only waste it, while they all build the other up, enter into its very life and substance, and so it is lifted up and the stone is worn down. Clearly the main thing is heart life, the yearning within us to look sunward and say, "Let us lift up our heart to God in the heavens." May the Spirit of Life touch hearts that may be dead in unbelief and sin, hearts of stone, irresponsive to the love of God; may He so touch them as to awake the yearning sunward, so that this year at last may be for them a year of true life, with its daily motto, upward, upward, "sursum corda"!—"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!"

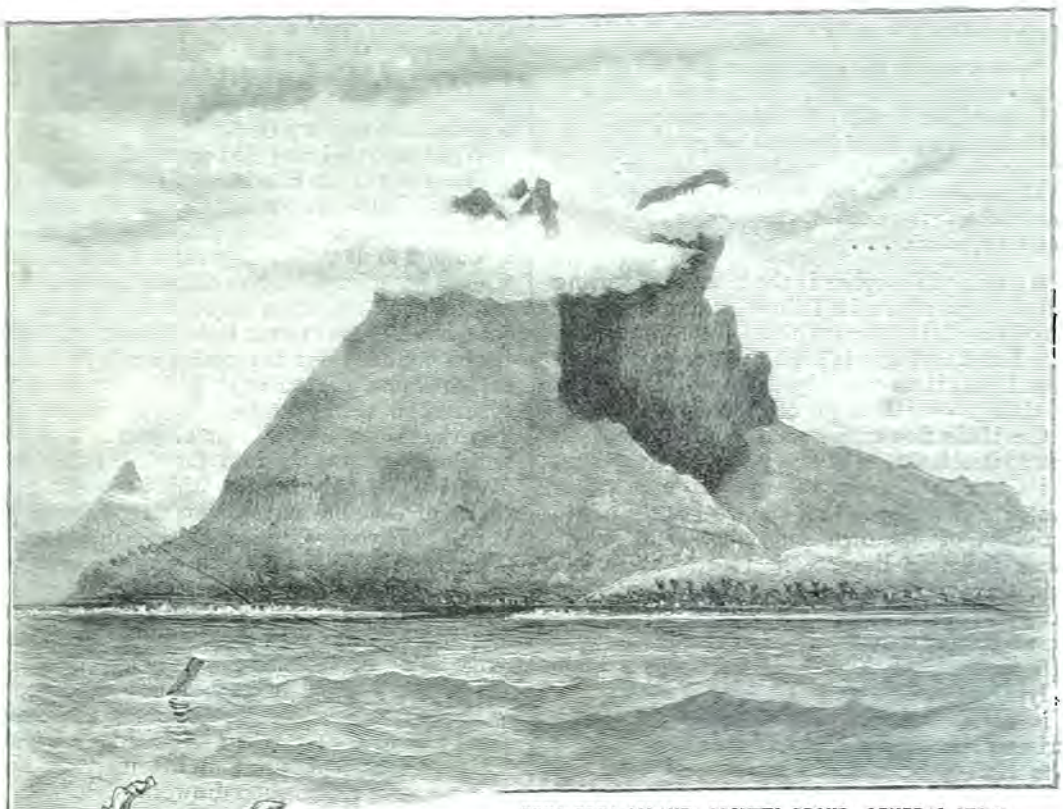
The lifting up of *the head* is sure to follow. As soon as we are conscious of the up-springing of the Divine life in us, we shall take a very much more hopeful view of men and things. It is a true saying that nature mirrors our life, is grave or gay according to the mood of him who looks at her. To one who is himself going down, everything seems going down; but if it is spring-time in your souls, you will see tokens of spring all around you. And then, even in the darkest hour, you still can say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

When once we know God, we can have confidence that our hopes in Him are not illusive; that the darkest clouds will some day break before the sun. And even the slow processes of time bring a comfort to us which they cannot give to others. The hopes of age-long evolution are a mockery to the creature of a day; but to one who possesses life that never ends, it matters not how far off you may put the goal, I shall be there to see, to know, and to enjoy! Oh, it is so very different a thing to have a life which tends downwards to a few feet of earth, and a life which rises upwards into the illimitable blue! My friend, if only the life which answers to the touch of God be in you, you may lift up your head, and you will always see light in the distance at last; for even in such times as those of which our Lord is speaking in the second text, "times of perplexity for the roaring of the sea and the billows; men fainting for fear, and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world"—even in such times as these, you will hear "a deeper voice across the storm," saying as of old: "When these things begin to come to pass, look up, and lift up your heads, because your redemption draweth nigh."

And with heart and head so lifted up, there need be no fear of *the hands* hanging down; no fear of even routine work becoming drudgery when we know it is a discipline for a higher sphere of service; no fear of our becoming discouraged for want of appreciation among men, if we remember that with the heart lifted up to God in heaven, all is accepted as done to Him who forgets no work of faith or labour of love. Nor need we even be discouraged by want of immediate success in our efforts for the advancement of the kingdom of God; for we have something better to trust to than the slow process of evolution, with its disappointing reversions. We have God's sure promise; and we know that "in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

Heart up in faith, head up in hope, hands up in loving energy, and we know that our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord. Shall we not then take this for our motto for the year? Let it be *Excelsior;* but not to snow and ice, not to a frozen death, but up to purer air, brighter light, a warmer clime, a closer walk with God. Oh that we may all have a year of faith and hope and love!—a year of life responsive to the call of God in heaven—growing larger, richer, fairer, and more fruitful, "like the tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season."

THE FRENCH IN THE PACIFIC.



BORA-BORA ISLAND, SOCIETY GROUP, GENERAL VIEW.

THE dispute with France as to the occupation of the New Hebrides has been recently settled by her abandoning the claim against which Australia protested, and taking possession of the Leeward Islands, adjacent to Tahiti, of which she already held the sovereignty. The full significance of this change may not be known to all our readers. It is the last indication of a movement which is gradually bringing the Pacific region under European sway.

Towards the close of the last century the story of Captain Cook's voyages to the Pacific, and his death at Hawaii, created an immense sensation in this country, and led to the formation of the London Missionary Society on strictly unsectarian lines. Missionaries were located on the Tahitian, Tongan, and Marquesan groups. The stations on the two latter were soon broken up; but the work on Tahiti, by the Divine blessing, prospered and remains conspicuously successful to this hour.

In 1812, Huahine, one of the Leeward Islands, received the Gospel from Tahiti; but ten years elapsed ere the rest of the group yielded to the influence of Christianity. Raiatea being the cradle of the ancient faith, a most stubborn resistance was offered there to all innovations.

In 1820 the American Board of Foreign Missions started their good work in the Sandwich Islands. In the following year the Wesleyan Missionary Society commenced its mission on Tonga. Cannibal Fiji was subsequently brought within its sphere. In 1848 the Presbyterians initiated their difficult but successful career in the New Hebrides. In 1849 Bishop Selwyn began mission work in Melanesia, since consecrated by the martyrdom of Bishop Patteson.

These various missions have of late years marvellously expanded. The Americans, keeping north of the equator, have evangelised the Caroline and Kingsmill groups. The London Missionary Society has extended its work to the Tuamotu Archipelago, the Austral, Hervey, Samoan, Ellice, Gilbert, and Loyalty groups.

When the first missionaries carried the Gospel to the islands of the Pacific, there was no question of foreign ascendancy. At that period no power

HARBOUR OF BORA-BORA.

dreamt of acquiring territory—either absolutely or under guise of a Protectorate—in the Pacific.

When missions were commenced in the Pacific, commerce did not exist. In the eastern groups the inhabitants wore garments made of the inner bark of the paper mulberry; in most of the islands of the western Pacific the men were nude, whilst the women wore merely a petticoat of leaves. Christianity gave these natives a sense of propriety. There also followed a rapid expansion of trade, in order to supply the new wants created. In many of the islands the natives now dress better, live in better houses, and are more intelligent than villagers in some portions of Great Britain, while the commerce of the Pacific is estimated at several millions sterling.

France was the first to covet these fair islands. The Gambier Isles (so famous for their pearls), were its earliest acquisition. Next the whole of the Marquesan group. In 1842, the French established a Protectorate over Tahiti, Moorea, Matea, and Tetuaroa; but, in consequence of the gallant defence of Huahine, and the strong feeling then prevalent in this country, a treaty was concluded in 1847 between France and England, stipulating that the independence of the Leeward group—the same group which has recently been made the subject of negotiation—should be respected, and that France should not encroach to the westward of Moorea. This treaty was strained into admission that they might do what they liked with the Tuamotu or Pearl Archipelago (lying to the east), which was quickly reduced under French authority.

A MAT HUT IN BORA-BORA ISLAND.

Never for a moment did French intrigue cease. After a while the islands of Rapa-iti (once the coaling station of an English line of steamers), and Raivavae and Tupuai (*i.e.* half the Austral group) were quietly annexed by France. Even solitary Easter Island did not escape. Meanwhile the natives of the Leeward Islands—Raiatea, Tahaa, Porapora (or Bora-Bora), and Huahine—deemed themselves safe under the terms of the treaty of 1847. But many new influences have come into operation since then; and now, at last, these islands are definitely surrendered to France by the recent compact which sets free the New Hebrides.

In 1880, the Protectorate of Tahiti and its dependencies was changed into actual sovereignty. Ever since the establishment of the Protectorate of 1842, it had been the policy of the French in the Pacific to stir up ancient, but expiring, feuds in the neighbouring independent islands, to prove to the world that the natives could not govern themselves. Again and again have French captains, in all the pomp of official costume, asked the native rulers to accept their flag; but in vain. Seven years ago, however, as the result of a well-concocted German scare, the chiefs of Raiatea and Tahaa, in their terror and utter simplicity, were induced to sign a document asking France "to protect them from all external foes;" at the same time stipulating that their islands should be left under the government of their own chiefs and laws, and that their Protestant religion be in no way interfered with. This protectorate was gladly accepted, and since then there has been no attempt to act in contravention to the terms of the arrangements.

It is easy to understand the pertinacity shown in the proposals recently preferred by France. It is not so easy to understand why the treaty of 1847 has been abrogated by Great Britain without inquiry as to the feeling of the natives of these islands. How great will be their surprise to learn that they have been abandoned by their old protectors!

In 1854 France took possession of New Caledonia, and the Loyalty Islands in Western Polynesia, as a penal settlement. The Australian colonies took alarm, and have since had abundant reason to justify their protests against the approach of the French nearer to their shores.

Every one knows how persistent have been the efforts of France to retain the New Hebrides, in the teeth of the assurances given in 1878. She has now agreed to evacuate them; but, by the terms of the convention, she is still allowed to protect her commercial interests there. As the New Hebrides' Colonisation Company—which is French—was the excuse for the military occupation, if further complications are avoided, it will be due simply to the vigilance of the Australian colonies.

Few people in this country are aware that some years ago the natives of Wallis' Island (Wesleyan) were coerced into subjection to Rome directly or indirectly by the priests, acting through native chiefs. A cathedral and a French bishop have risen on the ashes of Protestantism there. Wallis' Island lies a little to the west of Samoa, in Central Polynesia.

French intrigue in Samoa proceeded most prosperously until effectually checked by the advent of the Germans, who are now evidently aiming at the annexation of that large and fertile group, having already acquired the greater portion of the Salomon Islands (rich in copper ore, etc.), as well as a good harbour in Vavau for their fleet.

In the North Pacific the Sandwich Islands still remain independent, probably just because it is perfectly well understood that the United States would at once resent the interference of any foreign power in that quarter. Lately, Spain has taken possession of the Caroline Islands, in the North-West Pacific, and, as the first step to the consolidation of their power, expelled the American Protestant missionary, the Rev. Mr. Doane. The Madrid Government, however, has disavowed the action of its subordinates in this matter.

Returning again to the South Pacific, we may state that the only remaining independent group in Eastern Polynesia is the Hervey, or Cook's Islands; but the islands of Rurutu and Rimtara (*i.e.*, half the Austral group) also retain their independence, and four low coral islands lying between the Hervey group and Samoa. In all likelihood France will now attempt to annex these, unless, perchance, New Zealand should interfere, on the ground of her close commercial relations with them.

It is an interesting fact that all along an English protectorate has been greatly desired by the natives of the Eastern Pacific, so popular are the English in those remote seas; but it has steadily been refused by Great Britain.

In this discreditable scramble for the birthright of an unoffending and industrious native population, Great Britain has only acquired the sovereignty of the Fiji group and the solitary island of Rotumah, because it was forced upon her.

We are assured by M. de Lesseps that in February, 1890, the Panama Canal will be opened, and will be capable of giving passage to twenty vessels per day. This will be the wonder of the age, and will change the history of the southern hemisphere. When the canal is open, the shortest route to London from Auckland, Sydney, and Brisbane (to say nothing of China and Japan), will be through Panama. The captain of a French man-of-war once told the writer that it was with a view to *that* event, France was resolved to get possession of the whole of the South Pacific Islands. We need not discuss that contingency; but in the event of war (which, God forbid!) Great Britain would have no harbour of refuge and no coaling station for her great ocean-steamers between Fiji and South America—a distance of 6000 miles. The island of Porapora (referred to in the following paper), or, better still, Raiatea, would have been invaluable for such a purpose. Each is possessed of an admirable harbour; the Raiatean has two entrances, whilst the Poraporan has one only; but then it would be easy to make Porapora impregnable.

To the Christian there is one ray of hope in connection with these changes. For years past the Paris Missionary Society has been sending out noble men to take the oversight of the native Protestant churches of Tahiti and Moorea. No doubt they will ere long have to extend the sphere of their operations to the Leeward Islands. Let English Protestants resident in France do what they can to aid in this work. With a well-translated Bible in their hands, let us hope that these converts from a cruel heathenism will be faithful to their vows.

The following notes of a visit to Bora-Bora, one of the ceded islands, with the sketches by Mr. R. T. Pritchett, belong to a somewhat earlier date, but will have peculiar interest at the present time.

A SUNDAY IN BORA-BORA.

The "Society" Islands derive special interest from the fact that missionary work has there been so successful. The good seed sown by those who have passed away is still bearing fruit to the happiness of those who at the present time are acting as faithful stewards, and who are handing down their privileges to their children. The name of this group of islands, especially Tahiti (or Otaheite, as it was once erroneously spelt), recalls to the English mind the name of Pritchard, an English missionary, and the martyr Williams also.

Four of the islands, which are also named Leeward Islands—because the trade wind blows from the south-east, and these lie to the north-west of Tahiti—bear the following names—Bora-Bora, Raiatea, Tahaa, and Huahine. Bora-Bora is about 170 miles from Tahiti. Leaving Raiatea on the port hand we approach it, and the first impression is not likely to be effaced. The volcanic formation, most clearly defined, is unmistakable as soon as it looms in the distance. The centre of the island is a vast extinct crater about 4000 feet high, and on the west side of the island is the harbour, snugly sheltered, and well inside the barrier reef.

As we passed out from the barrier reef of Raiatea (the Ulietea of Captain Cook), through the narrow opening, the beauty and grandeur of coral reef formation were seen to perfection. The colour of the ocean water, an intensely deep lapis lazuli—then the huge heave and the rise before cresting—the running break of the roller after the heavy thud on the coral—and the prismatized spoon-drift, all combined to impress deeply on us the glorious and yet delicately subtle beauty of the ocean in the South Pacific. Then the varieties of coral are so many, and the marine garden is illumined with the most brilliant of fish, strangely marked, and most quaintly formed.

At Bora-Bora missionary work has left a legacy which we rejoiced to find, and we are thankful for the opportunity of recording our impressions for the encouragement of others. As we came into the harbour, the extinct crater, and the lofty mountain shrouded in mist, lowered over us. The shore was beautifully rich in foliage, with the bread fruit, which is perhaps the finest in the world, with its shining serrated leaves of cherry-green. There, too, were the sweeping showering palms, yielding cocoa-nuts in abundance, bananas, oranges, guavas, yams, plantains, and limes; and last, not least, the pandanus, or screw pine, the stilted monarchs of the forest. The mist above shaded us, and the temperature was pleasant at 80°. The day was Saturday, and we looked forward to the Sunday here.

This was a peaceful spot indeed: no health-boat coming off, no chance of quarantine, no rush of canoes alongside with native productions or fruits. Here things are done differently. The proper etiquette at Bora-Bora is to send on shore and report to her Majesty the Queen, a little lady of about twelve years, that you have arrived in harbour, and her Majesty sends back to say you are welcome.

The next thing is to go on shore and pay respects to her Majesty, who is generally attended by her uncle as prime minister. As we approached the mole, which is small for that name, and is rather a landing-place, a large building was the prominent feature, and naturally attracted our attention. Was it the palace of the queen? No. We soon found it to be the church, and behind it lived the little queen. As it was not the rainy season, it is superfluous to say that, on a bright Sunday morning we landed, much welcomed with "Ia ora na" from all who met us, and on our reaching the shore it was as a volley. As it was near ten o'clock, they knew we were coming to church, and were glad. "Ia ora na" is the native salutation; "May you live!"—a phrase which seems to embody in one word all kindly feelings.

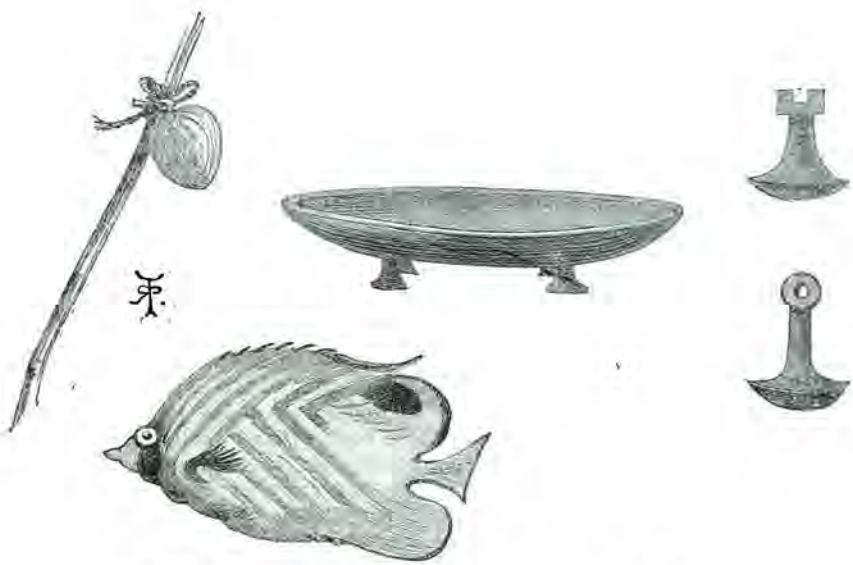
We found the church large, built of wood, and holding about 500 people, a really cheerful sight. The women were all dressed in their gay-coloured sacques; their hair—which is of luxuriant growth—generally in two plaits down the back, was brightened by cocoanut oil. The hat generally worn was plaited like straw hats in England; but made of the stems of maidenhair fern, and all sorts of curious vegetable fibres, the whole ornamented with fresh flowers. The service was given in the native language, and, after prayer, the hymns—which are called in the Society Islands "Himane" (from the English)—were admirably sung. A few begin at first, and soon the "Himane" is taken up by the female voices; then the men join in with a rumbling undercurrent. Now and then a prima donna comes in with especially fine high notes. The whole thing was heartily done. Some seats were in the church, but many preferred sitting on the mats, upon which little chubby, smiling children rolled and tumbled about, so plump and happy that they made no noise.

The temperature of the building was much relieved by the arrival of the Doctor, the name generally given to the sea breeze which comes in towards mid-day, and is generally very punctual in its arrival. After the "Himane" came the sermon. This was the most curious part of the service. A great rustling of pieces of paper—pieces of all kinds and colours and sizes, and pencils ditto—announced to us the fact that at

Bora-Bora notes were taken; and it was accounted for in this way, that the congregation are examined on the subject of the sermon during the following week, and the notes are carefully preserved for reference.

As we returned from the church, the people seemed very pleased that we had attended the service, and many were the "Ia ora nas" again said to us by the young and old, in varied tone according to the age of the speaker.

The feeling against foreign interference was strong. We were assured by many that the reason why a foreign protectorate had been declined, was because they all felt assured that the happy state of the island was solely attributable to the English missionaries who had brought the Bible to them and explained it to them, and had, by their own example in everyday life, shown them practically how to carry out its teaching to their own happiness and the peace of their neighbours. Their influence had certainly wrought wonders amongst the natives, for their Sunday was an example to us here in our own country.



ROCK-FISH, BREAD-FRUIT DISH, PESTLES, COCOA-NUT AND STICK.

In Bora-Bora at 8 P.M. a curfew bell is rung for the people to return home, and at 9 P.M. a second, after which no one is allowed out. This is done every day. On Sunday, no trading is allowed, no canoe leaves the shore, no fishing canoe comes off, and when you land all is quiet, peaceful, and happy, the cheerful prattle of the little children giving life to the scene. No spirits or strong drinks are allowed on the island, and a heavy fine is inflicted on any native found possessing any, while the fine for a chief found drunk is double. Now this state of things would not last long under a French Protectorate, judging from what exists in other places. Many told us that they all wished Bora-Bora belonged to Queen Victoria, whom they believed to be a good Protestant queen. The civility of the people was charming, refreshing, and genuine, and a general sweetness of expression pervaded their faces, young or old.

Their dwellings in these islands are of cunning handiwork, intended for ventilation, and much cocoa-nut plaiting is used. It is made by plaiting up and down the alternate frond of the palm leaves, which form a beautiful pattern, while strength from the counter tension gives strength. The wood of the palm tree is very liable to split: this may be noticed in spears, staffs, and walking-sticks, and is quite a contrast to the dense, heavy ironwood, which is close-grained, and takes a beautiful hard polish. The hibiscus wood is very light, and much used in the huts, as well as for the outriggers of canoes. The pestles shown in the illustrations are found in every household, and are used for pounding the bread-fruit. They are very beautifully made out of lava, of which the island is composed.

Another lava implement is used for opening cocoa-nuts, previously to getting the cool milk. How refreshing it sounds in a warm climate: it reminds me of a native's answer one day when travelling in the interior. "Good boy, you are looking very happy this morning." "Happy? why not? I want nothing more than I have—plenty to eat by going out to get it, plenty sunshine, bananas, wild plantains, plenty house and mats when we choose make them. What more?" Is not this contentment?

The stick and cocoa-nut show that they have a keen sense of *meum* and *tuum*. Where these are put up it is "tabu," or, as we should say, "tabooed," and it is always respected.

As good doctors endeavour to assist nature, and are successful when violent remedies would fail, so the early missionaries have succeeded by moderate treatment, without trying to transform the people suddenly from Bora-Borans into Europeans, extern men with black coats and tall hats. It is the inner man that wants to be changed, and Christian love, as applied con-

sistently, is sure to do good in time. Why should the poor South Sea Islander, who is accustomed to wear a thin "pareu" round his waist, and green leaves on his head, and green leaves round his neck, take to European garments? The moment he is discomfited by the latter, his mind is so taken up and absorbed in outer appearance that he feels it is enough, and it is impossible for him to give his whole heart to the essence and spirit of the thing. Everything depends on keeping him bent on a pure inner life, and not over Europeanising him. Let him retain his native extern and "pareu;" he will have more confidence if the change be not too sudden. When he sees we respect his good points, let him continue all his harmless climatial non-essentials. The change of the old man in him is what is wanted, and no external revolution will accomplish that. It may be an uncomfortable fact, but civilisation creates wants; the Bible simplifies and sanctifies them.

Such was "Bora-Bora," as sketched before the French assumed the protectorate of the Leeward Islands. One would like to know whether there is a clause in the recent treaty guaranteeing to the natives the full enjoyment of their Protestant faith.

The Prayer Meetin'.

I WAS awfully tired an' worried,
  The week had been full o' care;
So, over my work I hurried
  An' went to the house o' prayer.

My poor husband's health was failin';
  It was little that he could earn:
An' young Jackie, in climbin' a palin',
  Had given his ankle a turn.

The weather was hot an' broilin':
  It was washin'-week with me too:
An' I guess my temper was boilin',
  For it rose as seldom it do.

I'd spoke sharp to my daughter Mary,
  Who'd tried all my labours to share.
So, although I was tired an' weary,
  I crept to the house o' prayer.

'Twas the regular week-end meetin',
  An' old Deacon Weston led.
(He mostly did the leadin',
  An' was looked up to as the head.)

He read a long psalm o' rejoicin'
  By David o'er vanquished foes.
(But that I felt I'd no voice in,
  Though 'twas all very good, I suppose.)

An' then the good Deacon he led us
  In prayer in his usual way—
Thankin' God that His wisdom had made us,
  An' guided us up to that day.

He thanked Him for "peace like a river,"
  For "grace given," by which we'd "been kept."
(An' I sighed as I thought, with a quiver,
  How my anger o'er reason had leapt.)

He praised Him for "store above measure,"
  For "bounties that strewed all the way."
(The Deacon, they say, at his pleasure,
  Could buy half the town any day.)

He prayed a long spell for the Pastor,
  For "souls as his hire an' seal,"
An' that "he, in the steps o' his Master,"
  "Might press on" with courage an' zeal.

He prayed that the Church an' its members
  May be "knit like the heart o' one man";
That their love might leap up from dull embers,
  Like a fire under breath from a fan.

He prayed that the Sunday School also,
  Might "Marys" an' "Timothys" train.
(But, ashamed as I felt that it was so,
  I thought only of Jackie's bad sprain.)

He prayed for "the world altogether
  In the arms o' the wicked one lain."
(An' I found myself wonderin' whether
  God couldn't the evil restrain.)

He prayed for the Queen, an' the Missions,
  For "all sorts an' conditions o' men":
An' endin' his num'rous petitions,
  Finished off with a double "Amen!"

We'd more singin', an' then Deacon Warren,
  An' several more brethren prayed.
(But the words so familiar seemed barren:
  I was quite out o' tune, I'm afraid.)

We'd to "draw from the wells o' salvation";
  The Scriptures "search line upon line";
An' overcome "strong bulls of Bashan,"
  "Like giants refreshed with new wine."

We'd to "mount up on wings like the eagle,"
  "An' never grow weary or faint";
"Our high callin'" was priestly an' regal,
  Nought less was "becomin' a saint."

An' now the last singin' was finished,
  An' shortly the meetin' must close:
An' my troubles an' care undiminished
  Forbade hopes of peaceful repose.

I had eagerly watched for some token,
  But nought seemed just suited to me;
An' I felt sad an' almost heart-broken,
  An' as wretched as wretched could be.

I felt I'd been hard on dear Mary:
  An' yet, somehow,—I couldn't say why—
It was things goin' cross an' contrary,
  Seemed to more deserve blamin' than I.

The good Deacon stood up for the blessin';
An' I sadly half rose from my knees,
When a voice (it was old Widow Lessing)
Broke the silence with passionate pleas—

(She'd a son in the 'sylum at Ryall,
Another bedridden at home,
An' a daughter—her bitterest trial—
Gay, dressy, and given to roam.)

"Oh, Lord,—our Great Father!"—she started,
Then she paused, as if troubles pressed sore—
"Thou knowest——" the words through me darted,
An' I heard scarcely anything more.

Yes, there was the message I'd waited:
"Thou knowest!"—that's all we can say,
At times when, with cares overweighted,
We neither can worship nor pray.

"Thou knowest" my cares? Then I'll bear them.
My strength? Then right onward I'll press.
My few joys? Then if need be, I'll spare them.
My failings? I'll freely confess!

Yes,—my blessing had come, though it tarried;
I'd surely not "waited in vain."
Small now seemed the burden I carried,
An' "light" my afflictions an' pain.

A warm kiss "made it up" with dear Mary,
An' I soothed little Jack for the night,
E'en my husband grew hopeful an' cheery,
Seein' me look so happy an' bright.

"TOM BROWN."

Sabbath Thoughts.

TAKEN FROM THE "REVISED VERSION."

"Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burden, even the God who is our salvation."—*Psa.* lxviii. 19, 20, R.V.

A BEAUTIFUL thought for the new year is brought before us in these words. We need not stop to compare them with other versions, but, receiving them as the result of much research and learning, let us seek to realize all they are meant to teach us.

First then, let us at this beginning of a new portion of our lives, join with the Psalmist in blessing the Lord,—the mighty God of Jacob, to whom this sublime ode is addressed,—for the condescending care with which He stoops to us in our weakness, and "daily beareth our burdens." Sometimes these burdens seem more than enough for us; we look at the coming year with all its days and perhaps we tremble to meet its unknown events, its heavy possible burdens. But, Christian pilgrim, if you have cast the one great burden of your sins at the foot of the Cross, why should other burdens alarm you? He who is "the God of our own salvation" daily beareth them. They come not upon you all at once, they come day by day, and daily strength will be no less granted than daily bread.

Those who sang this ancient song of victory in marching through the wilderness, bore glad witness to what God had done for them. We, too, in looking back can tell of many a mercy granted, many a burden removed, and shall not we also bless the Lord, and take courage for the future? Only let us beware of making burdens for ourselves, burdens of follies and vanities, which we can neither bear ourselves, nor cast on the Lord.

A New Year Reverie.

IN the still hour of midnight overthrown,
The old year dies; and in its strength sublime,
Like some far-travelling wave from shores unknown,
The New Year breaks upon the strand of time.

Once more the tide has turned, and days and hours,
Crested with promise, speed across the sea:
Their voice—a call to flagging aims and powers:
Their march—an echo of eternity.

And some will bring from ocean depths afar
A freight of gladness, all unknown as yet;
And some must leave on memory's harbour bar
The wreckage lost in anguish and regret.

Some mornings, luminous with hope, shall make
For sad and straitened souls a shining way;
And some in clouds and tearfulness shall break,
And dark with desolation pass away.

And none may stay their swift resistless course,
Or know beforehand how their stroke shall fall;
But God Himself, their Giver and their Source,
Hath His own plan of love for each and all.

If earthly joy shall crown this year with good,
And make it dearer than all years gone by,
Or if His chastenings gather like a flood,
All shall be well, if He, our Strength, be nigh.

And if, some nightfall, o'er the waves asleep,
There come to us the strange and shadowy Form—
At Whose behest we launch into the deep,
To sail beyond the sunlight and the storm—

His voice of love shall calm the depths below,
His mercy guide our lonely barque aright,
Till we shall see, o'er hills that angels know,
The New Year break in everlasting light!

MARY ROWLES.

"JENNY WREN'S MITE."

CHAPTER I.—WHAT MOTHER USED TO SAY.

THE livelong autumn day Jenny and her toy had been keeping house together.

It was not much of a house to keep—only one second floor back room in a small London street; and not much of a toy—the body of a doll that had once had wax arms and legs and head, but had lost them all long before it came into small Jenny's eager hands. The wool-stuffed stumps of its limbs remained, and for head there was a reel covered with rag, and threaded on to the body with a piece of string.

It is said sometimes that children with a nursery full of fine toys, like the broken and shabby ones best. May be so; but little tidy-natured Jenny would certainly have known how to admire a beautiful flaxen-haired, rosy-cheeked, prettily-dressed doll, better than the poor dingy, dilapidated thing she now had.

But then—what would you? Where was the "Dust-ho" man to get his little girl beautiful new dolls, with good clothes? It was difficult enough work to keep her in neat clothes herself, since her mother died two years ago.

The dustman had been thankful enough when the mutilated toy came up, one morning, on the top of a basket of refuse he had just shovelled out of a dusthole.

"What are ye a pocketin' of there?" sharply asked his companion, as Tom Silver hastily picked off the dingy treasure, gave it a shake, and thrust it inside his shirt for safe keeping.

There was something of a flush on his face, and a moisture in his eyes as he pulled it forth again.

"There," he said, with a husky laugh; "do you think you or the master will grudge that to my little wren?"

"No, nor to a cock-robin nor a tom-tit, nather," was the reply, with a hoarse laugh. "To seen you hustle away that bit o 'rubbish out o' sight, any another besides me would ha' thought as you'd come upon a some'at to match yer name, Silver."

And with another laugh at his attempt at a joke, Bill lurched on with his own load up to the cart, and flung another basket of ashes on to the unsavoury heap collected there already.

Tom continued his day's business diligently enough, but, truth to tell, his thoughts wandered away from it even more than usual, to a little five-year-old girlie, shut into a second-floor back room, where she was spending that long day, as she had spent many and many another long day, all alone.

Tom Silver had provided his little lonely girl with a kitten once, by way of some company to cheer her solitude, but when work was slack for a few weeks he could not help grudging the small pet the milk its mistress insisted upon its sharing with herself. Soon after that it developed a decidedly spiteful disposition, and, having scratched Jennie badly, he got rid of it.

"If only I could keep ye in toys, my dearie!" he sighed.

But wishes of that sort were useless. It was almost impossibly difficult to find pennies enough to feed her and clothe her sufficiently, and provide firing to keep her warm in the long winter time. There were no pennies to spare for toys.

And Tom was not a genius. He had none of what is called the inventive faculty. He was a kind, tender, most loving father; but he had no notion of making playthings for his toyless little daughter, or doing anything but pity her for being so much alone.

"Working times is rougher upon ye nor slack times, my wee wren," he would say, pityingly, as he kissed her good-bye in the dull dark winter mornings, or the bright ones of midsummer, and left her to spend the lengthy hours with only the companionship of her own thoughts, and with no occupation but what a child of four or five years of age could invent for herself.

The remainder of the house was occupied by Silver's landlord and landlady, and their nearly grown-up children, and they all held themselves much too high to have anything to do with a dustman's child.

Silver, on his side, although humble almost to a fault, as far as the estimation of himself was concerned, thought his Jenny Wren much too precious and sacred a little creature to run about and make friends with the rough children in the street, and as he had neither time, nor opportunity, nor courage to make fitter friends for her, she had to put up with loneliness.

"If only your mother had lived, for your sake, my poor lassie!" ejaculated her father. But the spirit of Jenny's young mother had flown to the bright home above, and her body lay in that dingy, dilapidated-looking corner of the big churchyard, and Jenny and her father had to make the best of circumstances.

Little Jenny was a wonderfully contented little creature, and clever in her quiet way. In the cold, biting winter-time she would bustle about the room "tidying up" in a funny baby fashion of her own, so long as the fire lasted which father made up before he left in the morning.

And when the fire had died out, and the last lingering warmth it left had faded before the icy weather, she would slip off her frock and shoes and go to bed, as father had bidden, till he returned.

It was almost worth while to endure the dreariness of those terribly long hours of loneliness for the joy of that return-time.

"Father, and fire, and light, and talk, and tea—all the nice things heaped up together," murmured wee Jenny many a time, with an utterness of contentment that few children know who have the comfort of bright, happy, cheerful homes all day long.

"Father," she asked one evening, as she sat on his knee, her calm peaceful little face resting against his shoulder. "Father, seems I remember one day you saying mother used to say something always when she was happy, like you and me are together of evenings."

Silver put down his tea-cup, and smoothed his child's hair.

"Aye, my Jenny, ye're right there; I did tell ye one day last spring—it were two years to the hour since she were took away from me an' you; and the thought o' her, and her pretty ways, and her angel-tongue were strong upon me that night, and I telled ye a bit or two o' the pretty sayings she had."

"I like the one she said when she were happy," murmured Jenny softly. "Wish I could remember it."

"If I say it again, perhaps little Wren can," answered Silver rather eagerly. It suddenly seemed to him as though it would be a very meet and pleasant thing for him to hear his little daughter repeat the favourite sayings of her mother.

Quite unconsciously he took the two small hands, and clasped them together in one of his own, as the mother had done with the baby hands before, and repeated gravely: "Bless the Lord for His loving mercies. May He give us grateful hearts."

"That's pretty," whispered Jenny. "I thought I bemembered it was." More aloud she added—"Don't you never say 'Bless the loving Lord,' father?"

Tom Silver passed his haud up over his forehead and shook his head.

"Not I, child. I never had rightly no learning that way. I did begin to catch a sort o' kind of sight of it from your mother, but she were took, and so there were the end of it all. I'm too took up now with seeing you, to give thoughts to aught else."

Silence for a few moments, then the little face turned round enough for the soft lips to be pressed to the rough face.

"I do love you, oh, so much, father, and I should like to say 'Bless the loving Lord for His mercies,' when you come home and light the lamp, and make the fire, and we have our tea. Is it then that mother would have said it?"

"Ah! I expect so," was the quiet answer, and then he said not another word, until tea was finished. Tom Silver had a slow brain. He was neither clever, talented, nor learned, but he had one grand possession, the power of an enduring love. He had loved and reverenced Jenny's mother in the past, and, although it was more than two years since he lost her, he still loved her as deeply as when they lived together in their simple home on earth. It gave him a strange thrill of mingled pain and pleasure henceforth, as evening by evening, Jenny's prelude to their favourite meal would be her mother's oft-repeated thanksgiving prayer.

The fire burning up cheerfully, the lamp lighted, the tea all prepared, and Jenny established according to custom, on her father's knee, she would fold her hands together as her father had folded them that night, and repeat in her clear, earnest voice, "Bless the Lord for His loving mercies, and give us grateful hearts."

It was the only prayer said in that one-roomed home, and neither father nor child had any very distinct thought or understanding as to the meaning of that. But there was at least this—that it was said with reverence, and from a heart full of thankfulness.

The days were sad and oppressive enough to the child, but she had her happy evenings with her father, and you know the text, do you not, dear readers—"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, Thou hast perfected praise."

NEW YEAR'S ENIGMA.

New hopes, new promises, new blessings cheer
Our hearts while entering on the opening year;
Come, search out all the Holy Scriptures say
About "new" things this happy New Year's Day.

At Pentecost the pious Hebrew brings
A new meat offering to the King of kings.
New wine, in bottles new for safety stored,
Furnished a parable for Christ the Lord,
And none, says He, will put new cloth to old,
(Find where St. Matthew has the story told).
The Lord's compassions every day are new—
"A new commandment give I unto you"—
From a new cruse a holy prophet's hand
Took salt to heal a waste and barren land.
A giant wore a new and mighty sword;
The tomb was new wherein they laid the Lord;
New tongues were promised for the preacher's aid;
A new and living way has Jesus made—
"This cup shall be a covenant ever new;
My blood," said Jesus, "which is shed for you!"
From Samson's arms new ropes were snapped like thread.
"They chose new gods," the mighty Deborah said.
"There rose a new king over Egypt's land
That knew not Joseph." Heathen priests command
The Philistines, the Ark of God to take,
On a new cart which they were told to make.
Solomon writes of fruits both new and old,
New heaven and earth did captive John behold;
New things to Israel does Isaiah show,
Things which were hidden "which thou didst not know."
"Purge out old leaven, let the lump be new."
Writes Paul, "for Christ is sacrificed for you!"
John saw a new Jerusalem come down,
Jesus' "new doctrine" gained a wide renown.
Who dwell in Christ, and all His words obey,
New creatures are, "old things are passed away";
Put off the old man and put on the new,
A nature which is righteous, pure and true.
A new name, written on a pure white stone,
May we receive from Jesus as our own;
And join in heaven's new song with holy mirth,
Which those may learn who are redeemed from earth.

Find out each reference now, till, one by one,
The twenty-four are all correctly done;
Set in a long and nicely even row,
Each chapter, book and verse must clearly show;
And if this strange enigma has perplex'd,
Then add up all the *chapter* numbers next,—
Subtract thirteen, and then divide by eight,
And now the figures left behind will state
In which long chapter you must closely look
Among the pages of Ezekiel's book,
For two "new" things for which we all should pray
That God will give us on this New Year's Day.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. I.

1. It records words spoken by an idolater.

2. It contains a word only mentioned in two other places in the Bible, once in Ecclesiastes, and once in Romans.

3. It bears reference to Jehovah and His power to give earthly prosperity.

4. It is an appeal to one far from his home.

5. The younger daughter of the speaker is mentioned by Jeremiah.

6. The eldest son of the hearer put the lives of his own children in danger.

7. The speaker had thirteen grandchildren.

8. Of one of them it is said that he "became a servant unto tribute."

9. One of the two men mentioned in the verse afterwards said to the other, "What is my trespass? what is my sin?"

10. The one was servant to the other, but the name of the servant is the more honoured.

11. It contains an earnest request, and an acknowledgment of benefits received.

12. It consists of 32 words, and is in a chapter containing more than 32 verses.

L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

WINTER GLEANERS

No. 1759.—JANUARY 14, 1868.

The Poor of the Flock.

GOD only knows the sorrows of the poor,
The dull monotony of care and pain,
The heavy hours of toil for scanty gain,
The weariness that slumber cannot cure.
Behold, we count them happy which endure!
But oh, the tension of the life-long strain,
The sad, pathetic striving to attain
Some foothold for the future, safe and sure!
God knows it all—their labour unto death,
Their patience when by chastening tried and proved;
Their kindness to each other freely given.
And in the poor of this world, rich in faith,
He hath a people chosen and beloved,
Heirs of a kingdom kept for them in heaven.
The discipline of care and poverty,
Even here shall bring them blessing in disguise,
And well prepare them for the glad surprise
Of rest and riches where no want can be.
From furrowed field or narrow street set free—
Through humble paths of toil they shall arise,
To tread the golden highways of the skies;
Eyes that once feared the morrow's need, shall see
The gracious plenty of the marriage feast;
The toil-worn hands, long used to spade and loom,
Shall clasp a sceptre years may not destroy.
And for the true brave souls earth reckoned "least,"
The King at His own table shall make room,
And bid them share His everlasting joy!

MARY ROWLES.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

I.—THE DESTITUTE OF GLASGOW.

THE problem of the poor is ever with us, and our efforts to solve it meet with such scant success that many fear we are ill-advised. We are told, notwithstanding, that destitution is proportionately less than it used to be. It may be so. There is much in the view that so long as we restrict our studies to the doings of our monarchs, and the records of the battles in the struggle of nation against nation, we skim the past at its best; and that when we explore below the smiling surface of the school-book, and learn how our forefathers lived, the misery of merry England is manifest. It is probably true that the misery has been reduced by a percentage; but there is little comfort in percentages when the bulk increases. Ten in a thousand may be less than two in a hundred, but the average mind sees only the fivefold increase, and refuses to reduce it to its statistical value.

And no friend of his race is likely to be satisfied with this percentage balm. If the misery has been reduced, let us reduce it faster; if the reduction is at the rate of arithmetical progression, let us increase the rate to that of geometrical progression! Whether it be better than it used to be or not, the present state of the poor, physically, mentally, morally, is appalling. It cries out to us; it is a scandal to us. What is to be done?

We hear much of the efforts made in London; but is there nothing we can learn from other great cities? Take Glasgow, for instance, the second city in the Empire. Those who know best, speak with praise of the work going on there in ameliorating the condition of the youthful poor. "Religion and charity go hand in hand; the physical and spiritual needs are in due order ministered unto." Is there no detail here worthy of adoption?

Let us see. "The most striking thing in Glasgow is the poor children's dinner; it is the key of the position." Free meals are not peculiar to Glasgow; but they may have different developments. Let us go to the Sunday afternoon dinner and judge for ourselves. There is not much difficulty in finding the way to that thickly-populated neighbourhood into which the railway to St. Enoch's lets so much beneficent daylight. The main road is clean and clear enough, but the wynds and closes on either hand teem with the dirty, the callous, and the miserable. Past the Tron kirk, we turn into the Saltmarket, and are but a few steps from the Green, when we reach the handsome new hall in James Morrison Street. There is a crowd at the doors and in the road; but this we avoid as we make our way at once to the kitchen.

Around us are preparations for feeding on a large scale, and all is quiet and orderly. Three huge cauldrons there are, each holding about ninety gallons, and full of simmering rice and milk. A table is pushed close to them, and at one end of it is a well-cleaned wooden washing tub. Some half dozen young fellows are bringing in scores of quart mugs, and stacking them round the tub.

The lid of the cauldron is taken off, and one of the lads dips a huge ladle as big as a hand bowl

into the thin white pudding and transfers it steaming to the tub. At the same time two others seize the mugs one in each hand, and dip them into the tub and fill them. Two others seize the hot filled mugs and lay them side by side in deep wooden waggons. Twenty-four mugs go to a layer. When the layer is complete, another lad standing ready with a sheaf of spoons drops one into each mug with such dexterity that there is no pause in the packing. The work goes on like clockwork; the ladling from the copper into the tub, the dipping of the mugs, the stacking in layers, four layers in each waggon. The full waggon is wheeled away and another is ready by its side, and soon the three cauldrons are empty, and a dozen waggons are full. On the top of each waggon a thin iron cover is placed, and on this is put a large basket of bread, a piece of bread for each mug. The loaded waggons all stand in a row ready to be run into the meeting.

The hall is under repair to-day, and the children are in the so-called tent, whose wooden roof and silent earthen floor give every help to the sound of speech and song. The area is crowded with seated children. As seen from the platform, the girls are to the left, the boys to the right. There are three columns of forms; the centre is double the width of the wings. These long forms have each eight boys and eight girls, and at each of their ends is a "monitor." At the end of each other form is also a monitor, so that the monitors line the gangways, with small classes of eight to the right or left of them.

As we enter the children are singing—

Come to the Saviour, make no delay:
Here in His Word He has shown us the way;
Here, in our midst, He is standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come."

"Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice!
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice;
And let us freely make Him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.

Timid and silvery sound the girls' voices as they softly sing the third verse—

Think once again, He's with us to-day
Heed now His blessed command and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

And with their full strength, the boys join in with just a touch of defiance in their tone; and the chorus swings out with vigour—

Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.

The sight is an affecting one, especially to those who see it for the first time. There is always a spell in the voice of numbers be it in panic or praise, in joy or sorrow; but beyond this there is here something purer, deeper, more precious. The heart thrills in sympathy with the little people so eagerly expectant and so determined to sing their best to please their leader and enjoy themselves in his way; and the thought comes to us that in but a little our children differ from these, and may at any time become as they are. How have these come to this? What can be done to lift them from it? The book of poverty lies open; the faces are its pages. Many there are sickly and weak; some even with the hollow cheek and bluish bones showing through the thin flesh, and telling the bitter tale of starvation. Some there are with delicate features refined by suffering; a few are coarse and aggressive, telling unmistakably that the failure cannot be entirely charged to others. Many would be beautiful were it not for the shifty look of the outcast. Many have good faces, pure and true, such are safe to keep to the right road if only the chance be given them. A few are in rags, openly and boastingly; but most have their shawls or jackets held or pinned tight, so as to make the best show they can. Bare-headed are most of the girls, and barefooted are many of them, though not from choice, for the crippled toes tell of ill-fitting boots. There sit the children, a thousand and one odd possibilities, samples of thousands more amongst us. What are you going to do with them? Are they to be your friends or your enemies? If you cannot lift them all, how are you to sift them?

Now they are thinking but of the moment, carried away by the music of their own voices, with eyes keenly watching Mr. Mackeith as he times and leads them; and when the hymn ends, listen as the voices follow his to the Lord's Prayer, "every eye closed, every head bowed." It is not often that the petitions so strike home.

Then there is another hymn sung with as much vigour as the last; but in the middle the boys get ahead, and have to be pulled up. Another start is made, and all goes smoothly; then, for a few minutes, Mr. Mackeith talks to his little folks of their last Sabbath lesson, which they are supposed to have remembered, and cheerily come the answers back from dozens at a time, though most of the correct ones hail from the girls. Sometimes there are over two thousand children—a large class to manage; and yet it is done in a style that is truly masterly. For an example of unfailing tact and quiet power, let the student go to the United Evangelistic Hall, James Morrison Street, on a Sabbath afternoon, and see how Mr. Mackeith, without apparent effort, keeps in hand the roughest of the waifs and strays of Glasgow.

After the address, of which we will say more anon, another hymn is sung, a one-verse hymn suiting well the little voices in words and air.

Two little eyes to look to God,
Two little ears to hear His Word;
Two little feet to run in His way,
Two little hands at His work every day;
One little tongue to speak His truth,
One little heart to trust Him in youth.
Take them, my Lord, and let them be
Always obedient and true to Thee.

And while this is being sung each monitor has an apron given her, which she unrolls and ties on; and the waggons appear from the back, and are

wheeled up each gangway, six in Indian file, one behind the other, for the girls; six, in a similar way, for the boys. As they advance many are the wistful glances from the children. Then grace is said by all, short but fervid, and evidently meant: and the monitors take into their aprons a piece of bread for each of their charges, the covers are removed, and the mugs passed along. So good is the organisation that in half a minute from the saying of the grace the waggons are empty, and every child in the hall is deep in what in many cases is the only sure meal of the week. Most of them eat ravenously; but one little girl in front of us has a sick brother on her knee, and though she looks hungry enough herself, she feeds him first and leaves her share untouched for a while. And there are others like her. Some of the girls have brought babies in arms with them; and such of these as have become restive have been taken out and had their meal at once. It is difficult to guess the ages; poverty makes some children so small for age, while others it makes look older than they really are; but few of the children can be more than twelve.

Quickly the mugs are emptied and replaced in the waggons. At the end of a quarter of an hour a hymn is sung, during which the waggons are drawn back. Then comes a short prayer, and at three o'clock precisely, an hour from the commencement, the dismissal takes place. Seat by seat from the rear the children leave, the monitors stepping into the empty seat behind and sitting down with any of the children who wish to remain for conversation. And some do remain, often some who have been driven out to starve, and will never see home again, and often boys and girls who have run away from home in search of liberty and have come here starving, asking to be sent back. To-day, as if to complete the picture, there is a "prisoner" brought to Mr. Mackeith, a boy who has been detained for fighting during the meal. A typical Arab he crouches at the foot of the platform wondering what is going to happen to him; a good-looking ne'er-do-well if there ever was one; gipsy-like in face, with brilliant dark eyes, restless and alert in search for a means of escape; bare-headed, barefooted; in rags, with a bit of a shirt torn open down the chest; an untamed animal with the makings in him of a handsome man. "Fighting, were you?" No answer. "What good did it do you?" No answer. "Will you fight if you come here again?" "No," says the culprit, looking at the ground. "Then you can come again. Go!" The boy is off like a flash; not till he is out of the tent does he stand upright.

In the winter the attendance is much larger than it has been to-day. Then broth or soup is given instead of rice and milk, though rice and milk is the most popular food. To-day, too, we are out in the tent. To see the service complete we should have been in the great hall, and heard the blackboard lesson. An interesting educational feature is this, here originated, and hence adapted freely elsewhere. On the platform is a huge map of Palestine. The map begins with the tracing of the coast line. Then Sabbath after Sabbath Mr. Mackeith builds it up before the eyes of his audience. As he tells the story of the Saviour he marks on the map the towns and the villages, and the hills and rivers. The children see the map grow before their eyes, and remember all its steps. The lesson for the day is but a short one, and few additions are made to the map. But the map is not the only means adopted for securing the attention of the children. Each lesson is illustrated by a drawing on a sheet of glass, eight feet square, in coloured crayons, done by Mr. David Pratt, sometimes before the meeting, sometimes in the presence of the children. The map gives the locality, the diagram pictures the scene, the lecturer tells the story, and the children with their memories aided in this way rarely forget. What the lessons and pictures are like can be seen in "The Story of Jesus," published a short time ago.[1]

In the year 100,000 children are fed at this Sabbath afternoon dinner, the cost being about seven shillings per hundred. Although the most striking features in the work of the United Evangelistic Association, it is but the stepping-stone towards helping the parents and child. The year's work runs into large figures. There is a free breakfast for adults on the Sunday morning, and in twelve months this brings in 67,876 attendances. There are daily meetings, and these are attended by 196,640 people. There are Gospel Temperance Meetings attended by 33,650 people. All the week through the work goes on. The child is looked after by the monitor, and its circumstances inquired into and reported to the committee, and help is given in every urgent case. How miscellaneous the inquiry work becomes can be seen from the following list, which deals only with what has been done since the statistics have been kept on the new plan. To Convalescent and Seaside Homes the Society has sent 392 cases; to Infirmaries, 329; to Training Ships, 42; to Industrial Schools, 76; to School Board evening classes (paying half the fees), 782; to Work, 722; to the Servants' Home, 59; to Houses of Shelter, 167; to Children's Hospitals, 11; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, 26; to the country for a Fortnight's Holiday, 146; to parents there have been restored, 764; 194 have had Clothing and Home help; 2364 have had Medicine and Medical advice, and 2823 have been sent to the Day Refuges.

These Day Refuges are worth more than a passing allusion. Into them children are admitted from the most poverty-stricken homes after thorough investigation. And a systematic visitation of these homes is maintained while they remain in the Refuge. There are four Refuges: the Central, in Steel Street; the Western, in Clyde Street, Anderston; the Eastern, in London Road, Bridgeton; and a new one in the South. During the last twelve years there have been passed through these Refuges some three thousand

[1] "The Story of Jesus." Illustrated Lessons for Lord's Day use, by Alexander Mackeith. Obtainable of the Treasurer, Mr. J. H. N. Graham, 57 Cathedral Street, Glasgow.

children. The object is to provide a temporary home during the day. The Education Act says every child must be at school, but in not a few large cities the compulsory clause is a dead letter owing to the straitened circumstances of the parents. It is worthy of note that the bulk of the parents pay the school fees while the children are in the Refuges, and as soon as their circumstances improve the children are withdrawn. The Scotch have not lost the lead in their faith in education, and even the poorest of the honest poor will go in want themselves that their children may have a chance.

In all the Refuges after "family worship" the children get a substantial breakfast of porridge and milk, and are then marched to the Board Schools in the neighbourhood, returning at midday for dinner. In the afternoon they go back to school, and once more re-assemble in the refuges when school is over, for a Bible lesson and a supper of porridge and milk. At half-past six they are sent home. All have some kind of home to go to, but many of them are so poor, through the death, sickness, crime, carelessness, and misfortune of their natural guardians, that they have neither sufficient food nor clothing, and their education would be entirely neglected were it not for some such charity.

On much the same lines, but a larger scale, is the work of the Poor Children's Dinner-Table Society, originated in 1868. In twelve different districts it spreads a table on five days a week. The dinner, consisting of soup and bread, is brought from a central station, and about noon each day there may be seen converging towards the twelve centres of attraction a number of hungry scholars of all ages and conditions. Tickets admitting the children are distributed by the Society's agents, and a supply is always in the hands of the School Board officers, who have discretionary power to at once send on any hungry or destitute child. The name and address of the child is given on the ticket, and thus the superintendents are enabled to follow up the child, and in many cases help with clothing and boots. They also can keep a look-out on the children that they attend school, and thus kill two birds with one stone. And the number so under observation exceeds two thousand a day.

Miss Clugston's Homes for Convalescents and Incurables hardly come within our limits, but Mr. Quarrier's Orphan Homes are on the same ground exactly. In dealing with the orphan, Mr. Quarrier has a great advantage; the difficulty is not with the child but with its parents. A child whose parents are dead is much more likely to do credit to his training than one whose parents look upon him as a profitable investment. Mr. Quarrier's work has been immense, and his fame is world-wide. He has no endowment, but much prayer, and the money, like that to Mr. Mueller at Bristol, has never failed to come in day by day as required. The work is carried on in deep dependence upon God, and no one is asked, or called upon, for a subscription. Since 1871 over £120 000 has been received, and of this over £53,000 has been disbursed on buildings. A strong, loving hand is stretched out to children of all ages, to the infant of a few months, to the boy or girl of thirteen. They are placed in cottage family groups of thirty each, and of varying ages, amidst surroundings that speak to them of a promising future. A competent married couple is placed in charge of each boys' home, and a "mother" in each girls' home—with a baby in all of them as a central figure. Mr. Quarrier provides for them every moderate home comfort, lodging, clothing, moral and religious training, a plain, ordinary education, and a knowledge of indoor and outdoor industrial work of some sort, suited to age, sex, and capacity; he provides for the future of a large proportion of them either at home or in Canada, where over two thousand have been placed; he devotes his life to the work in patriarchal fashion; he lets his needs be known by appeals which cost him little, and without ever laying up in store for the future, he has always had his needs supplied without running into debt, and without superfluity, for he finds abundant use for every additional pound that a generous and largely anonymous public entrusts to him. He and Mr. Mackeith touch the lowest stratum of Glasgow poverty; their ladders go furthest into the well.

W. J. GORDON.

MY SHARE: WHAT IS IT?

EVERY morning throughout the year we have a breakfast party, our visitors assembling on the grass in front of our windows. In summer they are few in number, in winter many, and some come from a distance. All bring with them good appetites, and a few, a manifest determination to secure an unfair share of the good things spread for their use.

Perhaps our green, summer breakfast-table, might be dispensed with; but we are afraid of getting out of the way of caring for our feathered friends, so we spread it, though less bountifully, even during the fine weather.

Sparrows innumerable, starlings by scores, rooks that come a couple of miles, about thirty or more at once, are our regular guests. Irregular ones include thrushes, robins, a couple of jackdaws, and a single water wagtail. These are all

on our visiting list, but only come during the coldest weather.

In watching the behaviour of our feathered guests, we note much that is instructive as well as amusing, for they reflect the failings of the unfeathered bipeds around us.

As a rule, the birds behave fairly well to each other. A sentinel rook stations himself on a convenient bough, and the instant breakfast is carried out, he gives a "caw" and down flap the rest, from unseen perches, shouting a joyful chorus.

These birds fill their beaks and fly off into the neighbouring field to consume their portion. Then the starlings eat some food and carry off more. Lastly the sparrows take their turn in silence. They cannot chirp and eat.

If there should be a tumult of bird voices, it is a sign that a greedy guest has been trying to monopolise all the best bits, and the rest are protesting against his selfishness, and combining to disappoint it.

There must be some choice morsels amongst the odds and ends saved for the birds, and equally must there be some of these creatures who would like to secure them, so beaks are stretched in all directions, and bits snatched by one from another, without ceremony or disguise. Mostly the disappointed ones hasten to appropriate the next best, instead of squabbling about what has already disappeared down their neighbours' throats. Perhaps the birds are wise enough to realise that if they began to quarrel, they would get nothing, for the peaceable ones would, in the meanwhile, clear the grassy table.

Sometimes the conduct of one bird is quite too bad to be endured, as we saw a few mornings ago.

A little heap of tit-bits had been dropped close together, and, over against these, a pugnacious starling had planted himself, and alternately gobled and pecked at every other bird that put in a claim to share the feast. He showed a degree of courage worthy of a better cause, and succeeded in keeping off all who approached him singly.

Fair means were useless, so the birds drew aside, evidently in consultation. A decision was soon arrived at. Back they came, chattering and scolding, and drove Mr. Greedysides to take shelter in a neighbouring chimney, whence he dared not return. Then they gathered in peace and harmony to finish the meal, which his selfishness had interrupted.

This bird-picture is but a reflex of what is continually going on amongst men and women in the world. Each tries to get more than a fair share of the good things which a good and gracious God has strewn broadcast, for the comfort, sustenance, and enjoyment of His creatures. Probably if each of us were asked to define what we consider to be our proper share of these gifts, we should hesitate to reveal the thoughts of our hearts.

There is a voice within that speaks to us, but does not speak out to the world at large. It says, "Take care of self. Let your neighbour look after his share, but mind that yours is more and better. Never mind if, in springing up the ladder which is to raise you, a chance push lands some one else lower down than he was, with less strength, time and courage to begin the ascent again. What concerns you is to make your own footing sure, to grasp a large handful and keep hold."

Self—that is the hidden part of us—speaks in these terms, to that outer part of us which the world sees and notes.

It is the most persistent prompter we have, for we are compelled to carry it with us wherever we go. We profess that it is an enemy to be vanquished, and that it is the most stubborn one we have to battle with; and yet we are always thinking how we may come to terms with it, and seize from others what conscience pleads we should neither touch, taste, nor handle.

This inner self is like the greedy starling. At the board it likes to secure the best place, the largest share of dainties, the costliest wine. It pushes others aside so as to come in contact with guests of the highest rank, or persons who may be useful in advancing its interests at some future time.

However abundant may be the supply of good things, it cannot be happy, or even contented, without having more and better than its neighbours.

"Love my neighbour as myself," it whispers in the heart, though not in the hearing of the world. "Not so. What! Place any other being on the same level as that on which I stand? Be content to see all equally well cared for? A thousand times, No! These others must have something, of course, but I must secure what I deem my rightful share, let who may fall short."

But, while Self confesses its aims and longings, and forms such an estimate of its deservings in that part of its being which can be looked into only by Him who is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, it has another voice and expresses widely differing sentiments from these, when the world is listening. It is the loudest in its condemnation of selfishness, the readiest in pointing out any neighbour who is advancing his own claims or boldly pushing his own interests, without consideration for those of other people.

Perhaps Self is occasionally deceived as to what is its fair share. It estimates its own merits so highly, that at last it is persuaded that what it claims is what it merits. Its demands are in accordance with this inner estimate, and are so persistently urged in action, not in words, that at length the outside world yields, and accords the best places rather than contest the right to take them.

As I write, a little picture comes before my eyes of an individual whom I knew many years ago. He was an apt illustration of those who get because they *will* have, who seize the best share as if it were theirs by right and not by favour of their fellows.

This man was a member of a public body, and at every great gathering of citizens, he succeeded in obtaining for himself and those belonging to him, places in the front rank or at

the chief table. Another member, of greater age, longer service, more real claims to notice and to gratitude, was almost as invariably found occupying one of the least conspicuous positions, giving up the place to which he was entitled, and in honour preferring another to it. And he found real enjoyment in the pleasure he was enabled to give, though at the expense of Self, and by dint of refusing to listen to its inner pleadings.

On a single occasion, however, he was not permitted to indulge his modest, unselfish spirit. Contrary to his own wish, he and his were put in the front rank, and beside the most distinguished guests.

Something—probably a matter of gain—had kept the other away until all the chief places were filled, but by persons with claims to them at least equal to his own, and, for this once, he had to content himself with an inferior position. Did he take it in silence?

No. Self made its voice heard by one individual—the man who had ever been ready to make way for others, and who would have cheerfully done it for him at that moment, had he been permitted, because in him was the charity "which seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked," but "suffereth long and is kind."

This was the only man to whom Self dared to utter the expression of disappointed pride, mortification, and anger, and to him he said, as he passed, "Trust you for getting a good place"!

One or two others overheard the remark, and understood the feeling that prompted it. He to whom it was addressed answered with a kindly look, and in words befitting a disciple of Him who "when he was reviled, reviled not again"—

"I would gladly give it to you, if I could," he said. "It is of far more value to you than it is to me."

This determination to seize on more than a fair share seems comparatively excusable amongst those who have so little of the world's goods that the most they can hope to obtain is bare sustenance. It is not, however, amongst these that Self is most conspicuous. On the contrary, the poor are famous for the largeness of their hearts when compared with the smallness of their means. In the struggle for a few hours' work at the East-end, the strong have been known to give place to the weak amongst the far too numerous applicants. And yet, surely the pinch of hunger must have been even more keenly felt by the able-bodied and strong men than by the feeble.

One evening, a crowd of ladies and gentlemen were outside the entrance to a great concert-room. A noted singer was expected, and many of the intended audience had come very early, and stood outside awaiting the opening of the doors. All the seats were subscribed for beforehand, on equal terms, and none were reserved, so that the best were certain to be secured by those who were first on the spot.

As usual, there was quite a crowd outside the railings. Those who cannot wear costly apparel like to see it, and all who came to these concerts were in evening dress. When the doors were opened there was a rush to obtain a speedy entrance, and the pushing and elbowing which followed caused no little amusement amongst the humbler lookers-on. One of these shouted to a comrade who was standing aloof, "Bill, come here, and see how these gentlefolks can shove one another."

The speaker regarded the spectacle with astonishment. He was evidently new to such scenes and perhaps had the notion that of "shoving," as he called it, the lower class held the monopoly. He learned however, that selfishness is confined to no class, and that the same inner voice speaks alike beneath velvet bodice and fustian waistcoat.

Let me quote another incident which fell under my own notice, and is of a kind which daily repeats itself. I was present when several gentlemen were discussing the rise and fall in the value of certain investments. It was a short time after the introduction of the electric light had caused the formation of so many companies, and so much speculation in connection with them.

One of the gentlemen, with a self-complacent smile, was giving his experience for the benefit of the rest.

"I bought a number of shares," he said, "at par, and within a short time I received more than my money back again in the shape of dividends. Not that these were earned. The profit came through royalties paid to us by other companies. Of course, the shares went up enormously. I put two and two together, and decided on selling, feeling convinced that they would soon be down with a run."

"And you got clear out," said an excited listener.

"I did, and netted the price of my shares and fifty per cent. in addition, when I sold out."

"That was clear gain of a hundred and fifty per cent. then, for you had previously got back the original money."

"You lucky fellow!" exclaimed the other, with a sigh, which said as plainly as possible, "I wish I had done likewise."

A little shadow crossed the face of the lucky fellow, and he replied in a regretful tone: "Yes I did fairly well, but I have always felt sorry for one thing."

I, in my ignorance of such subjects and transactions, thought that the fortunate man was going to express some regret for the purchaser of the shares, whose loss must have been terrible—possibly ruinous. Not so, however, for the speaker continued. "If I had sold three days later, I should have done better still. They went up five per cent. beyond the price I actually got, so that I lost some hundreds of pounds by being in too great a hurry."

"But you might have waited too long," said the other.

"True, and I really did very well, but it is always annoying to know that one might have done better."

The expression of this "lucky fellow's" face alternated between a self-satisfied smirk at his large gain, and a half-pettish frown at the thought that it was somewhat less than came within the bounds of possiblity.

To a Red-Breast

Little Bird, with bosom Red,
Welcome to my Humble Shed!
Courtly Domes of High Degree
Have no room for Thee and Me:
Pride and Pleasure's fickle Throng
Nothing mind an Idle Song.
Daily near my Table steal,
While I pick my scanty meal.
Doubt not, little though there be,
But I'll cast a Crumb to Thee;
Well rewarded, if I spy
Pleasure in Thy Glancing Eye.
See thee, when thou'st eat thy fill
Plume Thy Breast, and wipe thy Bill

It is sad to think that such things are of hourly occurrence and that the voice which pleads for Self, its luxuries, aggrandisement, gain, no matter at what cost, overpowers every other. That there is absolutely no thought as to the effect upon our neighbour, or as to what may have been the price he has paid for that which we have gained and now gloat over, saying "this is mine, this the prize of my business tact and foresight." Or at best there is a contemptuous pity felt for those who, wanting these qualities, have gone down, like the shares, with a run.

Self, like verbs, has two voices, an active and a passive one. In this paper I have dealt with the former, the selfishness which is aggressive, grasping, which boldy pushes aside its neighbour, seizes and keeps all it can, yet, in words, rails against all who act in a similar manner: passive selfishness is all-absorbing without being absolutely aggressive, and manifests itself rather by clinging to everything it calls "mine," and shutting out others from any participation therein, than by elbowing these aside and boldly seizing the best of every kind.

My share: what is it?

Passive Selfishness says, "What I have and intend to keep. Withdraw the hand stretched out to me for help, no use waiting; it will go back empty. Turn your feet in another direction, for you vainly seek assistance or service from me."

Active Selfishness proves by hourly practice, that its estimate of the share that should come to it, is, "All I can possibly get."

Neither voice has any ring of pity in it. Both kinds are merciless: one by withholding what would carry joy and comfort with it in the giving, the other by depriving its neighbour of a fair share in order to get an unfair one.

What is the remedy? What can alone silence the voice of Self, or stay the action which indulges it at the cost of mercy, loving-kindness, pity, even common courtesy?

There is only one, and it meets both cases: Love to God, from which as a necessary consequence, follows love for one's neighbour, a desire to do good unto all men, and self-forgetfulness. It is best summed up in the very words of our Lord and Master, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. On these two commandments, hang all the law and the prophets."

"If a man love Me he will keep My words. This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

RUTH LAMB.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER III.—A WARNING.

"A VERY distinguished looking man,"—"Most cultivated and intellectual,"—"Quite an addition to the county,"—"A man it is a pleasure and satisfaction to know."

Such were the comments passed upon Marcus Stratford by the neighbouring land-owners and gentry who called to renew acquaintance with him, and the young Kynastons were almost inclined to turn into an object of mirthful ridicule this new paragon, before ever they had seen him. Except for a glimpse of a tall figure and bronzed face in the Stratford family pew at church on Sunday, five days passed by without any visit from him. Roy came daily, Easter holidays notwithstanding, and every day he had more to say in praise of Marcus and his considerate kindness. The boy felt certain of his support with regard to his Oxford scheme, which had been several times discussed between them, and in fact he seemed to think that a vista of glorious possibilities had opened before him, and that his brother's return heralded the realisation of all his most cherished dreams.

Muriel was making tea for the noisy schoolroom party in the warm and sheltered bowling-alley of their sunny south garden, when a tumultuous shout and rush caused her to raise her eyes, and she saw that Roy was walking towards them, a glad, proud look upon his face, and his tall brother at his side.

The Kynastons, as a family, were not shy, and despite his lengthened absence, Marcus was an old friend. They had all known him all their lives. There was a clamour of eager voices loud enough to deafen unaccustomed ears, and it was difficult to say whether Syd or Joyce, Topsy or Jacko talked the loudest or most fast. Only Muriel and little Lilias remained where they were, one from infantile shyness of a strange face, the other from an amused sense of hopelessness at getting so much as a word in edge-ways. But in a few minutes Marcus had shaken himself free of the noisy troop that surrounded him, and was approaching Muriel, taking off his hat as he did so.

"And this, I suppose, is the Muriel of old days," he said, a peculiarly sweet smile softening for a moment the somewhat severe lines of eyes and mouth. "The Muriel whom I left almost a little girl grown to be a young lady. Must I say Miss Kynaston now?"

"You need not," answered Muriel simply, as she laid her hand in his, and looked up at him with a frankness that had something childlike in it. "I am not very different from what I was three years ago, I think. I am not even 'out' yet," and she met his smile with an answering expression.

"You would be if there was anything to come out at," cried Syd, "but nobody ever gives anything but garden parties and things here, and even Lilias can go to *them*. Marcus, you must wake us up, and give something or other to do honour to the neighbourhood, when they have all called upon you, and invited you to their dull old dinners. Come now, it's the least you can do—and then Muriel can come out."

"Oh, do! Marcus, do!" cried Joyce, "and we'll all come, because we're such old friends, you know, and we children can play games in the hall, and have a table of our own at supper."

"Oh, do! do! do!" shouted Topsy and Jacko in a breath, and another hubbub arose, which brought for a moment a flush of pain to Muriel's face, for she knew only too well why it was that Marcus had been summoned home, and feared that this eager demand for gaiety, innocently made as it was, would seem to him unfeeling.

She raised her eyes to his to see if he were vexed or saddened, and she met his earnest glance fixed upon her in a way that told her he had read her thought. She coloured up again, half frightened at having been so quickly understood, and bent down over the child who stood clasping closely her disengaged hand.

"Won't you speak to Marcus, Lilias?" she said gently. "You said you wanted to see him, because you had forgotten him."

Marcus held out his hand kindly, and the little one placed her's timidly in it.

"So you have forgotten me, Lilias, have you? Have you got a kiss for me? Ah I thought so—we shall be friends again soon, shan't we? I've not forgotten you, pussy. Some day you must all come up to tea with Roy, and you will see what funny things little people in Russia play with."

Roy made pantomimic gestures which made it plain to his friends that the contents of his brother's boxes were of a first-class description, and had something to do with each one of them. Marcus at once became a doubly popular person, and as the merry informal meal progressed, the fun grew fast and furious, and the garden echoed to the sound of merry voices and light-hearted laughter.

Muriel did not contribute much to the gay tumult, nor, for that matter, did Marcus either. She wondered if she were right in thinking that it was something of an effort to him to smile a response to the eager questions pressed upon him, and that he was in reality suffering somewhat from depression of mind.

Later on, when the mercurial spirits of the juniors had carried them all farther afield for a time, and Muriel found herself alone with Marcus, she ventured to ask a direct question, less difficult to frame from the inward consciousness that he knew pretty well of what she was thinking. His penetration was a little disconcerting, but in some ways it made speech easier.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you think very badly of Mrs. Stratford's health."

"I do," he answered very seriously. "I had no idea, in spite of what she had told me, that I should find her so terribly changed. I wish I had come home before. I would have done so long ago, had I had any idea of the true state of the case."

"But will not the warm weather make her better?"

"I fear she is past reaping the benefit of summer heat. I fear it may even tell unfavourably upon her."

"I thought she looked a little better when I saw her last."

"Possibly: yet I am not sure that I like this sudden access of strength. It reminds me too forcibly of the last flicker of an expiring lamp."

Muriel looked very grave. She was sure Marcus would not speak thus without good reason.

"Roy does not know, does he?"

"No; it seems to me that the boy is blind." Muriel's face had put on its very thoughtful look.

"Do you know, Marcus," she said, looking straight out before her, "I sometimes think Roy has a curious faculty of blinding himself, or letting himself be blinded to anything he does not want to see. I do not know if I make my meaning clear."

"I believe I understand you," answered Marcus, somewhat struck by the girl's words and look. "I have not had very much time in which to study Roy since I got home, and before I left he was a mere boy. He is very affectionate and winning, and devoted to his mother, which makes his strange blindness as to her precarious state the more strange."

"It will be a great shock to him when the truth does come upon him," said Muriel, and Marcus made a sign of assent.

"You will stay at home always now, I suppose?" she said, and he answered in the affirmative.

Soon after this the brothers took their leave and walked homewards across the field path.

"Aren't they all jolly?" asked Roy eagerly. "You can't think what a pleasant house their's always is. Those fellows are almost like brothers, and the girls quite as good as sisters."

"I am very glad you have such pleasant friends and neighbours. You could not be more fortunately situated."

"No; though it's rather a bore that Vincent is so much away. He's my own age and my great chum, but he's at sea nearly all his time. However, when I go to Oxford, I shall have plenty of fellows my own age to chum with. Have you spoken to mother about it yet? It's quite time to be thinking about it. I shall be eighteen in July."

"I did say something to your mother the other day; but I cannot say she seemed to enter into the plan; but we have had too much else to discuss to have given the matter much thought."

Roy's bright face suddenly clouded.

"Oh, but I must go," he said quickly; "it's absurd for a fellow to be brought up altogether at home. I didn't make a fuss at not going to school, because mother wanted some one to be with her at home, and father was too ill to go about and help her to look after things. But now that you are here she can quite well spare me to go to college. I must talk to her about it, and you must back me. You know quite well that a fellow ought to see something of life when he gets to my age."

"You must not trouble your mother about anything, Roy. She and I will both do our best for your welfare and happiness; but she must be kept very quiet just now, and not be worried."

"Why?"

"Because she is very unwell, and we are exceedingly anxious about her."

"She is ever so much better than she was in the winter, though," answered Roy confidently. "If you'd seen her then, you would not think anything of this. Why she was in bed then for weeks at a time, and now she is up and about every day and almost all day long."

"Nevertheless, Roy, she is in a most precarious state, and we must neither of us do or say anything to cause her distress or anxiety."

"There is nothing in my wanting to go to college to distress her," said Roy quickly. "And time gets on so fast that I can't help feeling something ought to be decided."

"We will neither of us forget your interest or your wishes, Roy," answered the elder brother kindly yet gravely, "but you must be content for a little while to be patient. Your mother evidently has some objection to your leaving home, and it will not do to distress her by insisting too much upon your own wish."

Roy looked as much put out as it was in his nature to be.

"Why are all women so ——?" he began, but Marcus lifted his hand and stopped him by a gesture.

"Do not say anything of your mother, Roy, that you may be sorry for later," said the elder brother with a gravity that struck the lad as being rather overdone.

"Why, Marcus," he said half laughing, "you talk as if——"

"In this world of death and change, Roy, we never know what will happen; and idle words once spoken hastily, sometimes leave a sting behind that nothing can afterwards remove."

Roy looked suddenly grave, and said no more all the way home.

CHAPTER IV.—ROY'S STORY.

It sometimes seems as if a strong motive to live till a certain thing is done gives to a dying person a sort of fictitious strength, sufficient to carry them over the anticipated crisis. When, however, this has passed and the duty is faithfully discharged, a sort of reaction sets in, and strength ebbs away with alarming rapidity, heralding the approach of death.

So at least it appeared to be in Mrs. Stratford's case. She had set her whole heart on seeing Marcus again, and in handing over to him in perfect order the matters relating to the management of the fine property he had inherited from his father several years ago, but which she had continued to administrate for him (as she had done for her husband during a long illness) so that he could continue to occupy his post in the diplomatic service which he was most anxious not to resign just then.

When, however, rapidly failing health had warned her that her end must be approaching, she had summoned him home a few months earlier than the time previously arranged for his resignation of his post in the Russian Embassy; and, buoyed by the anticipation of his speedy return, she had seemed to gather strength with the advance of spring, and even after she had him home she was able to transact business with unusual ease, and to go about with an energy she had not known for many years.

But when all was accomplished, came a sudden collapse. Mrs. Stratford took to her bed, and those about her well knew that she would not rise from it again.

Yet there was still something on her mind—some words had to be spoken to Marcus before she could close her eyes in peace—yet it was not till death had almost set his seal upon her brow that the secret so long and jealously guarded passed her lips.

Marcus, at her request, had taken the night watch. He was sitting beside her in the still quiet hour that heralds the approach of a new day. The faint sleepy twitterings of the earliest birds had just begun, when the dying woman opened her eyes and roused herself from the state of lethargy that had been almost sleep.

"Marcus," she said, "are we alone?"

"Quite alone," he answered, bending over her and holding a glass to her lips. She drank and spoke more firmly.

"Marcus, I have something to say to you—a charge to give you. Will you accept it?"

"Willingly, and execute it to the best of my ability."

"I believe you, Marcus, I trust you implicitly. The charge I have to give you concerns Roy. I have appointed you his guardian."

Marcus bent his head in token of acceptance of the office; but Mrs. Stratford, with slowly brigtening eyes, proceeded to speak in low clear tones, and to speak words that filled her listener with astonishment.

"I have appointed you guardian to the boy in my will, and yet in one sense I have no right to do so, for Roy is not my son, and he has a guardian living, who could claim his rights at any time if he chose to do so."

For a moment Marcus thought his step-mother was wandering in mind, but the steady gaze of the hollow eyes had nothing feverish or unnatural in it. She even smiled a wan, sad smile as if aware how strangely her words must strike him.

"I know what I am saying, Marcus, I am not delirious. Roy is my nephew, and my adopted son, and for reasons I will explain to you now, I

have kept his true parentage a secret from all the world and from himself. Only your father knew the whole story, and it was his wish, as well as mine, that it should be kept as a secret from all."

She paused for a moment to take nourishment and gather strength for the telling of the tale. Marcus sat beside her holding the wasted hand in his.

"I must begin by telling you something of my first husband and his family. Charles Edington's father was the eldest of three brothers, one of whom, Robert, was two years his junior and the youngest, Andrew, ten. Each of these brothers married. My husband was an only child, and so was Hubert, Roy's father, the son of Robert Edington. Andrew, the youngest brother, married later. He is living still, not so very far away from here, not more than forty miles, at least, with his son and daughter, Roger and Joan. John and Robert Edington and their wives died whilst their sons were still young. Andrew, the youngest brother, took an interest in the youths, and there was considerable intimacy throughout the family. When I married Charles, we saw a great deal both of Hubert and his wife, our cousins, and of our Uncle Andrew. A common bond of interest drew all the Edingtons closely together. It is difficult and painful for me, even after all these years, to speak of the sad failing that seemed to attach to each member of that race, and yet without doing so I cannot really make you understand or appreciate the motives for my conduct, or the possible danger, even now, that Roy has to apprehend from his kinsmen. To a greater or less extent each one of them was tainted by it, and though my husband was far less the slave of it than any of the others, he was not quite free. It was the vice of avarice that seemed to permeate the family like a hereditary disease—the love of money for its own sake—the instinct of hoarding and amassing wealth, as if that, and that alone, were the aim and object of life. Let me pass lightly over this and proceed to facts.

"Hubert was the financier of the family. He had a clear head, a shrewd judgment, and he became one of the most successful speculators upon the Stock Exchange, His name for a time had quite a reputation of its own, and his fortune was reported something colossal. My husband intrusted some of his money to his cousin's care, and by degrees our Uncle Andrew gave all his fortune into the hands of his successful nephew, to be returned to him augmented to twenty-fold its original value by the time he had worked his will upon it.

"Meantime, Hubert's wife died, leaving little Roy a mere infant; and I, who had no children of my own, took a very deep interest in the poor little mite, left to the care of a father who was too deeply engrossed in money-making to pay any heed to the well-being of his child. When my own husband died shortly before the crash came, I began seriously to consider whether my cousin would allow me to take the care and responsibility of the boy.

"I have used the word crash, and nothing can better express the utter collapse of the huge fabric of wealth and greatness that brought the once successful speculator to insolvency and ruin. I do not understand even now how and why it happened. I only know that some convulsion on the continent produced a panic on the money-market, and that in twenty-four hours Hubert Edington was a ruined man, and his Uncle Andrew was involved in his ruin. I am afraid too, that Hubert, at least, cannot be acquitted of blame in the matter. There were dark rumours afloat about him at the time, and I fear that had not death intervened, he would have stood openly disgraced in the eyes of the world,"

"Death!" repeated Marcus; "did he——"

"The verdict was accidental death—an overdose of a sleeping mixture taken by inadvertence. Let us hope it was so. There is no evidence to show that it was otherwise, though dark hints were dropped, of course, as is inevitable at such a time. Let us pass on now to the case of poor little unconscious Roy.

"By his father's will made a year or two back, my husband and Andrew Edington were appointed guardians to the boy, so that the great-uncle had now sole right to the charge of him. But as the child's fortune had been swept away in the universal ruin, no objection was made to my keeping him and bringing him up as a son. Andrew Edington has never claimed control over his ward, and sometimes I hope he never will; but of this I cannot feel confident. Let me tell you something more of these kinsfolk of Roy's, of whose very existence he is at present ignorant. His great-uncle and guardian has always been somewhat of an enigma to me—a man difficult to know, reserved, peculiar, misanthropic, yet not entirely unloveable. Ambitious of wealth, he was much embittered by the loss that fell so heavily upon him; yet I have often felt that there were capabilities for good in his nature had there been any power to draw them out. Were he alone concerned, I should have little anxiety for Roy's future; but I have a far greater fear of the son Roger and Roger's wife."

Pausing a moment to gather strength she went on with increasing earnestness.

"Andrew Edington has two children, a son and a daughter; the girl was a strange wayward child as I remember her, unloving, passionate, incomprehensible, yet I was fond of her and interested in her, and sometimes I used to fancy that in her cold, strange way she was fond of me too; but I have not seen her since she was ten years old; I dare say she has forgotten me by this time. The son, many years older than his sister, had married shortly before the crash came; married a godless, scheming, worldly woman (God forgive me if I speak unjustly, but I fear it is only too true), who had allied herself to him from motives of ambition and self-seeking, and was as much embittered by loss of fortune as he could be himself. When their golden dreams were dissipated, the whole family migrated to a lonely house, the property of Mrs. Andrew Edington, I believe, situated in the next county.

It was a temporary arrangement in the first

instance; but it has been the home of the whole family ever since. Mrs. Andrew Edington died soon after they arrived there, and Roger's wife became mistress of the house. Joan, unless she has married, is there still; but I have gradually ceased to hold any communication with the family. I have hoped that they would learn at last to forget alike my existence and that of Roy."

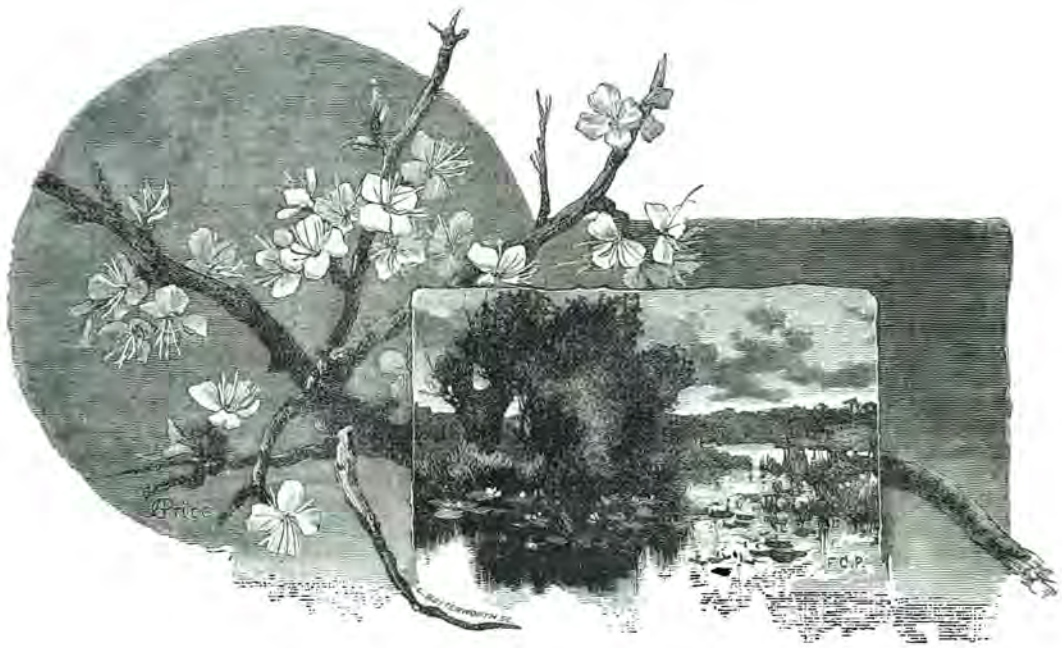
"You have practically tried to sever the connection?"

"I have; I will tell you why. I do not say it in any spirit of uncharitableness, but there is something terribly godless in that household, Marcus. You know how truly it has been said, 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' I cannot bear to think that Roy should ever be led into temptation. He is susceptible, impressionable, quick to see and quick to feel, and I shrink more than I can say from exposing him to influences that seem to me to have worked the moral downfall of so many that have borne his name. He has always been as a son to me, and I am the only mother he has ever known. I have wished, and I still wish, that he may never know he is not my child. I hope the shadow hanging over his father's name may never cloud the sunshine of his life. Did I permit him to mix with his relations, could my secret be kept? But they have given him up, as it seems, and I think only one motive would lead them to set up any claim to the care of him after my death—that motive would be—self interest."

Marcus began to have a dim perception of her meaning, but he was fearful lest she should do herself injury by too much talking.

"Rest a little now," he said. "Tell me the remainder later."

"It must be soon," answered the dying woman gently, "for I have one charge to give you yet."



THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

I.

BEFORE beginning to learn anything about the parables of our Lord, it would be well to find out as clearly as we can what a parable is, and how it differs from a fable or an allegory. What then is a parable?

It is, in the first place, a short story, with only a few incidents in it, or it may be no story at all, only the narration of one circumstance, such as a woman taking leaven, and putting it into some meal, or a man sowing a grain of mustard seed. But it is always a story in which things that are not seen are compared with things that are seen. Our inner and spiritual life is made plainer to us by using the facts of our outer and earthly life to explain it. The parable is not literally true, but it is the reflection of the truth. Just as when we are looking down into a pool of clear and limpid water we see the trees and the hedges growing round it, and the clouds that are floating across the sky overhead, these forms we see are not the real trees and hedges, and clouds; but we know they must be above us, and around us, or they could not be reflected in the pool. So the realities of the spiritual life are reflected in the

parable, which speaks only of this temporal life; and it would not be possible for any of us to learn much heavenly truth, except through seeing its likeness to some earthly fact with which we are familiar. Thus when we speak of God as our Father, we should not know what that meant, if we did not compare Him with our idea of a good earthly father, who toils and cares for his children, and loves them dearly; looking at such a father, we say God is like him, only infinitely wiser, stronger, and more loving. Heaven is our home; but that would say nothing to us if we could not think of some peaceful and pleasant home, where those live who love us—a place that no other place is like; and we think of heaven as being infinitely safer and happier, where those who love us will live with us for ever. It is in this way we take earthly things to make us understand in some measure heavenly realities. A parable is, then, a short story containing a few often common-place incidents, in which are reflected important and eternal truths. Most of our Lord's parables begin with the words, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto," and then follows the story.

But how is a parable different from a fable? Any one who has read Æsop's Fables, or any other collection of real fables, will see the difference at once. In a fable you will find that the actors and speakers are usually the lower animals, or even things without life, such as trees and rocks, or manufactured articles: the country mouse visits the city mouse; the earthen pot speaks to the brass pot; the reed and the oak talk together. Even when the fable is about human beings, we shall find that there is no attempt to teach any spiritual truth in it. It generally conveys some moral, or perhaps crafty lesson, which will help us to get on in this world, and which would be quite as useful if there was no other world than this. A fable is full of worldly wisdom; a parable is full of heavenly wisdom.[1]

There are no fables in the New Testament; but there are two in the Old Testament. In Judges ix. 7–15, we find the fable of the trees desiring to have a king to reign over them; the olive-tree, the fig-tree, and the vine refuse to become king, but the bramble accepts the office, and calls upon all the trees to come and put their trust in its shadow. The author of this fable is Jotham, who ridicules the men of Shechem for their folly in choosing Abimelech for their king; he does not intend to teach them any spiritual lesson. There is another fable in 2 Kings xiv. 9. "The thistle that was in Lebanon sent to the cedar that was in Lebanon, saying, 'Give thy daughter to my son to wife'; and there passed by a wild beast that was in Lebanon, and trod down the thistle." Here again, Jehoash, who speaks the fable, speaks it only as an insult to his enemy, Amaziah. In a fable we may have insult, ridicule, derision, cunning, worldly wisdom of every kind, as its moral; but never in a parable. A parable is the likeness between things eternal and things temporal, and it is always intended to teach and train our spirits.

An allegory differs from a parable chiefly because it is a much longer story, and deals with many more incidents and characters. The finest and most complete allegory in the world is the Pilgrim's Progress, which leads us through a long series of events; many of which might be taken as separate parables, such as the passage of Christian through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Yet, more than this, an allegory is not a simple comparing of things spiritual with things temporal. Our Lord uses short allegorical sayings when He says, "I am the true vine," and "I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." We feel that it would make a great difference if He said only, "I am like the true vine," or "I am like a good shepherd." There is something more than a mere likeness; something deeper than a similarity. These words of His, and those that follow them, do not form a parable; they begin an allegory, and might be, and have often been carried out to a great length, and into minute circumstances, forming beautiful and instructive allegories. Especially have the many incidents which might befall a shepherd with his flock, been used as setting forth the relationship between Jesus Christ and His disciples. These allegorical sayings, which show the actual relationship, not the mere likeness, between our Lord and those who believe in Him, are to be found frequently in the epistles of the New Testament, which contain no parables.

But why did the Lord teach so much by parables? Why did He not speak like the old prophets, or like the wise men among the heathen? First of all, we must remember that we have only a very few of the lessons He must have taught to His disciples. During the three years He was with them He must have taught them innumerable lessons, of which we have no record: for there was no one to write them down at the time. So we have only got such words as remained most clearly, and most deeply in the memories of His disciples. And what kind of teaching is most easily remembered by ordinary people? That which is conveyed by means of a story. The story takes hold of the imagination, and the imagination ponders over it, until it is imprinted on the memory. It may be a long time before the understanding finds out its true meaning; and the memory keeps it like a treasure till the moment comes for understanding it. The people our Lord taught were the common people, who heard him gladly; but they would not have heard him gladly if he had spoken to them as though they had been learned scribes and priests. He spoke to them in a way which would interest them, and which would be easily repeated, and remembered among them. When he wished to teach them to forgive one another, He not only bade them pray, "Forgive us our sins, as we forgive them that sin against us"; but He told them the story of a king who forgave his servant a great debt freely; but how this servant threw a fellow-servant into prison, till he should pay a small debt to himself. When Jesus tried to press home to their hearts the great commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," He spoke the parable of the Good Samaritan. We can imagine how the common people, going home to their farms and their vineyards, and their houses, where their families and servants lived, those who could not hear Jesus for themselves, would repeat these parables to them, as they could not have repeated some long sermon. "Tell us one of the parables of Jesus," would often be said to those who had listened to Him.

Perhaps one thing our Lord wished to teach us is that all our life, with its common, daily events, is but a parable; a likeness of the other world; and in how many ways those unseen things can be compared with the things we see. There are three lines of Milton's which express this:

> "What if earth
> Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
> Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?"

We close our eyelids at night, and sight goes from us, and hearing, and the consciousness of all that is happening in the great earth on which we live; and we call it sleep, because we awake again to familiar sights and sounds; but is it not the symbol of death, which will make us blind and deaf, and unconscious of all that interests us here? And when we awake in the morning, refreshed and glad, and strong for work again, all our weariness gone; it is but the symbol of our rising again from the sleep of death, refreshed, and glad, and strong for other work in other worlds? When food strengthens us, and gives us vigour for our appointed toil, does not that set forth the strength-

[1] The most complete and the longest fable in literature is the German story of "Reynard the Fox."

ening of the soul that feeds on the thought of Christ's life and death, and so makes Him to be to us the Bread of Life? We are scholars in a school; so are we scholars in Christ's school. We are brothers one to another; and we are all brothers to Christ. The kingdom of God is full of likenesses to our life here on earth.

The one truth in all the parables of our Lord is that the kingdom of heaven is shadowed forth by everything in this world that is good, and pure, and true. Not a single day can pass over us without bringing to us the likeness of heavenly things; if we were only wise enough to see them.

"JENNY WREN'S MITE."

CHAPTER II.—THE TREASURE BROUGHT HOME.

POOR Tom Silver was very ignorant, and so was Jenny. How should she be otherwise, with none to teach her! Her father knew scarcely anything, but how to empty dust-holes and make his little child fairly comfortable. And that latter part of his knowledge he had only gained by a very longing, hard effort, because he loved her so much. Of book learning and religious knowledge, he had scarcely more than an Indian in the farthest wilds of North America. He could not even read.

Even if he had known much more than he did, his slow, dull intellect would never have compassed the difficult business of giving his knowledge to any one else, which is a harder task than even clever people sometimes understand.

Then, as for Jenny's mother, she had begun her labour for daily bread in the brickfields, when she was only eight years old, and although the earnest, hard-working clergyman of the district and his wife had taken anxious pains that the brickfield labourer and her companions should learn the truths of the Christian religion, to which so many of them only nominally belonged, Jane Phelps's brains had not grown wise enough to make her much of a teacher for others. Besides, she died of the tiredness of nursing her little Jenny through a long illness, when Jenny was only three years old. And folks have not generally learnt much by the time they are about two and a half!

No doubt the new School Board people would find Jenny out soon, and insist upon her going to school, where she would learn fast enough, if she were treated gently, and did not get frightened with the numbers around, and the general school whirr and stir.

But meantime, she was such a wee, hidden-out-of-sight-small atom, that she had escaped notice, and her father was very thankful to have it thus. He so dreaded to have his timid, delicate little Jenny Wren going backwards and forwards through the streets alone.

And then, only to think of her coming back to the dark, cold, lonely room in the dark, dreary winter-time, made him gasp. It was bad enough to know that she was remaining in it, getting accustomed, day by day, to the darkness as hour by hour it drew on gradually; when she was smuggled up cosily in her little cot, perhaps falling into a peaceful doze, out of which his own home-coming would sometimes waken her. But to think of her coming wide-eyed, and trembling-limbed, pounce into the grim desolateness; but no, he could not think of it, and so he hid up his Jenny Wren in her cage as much as possible, with no notion that his little treasure needed any pity for her ignorance, although he felt such pleasure in the one little bit of knowledge she had gained, as evening by evening the little hands were folded, and she murmured reverently: "Bless the Lord for His loving mercies, and give us grateful hearts."

Will you laugh, or will you feel inclined to give a little sob for sympathy, when you hear that the words were repeated a second time, the night that the dusthole remnant of a doll was brought home.

"What will little Wren give father, if he has brought her something home to-night?" asked Silver, when, the lamp lighted, the fire burning up, and the tea-things placed on the table, there was a minute's waiting-time for the kettle to boil.

"What will father's little own give him, eh?"

Jenny sprang up on to his knees, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

"I'll give you that, father, for bringing yourself home," she said with a soft laugh. "You're the bestest best thing that you can bring me home."

"Father's own little Wren," muttered Tom Silver huskily, as he returned the kiss with interest. "But father is away all day, my pet, so he has brought another little wren to keep *his* little Wren company."

Jenny laughed again merrily, and her eyes shone.

"Wherever can she be hided up then? I'm not very big, but she must be a deal littler."

Her father laughed too, as he said, "Well, maybe, she be. Ye wouldn't want your baby as big as yourself. She'd be a bit heavy for you to carry. But see, now, what have ye got to say to make her feel at home like?"

And so saying, Tom put his hand inside his old coat, and drew forth the half of a doll, embellished with the rag head, and a medley dress of old ribbons and scraps of coloured calico that his watchful eyes had discovered since the first find, earlier in the day, taught him to think these odds and ends valuable.

Such a shabby, dingy thing, after all. Only fit to go back into the dusthole, but it was a good size, and womanly mite of a Jenny knew that the dirty scraps it was dressed in would wash. Besides, she never remembered to have had a toy of any kind before.

"Oh! father, father!" she gasped, and her eyes sparkled and her breath came with a sob of delight as she clasped father and doll in one warm embrace.

A short silence followed, as was not unusual between Tom Silver and his small daughter. They neither of them had a great many words at their disposal. But of course, wee Jenny's tongue was the readier of the two.

"Father," she whispered at last, "don't you think, father, this is one of the times when mother would have said, 'Bless the Lord for His loving mercies, and give us grateful hearts?'"

Tom Silver laid his face down a moment upon the silky fair hair.

"Eh, dearie, what is it ye ask? Well, yes, to be sure, I doubt ye're in the right. Your mother most times said it when you looked bright and happy. And she blessed the Lord for little things as well as big uns. You see, she was always for remembering as He's our Father."

Jenny's eyes opened wide with a strange wondering gaze of inquiry.

"Who is our Father, daddy dear?"

"Why, the Lord, for sure, my wee Wren. Don't you know 'Our Father.'?"

But, no; Jenny did not know. She had no idea even that her father was quoting the opening address of the Lord's Prayer. How should she? she had never been taught. But she repeated the two words now in a soft, low, glad tone.

"'Our Father.' O, father, I know now why He is a loving Lord. If He is our Father, of course He must be. You never told me before that you and me had another father besides you."

Silence again, broken by the soft murmur: "Bless the Lord, our Father. Has mother gone to our Father, daddy?"

"Aye, dearie, certain, sure. She loved Him as you love me."

"Then," said the child, drawing a deep breath, "Then, she did love Him, love Him, lots! And so do I now. I set the teacups for you, father, can't I do something for this other Father, who gives us all our little and big things?"

Tom stared at his little girl.

"Why, you are a queer wee Wren? Seems as ye've got the grateful heart ye ask for. Mother used to set some store by going to church, perhaps by way of doing something to please the Lord. If ye like, I'll take ye next Sunday afternoon to the church round the corner."

The promise once given, Jenny had it, as well as her new old doll, to keep her company during the next four days, for it was a certain fulfilment as far as her father was concerned. He never broke his word to her if he had the power to keep it.

But somewhat unfortunately, as far as Tom Silver was concerned, that Sunday afternoon was a special afternoon for christenings, and the babies cried a great deal, and the thin congregation turned and twisted about a good deal more than usual, and looked at each and everybody; and poor Tom felt convinced that he and his dingy old garments came in for much the larger share of everybody's notice, and grew nervous and wretched in consequence.

"We'll go again, daddy, won't we?" said Jenny, as she tripped along by her father's side home again. For her part she felt that the Lord more than ever showed His lovingness if He let the things that should be done to please Him be as pleasant as those of that afternoon. She had been in a wonder of awe and rapt delight the whole time. Many pairs of eyes certainly had bestowed a good deal of attention upon the sweet, earnest child face, but she was far too interested in the novel sights and words to be aware of the fact.

"Our Father which art in heaven." Those words caught her quick ears instantly. "Oh, father, did you hear?" she whispered, almost audibly in her excitement. "Did you hear that? Our Father's in heaven, so of course mother really is with Him, for Mrs. Snell told me that she had gone to heaven."

"Aye, dearie," muttered her father.

"Aye, my bonny," said a kindly-hearted woman on the other side of Jenny, who had caught the whisper. "Our Father is the Lord of heaven and earth and all of us. Give your heart to Him, little one, and pray to Him to keep His little lamb safe here till He carries her, too, to her dear mother in the happy beautiful world above."

"Pray to Him," meditated small Jenny. She did not know what the word meant, but she would ask father.

First though, naturally, came the important question—"We'll go again, won't we, daddy?"

Daddy shook his head. Not even for his Jenny Wren could he promise, as yet, to undergo another hour of such misery as he had just endured. And so he temporised.

"Father 'ull see if maybe he can't get a bit of extra work by-and-by, to pay for a new coat, and then, maybe, he and his Jenny Wren will go reg'lar, if so be she likes."

Jenny felt very sure that she should like. And meantime she had many a long conversation with her inseparable companion, the dusthole doll, upon the interesting topic.

"Mother," the strange little girl had named her doll, and she and "mother" kept house together, and dusted the room together, and held almost interminable one-sided chats together, and the days no longer seemed so lonely or so dull.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

NO. II.

A wicked city buried in a sea
Where nothing living can supported be.

On what fair country did the sentence fall
It shall be desolated, "even all"?

A nation to whose idols turned aside
A king, obeying God in all beside.

Mysterious country, from thy shores came out
A sacred nation, though in fear and doubt.

To her own kin she many sorrows brought
When the first lesson in deceit she taught.

In making tents his working time was spent,
But with St. Paul his soul on good was bent.

A helpless victim of a treacherous plot,—
Yet still our sympathy with him is not,
But rather with the doer of the deed
That with weak weapons made the hero bleed.

To her more saintly sister oft compared
She suffers by the contrast; yet had fared
But ill in Bethany its holy Guest
If *she* had let her busy fingers rest.

To find these names first the initials place,
And then the finals, and the two you brace.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. III.

The words in italics show what were the original meanings of the names to be sought for. When found the initials of these names will give the name of a man who was the founder of a great race.

1. A man of the half tribe of Manasseh, *whom God helps.*
2. A minion whose name meant *son.* He was selected by the chief of the Levites by command of David.
3. A son of Cush. His name meant *trembling.*
4. A son of Jotham whose name meant *possessor.*
5. Another man whose name meant *trembling.* Search Joshua xv.
6. A place where Ezra gathered the people together. Its name signifies *water.*
7. A family who helped to make Abimelech a king and whose name meant *a rampart.*

H. W.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER V.—THE LAST CHARGE.

ROY SANK DOWN IN A PASSIONATE BURST OF GRIEF.

"MARCUS," said the dying woman when another hour had passed, and the dim light of day was stealing into the room, "let me finish now what I was saying to you about my adopted son, my own dear child, Roy."

"I am listening. I have been considering all you have told me. I will stand by the boy staunchly during his minority. I do not think his guardian will be likely to claim him; if he does so, I will do my utmost to arrange a compromise. I think, in all probability, it could be managed."

A look of relief crossed the wan face.

"Thank you for that assurance, Marcus; I thought you would be my true friend and Roy's, and I have such confidence in your strength. May I ask one favour more for the boy who is in

reality no child of mine, no brother of yours, in any sense of the word?"

Marcus smiled, and took one of the wasted hands in his.

"I love Roy for your sake and his own. I will do anything for him in my power."

"Will you keep him here with you till his majority, Marcus? Will you let the Hermitage be still his home?"

"Most certainly. Need you even ask? I suppose you have no objection to his pet wish of going to Oxford? He is set upon a University education."

"I want to speak to you about that," said Mrs. Stratford, a look of pain crossing her face. "I do not like to thwart his hopes, yet I cannot consent to his leaving home for that purpose. I have studied his character and disposition, and I am certain he will do better with a tutor at home. Oxford is full of snares for an inexperienced lad, and Roy's training has not fitted him to withstand them. Besides, there are other reasons; the name of Edington is somewhat widely known; and known by its unenviable distinction. The world is proverbially small. He would be certain to meet those who would ask questions. The story of his true parentage would be revived. Some of the odium that rested upon his father's memory would descend upon him, and it would be cast in his teeth, tacitly, if not in actual words, that, whilst many victims of his father's—fraud, it would be called, though I do not believe that is the right word—were still enduring penury and privation, he, the son, was gratifying every taste and indulgence as a well-to-do University student. At Roy's age, which as you know is peculiarly susceptible, shafts like these strike home, and cloud life as they do not do later, when a wider field of vision is opened. Whilst, if his life has been spent here, beneath the roof of step-father and step-brother, he cannot feel that he has been the recipient of undue indulgence. He has not been exactly a free agent in the matter: and there is still another reason."

"And that is?"

"That I think the Edingtons will be far more likely to let him alone if he remains here than they would do if they heard of him as leading a more independent life, a life that should of necessity give him command of an income or allowance of his own. My death would give them an excellent excuse for assuming the guardianship, if they thought it would be, in any way, advantageous to them; and I have explained to you before how anxious I am to keep Roy away from the influence of that godless household. I fear he could learn there nothing but evil, and there must be much of pain for him in the revival of the connection. It is possible, too, that they might work upon his feelings in a way that would be injurious to his future advancement in life. I cannot bear to think of his being with them. I long to feel that he will be under your care."

Marcus stood in thoughtful silence, pondering these words, wondering how much was the result of deliberate reflection, and how much the effect of a weakened, anxious mind. She seemed to divine his thoughts, and answered with a smile pathetic in its trustful sadness: "Ah, Marcus, I hardly know myself. I may be foolish and weak; but if you would only promise!"

"I will gladly promise to keep Roy at home, if such is really your deliberate wish, so long as he is a minor. It will be a disappointment to him, but he must yield his own wishes to yours, and to my authority. If, however, Mr. Andrew Edington should claim him as a ward, my power, as you know, will come to an end."

An anxious light was in the hollow eyes, but her voice was calm and steady.

"I do not believe Andrew Edington will claim him. If any mischief is to be apprehended, it is from Roger and his wife—their influence upon the old man. But I have done what I can to ensure his safety. It will not be much good to them to claim the wardship of a penniless lad; and such Roy will be."

"But surely you have made the boy your heir?"

"Not in the eyes of the law, Marcus. Legally, he is a beggar. I have left everything I possess in the world unreservedly to you."

"To me?"

"Yes, to you, because by so doing I have secured it from the possible designs of the Edingtons, and I know that you will never let Roy feel the want of any advantage that its possession would entitle him to. I trust him in fact to your honour and generosity, and I do it without a single misgiving."

"Your trust shall be sacred," answered Marcus, "and every penny of your fortune shall be used for his benefit; but I wish you had left it to him, and appointed me trustee. Your point would equally have been gained, and Roy might have been spared the inevitable wonder and perplexity which must assail him if ever he becomes acquainted with the precise terms of your will."

"Ah, well, I did not think of that, and it is too late to change now. Indeed, I think I feel safer to leave it as it is. I have a strange fear of those Edingtons. And Marcus, though I have never seen any sign of it, I tremble sometimes lest some seeds of that fatal love of money that has been the curse of his race, should be lying dormant in the heart of my boy. Perhaps it will be safer for him to be dependent and poor than to own an independent fortune of his own, and I know you will be wise and just and kind towards him. Ah, how I have watched to see if that fatal avarice ever seemed to cloud his generous impulses and check his boyish liberality. Thank God, I have never seen one glimpse of the hated sin. He lives in the midst of affluence without seeming to give a moment's thought to it. He gives and spends freely, yet not recklessly, and has never asked even a natural question as to his future prospects. Perhaps he takes it for granted that he will always be rich, but I cannot think if the vice were in him, that he would be so carelessly gay and *insouciant* as he has ever been, without one thought for his future."

"I am sure Roy has shown no sign of avarice or covetousness so far," answered Marcus with a grave smile. "If anything, I think he errs on

the side of too great carelessness and easiness: but he is a very dear fellow and always will be a brother to me."

"God bless and reward you for that word, Marcus, and for the charge you have undertaken and the promise you have made! I know you will do all for him that a wise, kind elder brother can do; but, oh, Marcus, who can implant in his heart that love and faith and reverence that alone can be his safeguard in the battle of life? He is a dear, good boy, dutiful, affectionate—almost all that I could wish him to be. He has hardly caused me one tear of real sorrow and anxiety all his life, and he has listened to my teaching all these years with willing credence and readiness; and yet I fear it has been heard too easily, too lightly, accepted too unthinkingly and readily. That one thing needful—the jewel of great price—I cannot think that my dear boy with all his gentleness and winning goodness has really found this."

Marcus looked away out of the eastern window uncurtained to the dawn, and his fine face wore a look of deep thought and purpose.

"He is young yet—" he began, but the mother interrupted quickly.

"Surely not too young to be a Christian."

"In one sense of the word, no—none are too young to bear that name, and even to be worthy of it—and yet speaking from my own experience, and from what I have seen of life, a harder battle than Roy has ever been called upon to fight is needed to teach a man the strength of his cause, the invincible power of the creed in which he puts his trust. A soldier who has seen active service is of more value in the ranks than one who has always stayed at home at ease. Nothing like fierce contest for teaching a man the strength of his weapons, and giving him devotion to his cause. Until Roy has been tried, who can tell what stuff may be in him? He believes now what he is told—all too readily, you fear. When the time comes, perhaps he will prove that what he has accepted he can also live up to. I often think that in Roy's nature there are possibilities of great good. When he comes to face the battle of life he may prove less easy-going than we have fancied. I think there is a vein of quiet determination in his nature that once directed into the right channel might stand him in good stead."

Mrs. Stratford lay still, with shining eyes, listening eagerly, gratefully to these words.

"You give me hope and courage, Marcus; and I see that you love him, or you would not speak of him so tenderly. You will cherish and protect him, will you not? You will not let him know the shadow that clouds his father's name? You do not think he need ever know that he is not my own child?"

"No, I do not, at least, not for years to come, and I will keep the secret faithfully, unless circumstances should arise which should make it necessary to divulge it; but without very sufficient cause, I shall be slow to tell him the history you have told to me."

"Thank you once again, Marcus. God bless you for your unfailing goodness to me and mine. In His good time I trust you will reap your reward. Now I can die happy and in peace."

And in effect before that rising sun had set in the western sky, Mrs. Stratford had closed her eyes for ever upon this world, and had gently breathed her last, with Marcus and Roy beside her.

CHAPTER VI.—BROTHERS.

Roy's grief for his mother's death was passionate in its intensity. Nothing that had been said to him had really prepared him for the shock, for he had been confident she was really better and stronger than she had been for months; and even when she took to her bed and was seriously ill he felt sure it would prove only an attack similar to those many others from which she had always rallied. His buoyant temperament rose above any kind of prolonged anxiety, and when the blow really fell he was proportionately stunned.

Marcus was himself plunged in very sincere sorrow, for he had been tenderly attached to his stepmother, who had ever been full of loving consideration for him; the house seemed strangely desolate without her, and he missed her counsel and companionship every hour of the day.

But he put aside his own sorrow to comfort his young brother (for as such he still regarded Roy, despite all he had heard), and they drew very close together in this time of common grief, nearer perhaps than they had ever done before.

But the passionate, violent character of Roy's grief wore itself out more quickly than the more quiet, self-restrained sorrow of Marcus. By the time the funeral was over and the house had resumed its ordinary aspect, the boy had begun to feel the natural reaction that is the merciful prerogative of youth. He was in no wise unfeeling or forgetful, and still prone to bursts of vehement distress; but the leaden weight akin to despair was being slowly lifted from his heart, and he began to think once again of the future, and to re-erect in fancy the airy castles of imaginative youth.

He had never asked a single question as to the disposition of his mother's property. There had been no reading of the will, and people were hardly aware whether or no she had anything to bequeath to her only son. Of course what she had would in time be Roy's, and the thing was so straightforward and simple that no questions were ever asked. It was vaguely understood that Marcus was sole executor and guardian and trustee for his young brother, and everything seemed perfectly right and natural.

Marcus dreaded sometimes lest Roy should ask to look at the will, or question him as to its contents, but he never did. His characteristic light-hearted carelessness prompted him to take life as it came, without question or comment, and his *insouciance* at this particular juncture was a distinct relief to his brother; for what could he have said to him did it come to his knowledge that his name (save in the matter of guardianship) never so much as appeared in his mother's will?

Days flow quickly by, and Sunday came round again in due course, the second Sunday since Mrs.

Stratford's death, the first upon which the brothers had resumed their usual habits and appeared at church. Up till this time they had kept entirely to the Hermitage, only seeing a few most intimate friends; but to-day, after the evening service they stopped to exchange greetings with several of the neighbours, and held a more lengthened conversation at the gate with the Kynaston family, who were glad to get the first meeting over in this informal fashion.

But when the last of the congregation had dispersed and the brothers found themselves alone, they turned, by mutual consent back to the churchyard, and in another moment were standing bareheaded beside a quiet grave, that showed traces of having been recently disturbed. At its head stood a marble cross with the name of Marcus Stratford upon it. Many other stones bearing the name of Stratford stood grouped around. It was rather a solemn thing to stand in the declining daylight amid the monuments of those now dead and gone, who once had lived in this familiar place, and had been sheltered by the walls of the very house from which the brothers had lately come.

Strange earnest thoughts passed through Marcus's head as he stood amid the graves of his forefathers, but Roy sank down upon his knees in a passionate burst of grief, and the elder brother had some difficulty in calming and soothing him.

"It is not as if the separation were eternal, Roy," he said presently. "She would not have you mourn as without hope."

"I know, but there doesn't seem any real comfort in all that. It seems all words when trouble really comes."

"Not quite that, I think, Roy, but a first sorrow is always hard to bear. You must try, now that you have not her advice and counsel to guide you, to act always in the spirit of her teaching. That will make the best link between you and help to take the sorrow away."

Roy shook his head as if he hardly entered into this idea.

"Nothing seems any good without her. Home is quite spoiled now."

"I'm afraid it will be a sad home for both of us for awhile, Roy, but we must do our best to cheer up one another. We have health and strength and many things to be thankful for. We must try what we can do to take up life together and make something of it. There is plenty waiting for me to do, I know, and I shall be glad of all the help you can give me. Your mother showed me many ways in which work wanted doing. I dare say she told you of her wish to establish a new school and mission-room over at Crossway Corner where the people are so far away from any church or school. I was thinking that it would be a very suitable thing to erect some building of that kind to her memory. We should like to feel that her name would not be forgotten by the people amongst whom she has lived so long."

For a few minutes Roy entered eagerly into the plan and discussed it with keen interest as they turned their steps homewards: but perhaps the associations of the familiar lane were too strong for him, for he lapsed into silence presently, and seemed hardly to listen to what Marcus was saying.

"I dare say it will be very nice; I know mother thought a good deal about it, and wanted you to take it up when you got home. No doubt it will be very valuable; but somehow I don't feel able to care for things as I did—and then I shall not be much at home these next few years."

Marcus was not surprised to hear words like these. He had been half expecting some such allusion ever since the first burst of grief had passed. All the same, he was sorry to hear Roy speak with so much assurance, for he felt that some inevitable trouble was at hand.

"We must see about that," he answered kindly and quietly. "It is too early to make plans yet."

"Is it? Well, I don't know. I was thinking I ought to be going up for matriculation pretty soon. I'll ask Mr. Kynaston about it next time I go there."

"No, don't do that yet, Roy. We must think more about this plan of yours before deciding on anything."

"Oh, but practically it is all decided; and now that home is so changed, I want to get away more than ever."

"And leave me all alone in that rambling old house?" questioned Marcus, turning towards the lad with his rare, expressive smile. "Surely, Roy, you are not going to desert me like that? Think what a dismal solitary confinement you would condemn me to!"

Roy began to disclaim in his eager, impetuous way.

"You can get friends to stay with you, of course. Lots of fellows would be awfully pleased to have the run of a house like the Hermitage. Then I shall only be away about ten weeks at a time, and you will want to be in town sometimes, and with one thing or another you won't miss me much. One of these fine days you will be getting married, and then you will find my room pleasanter than my company."

Marcus smiled at this sally, but there was no acquiescence in his face, and Roy glancing at him began to feel conscious of a little irritation and pique. He remained master of himself, however, and presently his brother spoke.

"I have been too long out of England to be well off for friends, and even if I could get them to come, their companionship would not be like yours, Roy."

"No, much better. I am too young to be a real companion for you."

"That is a matter of opinion; however, what I wish to say is that I would never let my personal feelings stand in the way of your welfare and happiness; but, in this case, there is a good deal to be thought of."

"What?"

"Your mother's wishes in the first instance. Do you remember how much set against the idea she always was?"

"That was because she did not like to loose me from home," was the quick response. "I

always felt pretty certain that she would give in when she had you home again. She did not like being left alone here."

"Possibly not; but your mother was a peculiarly unselfish woman. She would never have denied you anything she believed was for your good, had she no reason beyond personal reluctance to part with you. There must have been more in her objection than that."

"I am sure there was not."

"I think you make a mistake there, Roy. Now, my dear boy, do not let us get vexed with one another so soon after——"

"No, no, Marcus, I will not be vexed. I know you are the best fellow in the world. Of course, I want just as much as you do to do everything *she* would wish. We won't talk any more about it now. We will see how we feel by-and-by, when time has passed, and we can see more clearly. Only you know she was the kindest and best of mothers—and—and I don't believe she would have done anything to disappoint me very much."

"Not willingly, I am sure, Roy; but we must keep in mind that disappointment is sometimes the best discipline in life."

Roy laughed suddenly in his light-hearted fashion.

"Don't preach too much, old Marcus. It doesn't become you to talk too much like a book. I don't believe you ever had a real disappointment in your life. You always seem to me a fellow who has always done exactly what you liked best."

Marcus made no direct response to this rather ungrammatical remark. He looked straight out ahead with a curious light in his eyes. Roy glanced at him with a certain vague sense of admiration and reverence.

"I'll do just as you like about everything, Marcus," he said impulsively. "I am sure you know best about things, and you'll let me go if you can."

Marcus turned towards him with a look that was brighter than a smile.

"Thank you for that confidence, Roy. I will not abuse it."

"I know you won't," answered Roy heartily, and then rather a droll look stealing into his eyes, he added, "I suppose it's a pretty safe promise to give, seeing I have no option in the matter. You are my guardian, are you not? I have no choice but to obey."

THE STEWARD.

BY THE REV. R. F. HORTON, M.A.

"Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."—1 *Cor.* iv. 2.

A STEWARD is one who is employed by a wealthy man to manage his estate. It is his duty to collect the revenues, to pay those who are employed, and to keep the property in order. It is a position of trust, a position of honour. All his master's property is virtually in his hands, yet it is not his property but the master's. It is his place to deal with it just as if he were going to reap all the benefit for himself, and yet he must have entirely got rid of all desire that the benefit should be his. In a word, he identifies himself with his master; his master's interests are his own, and in maintaining them successfully he finds his pride and satisfaction.

The peculiar dignity of such a position is in the trust and confidence which his employer reposes in him. To turn it to his own advantage would be to forfeit the trust, and so, whatever might be his material gain, to lose his honour, which is the joy of his life. He cannot therefore think of being honoured by others, except so far as his honour stands in his master's honour; and especially to seek for honour and popularity among the tenants or employés of the estate might easily become very dangerous. All he can safely think of is standing high in his master's esteem. His master's approval atones for all the unpopularity he has to incur in the discharge of his duty; his master's disapproval would make the praise of others barren and distasteful to him. He is bound up in his master.

St. Paul, following perhaps the suggestion of the Lord's own language, employs this image to illustrate the relations between God and the human soul. Every Christian is a steward. We must not limit the thought to apostles, or to clergymen. We make too much of the distinction between lay and clerical; it is not a distinction known to the New Testament. The New Testament, it is true, distinguishes between the gifts of the One Spirit, but always maintains that every Christian has some gift or other from that one and the self-same Spirit.

And if there is a difference of function for ministers of the gospel, as compared with their fellow believers, that does not imply that they are stewards and the rest are not; it only implies that, all being stewards, they are entrusted with a special part of the Lord's property, while the rest are entrusted with other parts. Yes, we all, as Christians, are stewards, though to some of us comes a high and honourable trust, to others of us only a lowly and obscure one; though some of us are richly endowed with ten pounds, and others of us are endowed with only one.

And I speak to you all as Christians. Ah! I know that some of you are not. But you might be and you ought to be. When I remember how

often you have been reminded of the claim of your Lord; when I remember how often Christ crucified has been presented to your hearts; when I remember how powerfully the Spirit of God has again and again pleaded with you, until at times it has been all your stubborn will could do to resist the appeal and to stave off your surrender to Him,—then I feel that you do not differ from real believers in this point, that they are stewards and you are not, but only in this, that they are faithful, and you are unfaithful stewards; yes, you are hiding the talent the Lord gave you in a napkin, and are meditating the excuse you will urge to Him for all your wasted opportunities.

I speak therefore to *all*, advisedly. Ministers of Christ, stewards of the mysteries of God, do you know it is required of a steward that he be found faithful? It is not required that he be found gifted, or powerful, or influential, or even successful, but indeed it is required that he be found faithful. Are you faithful? Have you been in the past? No? O dishonest stewards, idle stewards, consider your ways! Let us together try to find out what is meant by this faithfulness, and then urge home upon our own hearts, "Am I faithful?" until, searched and tried and approved of by our Master, we may be strengthened for His use.

How we need such a searching! For the least unfaithfulness even in tiny things renders all our service vain. If we have faithfully invested the thousands, bearing a good interest, and are yet spending the petty cash on our own gratification and lust, a taint comes upon the larger sums, and the offering cannot be accepted. It is required that a steward be found faithful, that is faithful all through, faithful in that which is least as well as in that which is great: faithful at the outset, faithful as the years run, faithful unto death, faithful at the bar of the Master.

The First Point in faithfulness is not to think that the property is ours, or may be rightly turned to our own uses. Look at this in the matter of the chief piece of our Lord's property which we have to administer. You all know what that is; it is the Great Mystery of Him, who was manifested in the flesh, the Mystery of Christ and of Christ Crucified. Every steward of God is called upon in his degree, according to opportunity, to set forth Christ to the world. Some of us try to do it in pulpits, some of us in private conversations, some of us in books and magazines, all of us in our walk and conversation. A main part of our stewardship is to communicate the things of our Saviour to the world. If we are to be faithful we must remember these are not *our* things; we may not turn them to our own account. We may not seek to commend ourselves in the matter. The very nature of the trust requires that we should lose sight of ourselves, just as a picture dealer wishing to commend a picture, might hold it up to the light in such a way that he is himself hidden behind it. We have to commend our Saviour and His work; we have to exalt His dear name; and what care we have to take that we do not by any fussiness or self-importance, by any restless vanity or longing for distinction in the dispensing of this mystery, hide the Person of Our Lord!

Sometimes in presenting Him to the world we become aware of the way in which we are doing it, and we are mightily pleased; we are struck with our own learning and knowledge of the Scriptures; we are dazzled with our own eloquence and brilliance of argument; we are even excited by a sense of our own zeal and devotion. And then immediately we become unfaithful stewards; we are directing attention to ourselves and not to Him, we are seeking admiration for ourselves and not acceptance for our message.

Oh Christian, realize that your business is to make the light of Christ's truth shine in you. He is the light, you are the mirror, and though the mirror must be kept scrupulously clean in order that it may reflect truly, yet it is not the mirror, but the Light, that people want; the mirror may amuse them, the Light *saves* them. Yes, make your light shine before men, but remember that it is "that men may glorify," not you, but "your Father which is in Heaven." Let it become a constant maxim with you, *The rising of Self is the beginning of Unfaithfulness.*

Now what applies to the Great Mystery which we have to dispense, applies equally to all the other things—certainly property of our Lord—with which we are entrusted. It applies to natural gifts, like intellectual power, it applies to worldly possessions, like money or estates, and it applies to the less tangible but still unmistakable gifts, like social advantages. All these things as gifts entrusted to us by our Lord, and used wholly for Him, are rich in blessing to ourselves and to the world; but any one of them, used for our own purposes, treated as our own property, and so stolen from Him, becomes a veritable curse, not only to the possessor, but even to the receiver of the stolen property. Just see how it works. Take, for instance, a brilliant intellect. As the owner of it becomes aware of his innate powers, he is sorely tempted to think, "This is my peculiar possession; I may use it for my own exaltation." As that purpose grows in the mind he quite loses sight of the truth that this rare gift is the possession of Another and only entrusted to him. And so he falls; yes, he falls. And thus highly gifted minds and men of genius are too often found standing outside the Kingdom of Heaven.

It is much the same with rich people. Their property comes to them by their ability, skill, or industry, or perhaps it comes to them as an heirloom. Surely what is mine is mine, is the inward thought; and with that evil thought comes the act of robbery, the steward uses his master's goods for himself. Thus it is hard for the rich to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And so with the socially great; they use that rare opportunity for self-aggandisement, forgetting that it is entirely their Lord's gift, and they stand convicted as manifest thieves.

Do you not see, all these things are as much *trusts* from the Master to His stewards, as, for example, the gift of preaching is? You have no more right to appropriate them for your own use than the preacher has to turn his talent of

preaching to the service of his private gain or public estimation. Steward, are you daring to use your Lord's wealth so? Think, what manner of imprisonment can punish such a fraud? It is required in a steward, which you are, that he be found faithful.

The Second Point of faithfulness is to employ all that is put into your hands to the best advantage for the Lord's service. Sometimes a steward is not dishonest enough to use his master's property for his own advantage, but because he may not do that he loses interest in it, and does not use it at all. It is owing to this well-known infirmity of stewards that so much of the Lord's property is at this moment lying idle.

Dear stewards of Christ, will you make an inquiry, will you take an inventory, will you go through the store-house just now, and ask "Is all being used, absolutely all, and to the best advantage too?" Oh, what wealth is lying by unused! I do not mean only silver and gold, though it is sad to think how you are throwing that away in worthless investments when your Lord wants it for His work. I do not speak of that. But think of all the gifts of speech and of knowledge, all the gifts of sympathy and love, just the very things of which the Lord stands in need; and all idle! There are dark souls which might be at once enlightened by one true and faithful word from *you*. There are hearts hungry for sympathy, perishing for a warm spiritual love, which *you* could give. To think of all the unused gifts of the Master, and all the need of their use in the great city, in the country side, in the regions beyond, it is like going out into the fields and seeing them fallow and covered with weeds, and then going into the barns and the farm buildings to see the seed rotting because it is not sown, the ploughshare and the harrow rusting because they are not used.

Are you waiting for the Lord's command to employ this property of His? Does not the question answer itself? If it is property of His, then the possession of it is the command to use it.

Do you think the reason of your inactivity is that your love is grown cold, and the fire of your zeal has burned low? May the Lord Himself awake the love within you, bring you to contrition of heart and devotion of spirit! Listen to this language of faithful stewards, speaking to unfaithful ones: "We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise in Christ; we are weak, but ye are strong; ye have glory, but we have dishonour. Even unto this present hour we both hunger, and thirst, and are naked, and are buffetted and have no certain dwelling-place; and we toil working with our own hands: being reviled, we bless . . . we are made as the filth of the world, the off-scouring of all things" (v. 10–13). What zeal! what devotion! In that spirit must every steward spend and be spent to the uttermost. And will not this wake you from your lethargy? It is not matter of choice whether we will toil or no. It is at our peril that we refuse to launch forth at His word because we shrink from the toil of the deep,—at our peril that we refuse to buckle on our armour and enter the field under His command because our heart quails before the foe.

Every inducement is at hand, honour and love, and duty; there is the promise of the reward, there is the penalty of unfaithfulness. May God's Holy Spirit so touch you that all hesitation, doubt, indifference may vanish! Can it be that you are standing idle because you are entrusted with so little? Do you say, if I had great gifts like others I would employ them? Is your vanity hurt because your gift is so very small? Now that might go for something if we were really owners of the property, but such an argument goes for nothing when we are only stewards, and shows indeed that you have been taking a wrong view of the position. To a steward it is of no moment whether his trust is large or small. As the gain can in no case be his, as the goods are not to be used for his benefit, as the honour which comes in their employment all goes to his Lord, surely it does not come within his province to consider the question of much or little. With the Lord it rests to determine how much He shall entrust you with. It rests only with you to employ it all to the full. While it would indeed be shame, if we had large gifts, to employ only the smaller ones for Him, it is even more shame, if we have only small gifts, to refuse to use them at His word. See what you have, and if the inventory prove that the stock is small use it the more diligently. Be glad in humble work. As one of His servants puts it:

> It is not mine to bear His heavy cross,
> Or suffer for His sake all pain and loss.
> It is not mine to walk through valleys dim,
> Or climb far mountain heights alone with Him.
> He hath no need of me in grand affairs,
> Where fields are lost, or crowns won unawares.
> Yet, Master, if I may make one pale flower
> Bloom brighter for Thy sake for one short hour:
> May speak one quiet word when all is still,
> Helping some fainting heart to bear Thy will:
> Or sing one high clear song on which may soar
> One glad soul heavenward, I ask no more.

It is required in a steward that he be found faithful, using to the uttermost all his master's property that is entrusted to him.

Then the Third Point in faithfulness is to be rid as far as may be of men's opinions, whether good or bad, and to bear constantly in mind that you are accountable to your Lord and to Him alone. It is a great danger when we begin to reckon with human praise or censure. A Christian, like a steward, may be popular; then he has to quietly divert the popularity from himself to his Master. But it is far more likely that He will not be popular; then he has to find in his Master's smile enough to counterbalance the frowns of all the world.

There are things in which we desire rightly men's good opinion, and tremble rightly under their censure. To shake off all the wholesome restraints of our social life would be not serving God at all, but directly declining one of the ways by which His will reveals itself to us. But in the matter of our stewardship we cannot allow our conduct to be determined by men's approval or disapproval. We have to set aside public

opinion not in order to listen to the dictates of our own desires, or of our own wilfulness, but in order to let our Master's desires and our Master's will have free play with us.

We are all of us constantly led to do things which the Lord does not approve, in order to win men's favour, and to hold back from our Lord's service in order to escape their ridicule or condemnation. "It is required in a steward that he be found faithful," not to the world, but to his master. Look at Paul's attitude. "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of men's judgment." He sets aside almost brusquely the whole question of popularity. His object is not to justify himself or win his own approval. Not at all. Though his conscience does not accuse him of unfaithfulness, yet that gives him little satisfaction. All the time he abides in the sense of stewardship and is concerned only with the approval of the Lord. And the only way for us is to live and do our work without fear of men, vividly realising that we are in the presence of the Lord to whom we shall give account. For, as Paul says, "He will come and bring to light the hidden things of darkness." Yes, all the shameful ways in which we have been employing His wealth, all the prostituted talent and unhallowed affections of the heart, all the money squandered on our own selfish enjoyment, all the deliberate neglect of the gifts with which He entrusted us. All this will be clear as the day. "And make manifest the counsels of our hearts." Yes, apart from all judgments and misjudgments of men, apart from our own morbid self-condemnation, He will accurately weigh all our motives. He will know with what humble earnest purpose you sought to use the gift which never attracted the notice of your fellow men. He will know with what sincere love you spoke the little word for Him which seemed utterly to fail. He will know with what silent agony of intercession you pleaded for His Kingdom to come in the secret chambers of your heart, when others marked you as a useless idler in the vineyard of the Lord. From how many humble lives will He bring forth hidden tendrils, watered with many tears and tended with many prayers, unknown to all except the soul and the Saviour; while many a loud and ostentatious ministry will be revealed in naked ugliness as a shameless form of self-seeking, a stewardship unfaithful, and all the more unfaithful because the Great Mystery itself has been employed by the steward merely to swell his importance, to gratify his pride, or to increase his possessions.

Evidently Paul lived constantly in presence of that day, when "each man shall have his praise of God." And if we would be kept faithful too, we must always look to the end. In the prospect of that unveiling, that exposure, of the secrets of the heart, shall we not remember that we are stewards, shall we not seek to be faithful, recognising that all our gifts belong to our Lord, that we are bound to use them all for His service to the full, and that His approval is to be the only approval we desire, His censure the only censure we fear?

PARIS AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

I.

TO recall Paris as it was at the time of the Reformation, we must begin with a clear idea of its geography. It consisted then, as now, of two unequal arcs, north and south of the Seine, with an island in the middle of the river between them. The germ of Paris, this island, was called the City, and was the seat of authority, ecclesiastical and legal. Here the bishop resided, and here the Parliament: a body composed entirely of lawyers—Rabelais' *Chats fourrés*—performed its various functions. Religion and Law in Paris had, as they still have, their headquarters in the *Ile de la Cité*.

As the island was emphatically *la Cité*, the northern arc was emphatically *la Ville*, indicating that it originated in the villas or manor-houses and farms which existed there from remote times. In the days of which we are speaking its streets were wider and newer-looking than the mediæval lanes of the City; they were, nevertheless, compared with those of any modern town, narrow beyond conception.

All parts of Paris were filled with prisons, but in this northern arc, the region of trade and commerce, stood the terrible-looking Bastille and the Grand Chatelet. Perhaps this was due to the fact that the King resided in this part, and felt the necessity of those frowning reminders of his authority. The royal residence was called the Château of the Louvre; but a new renascence palace, the Tuileries, was building.

The fame of Paris was great in mediæval Christendom; but it was not the City nor the Town, but the University of Paris which really interested the world. On the declivity of Mont Sainte-Geneviève stood various colleges, in which were congregated students of so many nations and tongues that Latin had to be their common language.

As the bishop and the Parliament reigned in the City, the king and the provost of the trades in the Town, so in the University the rector and the Sorbonne were the actual authorities. The mutual jealousies of these divers authorities were not altogether to the disadvantage of the people, since they prevented any consistent despotism.

however they had to suffer in exchange the minor ill of a very unequally repressed turbulence.

The three portions of Paris were united by bridges; the City and the Town by the Pont Notre-Dame and the Pont au Change, the City and the University by the Pont Saint-Michel and the Petit Pont; while City, Town, and University had a common link in the Pont Neuf, the only bridge not loaded with houses and available for horses. This habit of building on the bridges proved disastrous in 1499, when the Pont Notre-Dame fell in, several persons being drowned.

It arose no doubt in mediæval cities from the necessity of economising space, the area available for building being limited by the walls, which at this time confined Paris into a space about one-sixth its present size. The result was that though during the whole of the sixteenth century the population was gradually declining, the streets swarmed with people and were choked by vehicles. The population, a quarter of a million at the beginning of the fourteenth century, had sunk to two hundred thousand by 1590.

After the Rue Saint-Denis, the bridges were the places to find the best shops. If a man wanted medicine he went to the Petit Pont, given up to the apothecaries; if he was in want of cash he went to the Pont au Change, where one of the generous craft would perchance, "for a consideration," assist his necessities.

The houses—four, and even six stories high—had glazed windows, and frequently presented signs of comfort and even luxury. Silver cups, plates, spoons, and basins were in common use, and Turkey carpets occasionally covered the floors. Furnished lodgings were to be found in every variety, from the most costly to those at two or three crowns a month (six to nine shillings). A stranger could in fact live in Paris for 150 crowns a year; provisions were so good and abundant, and the social arrangements already so well organised.

Even the necessitous poor were materially well off in Paris. Thirty-three persons were commissioned to collect alms and to act as relieving officers in the sixteen districts into which Paris was divided. They visited the poor at their houses, acquainted themselves with their wants, and relieved them. The aged and infirm were sent to the Hôpital des Petites Maisons at St. Germain; destitute children to the Hôpital de la Trinité in the Rue St. Denis, where they were taught some handicraft. The sick poor were visited either by a doctor or a surgeon, annually appointed for that purpose.

All this seems admirable, and to suggest a very considerable degree of civilisation. But there was another side to the picture. It was one thing to send people to hospitals, and another to provide for them properly when there. The Hôtel Dieu was the hospital for the sick, but

NOTRE-DAME AND THE CITY.

it was so badly managed that children sent there died in hecatombs. Six and even nine sufferers were put into one bed; the plague-stricken mixed with those ill of other diseases.

Though plague and pestilence were periodical the sanitary condition of the city was little heeded. Filth and mud lined the streets, and were heaped up against the gates of the churches; sewers there were, but they seem to have been open ditches. As to the cemeteries they were a disgrace to humanity. That of Saint-Innocens was perfectly revolting. The earth had become so rotting that it was said a body buried in it would be consumed in nine days. This doubtless was hyperbole: a grave-digger's fiction to account for coffins which were continually being removed to make room for newcomers. These pitiable remains were piled up in open lofts built over the arcades which surrounded the cemetery, under which the milliners exhibited their wares and women came to dictate their love letters.

This Aceldama was only separated from the Markets of Paris—the famous *Halles*—by a narrow street devoted to the sale of ready-made linen. The first of these markets was built towards the latter part of the twelfth century; the two fish markets were erected by Saint Louis, and those of the shoemakers and skinners by Philip the Bold. In 1323 they had become a great bazaar, the upper part being an immense gallery, where all kinds of wearing apparel were sold, crowns or wreaths, bonnets, ivory combs, mirrors, waistbands, purses, gloves, &c., &c., A century later (1434) the markets of cloth, skin, haberdashery, leather, bread, fruit, &c., had become quite a town. Later on the *Halles* multiplied, so that there was hardly a trade that was not represented. Eggs, butter, meat, grain, wine, everything, in fact, was sold at the *Halles*.

Rebuilt under Francis I. and Henry II., the *Halles* continued almost unaltered until the beginning of the present century. They were the real centre of the life of the northern portion of Paris. There was no exchange, dealers in money meeting on the Pont au Change; and though the Louvre occupied considerable room, the influence of the Court was by no means overwhelming.

Thus cheek by jowl lay pestiferous charnel houses and the markets where slaughtered beasts, strangled fowls, and suffocated fish, awaited distribution to countless eating-houses, refectories and dining-halls, to be daily devoured by the voracious giant Gargantua. For Rabelais' coarse, mischievous monster, droll, amiable, lewd, and careless of human life, yet ever ready to obey parents and teachers, and to model his behaviour according to their precept and example, was a true type of the Paris of the Reformation.

One trait was wanting, but perhaps the humorist did not believe it really so characteristic of the people, as of those who exercised authority—it was the element of cruelty which here in these shambles came out with revolting distinctness as the presiding genius of the place. In the midst of the *Halles* stood the pillory, and not only the pillory, but by a touch of humour worthy of a court-jester, authority had made here a shambles not only for beasts but for men. The scaffold was constantly erected in the *Halles* to decapitate human beings. In the Place de la Pilori the executioner had his permanent abode, and for his perquisites he had the right to erect the shops and stalls in that portion of the market, and generally to claim a small due on all goods exposed for sale. Another rite in this Temple dedicated to the Flesh, was the ceremony to which persons compelled to compound with their creditors had to submit. The unhappy bankrupt was taken before a great stone cross, and there having declared that he gave up all to his assignees, a green hat was placed on his head as a mark of obloquy by the Public Executioner.

Paris, as Rabelais has remarked, was a good city to live in, but not the place where one would choose to die. Nowhere in the world, and perhaps at no period in its history, was life more easy in Paris than in the sixteenth century. Food was ordinarily most plentiful, and the workman's wages being good, he was able to feed on mutton, roebuck, and partridge and to fast on whale, salmon, and red-herrings. The well-to-do tradesmen's wives and daughters dressed well, and either broke or defeated the sumptuary laws. Every lackey, it was said, went about apparelled in silk, while a young courtier's wardrobe often contained five and twenty to thirty different suits. Besides the laws with reference to dress, efforts were made to prevent people riding about in coaches, which were then coming into fashion.

Luxury and all the lighter amusements could hardly fail to come where everybody was making money easily. There were 1800 racket-courts in Paris, and 1000 crowns daily were spent on tennis-balls. To a racket-court in the neighbourhood of the *Halles* Charles IX. frequently came to play. As to the theatre it was such a passion with the Parisians that for it they forsook everything. The actors at the Hôtel de Bourgogne went on the stage at eight o'clock in the morning, and, except when they stopped to rest and dine, from twelve to two, they were performing until evening. Bands of strolling players, jugglers, mountebanks, were ever in the streets drawing great crowds. The comedians occasionally played in the Palais de Justice, burlesquing eminent personages, who for their part entered heartily into the humour of the thing and encouraged all this roystering. At St. Germain, every year, a great fair was held, where nine streets of small shops, built of wood, were erected all under one large roof. It lasted eight days and was a scene of endless riot, but much profit to the Abbot of St. Germain. In 1556 the rector of the university, some masters of arts and other dignitaries went to the merry-making clad in dissolute and indecent fashion and armed with swords and sticks. Squibs against the authorities and satirical songs on their infamies were all over the town, but the rulers laughed as boisterously as the rest. One day, Catherine de' Medici, standing with the King of Navarre in a window of one of the lower rooms of the palace, overheard two people in the street who were cooking a goose, sing a number of ribald verses about the queen-mother. The song

concluded they began to curse the subject of their song. The King of Navarre begged Catherine to let him go and have them hanged. But she, like a true Medici, had a mind to have a round with them herself. "Eh!" she cried, "what has she done to you? It's owing to her that you have that goose to eat." Then turning to Navarre, she said, laughing: "My cousin, our wrath need not descend so low as that. That's not game for us."

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE, 1583.

Yes, undoubtedly, with occasional periods of starvation, the people led at this time a jovial life. To describe the revelling and drunkenness, the chambering and wantonness, is impossible. Any attempt would have to be so guarded that it would convey an untrue impression. And yet it is the secret of the history, which not understood, renders the witness of the martyrs and the sufferings they endured so inexplicable, so monstrous, such an outrage on humanity, that we toss the records away in despair and refuse to know anything more about it. If we knew the truth we should see it was simple enough and only a phase of the eternal war between the flesh and the spirit.

The Court set the example, and the Parisians followed suit. It was not any excessive religiousness that made them arm so readily for the Church, and profess such devotion to the orthodox cause. The Church fell in with all their ways, did not interfere with their jovial life, beyond exacting certain easy changes in diet, when salmon could be eaten instead of venison, and salt herrings in place of tripe. All was agreeable, and Friday's and Saturday's meagre repasts gave zest to Sunday's feast. But the Parisian was by nature an artist and an actor; the Church gratified these mental qualities by her services and her processions. To see thousands of little candles sparkling in the dark church, to listen to the roll of the music, and the sweet strains of the choir, rising and echoing through the vaulted aisles, to be stirred into passion in favour of this party or that party by some eloquent monk or fiery partisan priest; this was delightful, but most of all did the people enjoy the sight of a grand procession winding its way through the sombre tortuous streets. It was brave to see the banners of the confraternities, trade and religious, waving in the sunshine; to smell the incense, and, for a moment, to lose the stench of the pestiferous alley in its odoriferousness. Still more charming to watch and to listen to the long line of processionists, each bearing a taper in his hand, and arrayed in the costume appropriate to his or her age, sex and rank, all chanting in unison. There, not unfrequently, was his very Christian Majesty, humbly walking bareheaded, taper in hand, followed by the royal princes, the queen-mother, and all that was illustrious by birth or office, the judges and councillors in scarlet robes and tall mortar caps, endless soldiers, endless priests, nuns, monks, all the religion of Paris, lay and cleric, following the right reverend the Bishop, who, accompanied by the most reverend the Legate, held aloft a silver gilt image of her whom they styled "Our Lady."

As in all ages which are revolutionary, the dark arts of necromancy and witchcraft were much practised. In 1560 Jean Bodin relates that he saw in one of the best houses in Paris a young man make a sieve move by merely uttering certain words. In the reign of Charles IX. a man found able to do extraordinary things, confessed to having had the aid of Satan. Pardon was promised if he would reveal the names of his associates, whereupon he named such a number

who he had met at the devil's sabbaths, and among them persons who had never been dreamt of in such a connection, that it was deemed advisable to suppress further inquiry, and let the matter fall into oblivion. The fact was that the heads of the State were themselves deeply infected. In 1573 it is stated that there were no less than 30,000 persons in Paris who dabbled in the Black Art. They were spoken of at Court as philosophers and astrologers, and Catherine de' Medici is stated to have believed more in astrology than in Catholicism, while her son, Henri III., was accused of worshipping the devil in the wood of Vincennes, near Paris. A finely printed little volume of 1589 gives the details, and in a woodcut represents the silver gilt satyrs, each of whom held a vase of pure crystal, in which were put unknown drugs, also the golden cross in their midst, containing a piece of the true cross. But Henri III. and his enemies vied with each other in degrading superstition. In this same year 1589 there were placed on the altars of several parishes in Paris, wax figures of the King, which were pricked during each of the forty masses said during forty hours, and at the last, the images were pricked in the heart, some one saying a magical word, the object being to kill the King. With the same end, processions were formed, in which they carried magical tapers, which they extinguished by turning them upside down, at the same time uttering magical words.

After this it is not surprising to hear that poisoning had become familiar and common at the Court of Henri III., and that, even earlier, a certain Italian performer on the Pont Saint-Michel was called the Queen's poisoner.

RICHARD HEATH.

THE COPTIC CHURCH.

BY THE REV. HOWARD HOPLEY.

I.

DAIR ABU-'S-SIFAIN, OLD CAIRO, FROM THE SOUTH.

THE Copts are a distinct nationality, living side by side in Egypt with their Mussulman countrymen, in the proportion of about one to eight—never mingling with them, either by marriage or in the associations of domestic life, but outwardly fraternizing together for the sake of trade and otherwise, much as the Jew does with the Christian in Europe. It is very important to bear this in mind, as will appear by-and-by. The Copts are in fact the lineal descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and the faces pourtrayed on the walls of the old temples

and tombs along the Nile Valley furnish sometimes startlingly exact portraits of the Copts of to-day. For at the time of the invasion of Egypt by Amrou, in A.D. 650, when the other Egyptians intermarried with the Saracens and other nationalities that the invader brought into Egypt, the Copts kept themselves religiously apart. And they still continue to do so.

The Coptic language was the colloquial speech of the Egyptians of the time of our Lord, and bears about the same relationship to the common language of the ancient Egypt of Joseph's time, as modern Greek does to the language of Homer, or modern English to the speech of Chaucer. All the Coptic that has come down to us is confined to the Liturgies and one or two fragmentary gospels, so the vocabulary is very limited. Of course Coptic is never spoken, and is understood by perhaps one out of every fifty of the priests who read the service. Modern Copts speak Arabic.

Let us look now at the Coptic Church historically. It will be remembered what kind of place Alexandria was in the time of our Lord—a gathering-place of all manner of notabilities and nationalities, and the centre of the intelligence of the whole world. It was the greatest trading city in the Mediterranean, and at the same time a hotbed of all manner of sects of philosophy, heathen and Jewish. The Jews had a colony not far off, and among them were to be found Pharisees, Sadducees, Essenes, and Theraputæ—the Ascetics whose normal home was in the hermitages of the desert, but who came to Alexandria to wrangle. Here also dwelt Philo the Jew, whose philosophy we seem to see traces of in the writings of St. John. Well, it was in this intellectual hotbed that the Christian Church in Egypt was first planted. Christianity must always to a certain extent take a colouring from its environments, and be modified by them. And so we see in the progress of the Alexandrian Church that the various phases which it passed through were, in a way, the reflection of the developments of the strange ferment of intellectual turbulence which for long years leavened the society of that strange city. Merely to mention such names as Clement, Justin Martyr, Origen, and later on Arius and Athanasius, Cyril and Anthony of the Desert, is sufficient to call into view what stormy times these great men lived in, and how great a power in the Church and world the Egyptian Church has been. The Alexandrian Church developed into the Egyptian Church soon after Christianity spread throughout Egypt and Nubia. One cannot stay to speak of it here, but the extraordinary spread of Christianity in the great cities of Upper Egypt in the fourth century, is so marvellous that it reads more like a romance than sober history.

St. Mark is supposed to have been the apostolic founder of the Church. He was martyred at Alexandria in 68. From thence until the time of Dioscurus, who was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon in 450, there were a succession of twenty-eight patriarchs, including some of the illustrious worthies aforementioned.

Dioscurus, who succeeded St. Cyril, is said to have supported Eutyches in his heresy; but he so far modified the Eutychian doctrine that he affirmed the belief that in the Incarnation the natures of God and man were so blended that the result was one nature human and divine; whereas Eutyches had taught that the human nature was swallowed up in the divine.

Dioscurus, however, was deposed by the Council of Chalcedon, and the result of this unhappy controversy was the banishment of the patriarch and a schism in the church; thus the church has laboured under the suspicion of heresy ever since.

The Egyptian Church sided with their patriarch in this controversy, accused the Council of haste and unfairness, and went on as before.

Of course, practical and social Christianity suffered much in all this confusion, but a revival took place in 551 through the instrumentality of James Baradœus, the missionary bishop of Edessa, whose zeal and genius put fresh life into the Monophysite churches, both of Egypt and elsewhere. He was so great a power that he came to be looked upon as their founder; and they all go by the name Jacobites in consequence until this day.

This state of things lasted from the death of Dioscurus until the invasion of Egypt by the Saracens in 650. Amrou, officer of the Caliph Omar, conquered Alexandria, and the supremacy of the Mohammedan power was then established in Egypt. The important thing to remember as regards the Copts is this—that Amrou was greatly helped by the Jacobite Christians, for, seeing how things were going, they made a contract with the conqueror. We are told that the Saracens were received as the deliverers of the Jacobite Church, and that a secret and effectual treaty was opened between the victorious army and them.

The conqueror was addressed in these words by a rich and powerful member of the church: "For myself and brethren we are resolved to live and die in the profession of the gospel and the unity of Christ. It is impossible for us to embrace the revelations of your prophet, but we are desirous of peace, and we cheerfully submit to pay tribute and obedience to his temporal successors."

The Mohammedans removed the seat of government from Alexandria to Cairo, where Amrou built his great mosque (contemporary with the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem), and soon after the patriarchate was also removed to Cairo, which has been the seat of ecclesiastical government ever since. Cairo from those days has been the centre of all church life and administration, both for Egypt and for the churches in Abyssinia and Nubia, which own allegiance to the Coptic patriarch.

For long years Egypt continued under Arab rule; then came under the dominion of the Turks, which has proved the greater tyranny of the two. Still there have been many great and historical patriarchs under the Mohammedans—men who have made a mark, men in earnest for the spiritual improvement of the church. The Turks, however, have invariably robbed and ill-

treated the church, and the patriarchs in particular, so that poverty has always been a distinctive mark of the church, and is so still.

During all those dark ages, however, the church continued intact. Through centuries of persecution it has still held together—the same society of Christians in unbroken succession.

The Egyptian church that weathered the persecutions under Valerian and Diocletian and the Cæsars of the decadence, has through a thousand years endured the unremitting hostility of the Mohammedan powers; and there it is in Egypt still—outwardly, as to its organisation and machinery, very little changed, but, alas! as to its spiritual life, asleep and dreaming.

And now for the modern Copts—the Copts of to-day. They number about one-tenth part of the population of Egypt, and are found in most of the towns and villages through the length of the land, living side by side with the Mussulman. But socially and politically they are a down-trodden people, in spite of their superior intelligence.

The faithful Mussulman thinks it a virtue to treat the Copt as a dog: thus in the cities and towns they form societies and inhabit quarters of their own, so that in any sudden fanatical outbreak they may be the more protected and able to offer a defence. There is a Coptic quarter in Cairo, just as there is a Jew's quarter in Rome. Physically the Copts have the advantage over the Mussulmans, for they belong to a purer race. There has been no intermarrying to destroy the distinctly Egyptian type. The features of the Copt are finer, and his look more intelligent than that of his neighbour, though it is not free from a servile cast, which servility is noticeable also in his expression and manner—a look as of one long kept in subjection. The Copt dresses very much like the Mussulman, only he wears a black turban, except when he is employed under government, then he may cap himself in white. Red and green are the privilege of the true believer. Coptic women differ in dress, I believe, very little from their sisters; they are veiled and coiffed in the same detestable manner, but of course green, the prophet's colour, is forbidden. As aforesaid, the Copt is far more intelligent than his compatriot; this is why most of the minor offices under government and municipal clerkships are held by Copts. Whenever there is any literary work to be done, the Copt is called in to do it; whenever there is writing to be done the Copt is called in to do it. You see him squatting as a scribe at his stall in the corners of the streets and bazaars with his black robe and papers and his brass ink-horn stuck in his girdle, ready to write a letter for any one, man or woman, who will put a penny into his purse.

There are more Copts in the towns of Upper Egypt than in Cairo, and 500 miles up the Nile they are almost the exclusive teachers of the young. In walking through the Coptic quarter of any big town in the Thebaid, by the side of the narrow street you come here and there upon a court-yard open to the air when the sunlight filters in through the golden palms above. And as you pass, your ears are greeted with the hum of children's voices at school. If you go in, which you are quite welcome to do, you will find a gathering of half-naked little boys with little red caps on their heads, learning to read and write. A much-enduring and terrible Copt with a swish in his hand stands over them, ever ready to prompt them. There are no forms, but they squat in rows on the ground like flowers in a flower-garden. Slates and ear-splitting slate-pencil are happily unknown in Egypt; but each boy holds in his lap a square of sheet zinc, and he writes on it with a reed pen and ink, beginning at the top right-hand corner and working his way down from right to left. I believe that now in many of their schools English is taught, so there will be soon a large English-speaking population in Egypt—a providential help to the spread of the Gospel.

Things New and Old.

THE DISEASES OF THE BIBLE.—Some of the diseases mentioned in the Bible are simply named, or so briefly described, that we can only surmise what they were. With regard to others the most learned physicians of the present day find it difficult to identify them with any particular forms of disease with which they are familiar. Nor can this be matter of surprise, both because the diseases in question were described, in the Old Testament at least, by non-professional writers, and at a time when nothing deserving the name of medical science existed; and also because diseases alter much in their characteristics with lapse of time and change of climate and environment, some, there is reason to believe, disappearing altogether. In Egypt the priests acted as physicians, and appear to have had special diseases, as well as special duties, assigned to them. Some, for example, had diseases of the eye, and some those of the ear, allotted to them, and some the duties of embalming. Thus we are told that "the physicians embalmed Israel." They were a very numerous body, and formed part of the retinue of the great. They must certainly have acquired some knowledge of anatomy, if only from the process of embalming, together with some experience of diseases and the use of surgical instruments. The Egyptian priests had their canons of practice, as laid down in their sacred books, which they were bound to obey. But such rules of practice consisted largely of superstitious and ceremonial observances. The chief priest-physicians, the Magi, the wise men and magicians of whom Moses speaks, claimed superhuman powers in the control of diseases. That the Hebrews obtained what knowledge of disease they had mainly from the Egyptians there can be no doubt, and this would appear to have fallen naturally to their own priesthood. But it is deserving of notice that neither in the Levitical laws, nor elsewhere in the Old Testament, is there any mixing up of cures and curative means with the necromantic or superstitious observances which form so prominent a feature in the medical practice of all other people in primitive times.—[From a valuable little volume by Sir Risdon Bennett, late President of the College of Physicians, in which the various forms of disease mentioned in Scripture are examined in the light of modern science, issued by the Religious Tract Society.]

"JENNY WREN'S MITE."

CHAPTER III.—THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

IT was Sunday afternoon, and a number of children and ladies were hurrying with bright faces into a church. On the top of the steps, peeping in at one of the doors, stood a little, gentle-faced girl.

A lady passing in caught sight of her, and paused a minute to speak a few words of kind encouragement.

"Are you afraid to walk in alone, little one? Will you like to come in with me?"

The blue, earnest eyes were lifted with an expression in them, half of wistfulness, half of doubt.

"Please, is it a big christening there's going to be in there?"

The lady smiled.

"No, dear, a service especially for little children is going to be held. My children like these services so much; the clergyman is so kind and pleasant. Suppose you come in with us and see if you like this one, too?"

The small head nodded consent.

"But I won't come far in," said the child, with quaint, sedate gravity; "because the service may be longer than I'll feel like leaving father."

The lady smiled again.

"Don't you think that mother will be enough to take care of father while you are away?"

There was another quick lifting of the sweet, innocent eyes, accompanied by a shake of the head.

"Mother's been one of the Lord's own blessed angels ever so long, and waiting for us; but we ain't fit to join her yet—leastways father says he isn't, and if he isn't, of course, I know, I can't be."

The first part of this speech was a word for word repetition of what she had often heard her father say. The latter part came from the speaker's own thoughts. Once she had expressed this belief to her father himself as to her own unreadiness; and poor, loving, ignorant Tom Silver had snatched his little daughter to his breast hastily, exclaiming in tones that trembled with fear of losing her:

"The Lord forbid! And for certain sure He'd never go for to let you be, and me with none but my little Wren left in the world to love. Not but what—not but what——"

He clasped her closer, and, lifting the small hands to his lips, kissed them fervently. Although his lips would not finish the sentence, his heart asserted positively, "Not but what he did believe, all the same, that his Jenny Wren was as ready for flight from this world to the brighter home, as any of the Lord's lambs ever were."

But to return to little Jenny standing in the porch, out, almost for the first time in her life, with no father by her side.

The thought had taken fast hold upon the little girl's mind—that if mother had thought this church-going a thing to please Our Father, it surely was so. Jenny felt she wished to please the loving Lord, and so she, and "mother" the doll, had arrived at the conclusion that till father got his coat, and could go too, Jenny at least had better not stay away.

At any rate Jenny came to this decision, and certainly the dusthole treasure-trove did not say anything against it.

Tom Silver was much more inclined to say No when his little daughter put up her most unexpected petition to be allowed to run round the corner to the church one Sunday afternoon when the bells began to ring, some few weeks after he had taken her there.

Tom looked at the pleading face, and then at his very shabby coat, and shook his head. Then he looked back at the wistful eyes once more, and finally he tied on the hat, and buttoned up the jacket, and despatched her with a kiss.

"I won't stay away from you very long, daddy dear," said small Jenny, as she went off.

But when that bright, wonderful, friendly service began, Jenny was swiftly wrapt away into a strange new wonderland of learning; and time was forgotten.

Question and answer passed rapidly between the clergyman and most of his young congregation, until at length it gradually came about that the talking fell all to the clergyman's own share; and he spoke of the dear Lord's loving mercy in a way that thrilled the depths of the heart of one little intent listener standing unseen just within the door.

"And now, dear children," he said in conclusion, "do you remember what our Saviour asks of us, in return for His love?"

There were many voices to reply, and one small pair of ears to listen very eagerly for instruction.

"He asks us to love Him, and to love our neighbour as ourselves."

"Quite right," was the kind-voiced, smiling answer; "and now I am going to ask you all if you will kindly give me a proof of your loving your neighbour as yourself. I belong to an orphanage for little children; the supply of toys there, and picture books has lately been very, very poor and small, and I want you all to help me to make it better. Most of you have some toy, I expect, or picture book, or pretty card you can spare for these little orphans, who have neither father nor mother on earth; and you know if you show love to them you are doing something to show love to the dear Lord who has done so much to show His love for us."

There were a few more words, and then Jenny turned out of the door as the blessing was being given—the solemn beauty of which she knew nothing, and she flew home fast as her feet would carry her.

"O, father, father!" she exclaimed, as she darted into the room and threw herself into her father's arms.

She could say no more for the present, for sobs choked her voice, and Tom felt frightened for her, and sorry that he had yielded to her wish to go.

"Has any one been frighting my dearie?" he asked, anxiously.

But Jenny looked up then with a reassuring smile—

"O, no, daddy, dear; it has been beautifullest beautiful! Such a many little boys and girls, big as me and bigger! and lots of talking, and no crying, and no water. And I know lots more now about our loving Lord, our Father; and He wants me to show I love Him, by giving 'mother'

to the children that haven't got any fathers here, no more than any mothers. And—and"—little sob—"I do like—like"—another little sob—"to give her to show I love Him, but I'll be a lit"—sob again—"a lit—little sorry not to have her when I'm all alone."

CHAPTER IV.—HAPPY DAYS FOR JENNY WREN.

"WELL, dearie, you may have your way, though I'm beat if I understand head or tail o' the business."

So spake Tom Silver, as puzzled on Monday morning as he had been on Sunday evening, both by his little girl's positive statement as to the dear Lord's wish for her doll, and her own willingness to give up her one treasure, although she could not help crying over the sacrifice.

Jenny slept very restlessly all night with the doll hugged up tight in her arm; and when her father began moving about the room, lighting the fire, and setting the cups and plates, she awoke quickly, in spite of the early hour, and repeated her yesterday's request.

The clergyman had said that any little boy or girl who liked might carry a book or toy, or whatever they could spare for the little orphans, to his house, next to the church, on Monday morning at twelve o'clock, and he would have all packed in a box, and take them to the home himself.

Jenny pleaded with her father that she, at any rate, might be one to go to the gentleman at the hour named, and give him "mother."

"But father 's afeerd to have his little Wren runnin' about the streets alone," remonstrated her father again. "She may get run over."

Jenny shook her head.

"I didn't yesterday, father. And there's only one crossing, and I'll take ever such care, and come back again directly minute."

"That's a good little dearie," said Tom Silver; but he still tried to change her wish.

"If ye give away this pet o' yours, dearie, I don't know whenever father's little Wren will get another. I dunnow as I ever seen another, not since I began dustholing."

"And it wouldn't be 'mother,' even if you did, would it, dadda?" sighed Jenny, once more clasping her treasured companion of her solitude closely in her arms.

Jenny had passed many a happy hour, making her doll into almost a presentable member of society. The scraps and stuff had been washed and rewashed into a state of faded cleanliness, and manufactured into some semblance of real garments. The rag head was covered with a strip of blue ribbon by way of hood.

The trouble her solitary toy had caused her had given it all the greater hold upon her affections. But still it must go.

"The dear Lord has given me everything, you see, dadda. You, and dear mother up in Heaven waiting for me, and tea with you every day, and Sundays, and dolly all this time, and my comforble cot, and everything. And I must give Him this for the other little children, please, because He is such a good Father, and I do love Him so."

Silver stared at his child. "Seems like as if your mother had been able to make ye see things bettern she could me, little Wren. I reckon ye're right to love Him. And it's not your father as 'ull stand again your doing as you feel any more."

And so it came to pass that the little child, taught of the Holy Spirit of her Heavenly Father, presented herself with her dusthole dolly to the clergyman and his wife in the vicarage library.

Within the next half hour Jenny's history and "mother's" history, and father's history were all learnt, and little Jenny's offering was accepted. And there were tears in the clergyman's eyes as he stooped and kissed the child.

"The dear Lord is surely pleased with your grateful heart, dear child. You have prayed for it, and it has been granted you."

Not many days after wee Jenny found greater cause than ever for her thanksgiving, the full meaning of which she was beginning to understand, and many another beautiful truth besides.

The clergyman found a new home for Tom Silver and his little Wren with the Bible-woman and her carpenter husband. Jenny shared a tidy little room with the Bible-woman's daughter, kind-hearted Nelly Shaw, pupil teacher in the neighbouring school, and under the shelter of her wing even Tom Silver made no objection to his little one gaining the advantages of more learning than he had himself.

Although dear wee Jenny was no more condemned to long days of loneliness, the evenings which they spent in their own cosy little private sitting-room lost none of their preciousness to Tom Silver and his child; and as the clear light of the gospel of glad tidings dawned ever more fully upon them, they grew even happier than when in their dim feeling after the truth they had blessed God and prayed for grateful hearts.

GRACE STEDBING.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IV.

1. The queen of this far-off land came to see and hear the king of Israel, and was astonished at his greatness and wisdom.

2. One of the greatest of the prophets who came to a king of Judah, saying, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live."

3. A term of contempt (meaning really a piece of brass), which king Hezekiah applied to the brazen serpent Moses had made, and which the Jews had been worshipping.

4. A prophet who gave the Lord's message to Jeroboam, tearing a garment into twelve pieces, and telling him to take ten, in token that he should be king over ten tribes.

5. The father of a prophet who was called to give counsel to Ahab and Jehoshaphat as to going up to Ramoth-gilead. His answer was not favourable, and the king of Israel ordered him to be fed on bread and water till his return.

The whole is the mountain in which the great Lawgiver remained forty days and nights, and where the laws written on the two tables of stone were given.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. I.

Write out these texts and then mark one word in each to form another text relating to the Creator.

1. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.—*John* i. 4.

2. In the beginning was the Word . . . and the Word was God.—*John* i. 1.

3. The same was in the beginning with God.—*John* i. 2.

4. As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God.—*John* i. 12.

5. God created man in His *own* image.—*Gen.* i. 27.

6. The world was made by Him.—*John* i. 10.

7. And, behold, a throne was set in heaven, and One sat on the throne.—*Rev.* iv. 2.

8. Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for Thou hast created all things.—*Rev.* iv. 11.

9. Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne.—*Rev.* v. 13.

10. The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.—*Psa.* xxxiii. 5.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;
OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER VII.—QUESTIONS.

COUNSELS OF DESPAIR.

"MARCUS, haven't I any relations?"

The question was put suddenly by Roy, as he and his brother sat over their dessert one evening not many days after the funeral.

"You ought to know that better than I, Roy. Did your mother never tell you of any?"

"No, never. It never occurred to me before, as long as I had her; but I have thought since that I am very much alone in the world. If it wasn't for you I should have nobody, and you're not *really* a relation, though we call ourselves, and feel like, brothers. Not a single relation came to my mother's funeral, or wrote, or anything. It does seem odd, does it not? I wonder I never thought of it before."

"I am not much better off in that respect than you," answered Marcus. "I have hardly a relation in the world; but we have one another, and must make the best of that."

Roy smiled, and said no more just then, but he began to think more seriously of his position, and of life in general, than he had ever done before.

The first time that death really enters our special world, and takes away our nearest and dearest, cannot but be a somewhat solemn epoch. At Roy's age, just when childhood and manhood are approaching a junction, such times have a peculiar significance, and bring with them thoughts and feelings that are often entirely new; and in his case this was more markedly so, from the character of his temperament, which had prompted him hitherto to live in the present and take life in the careless fashion of a child.

But after Roy had stood beside his mother's dying bed, had listened to her last charge to him, and promised, holding her hands in his, to try and live as she would wish him live, so that they might meet again on the golden shore of the great eternal home beyond the grave—after all that had happened to him he felt that he could never be quite the same careless, light-hearted lad again, and each succeeding impression as it came, forced upon him the conclusion that life was not quite the simple easy thing he had always fancied it.

Roy began to think somewhat seriously now of his own future and of the position he occupied in the world. He had been deeply disappointed at his brother's decision in regard to keeping him still at home, when his heart was so set upon a University education; but as it was not a subject upon which he felt he could talk any further to Marcus, he brooded over it by himself, pondering in vain for a solution of the puzzle. He had other matters to think of too, for with the laying aside of childish things came the aspiration of youthful manhood with its golden dreams and lofty ambitions, and its resolute determination to make a mark in the world.

Roy had his brother always before his eyes as a sort of model. He admired Marcus immensely, and felt that he could be quite content if he could grow up like him. Marcus had not been at home very long; yet already he had become a sort of power in the place: already he had made many plans and projects which showed the bent of his mind and the way in which he viewed the responsibilities of his position. His wealth he held as a sacred trust, not to be wasted in idle extravagance or expended in mere luxuries; but it was to do a work in the world that should benefit others beside himself. Whilst keeping up his position in befitting style, he studied, therefore, the needs of those about him, and set about to meet those needs in the wisest and most considerate way. All plans were discussed with Roy, and the boy entered into them with zeal and interest. He wished he could act as Marcus was acting then, and wondered if it would ever be in his power to follow in his brother's footsteps. Perhaps it was these very thoughts and speculations that first started in his mind the wish to know whether he should ever be a rich man. He had never thought much about money before, but he began to understand its value now in seeing how much good could be done with it.

Sometimes he thought of asking Marcus about it, but he never knew quite how to frame the question; besides he had many other thoughts in his mind at that time, and this curiosity was by no means the dominant feeling.

His great wish was really to be in all points what his mother wished him to be—a Christian—not in name only but in deed and in truth. Roy was conscious of much that was evil in his nature, weakness, self-will, passion and pride, latent faults that he felt ready to spring up within him if the provocation should arise. But he was sincere in his wish to conquer these faults and failings, and perhaps the best test of his sincerity had been his ready submission to Marcus, when he had decided on keeping him at home. He had really striven hard to be patient under disappointment, to conquer his natural feeling of rebellion and indignation, and his brother had been not a little grateful that he had shown himself so amenable and manageable. But there were other of Roy's friends who were highly indignant at the "way he was treated" as they called it. The Kynastons had made up their minds that of course he would be sent to Oxford now, as a matter almost of right, and they could hardly believe the news that Roy brought with him in due course.

Syd and Joyce, Roy's particular friends, those at least who knew most about his wish to go to Oxford and sympathised most completely with it, were very angry indeed with Marcus, and did their utmost in their foolish, hot-headed youthful fashion to stir up Roy's rebellious feelings and set aside all his good resolutions.

They talked the matter over together and came to the conclusion that the only solution to the mystery lay in the probability that money was the difficulty. Either Roy had not enough of his own to defray the cost of a University course, or else it could not be touched until he was twenty-one, and Marcus did not care to advance the necessary funds.

The Kynastons had known something of poverty in their day, and had had some rather hard experiences as to the reluctance of people to part with their money. It did not seem at all an out-of-the-way reason by which to account for the decision of Marcus.

Roy was very indignant when first his companions spoke of their convictions to him, and pointed out how unjust they were to a man who was so open-handed and liberal and so anxious to do good. But Syd replied with a sort of boyish cynicism that it was all very fine to be generous in a way that all the world applauded, but it was quite another to be liberal at home. Possibly Marcus might feel that some of his schemes might be crippled if he had to find funds for Roy's University education, in which case it would be easy to persuade himself that philanthropy should come before his step-brother's interests. Or perhaps he meant to show him by degrees that he was only a poor relation, for it was an open question whether he had any fortune of his own, although it seemed probable his mother had left him something. But the appearance of the elder sister upon the scene at this moment checked Syd in his flow of indignation, though he still spoke out very strongly his opinion that it was a great shame for Roy to be treated so, or any other

fellow. He ought to know exactly how things stood with him.

"It is much better not to think about those things at our age," said Muriel, gently interposing. "Our parents and guardians take care of us and our interests much better than we can do ourselves."

"I don't know," said Syd, quickly; "a man ought to have his rights. It's absurd for Roy to be kept at home like this when there is plenty of money somewhere to take him to Oxford."

"We know nothing at all about what we are talking of, Syd," she answered, gravely. "Mother would be very grieved to hear you say such things; you may be quite sure that Marcus will look after Roy and his interests just as he would after his own."

"Well, that remains to be proved," answered Syd, rising leisurely, and wandering slowly down the walk. "I hope you may be right; but if he won't let him have a University education, I shall always call it a horrid shame."

Joyce followed her brother, echoing his words. Muriel and Roy were left alone together.

"You must not let Syd's reckless talk disturb you, Roy," said Muriel, glancing into his face with a sort of vague uneasiness, for it wore a look she had never seen upon it before, and which she did not understand.

"I do not know that they have disturbed me, exactly," answered Roy, "but they have given me some new ideas."

"Syd's judgment is not to be trusted too far. You have Marcus to rely upon, and I think you need not be afraid of any unkindness or injustice from him."

"I promised I would trust him," said Roy, half reluctantly; "but I'm not sure if I can keep my promise always."

"You had better try," counselled Muriel. "It is much better to trust than to suspect."

"If one's confidence is not betrayed."

"And Roy," continued the girl, in the same quiet gentle way, "I don't think it is quite wise or right to rebel too much against a disappointment. I don't think any life that is all pleasure, and has no troubles or crosses, can be quite a healthy or a useful one—not a Christ-like one, at least. I do not mean that we ought not to be glad and grateful for our happiness, or that we ought to go about trying to look for trials and troubles; but if they do come to us, I think we ought to try and be patient and submissive. You know some of the things that seem hard to us at the time, are really all for our good, and when time has passed by, and we have grown older and wiser, we are able to see it for ourselves."

Roy gazed at her earnestly, the dark look fading from his face. Muriel spoke very simply and quietly, but it was plain that she believed all she said.

"Where do you learn that philosophy?" he asked with a smile that had in it a good deal of the old sunshine. "It sounds very deep."

"Does it? I do not mean to lecture you, Roy. I do not know much more than you do, but I feel some things, and I think that what I have said is true."

"Well, so do I when I am with you and hear you say it. Good-bye, Muriel. I will try not to forget. I will be as patient as I can; and, after all, Marcus is a capital fellow. I don't really believe he would be ungenerous to me, only—"

"Now don't spoil it all by that 'only,' Roy. I am sure Marcus is your best friend."

"So he is, I do believe. He is just like a real brother to me."

CHAPTER VIII.—ABBOT'S HEATH.

ABBOT'S HEATH was as desolate a spot as the imagination could easily picture. No matter what the season of the year, it always wore an air of dismal, barren desolation, stretching away as it did in all directions, a dead level, unbroken even by a single tree or shrub of any growth, and only sparsely covered with stunted gorse and bushy heather that never bloomed with real freedom, seeming too much bitten by keen winter frosts and spring winds, and burnt up by summer sun, ever to enjoy life or attain any grace or beauty.

This wide, wild heath was traversed and intersected by two white roads, that ran at right angles to one another and crossed about the middle of the plain. There had once been a gallows erected at this junction, and the name of "Hangman's Corner" still clung about the spot. There had been an attempt to put in a clump of trees when the gallows had been removed, but these had all been killed by lightning before they had attained any considerable size, and the bare blasted trunks and arms stood there as if in a sort of ghastly mockery, pointing this way and that with spectral fingers, and giving out a faint dismal moaning as the wind swept by.

The few country people whose way led across the Abbot's Heath always avoided that sinister spot after nightfall, and hurried by, even in broad daylight, with a feeling of superstitious awe. There were strange stories told of what had been seen and heard there, and tradition magnified the horrors that had once been enacted on that wild waste.

From its exposed position the Abbot's Heath was subject to all the extremes of heat and cold to which our climate is prone. Snow lay longer upon this plain than in the surrounding lowlands, and the tempestuous winds swept over it with absolutely unbroken violence. In summer the sun beat down upon it with scorching, fervid heat, until the baked earth cracked into great fissures and rents that were long in closing again. Travellers looked with wondering distaste at so bare and desolate a region, and were glad when they had crossed the inhospitable waste and had reached an area of civilisation again.

Whatever had prompted any human being to build a house upon Abbot's Heath was a problem that perplexed many, and one to which an answer was never forthcoming; but the fact remained indisputably attested by the existence of a large building—it was difficult to designate it as a mansion or gentleman's residence, and yet it was in no sense of the word a cottage—which stood

in a sort of wild unkept garden of its own about half a mile from the cross roads, and was known by the appellation of the Windmill House. Whether it had ever been the site of a windmill in past days was quite an open question, but there was a sort of gaunt-looking tower that in the distance looked something like that of a disused mill, and was probably the origin of the name.

A rough road led up to the house, which was surrounded by about four acres of garden ground, most of which was of the character of kitchen garden.

There were some flower borders and some lawns (if the rough grass deserved such an appellation), in front of the house, but they looked untidy and neglected, as if the inhabitants cared little for grace or beauty. A fairly well-stocked orchard in the rear of the building was the most agreeable feature about the place, and on this hot day in May four children were playing there in a sort of desultory, idle fashion.

It seemed an odd kind of abode for children, but then, as the inhabitants of Thorne (the little town beyond the ridge, two miles away) could have told, the Edingtons were an odd family, and not much liked in the neighbourhood. The old man, to whom the house nominally belonged, was harmless enough—not often seen in fact, living much shut up in his own rooms; but Mr. Roger Edington was well-known in Thorne as a sharp-witted, not over-scrupulous attorney, with a business of a nondescript character that gave him something of ill-repute, though nobody had ever brought to his charge anything of a serious nature. His wife, an excellent manager, and the terror of all the small tradespeople who served her, was liked even less than her husband. She had a way, it was reported, of getting the best of it with everybody simply by the power of her hard eyes and harsh voice. She drove bargains that nobody else in the world could do, and never kept a servant longer than a few months. She hardly ever went into even such society as was open to her, and was little liked when she did. Yet it was said that she had good blood in her veins, and she certainly carried herself with an air that encouraged the assumption. The family had appeared suddenly upon the scene some fourteen or fifteen years ago, and it was currently reported that they intended to remain isolated there, living at small expense until their fortune was made, and afterwards to disappear again to enjoy, in a place where they were not known, the results of their years of hard work and saving. Whether there was any foundation in this rumour no one knew, but it had got about in this neighbourhood where the inhabitants of Windmill House were neither much known nor much beloved.

There was another member of the household, the old man's daughter Joan, who was better spoken of than the rest, perhaps because she was sometimes seen at church, perhaps because she was reported to have her life made a burden to her by her sister-in-law. But, as a matter of fact, very little was known about the Edingtons, and it was sometimes said in the neighbourhood that the children were brought up "little better than heathens."

They certainly looked rather wild as they ran about the orchard in a sort of aimless play; yet they were not ugly children, and had they been neatly dressed and gentle-mannered would have been decidedly attractive. The eldest was a girl, with an abundance of reddish yellow hair, knotted up carelessly to keep it out of the way, and she was laying down the law in somewhat vehement fashion to two boys of ten and twelve who answered defiantly and seemed in no wise amenable to her authority. Hot words were followed by pushes and even by blows, but the game went on nevertheless in a tempestuous sort of way, as if the players were pretty well used to interludes of the kind.

At a little distance, upon a rude stone seat, sat the youngest of the group, a pale bent child of eight, with big grey eyes, flaxen hair, and the pinched, wan look that accompanies spinal disease. She had never been strong or well all her life, but she suffered little pain, and was too well used to sitting still to envy the others their rougher play. Indeed it was almost too rough to attract her. Presently the big girl came and flung herself down on the grass in an access of passionate anger.

"How I do hate those boys!"

"So do I, very often," answered Nellie indifferently.

"They always want everything themselves, and league together against me. They found out where my hen was laying and took all the eggs away; and I was going to let her sit and bring up the chickens, and sell them when they got fit for table. I should have got quite a lot of money, and they only got a shilling for the eggs. I shall tell mamma. I hope she'll punish them well. I hope she'll make them give me the shilling—it's better than nothing. But I do hate having my things interfered with, and those boys are detestable!"

"So they are. They tear all the books, and papa won't get us fresh ones. I wish there were no boys in the world. I'm sure it would be much nicer."

"Well, I shall go in now. I won't play any more," said Mildred rising slowly to her feet. "I'll pay out those boys one day or another. You see if I don't," and she walked angrily into the house, up a wide carpetless stone staircase, and the banging of a distant door told that her resentment was still far from being appeased.

The interior of the house corresponded tolerably well with the aspect of the garden. It wore a look of discomfort and neglect, as a house soon does that is too large for the number of servants kept to take care of it. The oil-cloth in the bare hall was soiled and torn, the windows were not properly cleaned, and there was dust in the corners and under the stairs. Traces of the presence of children were evident in more than one broken toy and a row of garden caps and coats on a rail nailed up for the purpose, but there was nothing home-like in these traces, they only added to the comfortless untidiness of all. The house was gloomy too, facing north, and little sunlight ever found its way through the narrow

windows of the living-rooms. It was solidly built and rather finely proportioned, but in its present condition essentially uncomfortable and unhomelike. The pervading impression was one of chill, bare emptiness, oddly combined with a good deal of untidiness. It was a house that would be the despair of a careful or fastidious mistress, it spoke so plainly of slovenly neglect and careless work.

At an upper window above the stone staircase one of the inhabitants of the house was absently standing, looking out over the wide sunny heath with an air and manner at once abstracted and indifferent, singularly devoid of any interest.

Joan Edington, though barely five and twenty years of age, seemed already to have entirely passed beyond the region of girlhood, and it would have been difficult to hazard an opinion as to what her age really was. She was tall and thin, yet not without a certain grace and dignity of her own, though of a kind difficult to describe. She was very plainly dressed in a gown of grey lindsey, made like a servant's, without a trace of trimming or an attempt at style. Its plain straight folds gave an additional height to her tall slim figure and accentuated somewhat its sharpness of outline. The features were not in any way striking, but the brow was full and broad and the lips were calm and firm in their lines, without the thinness that sometimes gives an unpleasing look of rapacity to a countenance otherwise good. The eyes were clear and steady if a little hard in expression, and there was a touch of stern scorn in the face that gave it an individuality of its own.

Joan stood long at the window with an air of indifference and abstraction. She was quiet, with the quietude of one who has no special interest or occupation in life, and to whom time is of no particular value. But when she became aware of a tall figure striding towards the house over the sunny moor, she moved away and slowly descended the wide staircase of uncarpeted stone.

"Here comes Roger," she said half aloud, "and from his energetic air one would imagine he brought news—if indeed any news could be of the smallest value to us. It is strange to see him home so early. He must have some object for facing a walk across the moor such a blazing afternoon."

THE COPTIC CHURCH.

BY THE REV. HOWARD HOPLEY.

II.

THE Coptic Church in Egypt is not dead, but is spiritually asleep. There is a vast organization of bishops, priests, and monks; and an ecclesiastical framework of churches and monasteries existing through the whole length of Egypt. The patriarch is still elected as Athanasius was by the great body of the clergy and people, and is everywhere implicitly obeyed. There are provinces, dioceses, chapelries, all very interesting archæologically, but, alas! over all these things is spread the spirit of slumber. The church is asleep. Everything seems waiting for some great advent which is to touch it all into life. Yet there are individual members of it (perhaps not a few) who in their life and conversation adorn the doctrine of Christ. There are Copts in high station too, of simple and earnest piety, only yearning and praying for better things. Herein is hope; for the church is not forsaken of the Holy Spirit. I do not personally know the present patriarch, though I have heard a good deal about him. But the patriarch whom I know in years gone by, was, in the true sense of the word, a godly man—a spiritually-minded Christian. I know well that his greatest sorrow was the deadness of his church, and his greatest hope and pleasantest dream that some day, and, perhaps soon, the awakening would come, and the church again flourish spiritually as in the glorious days of old. He, and the then Archbishop of Canterbury, had negotiations together for the formation of a school for Coptic clergy, which was finally a failure, owing to lack of funds; but he did not live long after that, and, as I was present at his funeral, perhaps a brief account of it may be interesting.

I had made the acquaintance of Archdeacon Tatton, a great Coptic scholar, who was one of the intermediaries in the negotiations I have spoken of between Canterbury and Cairo, and he, on the sudden death of the Coptic patriarch, invited me to accompany him to the funeral.

This elaborate ceremony took place in a temporary building used during the construction of the new church. It was a great upper room as big as a barn, approached by a broad wooden stairway from an outer court, like the court-yard of an old English inn surrounded with balconies. This court-yard was thronged with men and women in every variety and colour of dress that could be worn by Armenians, Syrians, Greeks, Maronites or Ethiopian Christians, but of course no Mussulmans were there. We pushed our way through the crowd to the foot of the stairway, which was likewise overflowing with people. Easterns are always boisterous and noisy, even in their worship, but in this place the usual hubbub was somewhat subdued, and an air of solemnity and sorrow seemed to prevail, for the patriarch had been universally respected and loved. My companion was known, so we were let to pass through the crowd up the before-

mentioned stairway. At the top we stepped on a broad landing, from whence we could look down on the swaying multitude below. But entrance was immediately given into the great chamber or church, where at first we could see nothing but a surging sea of turbaned heads, and a forest of coloured banners and crosses rising out of the crowd at the far end of the church, in the vicinity of the place where the dull chanting of priests and shrill voices of choristers was going on. There seemed to be about 400 people present. The room was choke-full, and the sound of the chanted psalms was almost drowned by the babble of the crowd, and the shrieks of the janissaries, who, with whips in their hands, were energetically professing to keep order. The first part of the service was soon over, and a procession

THE PATRIARCH'S CROWN.

of choristers and priests passed out of the place, chanting and carrying banners and candles. We were now conducted up to what in a church would be the choir.

Here, in a kind of circle, stood a number of priests and bishops in full pontificals. The Greek Archbishop was there, the Armenian patriarch also, and Maronite and Syrian Bishops, and room was made for us to enter the circle that we might see. And a strange sight it was.

There were two chairs or thrones set some four paces apart, face to face. In one of them was an ancient Coptic manuscript of the gospels and liturgies bound in a jewelled case; and in the other, as in calm sleep, sat the venerable form of the dead patriarch. They had dressed him in his robes of office, and a gorgeous mitre was on his head, and a ghastly object he looked. The circle of bishops and monks kept up a monotonous chant, while a greater part of the assembly, men and women, one by one passed through the circle and between these chairs, each kneeling down and kissing the dead man's feet and passing on. Had it not been for the solemnity of death actually present, the whole function would have appeared ludicrous, spite of the high ecclesiastical dignitaries present, and of their marvellously gorgeous vestments. There was nothing of sober dignity about the ceremony at all, but then Easterns do not seem to have a sense of the solemn as we take it; and here, in the presence of the dead, the crowd was elbowing the priests, and the priests were pushing the crowd, and the janissaries were fighting and hallooing and swearing as if it had been a fair. By-and-by a procession was formed, the higher ecclesiastics closed round, and six priests took up the dead man in their arms, and with a long array of candle-bearers, choristers chanting, and thurifers tossing up incense, the patriarch was carried off. The passage of the procession down the broad stairway into the court-yard was very striking. What with the candles and banners and sumptuous dresses, it was dazzling to the eyes, like a river of light flowing down into the court.

Immediately in front of the dead man walked the archbishops and bishops.

The Armenian patriarch, a venerable old man, with a long white beard, had to be held by two people as he tottered down the stairway, step by step, falteringly, carrying cross and crozier, clothed from head to foot in gold embroidery.

The dead man came last; his glittering cope was wrapped tightly round him, and his gorgeous mitre flashed in the sun. Looking at him from a window as he was borne down, I was struck with the thought how exactly the resemblance in form of this dead patriarch in his pontificals was to that of the robed and mitred Osiris as seen in the ancient temples. They bore this dead patriarch down, so I was told, to a great subterranean cavern where, side by side, century after century, his predecessors are seated mouldering in their chairs.

The great manuscripts of the gospels and liturgy in the throne opposite the dead man are a sign of the reverence the Copts pay to the Bible. With regard to their liturgy now in use, it is generally free from any thing that we should term objectionable. It does not differ much from the ancient liturgies of St. Mark. In reality, so far as those who have lately visited the church can tell—the Copts do not hold the heresy of Eutychianism—their words for expressing the two natures of Christ are different from ours, but they express much the same thing.

The Copts do not accept transubstantiation, yet they believe in a mysterious conversion of the elements. In celebrating, they always consecrate one loaf, usually about as big as a bun, and it is divided among the communicants, many or few. This seems to be the Pauline idea in 1 Cor. x. 17: "For we being many are one loaf, for we are all partakers of that one loaf." As a rule the Copts use a wooden table for the Eucharist, like as in the

primitive times—but sometimes in modern days it has been encased in stone—as the Roman Church encased long ago the altar of St. John Lateran.

Baptism of infants is held to be lawful, but is not usual; the usual age for baptism is about twelve, in order that they who are baptised may, in their own person, confess the faith of Christ and renounce the things that are contrary to Christ. They baptise usually by immersion.

The Coptic clergy is a married clergy, only, of course, the monks are celebate. I am not sure about the bishops, but the patriarch is chosen from one of the four great monasteries, and is consequently celebate.

Some of the monasteries in Egypt are of exceedingly ancient date. The four spoken of are in the desert, and that of St. Anthony dates back from the very early centuries; but all along the Nile valley there is a succession of monasteries which are usually perched up high among the crags of some almost inaccessible cliff, or else caverned into the very heart of the mountains. This was necessary in the old time for the safety of life and store. Very often the monastery indicates the place where, in early centuries, were the *Lauras*, or Christian colonies, spoken of by Augustine and Jerome. These monasteries have seldom any endowment, save a few acres of the fertile fields below. In many of them the only means of access is by being hauled up in a basket from some ledge or shelf of the rock immediately below; or you may climb up a knotted rope, steadying yourself by gashes cut in the cliff.

I remember our coming upon one of these monasteries quite unexpectedly. We were some four or five hundred feet above the valley climbing among the rocks in search of tombs. Looking up high overhead we saw a trace of masonry in a scarped angle of the cliff perpendicularly above us. We made a circuit, and getting to a ledge within hail, found it to be a monastery partly caverned into the heart of the rock, partly built on this dizzy terrace, where a cross in plaster had been set on a wall which was high enough to prevent people from tumbling over. We hallooed, and after a time the monks looked over the wall and invited us to climb up into their impregnable fortress. The monk who received us took the hand of each of us in turn to kiss it; then lighting a candle, he plunged into a hole in the rock and led the way up a dark stair cut through the mountain to the platform overhead.

Several caverns opened into these stairs, each being a dormitory with a loop-hole through the rock for a glimmer of light. On the terrace above, overlooking the Nile valley, the superior received us most graciously, after which, plunging again into the dark stairway, we went up to a higher platform still. I may say that all this was on the face of what looked to be a perpendicular cliff. Here was one enormous cavern going far back into the mountain, but which was also projected outwards, so to speak, by masonry built upon the platform. The roof of the cavern was all rock-hewn and blackened by the smoke and dust of ages. In this region we found a number of monks sprawling about on the rock floor, some asleep, some smoking: all got up and graciously saluted us; and then we were taken in hand and shown over all this strange dwelling. The chapel was built up in the cavern, like a card castle, about nine feet from the floor, but not reaching the ceiling, and constructed with fretted wood-work through which the light came in from the terrace outside. A panelled screen was before the sanctuary, and this, with a wooden reading desk, was about all the furniture that the chapel contained, save that behind the screen there was a kind of apse, rough caverned into the rock. In this stood the wooden communion table with a cloth upon it, and a silver thurible with incense in it, and from the blackened rock ceiling above there hung a glimmering lamp. The monks wore no distinctive dress; a turban and black robe as usual. They brought out their treasures for us to see; an illuminated prayer-book in manuscript; some vestments and a showy picture of St. Michael. One of them said a part of the service of vespers, I think, for our edification, swaying his body to and fro as is the manner of Easterns when they are reading. Curiously enough, on the terrace outside, the monks had made a little garden with earth brought up in sacks from the valley below. This must have been a wonderful undertaking for people so essentially lazy—perhaps, in the better days gone by, they did it by way of penance. We looked over the projecting wall, breast high, down an awful precipice of rock. We gave the monks a Bible in Arabic, which they accepted with an eagerness quite refreshing, crowding round to read it over one another's shoulders like children.

It was from the ledge of one of these monasteries on the Arabian hills one day, that, standing side by side with the superior, in the sunset evening, we looked down far below on the green valley, stretching away and away with its corn-fields four miles to the river side.

On this plain, each in its own circle of palms were mapped (a mile or two apart) populous villages swarming with Copts. I asked the superior, "Is there any priest or minister in those towns?" "No," said the monk, "but I go once a fortnight and take a service." "Is that all the pastoral care they get?" "Yes," said he, "that is all."

Thus, for 1800 years, with varying fortunes, always militant, always persecuted, the Coptic Church has lived on until now, and there it is in Egypt still, a protest and a sign.

A protest: for although outnumbered and surrounded, and enveloped in a hostile Mohammedan society, the powers of Islam have never been able to crush it, nor absorb it, nor silence its cry.

A sign: the continued existence of the Jews as a nation, spite of their having been scattered to the four winds of heaven, is generally held to be a sign that Providence is reserving them for some important and destined end; and may we not

A Pot of Mignonette.

IT stood the whole of one wild winter through,
A tiny pot, in which some seed was set;
With care embedded in the soft, brown earth,
Sleeping and still reposed the mignonette.

The snowdrifts lingered and the cold winds wailed.
The frosts bit deep through nights as black as jet,
But in its deeper bed there lay in peace
The tiny life-germs of the mignonette.

Spring came at last, and warmth was in the air;
An impulse from on high the hid seeds met—
Some mystic message came—some soft touch thrilled—
And then, at last, awoke the mignonette.

It woke and stirred. The tender stalk upreared
Above the soil. And so—as it was let—
It put forth blossoms. Oh, what perfume poured
From the bossed pillarings of the mignonette!

And day and night it grew; and patient gave
Its wealth of perfume through days dry or wet—
Were people present—or were no one there—
This ceaseless treasure of the mignonette.

* * * *

Now let the flower be emblem of the heart.
Within is Love seed. But Love sleepeth yet—
Still capable of waking when there comes
A warmth like that which woke the mignonette.

What matters losses, sorrow, solitude or care!
All these vicissitudes can cause no fret;
They do but keep Love till Love bears to blow—
After the winter showed the mignonette.

And then the wealth and wonder that makes glad
All who approach it—Love's sweet lavish debt,
Paid without waiting, not a stint nor stay,
An all-time fragrance like the mignonette.

Till at the last it sends its offering up
Where on high throne the Lord of Love is set,
And is accepted. Lesson worth the world
Is learned from this small pot of mignonette.

ALFRED NORRIS.

believe that God has something analogous in store for this church? The prophet (Isaiah xix. 21) speaks of a day when the Lord shall be known in Egypt, a day when the Egyptians shall return unto the Lord, and He shall have mercy on them—when the Lord of hosts shall bless them, saying, "Blessed be Egypt, my people." Leaven works very quickly in the East. There are certain signs in this slumbering church which give promise of awakening. There are signs which seem to indicate that the Holy Spirit is actively at work. One sign of promise lies in this, that among the pastors and teachers of the church, there are some, perhaps more than a few, who are thrusting out eager hands in the dark to feel after some friendly touch of Christian sympathy from other bodies. May God direct the touch! Under certain conditions the Coptic mind is entirely plastic and sensitive to impressions or even gentle force coming from outside. If God in His providence should bring about an awakening, and a reformation in this historic church, who could tell what tremendous results might follow?

The Coptic Church appears to me to be the key of the whole East, so far as Christianity is concerned. I know of no other way, humanly speaking, by which Mohammedans can be Christianized but through the Eastern Churches with whom they are in contact, and who speak the same language. If the fire of God's Spirit once more burns bright in the Coptic Church, it will be a beacon fire—the first signal of the Christianizing of the East. For in Egypt, Copts and Mussulmans live side by side. In virtue of that treaty made to Amrou in the seventh century, closer relations were established between the native Christians and their Mohammedan conquerors, than obtained in any other part of the East, and the shadow of this is in Egypt still. A Copt in good position may not only have Mohammedan friends, but he may be the steward or secretary of Mussulmans in the highest rank; and so all through the towns along the Nile Valley there is a truce between Moslem and Christian, which exists nowhere else. Now the great significance of this lies here: that whereas a foreign missionary can only with very great difficulty get at the ear of a Mussulman and will always excite his fanaticism, the missionary if he were a Copt, or a man in Coptic orders, would at once command the Mussulman's attention. Moreover, the very life of a spiritually minded man thus in constant contact with his Mussulman neighbours could not fail with God's blessing to show forth Christ.

Furthermore, Egypt is a land long and narrow. The banks of the Nile for seven hundred miles are populous with towns and villages; many of them are centres of traffic, thronged with a gathering of all Mussulman nationalities by reason of caravans starting to Arabia, Central Africa, and all parts of the Moslem world. And if there were a pentecostal awakening among the Christians in Egypt, it would necessarily spread all over the East. Thus Egypt long and narrow [1] is like a sword driven into the very heart of Islam, and if this Egyptian Church were once more aflame with the Holy Spirit's fire, it would be a flaming sword to subdue Islam to the knowledge of Christ. All this may be a dream, but it is a glorious dream. If we English Christians can do nothing more, let us offer up our earnest prayers to God for the furtherance of Christianity in Egypt, and for the awakening and reformation of this great historic church.[2]

A NIGHT IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

A DAY or two before the recent gatherings of the Unemployed, I had determined to see for myself the state of those who were then passing the night in Trafalgar-square. What I saw makes me rejoice that definite action has been taken to do away with a state of things which was a scandal to our Christian name.

It was half-past nine o'clock when I found myself standing under the shadow of Nelson's monument. I saw only one man stretched on the benches of the terrace; but leaning over the massive parapet, I could see—what has been described by others—a number of men and women already seeking repose on the hard stone ledge. It was warmer down there, as the base of a great equestrian statue somewhat sheltered them from the keen easterly wind. They were lying singly in some places, or in couples, or huddled in an indiscriminate heap in the corner, reached only by crawling beneath the sharp spikes of the curving rail. For a mattress some had simply the bare stone, but generally a newspaper. For a coverlet they had a bit of sacking, or bass, or newspaper. The waste placards of the newspapers become most useful to the bedless poor. One could read by the gas-light the titles of several well-known papers. Startling and sensational announcements that were already as matters of ancient history, though but a few days old, were the labels over some of the homeless. Individuals among them were not asleep, but were engaged in taking a scant supper of crusts, or in smoking to pass away the time. One couple were enjoying together *one* pipe, the man and woman having alternate "draws." There a group of men were discussing some question

[1] Seven hundred miles long, by about twelve miles wide.

[2] We are indebted for the illustrations which accompany this paper to the Rev. Alfred J. Butler's valuable work, "Ancient Coptic Churches of Egypt." (Clarendon Press.)

evidently of great import to them. I could distinguish among them an old soldier. I had met him before. He has a powerful frame and strong voice; and expresses a deep sense of the humiliation of having to pass his nights on the bare stones of the square, after having exposed himself to death in his country's service on the sands of Egypt. He is speaking of what he conceives to be his wrongs.

As I stroll round I witness a struggle between an old woman and two men. They had one broom between them, and had taken possession of a crossing the old lady had left for a couple of hours. She was evidently the worse for a visit to the public-house, and her long tongue and abusiveness were more than a match for the two men. She thrust the dirty broom in the face of one of them and called him a "a thief," in a way that made me tremble for her safety; but the man retained his self-control. Just then the woman's "pal" came up, and taking her part, was met by the word, "Now you come somewhere with me, and I will talk to you with some effect, but I am not a goin' to touch her."

"Not I," said the burly new-comer; "the old woman is game to fight her own battles." He was right; she remained to crow on that crossing.

On I strolled, nearly stumbling over human forms sprawling on the cold flags, close to the east wall, or under the shelter of the fountains. Here is a man picking out some women to give them a cup of coffee. I go with him, and am glad to share the pleasure. To one he gave sixpence to get a bed. Probably that sixpence went for alcoholic warmth rather than blankets. But what an amount of pleasure can be given, in the way of coffee and bread and butter, for a very small sum! How thankful seemed the poor shivering women! How readily too they listened to the few words of sympathy and guidance spoken! They sang with meaning, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

"I have been a schoolmistress in Monmouthshire," said one; "but, as I was not certificated, I lost my situation. The School Board ruined me." Some dirty creased papers which the old lady retains as most precious documents, seeing they testify to her former respectability, were produced. Others had been servants, factory hands, laundry women, housekeepers, and slop hands.

Back again into the Square. A missionary is talking to the people, and very plainly. He is telling them that drink is the source of much of their misery. None deny it; some assent to it reluctantly. He speaks, however, of the parable of Dives and Lazarus. I cannot say that all his words were wise, but they listened with eagerness. "There will be a turning round of things one day," was his conclusion. "Dives may know hunger and thirst, and Lazarus be full of joy."

Here there is a rush for a man who is giving a small loaf to every one who will take it. A great many contrive by going out of the crowd and by hiding the loaf, to return again and again and get more. I saw a man with a cigar come up and receive a piece. One who told me he had been for many years engaged in philanthropic work, said that he had given away that evening sixteen hundred pieces of bread.

Several boys were picked out and put into a waggon to be taken to a home. Sixteen were taken by the consent of their parents. The inspector of police took great pains in arranging this matter.

The selected children were seated on a bench; a crowd gathered round. One mother readily gave up her boy. "You seem glad to get rid of him," I said. "Well, yes, I am glad. It is better for him. No more hunger and cold nights in the streets."

One woman who rejoiced in the possession of a thin mackintosh, was quietly persuading one and another not to go; but another woman tried to silence her, "You hold your tongue, my lady Red-haired Mackintosh, and let the boys go." Lady R. M. quietly slinks away, and I see her afterwards sharing her mackintosh with a young man as the covering for the night.

A man comes along and shouts repeatedly, "This isn't parliamentary." Up and down he struts, shouting. "We don't take no notice of him," says another; "he's had a pint of Double X." He was soon gone to seek a further unknown quantity of "Double X."

"Hey, give us a paper," cries another to a boy who has several sheets of waste notices. He hands several to his friends and then vanishes. His pals had clean paper sheets for the night.

The cabs rush by rapidly, bearing theatre-goers to home and bed. Excitement also still rises in the Square, although the clock of St. Martin sounded out midnight half-an-hour ago. The waggon with the children starts at length. "Now," shouted one fellow who was in rags, and probably in beer, "I should like half a pound of dynamite, and then *gee-whoa!*"

I follow the waggon to Covent-garden Market. No boys are there to be found who want to go. One boy is lying close to a column sound asleep. He is with difficulty awakened. After realising the position of things he declines to go. "Had already been in a home, but had run away." He suddenly breaks away from a kindly hand and runs off again.

On to Smithfield and the Holborn Viaduct steps. Up and down, but no sleepers are out to-night in these places. I return, *viâ* Fetter-lane, down along the Strand, and at half-past three I am leaning over the parapet of the Square again.

Two policemen are marching slowly up and down, not so much to guard the sleepers as to prevent any outbreak. The silence is deep. The city roar is hushed, shops are shut, the public-houses are closed. The great hotels are all in darkness. Not a light shines from a window. The lines of gas in the street are already defined. The cab-rank with its line of red lights gives some sort of brilliancy to the scene, while the clock and Victoria towers of our legislative halls loom up plainly and grandly.

I lean in a corner watching the scene and meditating on the problems presented in the misery below me. Then I descend and have a

trudge up and down with the police. It would have been a rest to have sat down on one of the seats, and I might have fallen asleep like these other unconscious mortals; but one of the police warned me emphatically against doing so. "I would not sit down there for a sovereign. I have had reminders several times of the danger of contact. Even those slabs 'swarm with vermin.'"

Just at this point two Frenchmen came round. They had been smitten with the sight of misery, and had provided themselves with abundant sixpences. Every sleeper was awakened one by one to receive a sixpence.

"Here, Bill, wake up, wake up, will you? Here's a fellow a-giving something away."

Bill slowly awakes and gets his sixpence and is soon back and asleep. He was evidently accustomed to such visitations.

Up and down I pace chatting to the police. I hear of how sometimes they have to put a stop to rows and even to quell outbreaks. "One big fellow, that fellow lying in the midst of that heap in the corner, was the ringleader. The vagrants even pitched the seats over the parapet, and one officer had his face cut by the iron foot. They are easily put down for they have not much spirit."

"One morning, sir, a woman plunged before everybody into one of the fountains. We had to take her into custody. We don't say much to them if they only dip their handkerchiefs in or wash their faces. They must clean themselves in some way. They are filthy enough."

I had evidence of this as I strolled along, and as I looked in their faces by the light of the bull's eye. What peculiar expressions too are in the faces where they are visible from under newspaper, bass, or sacking! In some cases the eyes are open, but the senses seem shut.

Again I trudge up and down. The morning will come in time. The hours have passed slowly. People must be cold. Here is one rubbing his hands. Another wakes up and lights his pipe to warm up. Another walks up and down stamping with his stockingless feet, covered only by thin shoes that go very softly over the pavement. One man declared he had not been in bed for three years, and another that he had not slept in a bed for five years and a half. His fellow-lodgers could not bear his loud snoring, and tormented him so much that he felt more at home in Trafalgar-square than in a lodging-house.

Here comes the dawn. How clear is the air! A soft yellowish tinge is discernible behind St. Martin's Church. How the equestrian statue begins to stand out! The yellow sky changes to a rosy, then to a bluish tint. The houses of the Square and the distant towers and halls assume a continental air. More passengers are astir. Carts are on the move—those that have been early to Covent-garden, or others that carry the dust from the streets. The people begin to rise from their cold couches. I must count them ere they are all astir.

One hundred and forty-seven souls slept in the Square that night. I saw others on the benches above, and some asleep on St. Martin's steps. Sometimes three or four hundred have passed the night there. But it was very cold and those who could anyhow muster the money found a shelter.

The police are very kind, and allow many things out of pity that might not be consistent with their duty. I heard no harsh word or rebuke spoken by them the whole of the nine hours I spent under the shadow of Nelson's monument.

As the morning breaks, a woman goes to the fountain, washes herself, combs out her hair, and makes herself presentable. She afterwards hangs out the rag that served for a towel to dry. And now large cans or old meat tins are sent to get quarts of tea or coffee. This is served round in disused condensed milk tins. Handkerchiefs are untied and all have some scraps or bread to eat. Some go off to the houses round about and ask the servants to give them hot water, and into this they put their tea and sugar. The whole of the space under the terrace becomes an early-morning picnic. The people shiveringly enjoy themselves, and prepare for another day's battle for life.

All do not wake up at once. It needs much effort to get them awake sometimes. On another morning when I was there the hose was shooting the water into every corner, and one old lady could hardly be persuaded to move from the seat on which she had curled herself. I expect the spray from the hose really at last awakened her. Friday is cleaning day. The place would have been unbearable but for the weekly cleansing.

Two fires are now made of the paper that has served for mattress and coverlet. Round these almost heatless fires the people gather. The flames look cheerful if they send out but little heat.

"Yes, sir, it is cold at times," said one. "I mind when that poor girl came, who had been turned out of her home by her father, because she could not please her stepmother. She war'nt used to it. Her face was black and blue. I thought she would have died. She got through one night; but the next, though I chafed her hands, and did my best for her, she had to be taken to the hospital by the police. A gentleman gave me, as we were going, some money to get her some tea and sugar; but, poor thing, she never wanted anything more. The cold had seized her, and she was dead in two hours after her admission. How she did shiver, the young thing!"

One cannot but be thankful that means have been devised to save other poor mortals from such a fate.

Presently more people are washing a few rags and hanging them out to dry. Daylight is now full upon us. The streets are being filled with toilers hurrying to their work. Six o'clock strikes out from the tower of St. Martin's, and soon afterwards I start for home.

The action of the authorities, aided by the kindly and energetic charity of others, has succeeded at last in clearing Trafalgar-square. It cannot be questioned that promiscuous charity under such circumstances as I have described has its attendant evils. The warning words of the Chief Commissioner of Police against wholesale, indiscriminate almsgiving to the habitual vagrants, came not one day too soon. But although the

Square may be cleared, there will be still many who, as heretofore, will walk the streets, sit on door steps, seize the benches placed near the stations, or shudder in alcoves of bridges, and on the stone ledges of the embankment. After weary walking all night, such wanderers are glad to get into the parks as soon as they are open, for there, as one said to me, "A man may get a nap without a nudge, and without an order to 'move on.'"

The incidents which I have narrated represent a phase of city life which it would be folly to ignore. More recent events have given emphasis to them. If, as it has been said, it is good for Dives to see the sores of Lazarus, it must surely be good for society to ponder the unsolved problems by which it is surrounded, and it is well that the Christian church should hear the call to new activities which comes to it from these dark depths of sin and suffering.

The French provide night shelters, with a fire at each end, benches, and a custodian to keep order. If such resting-places cannot be provided in our own cities, might not more be done in the casual wards to shield the unfortunate and despairing, the weak and the aged, without detriment to discipline? Many of these houseless wanderers suffer, doubtless, through their own wrong-doing, but many also suffer through the fierce competitions in our cheapening civilisation. The sharp edge of poverty might be taken off in some way that would not foster pauperism, or lead to more loafing.

From time immemorial London has had its houseless wanderers. We must not forget the exertions of Lord Shaftesbury and his coadjutors in providing the Field Lane Refuges, and other remedial agencies. As new emergencies arise with the growing population, the experience won in these earlier endeavours will doubtless be applied on a larger scale. But, above all, Society needs to be baptised anew with the Spirit of Him who came "to seek and to save that which was lost."

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

How the World can Change in a Year!

HOW the world can change in a year!
The phantom fear of an idle day
May turn to a stern reality,
And what seemed real may fade away.
How the world can change in a year!

How the world can change in a year!
The faithful may fail us at our need,
The trusted prove but a broken reed,
And those who led, we may have to lead.
How the world can change in a year!

How the world can change in a year!
The heart from turmoil may pass to rest
As the vane that veers from east to west; [best.
What was deemed most worthless may prove the
How the world can change in a year!

MARY FRASER.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent ("A. S. M.") wishes to know what is the symbolical meaning of the expression, "Thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head."—*Proverbs* xxv. 22.

THE passage is quoted by St. Paul, Romans xii. 20, as an illustration of overcoming evil with good. In the *Proverbs*, too, the words are added: "Jehovah shall reward thee." The connection thus seems to show that the metaphor can scarcely mean the *infliction of pain*, whether of mortification or of burning shame, as it might otherwise be naturally interpreted. The picture is rather that of *softening metal* by heaping upon it burning embers. By undeserved kindness an enemy's hard heart is softened. The *Speaker's Commentary* finds in the passage an allusion to the *burning of incense* by placing it on "hot coals," so that the fragrant smoke ascended to heaven. Lev. xvi. 12, 13. "The heart (of the enemy) will burn, and prayer and confession and thanksgiving ascend to the throne of God." This is ingenious, but seems a little far-fetched.

Mysteries.

"A reader of The Sunday at Home wishes to have an insight into the true meaning of one of the 'mysteries of the Gospel' spoken of by St. Paul: Rom. xi. 25, 26. Do the words imply that when the fulness of the Gentiles has come in, the Jews, by a remarkable interposition of God, will be converted to the true faith of Christ, the veil being taken from their hearts; and that their conversion to God will be productive of great spiritual blessings to all Christian nations? For 'if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?' Rom. xi. 15."

Our correspondent has no doubt intimated the true sense of the passage. Only, to the "spiritual blessings to all professedly Christian nations" we would add the forecast of such blessings to the Gentile world at large. Who so fitted to be missionaries of Christ through all lands as the children of Israel, when converted to Him?

A remark may be added on the New Testament meaning of *mystery*. It is often taken by readers to denote something hard to understand, either as transcending reason, or intrinsically obscure. The harmony of human freedom with Divine Omnipotence would be such a mystery. This however is by no means the Scriptural application of the term. A mystery is a secret, and generally a secret *disclosed*. Thus the truth of the calling of Gentiles to an equal place with Jews in the family of God was a mystery hidden from ages and from generations. Ephesians iii. 3–6. Formerly, in the dispensations of God, this truth was hidden, but it is now made known. Another great secret disclosed is that of the Resurrection: another, as our correspondent shows, is the Conversion of the Jews. Slightly different is the use of the word in such phrases as "the Mystery of iniquity," but the idea is still that of the revelation

of the secret depths of evil. Compare, again, THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS: 1 Timothy iii. 16. This is the secret—the revealed secret, of true piety: and this secret (according to the now generally accepted reading of the passage) is personal: is "He who was manifested in the flesh." That is, Christ Himself is the secret of religion in the soul. So, according to the best critical reading of Colossians i. 2, "the mystery of God" is defined as "Christ, in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden." (R. V.)

THE SANCTUARY IN THE DAYS OF THE JUDGES.

"W. T. L." asks: "Was this literally only a tent, 'within curtains,' 2 Samuel vii. 2: if so, what are we to understand by its being called a Temple, 1 Samuel i. 9, with sleeping chambers, iii. 9, and 'doors,' iii. 15?"

The passages in 1 Samuel i. 9, iii. 3, are the only ones in the history where the tabernacle is called a "temple." The structure at Shiloh was probably of a more fixed and durable character than that on Zion of which David speaks in 2 Sam. vii. 2. The ark was in Shiloh for nearly 300 years, and during that time the tabernacle had become surrounded with priests' dwellings and offices. There is, therefore, no incongruity in calling it "temple" ("great house" or "palace"). As constructed on a framework of wood, it would naturally have "doors" (a different word, it should be noted, from the "door"—probably "entrance"—of the tabernacle, in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers). After the destruction of this tabernacle, the dwelling-place of the ark was more decidedly a temporary one (but see Psalm v. 7), and even with regard to its comparatively substantial abode, Shiloh, the words of 2 Samuel vii. 6 held good: "I have not dwelt in a house since the day that I brought up the children of Israel out of Egypt even to this day, but have walked in a tent and in a tabernacle."

FORGIVENESS.

AN ENQUIRER AFTER TRUTH asks: "'If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him; and if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him.' Luke xvii. 3, 4. This text teaches us to forgive those who have injured us, if they repent and come to us for forgiveness, but does *not* call upon us to forgive them until they have asked for forgiveness, and this view is supported by the fact that God only grants pardon *after* repentance. How can the universally preached doctrine, that Christians must forgive their enemies under any and all circumstances, be reconciled with this plain text, and God's method of dealing with sinners?"

We would rather say, Cherish a forgiving spirit. Forgive, of course, if your offending brother repents and asks for pardon, but do not think it necessary to wait for this. Be ready to offer forgiveness. If it is not accepted, *i.e.*, if there is no repentance, the *act* of forgiveness cannot be complete, although the forgiving *disposition* remains. Our correspondent usefully draws attention to the loose way in which the subject is sometimes spoken of, in forgetfulness that all complete forgiveness implies two parties, one who bestows, the other who receives. To forgive is more than to abstain from punishment: it implies *reconciliation*. "Holiness," says Professor Godet on the above passage, "begins with rebuking: then, when the rebuke has once been taken, love pardons. The pardon to be granted to our brethren has no other limit than their repenting and the confession by which it is expressed."

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

NOW, little boys and girls, I am going to tell you about something that happened just a few weeks ago to three children living with a friend of mine.

I must first tell you that they were born in China, and that their parents are there now; but the children have come across the sea to England to be brought up here instead of in the Chinese climate, which would make them so delicate, that if they stayed out there they would never grow up to be strong men.

Peveril, the eldest, is nine. He was named after Mount Peveril, near Hong-Kong, because he was the first English child ever born there. Armine is eight, and Pelham five. These three children went to church a few Sundays ago, and listened very attentively to the sermon, which was so simply explained, that even little Pelham could understand every word. The preacher chose the story of Sennacherib and Hezekiah. You will find it in the xix. and xx. chapters of the II. Kings. He told how the king of Assyria came down with his host to fight against the king of Judah, and that Hezekiah, trusting in God, was saved, both he and his people; while an angel slew the enemies in their own camp.

Peveril was deeply interested in all this. He had learnt the poem beginning—

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,"

and had often said it to his younger brothers. He then heard about Hezekiah laying Sennacherib's letter before the Lord in the temple; and the preacher asked all the congregation to take this thought home, and each, knowing his own secret need or care, to lay it before the Father in Heaven, and await His answer. He did not say we always get just the answer *we* think best, because it often happens that the prayer we make, if granted in our way, would not really turn out to be a blessing, but God, who can see the end of all things, will, if we trust Him, send the right and best to us.

The children thought over what they had heard; and that night, when the lady who takes care of them went up to hear them say their prayers, she was greeted with a cry from the three little boys.

"Oh, Sissy!" said Armine, "we have thought of such a jolly plan. We have been laying our wants before the Lord, as the clergyman told us; and look, we have hung up our stockings to hold what we have asked for. Peveril

wants some stamps for his collection; I want a paint-box to paint some pictures for father and mother, and Pelham wants a box of soldiers."

Sissy sat down on one of the beds.

"My dear boys," she said, "I am very glad you understood the meaning of the sermon; but there is something deeper in it you did not quite understand. If we ask Him, God will send what we *need* in life, not what we *want* in the way of pleasure. If He does not give us what we wish, it is not because He turns away from us, but because we can do without these things. He does not always consider them necessary to our happiness. We may be better without them. However, Christmas is near, and who knows but that on that morning I may not fill the stockings with what you desire?"

For a moment the children were silent, then Pelham cried—

"Sissy, I am sure the soldiers will come."

The next morning the Chinese mail brought a letter for Peveril. This was always a great delight to the children, for their mother, who was a very clever artist, used to enclose all kinds of sketches she had made during the week to amuse her dear boys, separated from her by a distance of 12,000 miles. As Peveril opened the letter a hundred-and-twenty-seven rare stamps from all countries fell out, addressed to him. And then fell out a cheque for 10*s*. from their father, who said in the letter, "This 10*s*. is to buy the playthings my little boys like best."

"God heard us!" cried the children; "we can get our toys after all."

It was a most remarkable fact, that this was the first time their father had sent them any money, or stamps; and that that letter, although written in Hong-Kong six weeks previously, should have arrived by the first post after the offering up of their simple prayer.

Now I am not telling you this, so that every time you want a toy you may pray for it; and perhaps, not receiving it, imagine that God will not hear you; but because it shows that even very little children can understand what it is to lay their wants before God, and to ask Him to bless them. You may not require paint-boxes or stamps, but something quite different—something much more important—for the life of the soul; then just do as these boys did, and ask God for it. And if it is really needful, though you may have to wait a long time for it, God whose

"Good is better than our best,"

will hearken to you, as he did to Hezekiah.

EDITH PRINCE.

EXPECTED GIFTS.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. To what circumstances do the Scriptures trace the origin of the Sabbath?

2. What is the first instance of a difference made between the Sabbath and other days?

3. Besides the Fourth Commandment, what express law forbids work on the Sabbath?

4. What example is there of its violation being punished?

5. In the institution of the Sabbath was there any other object than securing time for the worship of God?

6. What exception was there to the law referred to in question 3, and what allusion does our Saviour make to it?

7. Is there any example of our Lord being present at a feast on the Sabbath day?

8. Give examples showing how the Pharisees strained the law with regard to the Sabbath?

9. What was Jesus' general answer to these restrictions?

10. Mention passages in the prophets in which the Israelites are encouraged to observe the Sabbath, and threatened with severe penalties for violating it.

11. Find an instance in which a prince of Israel took great pains to enforce the observance of the Sabbath.

12. Show from the Scriptures that the Jews assembled for worship on the Sabbath, both in Judæa and in other countries.

13. For what great reason did Christians begin to observe the first day of the week?

14. Is it likely that Jewish Christians gave up at once the observance of the seventh day?

15. Show from the Scriptures that Christians assembled for worship on the first day of the week, or in other ways kept the day holy.

Monthly Religious Record.

CANON TAYLOR'S paper on Mohammedanism, read at the last Church Congress, has given rise to a long and animated controversy. The statistical question is of far subordinate moment to the moral one. Christianity does not become stronger by magnifying its own successes, or by declining to recognise the force of the powers arrayed against it. On the same ground, if there be any virtue in Islam, by all means let us know it; but let us not fall into the fatal error of tolerating evil that good may come. Mr. Joseph Thomson, whose travels give him some claim to be heard, asserts that the advantage is on the side of Mohammedanism in East Africa, on the ground that it imposes a check on the accursed traffic in ardent spirits. Of Western Africa and the Central Soudan he draws a more vigorous picture: "Here we have Islam as a living, active force, full of the fire and energy of its early days, proselytizing too with much of the marvellous success which characterized its early days. Here we have it preached equally in the streets of Sierra Leone and among the debased cannibal tribes of the Niger basin. With the disingenuousness which makes them attempt to fasten the evils of the slave trade upon Islam, the defenders of the Christian faith seek with might and main to minimize and distort the facts about the success of Islam in Western Central Africa. Unable to recognize any good except it comes through orthodox channels, they seek to describe its advance as a terrible calamity and unmixed evil to the African." Mr. Thomson accordingly protests against the notion that it is propagated only by fire and sword. "In these latter years," he says, "the chief agent in the spread of Islam has been, as I have already remarked, the Hausa or Nupé trader. Protected by the sanctity of his business, the negro merchant penetrates into every tribe within hundreds of miles of his own home. He mixes with the barbarous pagan as one of like blood with himself; he sleeps in the same house, he eats the same food. Everywhere he carries his religion with him, its great central features unobscured by unthinkable and transcendental dogmas. He has just so much of doctrine as his pagan brother can understand and assimilate. The trader remains a month, or it may be six months, or a year. During that time he is admired for his fine clothes, and the people around begin to ape him. They see nothing which they may not hope to aspire to; there is nothing in his religion they do not understand. In this manner have the seeds of civilization and Islam been scattered broadcast among numerous savage tribes, till the land resounds with the inspiring din of a hundred industries, and morning, noon, and evening rises the watchword of Islam, and knees which were formerly bent to stocks and stones now bend before the One God, and lips which have quivered with enjoyment over the flesh of a brother man are employed to acknowledge His greatness and compassionateness."

It would add to the weight of Mr. Thomson's argument if he would specify localities where these changes have been wrought. As to his own view: "It may appear," he says, "that I think Mohammedanism is a more suitable religion for the African than Christianity. Far be from me the thought. I am prepared to say, however, that it is more suited to the African *than Christianity as taught*. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' Applying that rule to Africa, there can be no denying the fact that Mohammedanism has immeasurably the best of it. What are the petty results of over three hundred years of Christian contact, as shown on the West Coast of Africa, compared with the immense civilizing work of the reviled religion in the Central and Western Soudan? . . . Till the missionary learns the necessity of not preaching from his level, but of getting down to the savage's, he will never make any permanent headway; he can but produce a veneer. No one is a more sincere admirer of the missionary than I; no one knows better the noble lives of many, the singleness of purpose with which they pursue the course they think the only true one. They seem to me the best and truest heroes which this nineteenth century has produced. Nobody has more reason to speak well of them than I, and rejoice that they have spread over the waste places of the earth. In the heart of the Dark Continent I have been received as a brother. I have been relieved when I was destitute, I have been nursed when I was half dead, and time after time I have been sent on my weary way rejoicing that there is such a profession of men as Christian missionaries. I have not a word to say against the men; I simply attack their methods, believing that they might yet not only rival the success of Mohammedanism, but far exceed it." So far Mr. Thomson. It is well sometimes to see with another's eyes. But it must not be forgotten that his experience does not count more than a tithe of the years of other men who have testified to the blighting influences of the Mohammedan's fatalistic creed, and the degradation and cruelty to which it ministers. We hope to return to this subject in a future month.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Eugene Stock has published a comprehensive reply on points raised in this controversy, touching the action of the missionary societies. As to the character of Mohammedanism, he quotes Mr. Palgrave as "*facile princeps* among authorities on Arabia." That accomplished traveller says: "Results are the test of systems, and narrowness of mind, frightful corruption, or rather extinction of morality, cruel or desolating wars on the frontiers,—within, endless discord in all its forms, family social and civil; convulsive fanaticism, alternating with lethargic torpor; transient vigour, followed by long and irremediable decay. Such is the general history of Mohammedan Governments and races." Again: "When the Koran and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia, then and then only, can we seriously expect to see the Arabs assume that place in the work of civilisation, from which Mahomed and his book have more than any other individual cause long held men back."

MR. WALTER, M.P., speaking at Reading, at a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, said it would be a petty and unstatesmanlike ambition that desired the daughter churches, which shall grow up in other lands, to be exact counterparts of their mother. "The future of Christendom," he said, "may well be left to the moulding of the Divine Spirit which animates it, and it is ours to believe that while many of the standards to which we cling, bearing as they do on their front the stamp of local controversies long ago composed, will find no place in the system of younger churches. The very diversities of creed which now separate Christians may, in the nations which are not yet converted, find their solution in a Christianity containing all that is necessary for Catholic unity, and while bearing abundant signs of its origin, will be adapted to the thoughts and yearnings of the people who cling to it."

DURING the closing months of the year several batches of missionaries sailed for remote spheres of labour. The usual valedictory services were held, but the missionary's outgoing is now very different to what it was in earlier days. Here is a passage from a letter penned near Port Said:—"Our ship's company is in itself a 'sign of the times.' It is certainly most remarkable, probably quite unique. Out of 150 passengers in the saloons, no less than fifty—one full third—are leaving home in the service of the King. Of these, twenty-four are going to India, twenty-three to China, and three to Palestine. Arranged according to societies, the list stands thus:—C. M. S., including 'Winter Mission,' 22; China Inland, 10; English Presbyterian, 5; American Presbyterian, 2; Free Church of Scotland, 2; S. P. G., 3; Baptist Missionary Society, 2; British and Foreign Bible Society, 2; Mildmay, 1; Private, 1. From the first moment of sailing it was manifest that a deep spirit of union and communion pervaded the missionary band, and our excellent commander has most kindly arranged that we may have frequent opportunities of meeting together for conference and prayer. Twice every day we assemble by regular appointment: each morning at 11 o'clock for the shortened Church of England service in the larger saloon; and each evening at 8.15 for a prayer meeting, at which any present

heartily unite: and never surely were Sunday services more blessed or more truly means of grace than those which we have been permitted to enjoy. And, besides all this, there are frequent little gatherings of four or five together, just as many as one cabin will hold."

THE consecration of Truro Cathedral was an event which attracted attention far beyond the boundaries of Cornwall. It was signalised by the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a goodly array of bishops; and the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, was one of the great gathering that celebrated the occasion. Not less significant is the fact, that in a diocese so remote, more than 100,000*l.* has already been expended on the building.

THE Wesleyan Mission, now in full operation in Regent Street and its neighbourhood, is a striking indication of the disposition to adopt new and more aggressive methods of evangelisation. In Manchester the transformation of one of the old chapels into a new centre of activity has been productive of great good. In London this effort to establish a mission in the heart of the west has long been a subject of anxious consideration. A commencement was made by securing St. James's Hall for Sunday services, under the direction of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. The innovations include both string and brass bands. The sermons and addresses given have varied in style and subject, and included topics of present day interest, with the aim to present the teachings of Christ in their application to social as well as personal needs. Large assemblies have gathered, including many who might otherwise have attended no place of worship, and every Sunday many have come forward professing their desire to begin a religious life. During the week the adjacent Wardour Hall is utilised, by the concurrence of the Congregationalists, for various religious meetings. Every Saturday evening there is a free concert. The schoolroom beneath is now opened as a dining-room for working-men. In addition, a house has been taken as a home for the lady workers; another is to be set apart for the men engaged in the mission. A vigorous organisation is being prepared; and it will be used in patient and prayerful effort, not only to arouse the thousands from indifference, but to grapple with the vices which make this district their headquarters.

THE Bishop of Liverpool, at a recent Diocesan Conference, said the clergy would do well to press on their people the immense harm which is being done by the betting habits of the present day. "I might say something," he went on, "about the subject of lotteries and raffles at bazaars. I doubt alike their legality and propriety; but I spare you. The evil that I have in view is far more serious. I refer to betting on horse races. No man can take up a newspaper in this age without noticing the large amount of space and good type which betting occupies. It is a bad sign; and the constant increase of it bodes mischief. Whether racing is abstractly wicked, and whether it encourages the breed of horses, are questions which I shall not stop to discuss. But I am quite certain that thousands bet on races who hardly know a horse's head from its tail, from a gambling spirit, and a morbid, restless love of excitement, and a secret hope that they may suddenly make a fortune without steady, quiet working. I charge my clergy to remember this matter in their sermons. I ask the laity to assist them by sternly discouraging betting and gambling among their servants, clerks, assistants, or employés of any kind. I could not blame any merchant, banker, or tradesman, if he laid down a rule never to keep a betting man in his establishment. I believe the last day will show that to many a young man betting has been the first downward step to loss of character, loss of place, loss of happiness, and loss of soul."

AN International Convention has been signed at the Hague by the delegates of England, France, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, and Holland, which prohibits the sale or barter of spirits to fishermen and other persons on board fishing vessels. Other boats will have in future to be licensed by the Government of their own country for the sale of other articles. Thus an effectual check will be put on the "copers," which have so long been a source of deadly mischief in the North Sea. We may hope that this change will remove many temptations, and strengthen the hands of those who are labouring for the spiritual good of the men.

DR. BARNARDO, returning from Canada, reports strongly in favour of emigration. In an address giving some account of his experiences, he said, they had now sent out 2683 boys and girls to Canada, and they were nearly all doing well. Only 19 had failed, which meant that 99½ out of every 100 had succeeded. They sent no children that were not, by their conduct, character, and physique, calculated to become good and useful citizens of the country of their adoption. When he thought of Canada with its millions of fair acres, and of London with its thousands of destitute, he could only ask in astonishment, what can the nation be about not to help in a downright noble fashion the work of emigration? As an illustration of the large number of waifs in London, he mentioned that from January 1st last year to the 7th November, 4861 made applications to be admitted into the homes. Of this number 1458 only could be taken in. Returning to the emigration question, he said that one of the developments of their scheme involved the obtaining of a large tract of country in Manitoba. They had secured 4700 acres of the fairest land in Canada for their industrial farm. That was to be their new settlement-colony—Victoria Regina. As illustrations of what can be done by men who will really work, he instanced two very remarkable cases. The first was of the Prime Minister of Manitoba, who began life there as a boy to do odd jobs in a bishop's house, and the other was one of his own lads, who went out in 1878, and has now, or will have by the end of the year, a homestead of 320 acres, several droves of cattle, a team of horses, and the necessary agricultural implements. After meeting persons of all shades of social condition, he found that the only persons opposed to emigration were the mechanics and labourers in the large cities. A large amount of injudicious emigration had taken place that caused great dissatisfaction.

THE Salvation Army appealed recently for volunteers. In response no fewer than 2124 young men and women offered themselves, of whom 1194 were willing to go on foreign service. General Booth explained that service abroad meant "begging their bread, going barefoot, and enduring all manner of dangers." He told the story of a captain sent to open up a new town to the Army. Each "corps" is expected to be self-supporting, by the contributions of its members towards the general expenses and the maintenance of the officers. This young woman was not immediately successful, and being firmly determined not to apply to any fellow officers or to headquarters for financial aid, she was in danger of starvation. In this extremity she went daily into the fields, cut a supply of grass, took it to her humble lodging, boiled it, and, eked out with a very small modicum of bread, existed on this diet only for *five weeks!* Success came at last.

A CALEDONIAN Christian Club has been founded in London (in Southampton Street), as the headquarters of a permanent mission to Scotchmen in London. Gaelic and English services are held for Highlanders, and every facility provided for social intercourse and co-operation in Christian work.

THE sudden death of Sir William McArthur, while travelling on the Metropolitan Railway, has removed a layman of conspicuous worth. His year of mayoralty was remarkable for the Christian and philanthropic influence exerted from the Mansion House. Dr. Rigg, in the course of a funeral address, said that in Parliament Sir William was known and esteemed for twenty years as a Christian man. But he never merged his Christianity in his party. It ought not to be forgotten that it was through his advocacy that Fiji was saved from being a prey to anarchy and annexed to the English nation. He referred to his work among the Methodists of Ireland; his labours on behalf of the College at Belfast; for the work of Methodist Union; for the Thanksgiving Fund; and for the provision for worn-out ministers. To the William McArthur Hall, in Belfast, for the superior education of girls, he had contributed 10,000*l.*, besides 5000*l.* as a provision in aid of ministers' daughters. In many other ways his zeal and generosity rendered abiding service. Speaking of his many engagements, Dr. Rigg remarked that he had often wondered how he had been enabled to keep himself, amidst all, in touch with His Father in heaven. He ascribed it in a great measure to the calm, peaceful, and quiet Sabbath days that he spent in his home.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

BY EVELYN E. GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," ETC.

ROGER POINTED TO A PASSAGE MARKED BY A PENCIL LINE.

CHAPTER IX.—BROTHER AND SISTER.

"YOU have had a hot walk, Roger," said Joan, standing in the shadows of the cool hall as her brother came in from the sunny glare without.

"Yes," he answered rather shortly, "I suppose it is hot."

This shortness of manner was habitual. It did not imply any particular irritation at the moment. He had a very different countenance from his sister, although there was a considerable similarity of feature. His was a saturnine face, full of hard cynicism, not unmixed with

covetous rapacity: an unpleasant face, despite many traces of latent intellect and power. Just now, perhaps, it was more unprepossessing than was its wont, for its owner had considerable command of countenance and could smooth his face to a very different expression if he desired to do so; but at this moment he was moved by feelings of a somewhat malevolent character. The train of thought in which he had been indulging had been one to stir up the worst side of his nature. Joan looked at him steadily and saw at once that something had occurred to excite him. He was too self-contained to be visibly roused for no adequate cause.

"Something has happened," she said.

"Yes," was the laconic rejoinder.

"What is it?"

"You shall see for yourself."

He took from his pocket a newspaper, already many days old, and pointed with a thin finger to a passage marked by a pencil line.

Joan read the following words:

"On the 6th inst., at the Hermitage, Market Drayton, Alicia Maud, widow of the late Marcus Stratford, aged 48."

Joan looked up quickly.

"Cousin Alicia!" she said, and lapsed into silence.

It was fifteen years since she had seen this relative of hers, and she had been but a child when cousin Alicia had been to her as a beneficent fairy, as well as a friend and confidante to her mother, yet her tenacious mind retained all these early impressions with peculiar accuracy, and a tear gathered very slowly in her eyes, startling her into a sort of surprise. It was so very, very long since she had known what it was to be moved to tears, and even now, though the drops gathered, they did not fall. She kept her eyes bent on the paper that Roger should not see.

"How did you find it out?"

"I saw it accidentally in the paper."

Joan looked at him with a sort of questioning, intentness. She knew his face well, and saw that he had some purpose in his mind that she did not fathom. There was a subdued excitement and exultation, not unmixed with malignity in his look, that she was certain sprang from some settled purpose the nature of which she could not at present understand.

"What is it, Roger?" she asked.

He looked at her with a subdued smile.

"What is what?" he asked with an enigmatic expression, anything but beautiful to see.

"You seem pleased and elated by cousin Alicia's death. What possible advantage can you hope to reap from it?"

Still the same look, half of exultation, half of malignant triumph.

"That remains to be proved," he said quietly, "possibly none."

Joan pondered a moment. She knew her brother well, and soon leaped to a conclusion.

"I suppose you think it possible that she has left some money to father or to you?"

Roger shook his head, the gloom and scorn deepening on his face.

"I know better than that," he said.

"Ah, I remember!" said Joan, clearly and distinctly. "Cousin Alicia surrendered in her lifetime to father such of her husband's fortune as remained to her after the crash. Not one in a thousand would have been so generous, so high-minded."

"She behaved well then, I admit—very well; but what has been her attitude towards us since?"

"We have seen nothing of her—she married again soon afterwards, did she not?"

"Yes, and cut the connection with us entirely. I presume we were not grand enough for her when she got into 'county society';" and Roger sneered. "I often think we made a great mistake in letting go our hold upon her so easily."

"I do not see how you could have helped it, if cousin Alicia ceased to care for our acquaintance."

"We might have kept a hold on her nevertheless, and I wish now that we had done so. An acquaintance with the Stratfords, of Drayton, might be of great value to me. The boy would have been the connecting link, for our father is his guardian, although she adopted him as her own son. When she married again, we were so afraid of having the boy cast upon our hands, that we were glad enough to let the matter slide; but I am sorry now we did so, for she never had a child of her own, and this boy has been brought up, I hear, as her son and heir—a brat who ought to have been turned over to the workhouse!"

"You mean little Roy," said Joan calmly; "a child barely three years old when ruin and disgrace fell upon his father. What had he done that he should suffer for it?"

"What have we done ourselves? Yet do we not suffer for it every hour of the day? I like to see some kind of justice. If Alicia wished to befriend the deserving, why has she done nothing for our poor children?"

The contrast between the expression of brother and sister at this moment was very marked. The man's face looked bitter, harsh, full of greed and hatred, as if the hidden secrets of a soul, stained and tainted with one of the most degrading sins, were looking out from his narrow, eager eyes. Joan gazed at him with a calm steadiness, not without a touch of scorn, and there was something lofty in her glance, and in the pose of her head, and perfect tranquillity of manner, that seemed to raise her to a level unspeakably higher than his.

"If you and your wife had a hundred thousand pounds left you to-morrow, do you suppose it would make any single alteration in the manner of our life? I doubt it."

Roger was silent; but his eyes glistened at the bare mention of such a sum of money.

"If we had a hundred thousand pounds," he repeated slowly, dwelling with a curious satisfaction on the words, "it would not matter how we lived. We should know that we had power and happiness in our hands. What more should we want than that?"

"Knowledge would doubtless be enough for

you," answered Joan. "Starvation itself would become palatable in the consciousness that you could afford to eat gold if you had a mind to do so."

He did not detect the covert satire of the tone.

"And to feel that it was growing—growing—growing all the time—increasing year by year! That in time it would become a colossal fortune—something fabulous, unheard of! Ah, life would be worth the living then!"

The curve of Joan's lips became a little more pronounced; but she said nothing. Roger came back from the region of dreams to that of realities with a darkening and contraction of his whole face.

"Why are we wasting time in idle talk?" he said impatiently. "I must go and speak about this to my wife. I must tell our father too."

"Will you wish to attend the funeral?" asked Joan, with another touch of undetected satire.

Roger started as if struck by a sudden thought, and looked again at the date of the paper.

"Too late," he said, with an air akin to disappointment. "This paper is a week old already. Otherwise it might not have been a bad idea. We might have learned all that way."

"All what?"

Roger was silent for a few minutes, and then he said, as if to himself—"We should have heard the will read. Not but what one pretty well knows its provisions. She has no children of her own."

Joan began to see what he was driving at.

"You mean that she will leave her property to Roy?"

"To the son of the man who worked such ruin to his house and kindred—yes."

"That was no fault of Roy's."

Roger sneered a cruel sneer.

"Possibly not. Yet it does not fall to the lot of every swindler's son to be adopted by a wealthy relative, and live in the lap of luxury. Sometimes the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children."

Joan was silent, turning things over in her mind; when Roger spoke it was more to himself than to her.

"Certainly some inquiry should be set on foot. Now is the time when it would be perfectly natural for my father to come forward. He gave up his guardianship to Alicia, but upon her death it is the most natural thing for him to claim it. I must speak to my wife and talk it over. If it will be to our advantage, the chance should not slip."

He moved slowly away towards one of the rooms opening off the hall, whilst Joan remained standing there wrapt in thought. She remembered her little cousin Roy, as a laughing, prattling child of about three years old, with curly bright hair, and winning ways that made him a favourite wherever he went. By this time he must be nearly eighteen. She wondered what he was like now, whether the pleasant life he had presumably led with the aunt, who had been as a mother to him, had been as bright and free from care as Roger evidently pictured; whether the wealth that seemed to those about her so much to be desired, really brought with it the happiness it was supposed to do. Had Roy's life been cloudless and sunny? Was he altogether ignorant of the sense of care and toil and weariness that often weighed upon her own spirit, till she was ready to loathe the world and all it contained? How was it that his lot was so bright, and theirs so dark? Was there not after all some cruel injustice in it? To his father they owed all their misfortunes. Was it not a little hard, then, that all the suffering and privation should fall upon them, whilst he lived his butterfly life in the midst of luxury and pleasure? She had heard from time to time of him. Her father and brother always kept an eye upon the lad, and she knew that he was living in the next county in his step-father's house, accepted everywhere as Mrs. Stratford's son by a first marriage. She was familiar with the outline of his history, but until to-day it had never occurred to her to contrast his lot with her own, or to think of him as the son of the man to whom they owed all their troubles. He had been her cousin Alicia's adopted child, and she had not thought with any bitterness of his smooth and easy lot in life.

But there was something a little hard in her eyes to-day as she gazed across the sunny moor in the direction where, behind a distant ridge of hills, lay the pleasant place that was Roy's home. She did not wish him ill as her brother did; she even felt a lurking tenderness for him as connected with the only part of her life, so far as she could remember, that had not been altogether hard and sordid; but she felt as if he ought to know that the suffering he had been spared, by the fondness of Mrs. Edington, had fallen upon others, and that they had had to bear a burden from which he had escaped.

"I should like to see him again," she said to herself. "I think I should be glad for him to come here and see what our life is like. I wonder how it would strike him. At least there would be a sort of justice in it. I like justice when one can get it—it is not often."

CHAPTER X.—A CONFERENCE.

It was not very long before Joan followed her brother into the apartment, known by courtesy as the drawing-room, in which his wife was generally to be found at this hour. It was not a badly-proportioned room in itself, and might easily have been made home-like by the exercise of a little taste and the outlay of a little money; but as it was, it shared the general character of the home, both without and within, and was untidy, not too clean, and very distinctly uncomfortable. Mrs. Roger Edington was at work, cutting out some warm blue serge frocks for her daughters, and the carpet was strewn with odds and ends of material and lining. The husband's entrance had interrupted her task, and she stood now with the newspaper in her hand, looking from it to her husband with a good deal of concentration of purpose visible in her aspect. Caroline Edington was rather a handsome woman, yet her face was decidedly unpleasing, hard and

cold and unsympathetic. Evidence of a strong will was visible in every line and in every gesture. It was as a saying in the neighbourhood that, however unyielding Roger Edington might show himself abroad, it was the wife who ruled at home.

No notice was taken of Joan on her entrance. She was regarded by brother and sister-in-law as a mere household drudge, very useful in looking after the children, and in giving them such education as was deemed necessary; useful too in waiting upon her father, and saving the time and steps of the hard-worked servant girls; but she was so silent, so apparently indifferent, so submissive and quiet, that they never regarded her presence as any barrier to conversation. It was doubtful, they thought, if she so much as noticed what went on. She took up the scissors her sister-in-law had dropped, and resumed the work of cutting out in quietly mechanical fashion.

"It is just this, Caroline," Roger was saying, "that if, as we have sometimes said, it was a mistake on our part to sever the connection so completely, now is the time to make a change. My father waived his rights in favour of the boy's aunt who had adopted him; but at her death he would, almost as a matter of course, resume his suspended guardianship. I don't know much about the Stratford family, but the chances are they will be glad enough to be quit of the boy; and as Alicia had a very pretty little fortune of her own and no children of her own to leave it to, you may be sure Roy will eventually come into every penny of it. He may be worth cultivating, and—probably there will be a handsome provision for his minority."

"Possibly; but one would like to make sure of it," answered Caroline thoughtfully. "I must consider what would be best. I must say I think it is time we made acquaintance with the boy. In Alicia's lifetime it was impracticable, she was so set against us all, particularly against me; but the connection might be of value later on. If Mildred is ever to get out in the world, we shall have to think, in a few years' time, of introducing her into society and getting her married. If that is ever to be done satisfactorily we must do what we can to get into a somewhat different set. These Stratfords, you say, are county people? Are they well off?"

"I do not know. Birth and wealth do not always go together. I could easily find out, though."

"Roy will have money in any case, and Mildred is going to turn out a handsome girl——"

An impatient, sneering look crossed Roger's face.

"I want to get something more tangible and certain out of this boy's money than a possible love match. His father ruined us, and yet he is to be rich and prosperous. I think of justice—women of nothing but sentiment. I thought you had more sense, Caroline."

Caroline's face was sufficiently scornful.

"I think of full as many things as you do, Roger. You may be quite sure I shall turn to account everything in turn. If this lad comes here, either on a visit or as a permanent resident during his minority, he shall be made very clearly to understand that it is due to his father's fraud that we live a life so different from anything he has known. We all know how Alicia is likely to have brought up the boy; what strained notions of honour he is likely to have if he has at all profited by her instruction and example. She gave up a good slice of her fortune once because she fancied her husband had been slightly involved in responsibility. History sometimes repeats itself. Possibly, if Roy is dexterously handled, he too may make some sacrifice when he comes into his fortune. Or, failing his power to touch capital, he may be ready, if it is cunningly suggested, to do something handsome for one of the boys, or to make himself of use to us in other ways. It is always something to have any sort of claim upon a rich man. If Roy is going to be rich we had better lose no time in making his acquaintance."

Roger looked with some admiration at his wife. Yet he was hardly satisfied yet. He was at once rapacious and vindictive. He longed to reap some immediate gain from the power he possessed, and he hated the boy for his father's sake. His wife saw this very plainly, and smiled with a sort of cool scorn.

"If you do not take care, you will spoil everything, Roger. Nothing will answer if you cannot control yourself and are always showing your hand. You can be clever and crafty enough under ordinary circumstances; why be weak here? I know the thought of that bitter disappointment affects you more than anything else, but we shall never retrieve that. The only thing is now to make the best of what remains."

Roger threw himself half sullenly into a chair.

"What do you wish me to do?"

"I am turning that point over in my mind. I think the best thing will be wait a few weeks, until Alicia's death is a little less recent, and then go over and reconnoitre; make Roy's acquaintance, and see what kind of people the Stratfords are. We must act with a little caution in the first instance."

"The Stratfords may not care to receive me. I do not belong to their world, and for aught I know Alicia may have prejudiced them against me."

"That is true. I think the best thing to do would be to stay a little while at the nearest town, try to meet Roy as it were accidentally, and appear to be taken by surprise at the encounter with an unknown kinsman. You could tell him you knew his mother (I believe he thinks himself her son, and you had better not undeceive him at first), and you will soon see by his manner if he distrusts you or not. If he does, you must conciliate him as far as you can, and be very careful not to breathe a word about the guardianship or anything that might alarm or annoy him; if he does not, you will most likely be admitted to the house and can see what things are like there. But do not seem to have gone on purpose, let all appear in the first instance quite accidental. After your visit, when we can better judge of results, we can decide what will be best for us to do."

"I must make out how the boy has been left?"

"By all means, if you can, but not by any forced demand to see the will. Above all things we must not appear mercenary. You are not the boy's guardian, you know, and as the meeting is professedly accidental, you cannot go charged with your father's authority. Get it quietly out of Roy after you have made friends with him, and mind you do make friends. Do not spoil everything by betraying your irrational antipathy. If we are to get him here, it must be by his own free will."

"That is hardly likely to be possible."

"Why not? He will not know by instinct that this house is what it is. Don't talk much about it, make friends quietly and go quietly away. If, as is very likely, he is not much wanted at his former home after his mother's death, an invitation here later on, and the feeling that he has relations of his own, will be very welcome."

"But, on the other hand, he may be very thick with these Stratfords. He has been brought up amongst them and they may be fond of one another. Of course, if he were an encumbrance, a poor relation, it would be different, but as he has money it is quite likely that they will be more than willing to keep him and make much of him."

"Yes, that is true perhaps, and the way he is treated at home will be a very good index as to his position in the world. If you find him on these affectionate terms with his relatives, you must do what you can to weaken that bond a little. You will see best on the spot what line to take, but I am not afraid of your not finding a way of making mischief when once you have a fair field before you. Try to sow suspicion in his mind; do what you can to weaken the Stratford influence, so that when the time comes to push our claim further, it will not be very unwelcome."

At this point Joan gathered up her work and slowly quitted the room. She went quietly up the stairs, and entered a small low-ceiled room lined with books, tenanted by a silver-haired old man of feeble appearance, who was intent upon a large volume open on the table before him. Ever since the crash that had robbed him of expected wealth, Andrew Edington had ceased to take any active interest in life, and had become a nonentity in his own house. Books were his one resource, the society of his only daughter his one solace. His son and daughter-in-law ruled him with a rod of iron, and he never attempted to dispute their sway. In his time he had been a hard man, consumed by an overmastering desire for wealth. Perhaps it was a sort of retributive justice that now in his old age, when the shock of a terrible disappointment had unhinged his health and broken the force of the ruling passion, that hardness and coldness should be his portion from the hands of his son, and that his own life should be made more dreary and desolate from that very spirit of hoarding and money-loving that had once been his own consuming passion.

Joan came to him now with the story she had just heard. She told him all and asked eagerly: "Shall you ever claim your right over Roy, father? You know Roger can do nothing without you. Shall you let them bring him here to despoil him? Would it not be very cruel?"

"Alicia dead—poor Alicia, I was fond of her once," said the old man absently. "And so she is gone, and Hubert's boy is left, is he? I loved Hubert once, till he deceived me and ruined us all—poor Hubert, he died too. He never got over it. Ah, yes; I remember the boy now—I gave him up to poor Alicia, and now she is dead. I suppose I ought to look after him now. Roger must see to it."

"But if he is happy where he is, why should you trouble about it? Caroline and Roger will not want to make him happy. They only want to get something by it."

"Well, well, my dear, Roger knows best. Roger and Caroline will decide. Hubert did us all a great deal of harm, and if his boy can do us some good, so much the better: I do not quite see how it can be, but Roger understands. We had better leave everything in his hands."

Joan said no more. She did not know what had prompted this half appeal, for she was conscious of a great wish to see Roy again—for some break in the dreary monotony of her life. She had felt nevertheless impelled to make this half intercession, yet she was almost glad it had proved ineffectual.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF PLEASING GOD WITHOUT FAITH.

BY THE REV. JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. xi. 6.

THERE are some who think this is a hard saying. Why should God insist so much on faith (they say) when there are so many other virtues of greater consequence? If a man is honest and sober, temperate, chaste, and generally virtuous, and withal amiable and kind—is not that enough? They feel as if a slight were put on all the standard virtues, by singling out faith as if it were the one thing needful. Notice, however, that it is not said that honesty does not please God, that sobriety does not please Him, that general virtue does not please Him. These things do please Him most decidedly, and He is most deeply displeased with the want of them. But while God is pleased with honesty in a man, He is not pleased with the man simply because he is honest. If a man be sober, God is pleased with that, not necessarily with the man. You may have a watch which is genuine gold, and as such it pleases you. It may be handsome in its general appearance, and there again it pleases you. It may be delicate in its construction; it may be richly jewelled; and in many other ways it may give you satisfaction. But all these good things may be true of it, and yet it may fail to keep good time; and, if so, it is quite reasonable that, while you admire the many excellences that may be discovered in the watch, you are displeased with it upon the whole. Distinguish then, if you please, between things in a man's character and life being pleasing to God, and the man himself being pleasing to God. You will observe from the connection that it is the man himself that is spoken of here, for it is after what is said concerning a man (Enoch), that "*he* pleased God," that the general statement is made, "without faith it is impossible to please Him."

This is the consistent testimony of Scripture throughout. Sometimes indeed one hears passages quoted to show that faith is not so essential as is generally supposed; but it will always be found that in these passages faith is included, though the word "faith" may not be mentioned. Take for example the oft-quoted passage from Micah: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Now we admit that a man might "do justly" without faith; he might "love mercy" without faith; but can he "walk humbly with his God" without faith? Certainly not. Even according to the standard here given by the prophet Micah, which is considered as simple as any standard of living to be found in the whole Bible, it remains true that "without faith it is impossible to please God."

As has already been said, there are not a few who regard this as unreasonable. They think that there are so many virtues of so much greater importance than faith, that if these others are present, faith might surely be dispensed with. One of the forms in which this is often put, is: "What does it matter what a man believes, if only his life is right? Morality is what is wanted. Good works are the thing. Let us have these by all means; but as for faith, it is of little consequence." As there are many people who talk in this way, it may not be an unnecessary or unprofitable task to show how reasonable it is that it should be impossible to please God without faith.

This will appear when we think of God as our Maker. When a man undertakes to make a complicated machine, he is not satisfied with partial successes, with making certain parts of it work, if there are other parts which will not work at all, or work very badly. If some of the finest stops in an organ are either silent or completely out of tune, the organ-builder will not be satisfied, though all the rest work perfectly well. In the same way we cannot expect that God would be pleased with His creature man, if in some parts of his complex nature he utterly fails to fulfil the purpose for which he was created, even though in other respects he do pretty well. If God had given man animal nature only, He would have been satisfied with a mere animal life, just as He is satisfied with mere animal life in an oyster. But as He has given him intellect, He expects him to use his intellect; and as He has given him affections, He expects to see those affections in exercise. Still further, He has given him a conscience, and he expects to see it exalted to the place of supremacy which has been assigned it. Above all, He has given him a spiritual nature by which to apprehend the unseen and eternal—a faith faculty by which to reach out towards Himself, and He expects of course to see it in exercise too. Call these five powers we have enumerated, five talents. It will not do to throw aside one of them, and that the best, and say He will be content with the other four. The law against suicide forbids it. Life is sacred in all its departments. It is sacred in the region of the senses. A man has no right to cut off his ears or put out his eyes. It is sacred in the region of the intellect, which it is a sin as well as a shame to allow to run to waste for want of exercise. Its sacredness increases as you ascend until you come to that which is highest in a man, the region of the eternal, the Divine life that is in him; and here it is suicide of the worst description, a crime against God of the deepest dye, to allow the very crown of that glorious nature which God has given to wither and perish. Life physical, life intellectual, life emotional, life moral—all these are great and wonderful, and ought to be preserved and developed and exercised; but greater than all, higher than all, more wonderful than all, is the Life Eternal, which our Saviour thus describes: "This is life

eternal, that they may know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Can you expect then, that He, who has given us this most wonderful endowment of all, these "thoughts that wander through eternity," these hopes that point forward and upward to better things to come, and this faith that takes hold of Himself and cleaves to Him and trusts in Him—can you expect that He who has given us this endowment will be perfectly satisfied to see it utterly neglected and unused, and left to die for want of nourishment and exercise? Surely not. Seeing He has given us the faith faculty, He expects to see the faith that comes of it—and so, of course, "without faith it is impossible to please God our Maker."

The same thing will appear still more clearly when we think of God as our Father. This is one of the truths which the age, sceptical as it is, seems really unwilling to let die. Many are willing to give up a great many things, who still cling to the delightful and beautiful truth of the Fatherhood of God, so fully and beautifully revealed by Jesus Christ. This is good, but then these same people fail to realise how thoroughly faith is implied in this relation: how necessarily it follows from it that without faith it is impossible to please God. What father is there who would be pleased without faith? Suppose you have a little boy who always speaks the truth, never takes what is not his own, never quarrels with other children, never uses a bad word, never does what you can call a wicked action, but withal does not care a straw for you, his father, pays no attention when you speak to him, does not recognise that you have any claim on him any more than the merest stranger, ignores not only your relation to him, but even your very existence—would you be pleased with that son? Put yourself in God's place, and then see whether you would like your son or daughter to treat you as you treat your Father in heaven. Think of it; and see whether it is not a most reasonable thing that it should be impossible for you or any other of God's children to please Him without faith! We need not dwell on this—it is so very obvious; only let it not be forgotten, or considered of slight consequence, because the stating of it occupies so short a space.

And now let us bring forward yet another consideration. Think of God as our Saviour. In this relation God considers not only what He Himself would expect as our Maker and Father, but what is good and necessary for us. Faith is that which unites to God; and only those who are so united to Him can have eternal life. To be separated from God is to die eternally. Our sins have separated between us and God, and that is the reason why death works in us all; the reason of all that is evil in our lot, and dark in our prospects. Now faith undoes what sin has done. It undoes the separation between us and God; it brings us together again on the common ground of the life, death, resurrection, and ascension to heaven of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Son of God," and "Son of man" as well. And in this union, brought about through this great Mediator, we have, besides the pardon of past sins, a guarantee—first, of complete deliverance from sin, through a course of discipline in which suffering and sorrow must still bear some part; then, of complete deliverance from suffering and sorrow too; and finally, of life eternal in the heavenly glory.

All this comes in the way of faith, and in no other way; for though a man may be able to gain the victory over some of his sins without faith, he never can gain the victory over them all. There must still remain, even in the very best of men, enough to separate them from a God of absolute and perfect holiness; enough to make it impossible to meet with God, except upon the common ground which He in His mercy and love has marked out for the purpose; enough to condemn them, if called to a strict account on the basis of personal deserving.

And so it happens that without faith it is impossible to be saved, impossible to get over the dreadful evil of separation from God, and of the terrible consequences that must necessarily follow from it. This is the reason, the great reason, why it is impossible to please God without faith. It is because "He willeth not that any should perish, but that all should turn to Him and live." It is because He loves us so much, and yearns over us, and cannot bear to see us separated from Him for evermore, and left to the dreadful fate which this entails.

But suppose you have not faith, how are you to get it? Are we not told that "faith is not of ourselves, it is the gift of God"? And how are we then responsible for the want of it? But is not everything else that is good the gift of God? Is not love the gift of God? Faith does not occupy any special or peculiar position in this regard. It just comes in under the general truth, that "every good and perfect gift cometh from above, from the Father of lights, with whom is neither variableness nor shadow of turning." And it is a gift which He has bestowed in some measure upon all. Some may have more and others less by nature of the faith faculty, but all have something of it—all have that which may be educated and trained into a fully-developed faith. If it be allowed to lie unused from year to year, it will become paralysed, just as the arm would become paralysed if treated in the same way; and it may be destroyed, just as digestion may be destroyed by bad treatment. But the faculty was there at first—ay, and is there still, though it may seem almost extinct; and you have only to exercise the little you have, to cry mightily to God, to come to Him with the prayer, contradictory as it may seem, "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief," and that which was almost dead in you will begin to revive, and He who "breaks not the bruised reed, and quenches not the smoking flax," will cherish the feeble spark of life until your faith shall seem to roll away mountains. It is true of faith, as of all other good things of the kingdom of God: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

If we were to analyse the process of seeking for the faith which is necessary to please God, we

should mention three things: (1) Exercise what little faith you have, remembering the weighty words in our Saviour's parable: "To him that hath" (*i.e.* "*hath*," not in the way of mere possession, but in the way of active employment, in the shape of capital in use, not hidden away in a napkin, "shall more be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he seemeth to have." (2) Ask for more. It is God's gift, but He is most willing to bestow it. Then ask, and keep asking for more. And (3) finally, put yourself in the way of getting more. Remember that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." You cannot expect faith in the unseen to grow, or even to remain at the point at which it is now, if the mind is not brought into contact with the things that are unseen. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and if a man keeps all the time thinking about material things, he will of course become materialized. If a man neglect the reading of his Bible, or if he read it only in such a thoughtless way that his mind does not really come into contact with its truth, he must suffer in his faith. Be very careful of your reading then, if you would have your faith faculty, the highest faculty that is in you, developed; be diligent first in the reading and study of the Bible, and let your mind dwell on the great things which are there unfolded; and in relation to the rest of your reading, see that a due proportion of it be such as to lift your thoughts to the things above, and familiarize your minds with that great eternity of which unquestionably you are citizens. Do this, and you will be sure to attain to larger and larger measures of that faith without which it is impossible to please God.

And now, may we not abandon the negative form of the truth, and take the positive? We have been considering the impossibility of pleasing God without faith, let us now dwell a little on the delightful thought of the possibility of pleasing Him with it. There are those who think it impossible to please God any how; but manifestly they are wrong. We are told that Enoch "pleased God," and we believe that there are not a few Enochs still. Not that God is pleased with faith alone. The fact indeed is, that true faith is never alone. If it be alone, if it do not lead to good works, it is a mere counterfeit; and, instead of pleasing God, it is an abomination to Him. No amount of faith will dispense in the slightest degree with the need of honesty, truth, purity, magnanimity, and benevolence. No amount of faith will diminish the necessity and duty of doing the very best you can in every other respect, living the purest, noblest, highest life of which you are capable. But faith secures that if you now do the best you can, however imperfect that may be, God will be pleased with you. He knows your frame. He remembers that you are dust. He does not expect more than you are able to do. And as for your imperfections and sins, they are forgiven for the sake of Jesus Christ to whom by faith you are united.

So long as a man rejects Christ and insists on standing on his own merits, he must of course be judged by the law, and nothing short of perfection will do. But when he accepts the Lord Jesus Christ as his representative, his sins and imperfections are all forgiven, and his attempts at service, though feeble, or even blundering and mistaken, are graciously and lovingly accepted. "For if there be first the willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not;" and in his heart he will have this blessed testimony, that "he pleases God."

One interesting question remains, as to the extent of the faith "without which it is impossible to please God." Some people think that without faith in the Athanasian creed it is impossible to please Him. Some would insist on creeds larger and more formidable, and some would reduce the creed to nothing at all, or to so very little that it amounts to nothing. How are we then to settle the question? On the simple Scripture plan announced by our Lord Himself: "To whom much is given, of them much shall be required." There are circumstances, no doubt, in which God may be pleased with faith in its most rudimentary form, as seems indicated in the text itself: "Without faith it is impossible to please God, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." That is a very simple confession of faith, so simple that it manifestly does not exclude the possibility of even a heathen pleasing God. Who will say that the heathen never get the length of believing that "God is, and that He is the rewarder of them that seek Him"? And who will say that God may not by His good Spirit lead them on still further to such a faith as will secure them an interest in the atonement and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ? But while we can conceive of God being pleased with just so much in a heathen land, we have no reason to believe that He will be satisfied with just so much in a Christian land. He may be pleased with it *in the beginning* of a man's way; but if a man's faith lead him so far, it will very speedily lead him further. Believing in God, he will believe also in Christ; and believing in Christ, he will believe in what Christ has revealed. Thus his creed will grow as he himself advances. It may not square in every particular with the creeds of other men, who may be true enough disciples, and he, too, a true enough disciple for all that. But though he may have different ways of looking at the "truth in Jesus" from many other Christians, he will nevertheless agree with them in the great essentials and fundamentals of the teaching of Christ. And so long as he faithfully and candidly uses his faculties in ascertaining what Christ teaches concerning God and the world to come, his Lord will be well pleased with him. Here, too, if the heart be right, the blundering of the head will be forgiven. So long as he has a genuine faith, or confidence in God and in His Son Jesus Christ, his errors, mistakes, and imperfections will all be forgiven, and he himself gladly welcomed to the heart and the home of his Father, and the holy happiness of heaven.

My Grandchildren at Church.

BRIGHT Dorothy with eyes of blue,
And serious Dickie, brave as fair,
Crossing to church you oft may view
When no one but myself is there:
First to the belfry they repair,
And while to the long ropes they cling,
And make believe to call to prayer,
For angels' ears the bells they ring!

Next, seated gravely in a pew,
A pulpit homily they share,
Meet for my little flock of two,
Pointed and plain, as they can bear:
Then venture up the pulpit-stair,
Pray at the desk, or gaily sing:
O sweet child-life without a care—
For angels' ears the bells they ring!

Dear little ones, the early dew
Of holy infancy they wear,
And lift to heaven a face as true
As flowers that breathe the morning air:
Whate'er they do, where'er they fare,
They can command an angel's wing,
Their voices have a music rare;
For angels' ears the bells they ring!

O parents, of your charge beware:
Their angels stand before the King:
In work, play, sleep, and everywhere
For angels' ears the bells they ring!

RICHARD WILTON.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

THE GLASGOW FOUNDRY BOYS.

LET us now touch a slightly higher station of poverty. What is being done for the class that lies on the borderland of want? Again, let us see what effort is made to reach them through the children, for it is through the children they can be best approached.

Glasgow is said to possess the most perfect of the Sunday Schools. The description is somewhat wide of the mark. The "Foundry Boys" is much more than a Sunday-school, and its methods only in a degree are school methods. On the one hand it aims at leading the young to live a Christian life, and grow up into the church-fold; and on the other it stretches deep into secular and social matters, and, in a quiet way, is the instrument of much benevolent work. There is nothing exactly like it in any other city. It has a good broad programme, and, owing to the interpretation put upon that programme, its work is too varied and extensive to be disregarded in any consideration of the problem of the poor.

It is not a growth of yesterday—it has reached manhood. The coming of age of the Glasgow Foundry Boys was celebrated at the last annual meeting. The Society has now eighty-eight branches, and on its roll are 24,000 boys and girls. At first it was, in fact as in name, a gathering of real foundry boys, like that started by the late Mr. James Hunter, who for months held Sabbath classes, weekday evening classes, penny bank and flute band, in the hall of a foundry granted by foundry masters, where night after night he met the boys employed in the works. But his effort had died down to feebleness, to be revived when he and Mr. W. P. Hunter, and Mr. Martin, and Mr. Mackeith met on the 21st of November, 1865, to draw up the new scheme that was to succeed so strikingly.

The beginnings were modest enough. A few handbills distributed in the works by the permission of the masters attracted some of the lads together. From the outset the numbers grew. The boys brought their friends, their brothers, and their sisters. Then came a sorting out of the juniors from the seniors, of the boys from the girls; the institution of the peculiar monitorial system; and the gradual building up of the splendid organisation for which Glasgow takes much credit. At first a limit was put to age, or rather size. On the enrolment night each boy was measured to see if he were big enough, and some were sent away disappointed. Their names were taken, and so were particulars as to their family connections. One boy the secretary asked if there were no more at home. "Yes," was the reply, "there's a wee ane no worth countin'." But the wee anes are thought worth counting now, and the Society opens its doors to all.

In the early days the Foundry Boys met in strange places. One class was held in the storeroom of an old mill—"earthen floor, the place cumbered with yarn skips and cop boxes, which, with planks upon them, served for seats, involving at times, to restless members, sudden collapse, the disappearance of half-a-dozen heads, and the upheaval of a dozen heels." Another in an empty house, the thirteen boys standing against the bare wall; the next meeting having to be held in the lane, owing to the house being taken "over their heads." Another in an empty theatre, with a mine below the seats, of which every advantage was taken by the practical joker. Now the unsuitable meeting-places are but few; schoolrooms and halls have been found, among them the City Hall and the Christian Institute, one of the finest of the new buildings of Glasgow.

The object of the Society is the religious, educational, and social elevation of the boys and girls of the city and suburbs; but it is, above all things, a religious society, the Sabbath forenoon meetings being the centre towards which all the week work converges; and this paramount position of the religious element is promoted and secured by union with the churches and missions in the different districts, each branch being specially connected with the congregation from which its workers are drawn, and to which a full report of the work of the branch is rendered. Out of the eighty-eight existing branches there are only thirteen that are not thus attached, and these hold their meetings in such places as the City Hall, the Blackfriars Hall, the Orphan Home Hall, the Victoria Hall, the Lorne Hall, and the Wellington Palace. The churches with which the Society works are of all denominations, provided they do not teach anything contrary to the Nine Articles of the Evangelical Alliance.

For administrative purposes each branch has its chairman; and the branches are grouped into seventeen sections, each with its superintendent. The management of each branch is vested in an Acting Committee composed of two members of the general council, and office-bearers elected from the membership. The general administration of the society is in the hands of eighteen directors. They have the control of the public meetings, of the finance, of the hall accommodation and furniture, and of the negotiations with other societies.

The General Council exists in order to give each branch a voice in the management of the current work of the four departments; the four departments being the religious, the educational, the social reform, and the provident. Under the council, which is composed of the directors, the office-bearers of each department, and the two members from each branch, comes the control of the publications of the society, of the district meetings of the boys and girls or their parents, of the alterations and additions to the society's work, and the reporting on them to the directors, with whom, as representing the society to the public, and being the only board elected by the

whole of the members, rests the final decision on all such matters.

The General Council is divided into four departmental committees, each being charged with the management of its own department; and each committee has as office-bearers a general superintendent, sectional superintendents, a secretary and treasurer. The duties of these committees are to institute and promote in each branch the special work of the department, and provide all requisite materials, to tabulate and report the statistics of such work, and to devise or consider improvements on the current work. In addition to the departmental committees there is an extensive committee composed of an office-bearer from each department, who receive and consider all proposals for new branches, or the transfer of old ones.

The opening of a new branch is a very systematic proceeding. The district is regularly surveyed, each street noted, and the number of families ascertained; then the district is divided into portions containing about forty families, and each of these is assigned to a "monitor." These monitors are what in the south we should call teachers, their duties being not only to keep the children orderly in school, but to make friends of them, and take an interest in them on the week-day as well as on the Sunday, visiting the children's homes, ascertaining where help is required, and thus becoming the most important agents in the work of social reform. To each monitor is confided the charge of eight or ten children, all of whose names and addresses must be known, so that absentees can be looked up within a few days of their truancy.

On the morning of the first attack on the stronghold the monitors hold a short prayer-meeting in the hall wherein the society meeting is to be subsequently conducted; and then each is armed with forty handbills, stating plainly the time and place of the forthcoming meeting, and inviting all who do not attend a religious service to be present. They go out to their groups of forty families, and do the best they can to persuade the parents to allow their children to accept the invitation, and come when they are called for next week. Of all that promise, or half promise, they take the name and address—and a Scotch address under such circumstances is a lengthy one, for in the tall whited sepulchres the people live thick as bees, stairway by stairway, flat upon flat, and the address, to be of use, must not only give the number of the street but the landing, the stair, the door, and the right hand, or left hand, or little behind hand to which you must turn to find it. Next Sunday, just before the meeting which always takes place at church time, so as to form the habit of obeying the call of the bell, the monitors go out with the lists, and with such recruits as they can secure, return to the hall where the meeting is held. The names are then registered by the secretary, and the first meeting is opened.

As this forenoon meeting is the main feature of the Foundry Boys' organisation let us also obey the bell-call, and, taking one of the largest branches, find our way to the Springbank Hall in Hopehill Road, leading up into Garscube. The chairman of this branch is Mr. William Martin, the treasurer of the society, who has been a director from the first, having been one of its four founders two-and-twenty years ago.

The service is the same at all the branches; every chairman has a programme from head-quarters, and it is his duty to see it carried out in its entirety.

The most noteworthy thing about the Foundry Boys' Society is the thoroughness of its organisation; everything is provided for, and printed instructions deal with every detail. The service begins at eleven, but "fifteen minutes, at least, before the hour of meeting, the doors of the hall should be open, and the boys and girls as they come in receive a warm welcome, and spend the time in singing hymns together." It is a quarter to eleven when we enter, and the large room is then about half full. The children are just ending a hymn from their own collection, for the society publishes its own "Scripture Text Book and Hymnal." Amid a little stir, as the new-comers stop to have the attendance register in the cover of their text book duly stamped, and then find their way to their seats, the voices are heard.

Little words of kindness, whisper'd soft and low!
With a thrill of gladness to the heart they go;
Lighting up its darkness with a cheering ray—
Changing gloomy sadness to the light of day.

Little words of kindness, whisperings of love!
God's own hand records them in the world above.
They whose words of pity dry the mourner's tears,
Have the Saviour's blessing, through their earthly years.

Little words of kindness seem of little worth—
Yet we cannot buy them with the gold of earth.
Scatter them like sunbeams showing forth His love;
And the Lord of heaven bless you from above!

The room is arranged on the same system as at the Children's Dinner, which was an off-shoot from the Foundry Boys. The boys and girls are separate, and the seniors, consisting of working boys and working girls, are separate from the juniors. At the dinner, however, the monitors were one behind the other; here they are at alternate ends of the forms, so that in no case are there more than eight scholars without a break. At the back of the platform is a diagram, or rather coloured picture, of the scene of the chief incident in the portion of Scripture appointed to be read for the day—in this case the garden over the brook Cedron, in which the betrayal took place. These landscape diagrams are found of great use in fixing the attention of the listeners during the Scripture lesson. There is nothing so difficult to make intelligible as descriptions of scenery. Of persons, all seem to be able to have a mental image, but to figure trees, and rocks, and hills, and valleys, is not so easy a matter. The landscape, however rough or glaring it may be, is always looked for and always appreciated.

At eleven o'clock the hall is full, the monitors are in their places with their eight charges to the right or left of them, and the doors are shut. The chairman, after a few words, calling the audience to attention, repeats the Lord's Prayer,

and in it all join. And then the following programme is gone through.

11 o'clock. The Lord's Prayer.
11.3. Intimation of Week Evening Meetings, &c.
11.7. Missionary Intelligence and Collection.
11.12. Praise.
11.17. Scripture Reading and Explanation.
11.37. Prayer.
11.40. Praise.
11.45. Repetition of Memory Text.
11.50. Address by appointed Speaker.
12.10. Praise.
12.15. Prayer.
12.20. Parting Hymn.
12.22. Dismissal, seat by seat, beginning nearest door.
12.24. Prayer Meeting for Office Bearers and Monitors.
12.30. Meeting closed.

For the collection each monitor is brought a little white wood money-box, duly marked with the number and division, the same box being always used by the same group of eight. The boxes are opened once a month, and the proceeds given to missions and local institutions. The idea is to foster the habit of charity. Individually the collections are trifling, but with such numbers they mount to a goodly sum. Last year these pence amounted to 1141*l* 18*s*. 11*d*., whereof 256*l* 9*s*. 7*d*. was given to Home and Foreign Missions, 357*l* 4*s*. 8*d*. went to the Convalescent Homes and Royal and Western Infirmaries, and the rest to the Society, whose general expenses for the year only exceeded the missionary offerings by 33*l* 15*s*. 11*d*. Every year the November offerings are taken for these expenses; those of the other months are given beyond the society. But the gifts to the local charities are merely extensions of the society's work; the value comes back in "lines of admission," or as we should call them letters of recommendation to the Homes and Infirmaries.

The praise consists of hymns from the text-book—in which the music is given in the sol-fa notation—and a psalm from the usual version; the voices being accompanied by a harmonium, and directed by the "leader of praise." The first prayer is by the chairman, the second by the giver of the address. The portion of Scripture is read by the chairman, and explained and enlarged upon by him with constant reference to the diagram. For every Sabbath in the year the selection is given in the text-book, which also contains the short texts that are to be committed to memory.

The special feature in the service is the address—the arrangements for which are elaborate. Three times a year a list is published; the latest contains the names of 219 gentlemen, who have volunteered to give addresses during the four months, such addresses to be on the text appointed for the day, and not to exceed twenty minutes in delivery. There is a list of the branches, and a calendar, and the "duties" of the speakers are so arranged that every branch is supplied.

The calendar gives the number of the speaker on the particular day; the numbered list of speakers gives against the name the number of the branch at which he is to speak. On the Monday previous to the Sabbath on which he is to address a meeting, the speaker receives a post-card from the secretary, reminding him of the engagement, and should he not be able to be present, he has to find a substitute. By this arrangement new life is given to the branches; the members see new faces, and are stimulated to thought by different methods, for on no two successive Sundays do they have the same preacher.

At most branches the one hall serves for all the members, and the seats or pews are arranged in the order of Senior Boys, Junior Boys, Junior Girls, Senior Girls, in four columns, or in two columns with Junior Girls and Junior Boys in front, and Senior Girls and Senior Boys behind; but at Hopehill Road the attendance has overflowed the hall, and the juniors are upstairs; in fact there are rooms full of boys and girls, some of them hardly able to toddle.

The remarkable thing about these youngsters is the number of them that know how to read. Thanks to the day and night schools of the School Board, the advance in education amongst the Glasgow poor has been very great. In the second year of the Foundry Boys, there were 312 lads, and of these 72 were unable to read at all, 88 could only read words of one syllable, and 78 could only read words of two syllables. Things have altered during the twenty years. The Society Educational Department makes a much better return now. In this Educational Department figure School Board Evening Classes, Branch Evening Classes, Mutual Improvement Associations, Literary Societies, Industrial Clubs, Sewing Classes, Cookery Classes, Lantern Exhibitions, Lectures, and a Lending Library, the classes being held from eight to half-past nine o'clock, on two or three nights each week, from October till the end of March. In the Religious Department, besides the forenoon service, there are Sabbath Evening Meetings, Evangelistic Missions, a Bible Reading Union, and Tuesday Evening Praise and Prayer Meetings.

The objects of the Social Reform Department are chiefly the promotion of the Temperance cause, and the meeting of the social wants of the boys and girls by providing rational means of recreation during leisure hours. The work has many phases. There are Singing Classes, Orchestral Classes, Drill Classes, Swimming Clubs, Football Clubs, Athletic Clubs, a Rambling Club, Entertainments, Concerts, Soirées, Flower Shows, Excursions, and, above all, the Fair-week trip with its encampment on Loch Fyne; the work in all of which may be imagined, as likewise its influence in helping on the central idea of the Society, and finding for the young suitable friends, whose example will aid the teaching, and help in resisting the downward pull of family tendencies.

What those tendencies are, the Provident Department knows best. It concerns itself with the relief of the Sick and Destitute, and with the other side of the account in the shape of a Penny Bank, as well as with a Dorcas Society dealing largely in boots. Owing to the monitors making friends of the children, and visiting them at their

homes, many a deserving case for charity is discovered, to be reported in the proper quarter. By the yearly donations of the portion of the offerings, the infirmaries and children's hospital are open to the sick, and medical attendance is given at the peoples' homes, by the Glasgow Medical Mission. To the members attending the branches there are open the seaside homes at Kilmun and Dunoon, besides the Lenzie and Saltcoats Mission Homes. The monitors are instructed to take needy children to the Day Refuges, and ill-used children to the Shelter at Garnet Hill, and to deal with cases of sudden destitution by means of Benevolent Tickets. The society, through its head-quarters at the Christian Institute in Bothwell Street, is in connection with all the leading charitable enterprises of Glasgow, and every branch is the centre of a network of well-doing, the distinguishing feature of which is persistent effort.

The good they are specially doing no one can tell. It is impossible to apportion the relative values of simultaneous moral influence. One thing is certain, the institutions in Glasgow for the prevention and repression of juvenile delinquency are all in a languishing condition. "The directors of these legal and restraining institutions," reports the City Chamberlain, "rejoice that their labours are yearly lessening, notwithstanding they feel themselves placed for the time, and from a purely financial point of view, in an unfavourable position, having to maintain establishments which had to be designed to meet the approval of the Secretary of State, and now happily becoming emptied because of the active voluntary benevolence growing more and more potent year by year. In truth, it would appear that the good old philosophy has come back to us, and is not only preached but largely practised, that inculates in the well-to-do personal interest in the poor, and those out of the way, and very specially an interest in the young, whose surroundings are more likely to give to them a wrong than a right start in life."

W. J. GORDON.

A TRUE MOTHER OF CHARITY.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MADAME ANDRÉ-WALTHER.

NOT far from the magnificent palace and gardens of Versailles, is a charming place known as *Les Ombrages*, the property and residence of the late Madame André-Walther. During the Franco-German war, and during the more terrible time when the Communists had possession of Paris, the town and the neighbourhood of Versailles always presented a scene of busy and anxious excitement. The din of arms, the tramp of troops, the mingled turmoil of military and political life, seemed strangely contrasted with the natural beauty and cheerful gaiety of the French "Court-suburb" in times of peace. The whole country-side was affected by the events of war, and at some seasons was overcast with the gloom of anxiety and trouble. But in the darkest of those times of gloom, and in the most tumultuous of those days of excitement, there was one spot on which the light of heaven appeared always to rest, and where amidst all the strife of war and of tongues the peace of heaven appeared always to prevail. This was Madame André-Walther's home, the *Ombrages*. It was like a rural "city of refuge," or one of those "sanctuaries" during the Middle Ages, which were respected by the most turbulent spirits, even in times of revolution and war.

It was the character of the proprietor that secured for it this respect and this immunity. There is a story told of Baron James Rothschild, that when his country house was threatened with occupation by soldiers, he sent a quiet message that, if this were done, he would cause the pay of the army to cease, by a telegram to Berlin. More than wealth could do, and more than armed force, was effected by the moral influence of this good lady, who had long been known as the very model and personification of benevolence and charity. The generals and the staff of the army, the municipality of Versailles, the prefects of the police, the railway station-masters, all were in the habit of sending the poor and the helpless to this refuge. Every spare room in the chateau, the greenhouses in the garden, the stables, the tool-sheds, every place that afforded shelter, was crowded with bands of fugitives and the homeless poor, till one day a miserable outcast was heard to say "There is no more room."

A more remarkable fact during the Versailles times has to be mentioned. There are many who have hearts as kind as that of Madame André, but have not the means that were at her command for deeds of beneficence. The singular feature in her position at that time was that, when every part of the place was crowded with the poor recipients of her bounty, each night she received, in her salon, statesmen, ambassadors, cabinet ministers, senators, deputies, generals, and notables of all degrees, civil and military. Debates and disputes, anxieties and sorrows, were forgotten during these few brief hours of quiet and rational enjoyment. Very different was that scene from the idea usually suggested by the salons of Parisian dames of high degree, where rank and fashion, art and literature, wit and talent, are brought together mainly for display and ostentation.

There was a lofty tone and devout feeling pervading the assemblies at the *Ombrages*. One who valued the privilege of being received there has said that no one who was present will ever forget the impression on the evening when Paris

was in flames and the palace of the Tuileries was fired by the Communists. Madame André's son was at the front with the army, yet the mother appeared to her guests as calm and dignified as ever, and thrilled them by intoning with her clear musical voice a prayer and hymn to the Almighty to save the poor people whose crimes had justly exposed them to Divine judgments.

But it is time to tell our readers who this good and noble woman was, for it is possible that her name is little known in England, the scenes at the *Ombrages* attracting little notice beyond the neighbourhood, when all the world was startled by the events passing at Versailles and Paris.

Madame André was born June 14, 1807. She was the daughter of Count Walther, General of Division, and Commandant of the first Napoleon's Imperial Guard. She was god-daughter of the Emperor and of the Empress Josephine, after whom she was partly named. Her full designation in the baptismal register was Henriette-Joséphine-Napoléone-Frédérique-Walther. At the age of eighteen she was married to M. J. André, receiver-general of revenue at Tours, a man of good reputation and of great wealth. Rich, beautiful, and highly cultured, she was universally admired and flattered; and she lived in a society which offered to her every pleasure and splendour and success which a woman of the world could desire. Yet all this worldly pleasure did not satisfy her heart. Her own sound sense and good disposition made her feel sad amidst the amusements of "Vanity Fair." There was an aching void which the world could not fill, not even in social and domestic life, far less in the frivolous and transient gaieties of fashionable society.

It was when in this frame of mind that a venerable pastor, L. Meyer, paid her a visit. By whom he was asked to call, or whether it was in ordinary routine of a faithful minister's duty, this first interview with the good pastor proved a providential event for her. It was the beginning of a new life. We should like to know more about the spiritual movements and experiences of the young convert. But what every one soon saw was that she took little delight in the mere gaieties of life, but sought and found peace and joy in prayer and in reading the word of God. She gave her heart entirely to God, and resolved to consecrate her life to spreading the knowledge and helping the cause of her beloved Saviour. Never was there a life more wholly or more consistently devoted to the Master's service. Having herself found peace and salvation, her one thought and aim was to show her faith by works of piety and beneficence. She knew she could do this without retiring from her position in society, and without taking on herself any vows and rules of religious life, as some women of similar devotedness had done. She lived in the world, yet was not of the world. And all who came in contact with her, Catholics and Protestants, even sceptics and unbelievers, recognised that influence of beneficence, which in her was the influence of the Spirit of God.

Till her death, in August 1886, she manifested an ever-ripening beauty of character and fruitfulness in good deeds. One of the leading Roman Catholic journals, in an obituary notice, said of her: "This soul was influenced by two powerful passions, faith and goodness. Her faith was superb and triumphant, truly Christian, above all sects and all controversies. Her goodness was bright and sunny, and shone everywhere and on all alike. Stern as regards sin, she was pitiful towards the sinner, and no one better knew how to comfort the mourner, and to cheer the broken-hearted, as well as to relieve the indigent. This goodness was not the result of mere feminine sensibility. Her mind was of lofty, masculine tone. The most tragic events, the calamities of war, the horrors of revolution, did not disturb her calm and resolute courage."

This is a remarkable testimony, but the truth of it was felt by all who knew Madame André. In her courage and her dignity, and in the air of command which appeared in her manner, one could see the daughter of the old soldier who was chief of the Imperial Guard. Yet this air of authority was tempered by gentleness and sweetness, the result of her Christian humility. She was always self-possessed, and before her guests always cheerful. When not far from eighty years of age, she appeared to retain unchanged buoyancy of spirit. On leaving the house to return to Versailles one of the visitors said to his comrade: "She is the youngest of us all!" Ah! it was because she renewed her youth at the source of eternal life. Her conversation was in heaven, and in communion with her God and Saviour. She was ready for the Master's call, and would hear the words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."[1]

In Newness of Life.

THIS firstling snowdrop, given for our delight,
So fragile, yet so brave and full of cheer,
Wears not the self-same robe of stainless white
As the frail bloom that last year faded here.

This crocus, set with clustering spires of gold,
That makes a yearly splendour at our door,
From the old root develops, fold on fold,
New blossoms, never seen on earth before.

The types are old—the flowers, all fresh and new,
In differing glory greet our longing sight,
But as their legions come in order true,
We always know and call their names aright!

So shall it be in that grand waking hour,
When, from the precious dust in weakness sown,
Our loved and lost ones shall be raised in power,
And we shall greet them, recognised and known;

Strong in immortal youth their forms shall move,
Their eyes, all purged of tears, new light shall wear,
But the old smile shall tell the old dear love,
And we shall not mistake them, here or there!

M. R.

[1] A portrait of Madame André, with brief Memoir, is given in the *Almanack des Bons Conseils* for 1888. Bureau 33 Rue Saints-Pères, Paris.

MISSY.

CHAPTER I.

"CHRIS'FER! Chris'fer!"

"Ay, ay, Missy; now bide a bit, dearie, and old Chris will come."

"But I want you now, Chris'fer; I'm so dull and lonely, and I want to be 'moosed."

"Well, well, Missy, wait till I've fettled up a bit, and then I'll come and take you a-walkin'. Just go round and talk to Zimo a bit; he'll feel hurt like, if you don't take no notice of un."

Christopher went on with his sweeping and tidying, and soon merry laughter testified that Missy had found amusement in her conversation with Zimo—a large blue-faced mandril, one of the principal attractions in the wild-beast show known as Butterwick's Menagerie. Neither was the amusement or conversation all on one side, for Zimo gibbered and chattered in response to Missy's remarks, and showed the most gentlemanly appreciation of her attentions.

Butterwick's Menagerie did not take first rank amongst shows of its kind; in the time of old Butterwick, indeed, it had been a flourishing and paying concern. "The beasts" were the old man's pride and delight, and he boasted that never a smarter lot toured the country; but since his death things had become less flourishing. His only child had inherited the show, as well as her father's savings, and still travelled the country under the same name; but the loss of the keen eye of the master soon began to be felt. Miss Butterwick's temper was none of the sweetest, and old servants would not submit to her voluble outbursts of abuse. Under fresh hands the animals were often neglected, and some of the more delicate died, while the rest showed signs of want of care and attention. Of all the hands employed by her father, only old Christopher remained; he had never held an important position in the menagerie, his lameness being a bar to his taking a part in which great activity was required; but Christopher had not his equal for sweeping and tidying, or, as he termed it, "fettling up and making things ship-shape." Miss Butterwick's wrath made but little impression upon the imperturbable old Yorkshireman, and the only answer her tirades ever called forth, was "Ay, ay, miss! Ay, ay!"

"I hate that old Chris, with his Ay, ay!" she cried one day in a passion to Signor Strudelli, the lion-tamer. "He makes me more angry than any one else; why can't he say something else? It is his impudence; I'll send him away. I won't keep him any longer, and then we'll see what he will say."

"He will only say Ay, ay! you may be sure; but I would not send him away. Old Chris is a handy, useful fellow, always ready at a pinch. What would you have done without him when those others fellows struck and went off when we were at Newcastle? Old Chris almost ran the show single-handed then. No, I wouldn't get rid of him."

The Signor spoke in wonderfully good English, which might be accounted for by the fact that his name was Frank Brooks, and that he had never been out of England in his life; but old Butterwick had great belief in a high-sounding name, and considered that Signor Strudelli would be a far better draw than Frank Brooks.

"Well, if you say so, I can't refuse," answered Miss Butterwick to this remark; "so Christopher shall stay for your sake."

The Signor blushed up to the roots of his hair, and, making some hurried excuse to Miss Butterwick, he walked away. Brave as he was with the lions, he was weak in the hands of his employer. He knew it, and often pondered whether it would not be wise to seek safety in flight.

"He's a soft un," the men would remark, as they discussed the evident partiality of their mistress for the Signor; "he wants to run away, and he can't. He's a soft un."

"He's just like the little birds as I've heard the sarpints looks and looks at till they falls down and can't help theirselves," said Christopher. "She's the sarpint, and won't she let him know when she's caught un."

The remark was prophetic. "She," which was the only term which Christopher ever applied to his mistress, wiled poor soft-hearted Frank Brooks until he made Miss Butterwick into Mrs. Brooks; and then it seemed that having secured her husband, she had also secured a butt for her outbursts of temper; and as the men profited by her change of condition, so her husband suffered. Brave as he was with the animals, poor Frank was, as the men termed him, but "a soft un" in the hands of a woman. Gentle in temper he bowed before the storm; but, nevertheless, when the storm had passed, the traces of it were visible. Constitutionally delicate, his health began to suffer, until, as time went on, his nerves became so shattered that he could no longer follow his calling, and a fresh lion-tamer had to be employed in his room. This brought upon him redoubled taunts and jeers from his wife, who called him a lazy vagabond, who had married her so that he might live on her earnings. One pleasure, and one only, was left to the poor man, and that was the love of his little child, who, from earliest babyhood, had stretched out her little arms to him, and whose first articulate utterance he fondly declared had been Dad. No amount of vituperation could affect him so long as he held Nellie closely in his arms, and her loving eyes were fixed on him; even her soft pats on the cheek, and her baby murmurs of "Poor Dad," seemed to have a charmed effect on him, and would ease his paroxysms of coughing and labouring for breath. But the decree had gone forth, and no love on the side of his baby-daughter, no efforts on his part to live for her sake were of any avail; and soon after Nellie had attained her third year, she was left fatherless.

The child led a strange unchild-like life. Her mother fed and clothed her, it is true, but beyond that bestowed very little notice on her. The animals in the show were her companions and playmates, Zimo occupying the first place in her affections after Christopher, whom she looked upon as much as a part of the menagerie as the lions or the monkeys. Christopher was truly her "mentor, guide, and friend;" he instructed her in the habits of the animals, gave her what he considered sound advice on her conduct both for the present and for that delightful future "when she should be grown up." The two would sit for hours on a truss of hay building castles in the air about that happy

time when Missy should have a show of her own, of which Christopher was to be headman and overlooker.

"You shan't have to brush and sweep then, Christ'fer, nor ride in the cold outside the vans; you and me will have a nice warm carriage, and then we can give Zimo a ride for a treat sometimes."

"Ay, ay, Missy; those 'ull be fine times for old Chris, a riding in a nice warm carriage along o' Missy. Ah, 'twill be a fine day then; and old Chris will just walk round with his hands in his pockets and see that the rest brushes up and makes things all ship-shape. And we'll repaint the show and make it smart like 'twas in yer grandfather's time—right-down smart it was in those days; and the brake for the music-men was all red and gold. What would you think to that now, Missy?"

"Oh, wouldn't it be lovely?" cried Missy, clasping her little hands in ecstacy. "Yes, Chris'fer, we'll have it all red and gold again."

"And we'll fill it with music-men, Missy. 'Taint much beside a drum now."

"Oh, yes, we'll fill it, Chris'fer; we'll have lovely music, we will; and then we'll have some more marm'sets. Oh, I should like a whole show full of marm'sets; they're such dears, aren't they, Chris'fer?"

"Yes, Missy, we'll have lots on 'em; and we won't let 'em die nother from cold. We'll have a nice warm box for 'em."

"Oh, yes! and we'll have them in the beautiful warm carriage with us, Chris'fer."

And so the two would talk. Missy was loved by all in the show; the roughest of the men had a kind word for her, or an offering in the shape of peppermints and toffee, which she would share amongst those of her dumb friends who could appreciate such dainties; even the wildest and most savage animals knew her, and seemed to acknowledge the softening power of her presence. Una-like, she exercised a spell over the lions which amazed the men.

"Blest if I don't think she'd go into the cage with the whole lot of them!" said the tamer, as he watched his charges rubbing themselves with evident pleasure against the bars of their cage as Missy talked to them.

"For heaven's sake, don't say that before the missis!" cried Christopher. "If she was only to get the idea, she wouldn't think nothing o' clapping the child in there."

"She would scarcely do that with her own little one."

"Just wouldn't she, though, if she thought it would be a 'traction! What do she care for, 'cept 'tis her supper and her glass o' brandy-and-water, I should like to know? Just you keep a still tongue about that."

"It wouldn't be a bad idea, though," said the tamer musingly. "The show wants a draw precious bad; it's going to the dogs. But a sensation like that would take, if it was properly managed. She's such a mite; she would pass for younger than she is. We could call her The Baby Star, or the Infant Lion-Tamer."

"Shut up, will ye?" cried Christopher angrily. "You h'an't got no more feeling than the missis herself! you'd like to murder the child!"

The idea seemed to have taken the fancy of the lion-tamer; so, in spite of Christopher's adjurations to silence, he mentioned the matter to Mrs. Brooks. As the old man had said, his mistress cared for little, except her supper and her brandy-and-water, of which beverage she partook freely through the day, on the plea that she had no appetite, and felt "such a sinking"; and as her exchequer was often at a very low ebb, she sometimes found a difficulty in providing for her own wants, as well as the expenses of the show.

"Law, now! do you ever think she'd do it? She's such a mite of a thing; she ain't much bigger than a doll," she answered to the suggestion held out that Nellie should take a part in the performance.

"So much the better; the smaller she is, the more the people would come to see her. Just dress her up like a fairy, with a star on her forehead; or darken her skin, stick some feathers in her hair, and put on her a leopard-skin over her shoulder, and she'd draw like mad. I'll undertake to teach her, and to see that no harm comes to her, on conditions."

"Conditions!"

"Yes, Mrs. Brooks, conditions. Now we'll talk business, if you please. Butterwick's show is going to the dogs as fast as it can go; before long you'll have to give it up. But if I take it in hand, and run it along with you—partners, you know; equal shares—I'll undertake to work the thing up so that in a twelvemonth we shall be as flourishing as it was in the old man's time."

"Well, I like your impudence! Partners! equal shares! And what do you intend to put into the business, pray?" asked Mrs. Brooks sarcastically.

"Nothing, ma'am—nothing, except my brains. I'll work the concern up. I think that's enough to undertake, seeing how affairs are now."

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure, sir; but I think I'll keep my show in my own hands."

"Then I'll trouble you, Mrs. Brooks, for the wages you owe me. It is a bit over three months since I or any of the men have had full wages, so, if you please, we will take arrears now, and give you notice to look out for another set at the end of next week."

Mrs. Brooks' face changed. She knew she had not money to pay the arrears of the men's wages, so thought it best to effect a compromise.

"Don't be so sharp, Barnet, with your giving notice," she said; "you don't give me time to take the thing in. Of course, if you want to go, you must go; but I must have time to think over the matter about the child. I can't do things all in a hurry; and I dare say I can get some one else to train her, if you don't."

"You wouldn't get anybody else to do as I would. Who knows the lions and who knows the child as I do? I should advise you to think well over it."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.

The initials and finals give two pieces of defensive armour indispensable to the Christian warrior.

1. That which God ordains "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings."

2. A result of tribulation, patience and experience, which "maketh not ashamed."

3. Something to which sacrifice was offered, but which is "Nothing in the world."

4. The feeling to be entertained towards those who are over us in the Lord, "for their work's sake."

5. The first-named of those graces which are called "the fruit of the Spirit."

6. That of which man is made, and to which "he shall return."

M. A. S. M.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XI.—A PROSPECTIVE GUEST.

JOAN SAT VERY STILL AND SILENT.

"AUNT JOAN, is it true that we have a cousin we have never heard of before? And is it true that perhaps he will come and live here some day?"

The speaker was Mildred Edington, and she was sitting at a bare table in a dreary-looking school-room, idly working at a French exercise which should have been finished an hour ago. Nellie was strumming upon a cracked piano, whilst Joan sat at the other end of the table, hard at work on the blue serge frocks. As Mildred tossed her tawny mane out of her eyes to ask

this question, Joan paused a moment in her sewing and looked up.

"If you do nothing but talk and idle, Mildred, you will never get your lessons done before dinner."

"Oh, bother! How I do hate lessons, particularly French! And that horrid old piano drives me distracted. I can't think what's the good of learning stupid things like this. What's trade in French? *métier?* Oh, thanks, so it is. Masculine? Isn't it perfectly ridiculous giving things genders? I don't know how one is ever to remember them. Who wants to know who has the shoemaker's old shoes, I should like to know? I should like to throw them at his head! There! I really have finished at last, and it isn't worth while beginning anything else before dinner. Nellie, do stop that detestable noise, and let's make Aunt Joan tell us what's in the wind."

Nellie gladly turned herself round upon her revolving stool and looked eagerly at her aunt. In a house like that of the Edingtons, where discipline was ignored, and where all the domestic arrangements were confused, and what might be described as "hugger-mugger," things came to the ears of the children with remarkable rapidity. Mildred was in and out of the rooms pretty much at will, and indeed none of the children were kept to school-room or nursery, as in properly conducted establishments; their parents were so well used to their comings and goings as to take scant notice of them, consequently little went on in the house that did not quickly come to the ears of the little pitchers.

"Now, Aunt Joan, don't be tiresome: do tell us all about it."

"I don't think there is anything to tell."

"Oh, yes, there is. Who is this cousin they call Roy? Why don't we know him? and why do they talk as if he might come and see us now?"

"Because he has lost his mother lately; and grandpapa is his guardian; but I think it is very likely he will not come, so do not set your heart upon it."

"Mamma and papa think he will, I am sure. I hope grandpapa will make him. It would be such fun to have somebody here on a visit. We never have visitors."

"I wish he was a girl," said little Nellie, "I don't like boys."

"He isn't quite a boy, is he?" asked Mildred, "he's almost grown up, isn't he, Aunt Joan?"

"He must be almost eighteen by now."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"I used to know him when he was a little tiny boy; but that was fifteen years ago, when we lived in London."

"Before any of us were born," said Mildred, "and when grandpapa and papa were rich. I wish we were rich now. Can you remember what it was like, Aunt Joan? Did you have silk and velvet frocks, and drive about in a carriage, like people in books?"

"No, not quite, but things were different from what they are here."

"I wish you'd tell us some more. Why are you so cross?"

"I'm not cross, Mildred; but I haven't anything to tell. I can't remember very much about life before we came here, and I've never seen Roy since he was three years old. If he comes you will be able to judge for yourself."

"Don't you want him to come?"

"I don't care much either way. For his sake, I hope he won't."

Mildred pushed back her heavy hair and asked: "What do you mean by 'for his sake'?"

"I mean that I don't think he will like this house after what he has been used to: that he would be happier to stay where he is."

"But it might be more amusing for us, if he came?"

"Yes, very possibly."

"Then why should we care about anything else? What does it matter to us what he thinks, if it is nicer for us?"

Mildred asked the question in the frankest possible way, without a vestige of shame.

Joan smiled slightly, and made no reply.

"It's very dull here, generally," continued Mildred, after a pause, "and it would make a variety if somebody came to see us. I want to know how other people live, and what they do, and all about them—rich people, I mean, who can do as they like, and get what they want. I do hope I shall be rich some day. Is Roy rich, Aunt Joan?"

"I don't know."

"I expect he is, or they wouldn't care so much about asking him here. Poor relations are no good—everybody knows that. Has he lived with rich people all his life?"

"I believe so."

"Oh, then I hope he will come. I should so like to see him and to talk to him. Mamma knows about things, but she won't tell me; she says it doesn't matter to me. But, perhaps, it will matter some day. I shan't always stay here in this horrid old house. When I've saved enough money, I shall start off and see the world. I shall buy a horse and go out like Don Quixote in search of adventures. I can't think why you have been content to stick at home here all your life, Aunt Joan."

Joan smiled a little bitterly but said nothing.

"I shall make friends with Roy," continued Mildred. "I shall make him like me the best—he is sure to detest the boys, they are so hateful, and Nellie never says a word to anybody; but I shall be nice to him, and we shall be friends, and perhaps some day something will come of it. People who have rich relations get on a great deal better than those who have none. I can't think why they never had Roy to stay here before."

Joan made no reply, and the dinner bell stayed the eager flow of Mildred's words. Nothing passed at table on the subject of any prospective change; and Joan's young charges spent the afternoon in the orchard as usual, and she saw nothing of them, though she heard their angry voices in more than one quarrel; but as the dusk was beginning to gather, and she was sitting idle beside the school-room window, her work upon her lap, the door opened softly, little Nellie came creeping in, in her mouse-like fashion, to

take up her position upon a footstool at her aunt's feet. Joan was not affectionate or demonstrative. She was not much attached to her brother's children, who had helped to make her hard life harder by their constant claims upon her time; but she had a sort of tenderness for this delicate little youngest one, and the fact that her care had been mainly instrumental in saving the fragile life added to her unwonted affection for her. She laid one hand upon the flaxen head in token of acknowledgment of the child's presence, but she did not speak.

"Aunt Joan," said Nellie at length, "was it Roy's mother who gave you your little Bible that you let me read in sometimes?"

"Yes, Nellie," answered Joan, not thinking it necessary to explain that the mother's name was only adopted. To all practical purposes Roy had been Alicia's son.

"Do you think," pursued the child, "that she ever gave him one too? And do you think she told him what it all meant?"

"I dare say she did, Nellie."

"I wonder if he could explain to me. I wonder if he understands. There are such a lot of things I want to know: and you can't tell me, Aunt Joan."

The hard look had come back to Joan's face, she made no reply.

"Mamma doesn't know either," said Nellie presently. "She is vexed with me if I ask. She says all those things are too hard for children to understand, and that I needn't think any more about them. But I can't help thinking—I have such lots of time only to sit and think. I want to know about the country up in the sky, where the throne is, and the rainbow, and the streets all of gold, and the beautiful stones underneath, and the gates of pearl. I don't care about gold and money—not as Mildred does, or the boys; but I should like to live in the place where people have white robes, and harps, and nobody ever cries, or is ill. Aunt Joan, is there really a place like that? or is it only a sort of a fairy-tale like in our other books?"

Joan sat very still and silent.

"I don't know much about it, Nellie. Some people say it is all true."

"Would Roy know, do you think?"

"I don't know."

"It would be nice if he did. Perhaps he would tell me about it.—If it is a real place, Aunt Joan, do you think real people could get there perhaps?"

"I suppose so."

"Only they would have to learn the way."

"Yes."

Nellie sighed, her eyes still bent upon the sky.

"Perhaps it isn't up there after all, because I don't see how anybody could get there anyhow; only it looks like it sometimes when the sun is just going down, or getting up. Sometimes I can't help thinking I can look right in. Who lives there, Joan? Is it God?"

"I suppose so."

The next question came almost in a whisper—"Aunt Joan, who is God?"

There was no answer. The child hardly expected one. She was fond of putting questions, but not by any means successful in eliciting answers. It was no use asking anybody but Aunt Joan, as she well knew; for Aunt Joan was the only person in the house who ever went to church, and Nellie had a vague notion that there was some solution of her puzzles to be obtained by going there; but she could not walk so far, and perhaps it would not be much use if she could, for even Aunt Joan never seemed to get to know much by her visits. Whether she knew more than she wished to tell; whether she did not care to impart her secrets to an insignificant little girl were open questions with Nellie; but at least she was not angry or impatient at being asked for information, and the child was humbly grateful for that.

"If Roy comes, and if he is nice, and if I'm not afraid, I will ask him," said Nellie to herself. "I do hope he will come and see us. Everybody seems to have things to talk to him about."

CHAPTER XII.—MURIEL.

MURIEL KYNASTON had given very good counsel to Roy when she had advised him to be patient and contented, and to trust his brother's goodwill and generosity; her words had produced a beneficial effect on his mind, and had enabled him to return home in his usual serene spirits. But it is often more easy to give good counsel than to follow it ourselves, and when Roy had left her, Muriel found herself anxiously pondering over all she had heard, and wondering whether, after all, there might not be some grain of truth in Syd's surmises.

Syd was a clever boy, with a good deal of shrewd observation and common sense, and he had a way of hitting the right nail on the head, even when he seemed to be talking most at random. Could it be possible that Marcus Stratford was really actuated by some unworthy motive in keeping his brother at home? Was his wish in reality to shirk expense about him? And was he only sheltering himself behind his step-mother's reluctance to part with Roy, making it out to be a feeling altogether different from what it really was? Muriel did not in the least believe that Mrs. Stratford would have kept her son at home much longer, although she had shown a marked reluctance in making up her mind to part with him. It was an accepted doctrine that boys could not always remain at home, that it was better for them to see something of the world as they advanced in life; and for Marcus to take the line that his step-brother was necessary to his comfort seemed just a little far-fetched. Muriel was not by nature prone to harsh judgments, save inasmuch as the judgments of the young are almost inevitably somewhat hardly defined; but she was intensely sincere and upright, and the least suspicion of self-seeking under a false name stirred her whole nature, and evoked feelings of deeply-seated distaste, not unmingled with a sort of lofty scorn. Wrong was wrong to Muriel, black and hideous, devoid of any redeeming feature, and right was right altogether and unquestionably.

She was too young in years, and too inexperienced in the ways of this complex, difficult world of ours to have realised that evil and good are so closely intermixed that they cannot always be wholly dissevered; that men cannot be sorted out into blacks and whites like the puppets of a chess-board, and kept to their colours in the game of life as they are in the game to which life is not unfrequently compared. Had it not been for very deep religious principle, Muriel might have been disposed to a censoriousness of opinion that would have robbed her character of much of its beauty and attractiveness. But Christianity in all its simple majesty and beauty was too much interwoven with her nature to allow her to fall into this snare. She recognised too fully and freely the common brotherhood of humanity to be over-harsh or hasty in her judgments; and when she did see faults and failings, it was with sorrow and compassion, rather than with any sense of complacency or cynical satisfaction.

Still, being but young, and without the sense of perspective that only advancing years and wider experience can give us, she was prone to over-sensitiveness of feeling and to too sharply-defined outlines of right and wrong, and when once grieved or disappointed in any person, it seemed to her then as if confidence could never be re-established.

Muriel knew this herself, and she did not want to distrust Marcus. She had always been fond of him from her childhood upwards. She had admired him for his talent, his mental and physical powers, for his kind gentleness to herself and her brothers and sisters, and for his filial affection towards his step-mother. She always remembered how people used to prophesy that he would resent his father's second marriage in time, and be a thorn in Mrs. Stratford's side; and that if ever his father died she would soon find herself turned out of the Hermitage, which was entailed upon Marcus. The perfect goodwill and affection that always existed between them had been the best refutation to these surmises, and had done very much to raise Marcus in the estimation of others beside Muriel. But Muriel had of late years been very much in Mrs. Stratford's confidence—the widow had the girl as much with her as her own mother could allow, and talked to her almost as if she had been her child.

In this way Muriel had come to know a great deal about Marcus, and all she had heard was in his favour. She had been prepared to like him from the first, and so far everything she had heard and seen had been in his favour. Three years had been a long gap just at that juncture, for it had come at a time when she was developing from a child into a woman, and it had changed him a good deal too, for he had gone away a successful Oxford athlete and graduate, full of a youth's light-hearted ambition and confidence, and he had returned a grave, self-contained man, not saddened by adversity, but versed in knowledge of the ways of the world in a fashion that had left its traces upon a thoughtful observant mind. His seriousness, mingled as it was with a somewhat keen sense of humour, as well as with a chivalrous courtesy and gentleness of demeanour, had been all in his favour with Muriel. He was not in the least like any one she had ever met before, and a curious undefined feeling when in his presence, that he read her thoughts and knew her opinions before they were pronounced, gave her an idea of power that attracted her, whilst she shrank sometimes a little from it. If the transmission of thought had been mutual, she would have minded it less; but she was aware that he was a sealed book to her. She did not know his nature in the least, nor what his view would be on any given subject; whilst he always seemed to divine hers, and to be ready to take the words out of her lips.

So far she had not resented this at all, for she liked him and felt almost curiously at ease in his society; but if this liking should change, and she should begin to distrust him, the power that had unconsciously attracted her, might begin to exercise an opposite effect. If Marcus were to turn out mean or unworthy in any way, she would not at all like his influence.

And whilst she was musing of past, present, and future, and particularly of Roy's future, she was suddenly aware that Marcus was approaching, lifting his hat as he did so with his rare, sweet smile.

"Alone, Muriel? They told me that I should find Roy here."

"He was here a little while ago; but he has gone home now."

"I thought I was sure to catch him, if I came home this way. Did he remember to ask you, 'as many of you as care to do so,' to join us in an expedition of discovery, so to speak, some day soon? We want to fix the site for the new school, and we should like the benefit of the opinions of people who know more of the place than we do."

Muriel flushed a little, and her eyes brightened and deepened. Many years ago, when first she had been roused to the feeling that something should be done by each and all for the benefit of the poor and needy around, the neglected people of the Crossway hamlet had seemed to her to need her services more than any others. It was two miles across the fields to the place, and three by the road, so it was not very much that Muriel, with her many home duties, could accomplish in the way of visiting or teaching; but what she could do that she did, and did it with all her heart. She would gather the children together whenever opportunity served, to teach them the first rudiments of knowledge, and do what she could to prevent their growing up in absolute heathenism. She talked to the mothers and tried to awaken in them a desire after better things, and she had succeeded in getting one or two families to make an effort to attend church when it was possible, and to send some of the elder children to school. But the distance was a fatal barrier to regular attendance, and it seemed nobody's work to look after the hamlet. The families were those of labouring men, whose ideas did not soar above their "beasts," or their dull, mechanical toil. They did not know, many of them, how to read and

write, and they could not be brought to understand that it was of any importance for their children to do so either. Muriel had done something towards arousing them to a vague wish for something more; and she was much beloved personally by all the people, who looked upon her as a sort of angel of mercy, especially in cases of sickness or distress. But Muriel's time and resources were very limited; Joyce could not help her materially yet, though eager to educate ignorance and sweep away abuses, and altogether she had begun to feel almost at the end of her tether, and in despair for the future of the place, when this scheme that she had sometimes discussed with Mrs. Stratford as a castle in the air, seemed suddenly to assume a tangible form, by being taken up by Marcus with a quiet, masculine resolution, that put matters at once upon a different footing. But even now she was taken by surprise at his tone. She had not believed things would be settled so soon.

"Roy did not say anything about it," she said, the colour mantling in her cheeks. "Have you really decided?"

"Quite. It was our mother's wish. She mentioned it more than once. I am hurrying matters on because I should like to get the walls up and the roof on before the winter comes to stop the bricklayers."

Muriel clasped her hands together and said nothing. Marcus did not appear to observe her excitement.

"Well, could you come some day this week to see about it? Who is interested in the plan?"

"Syd and Joyce are, and mother. We will come any day you like to fix. But, Marcus doesn't it cost a lot of money to build a schoolhouse?"

"This one will not be so very large, you see I have not had any estimates taken out yet Any way it will not ruin us. I hope Roy will take an interest in it. I think he wants a stimulus of some kind; he is inclined to be moody at times, which is not at all like him Perhaps the building will give him a healthful outlet for his energies. Shall we say Friday then, for the expedition? We will call for you in the big waggonette. I must be going now as Roy has preceded me. Good-bye."

Muriel sat very still when she was left alone her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on vacancy.

"Oh, how glad and thankful I am! I never, never hoped for anything like this. I am sure nobody need ever distrust Marcus again—at least not on the score of generosity."

MODERN ISLAM.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH, M.A.

WHEN the newspapers announced that Mr. Cook had contracted to convey the Mohammedan pilgrims from Bombay to Jeddah there was an amused smile. Men marvelled at this linking of ancient history with modern enterprise, and ladies shuddered, picturing to themselves those unsavoury passengers. The intimate connection between this ebb and flow of the annual human tide to Mecca, and the safety of our Indian Empire would probably suggest itself to few. There is a complaint that the English House of Commons can scarcely be persuaded to interest itself in Indian affairs, and it is little likely that a section of those concerns should largely excite the general British public. Yet within recent years there would have been a rebellion in India, to which the Indian mutiny would have been insignificant, had the replies received from the three Mohammedan priests at Mecca been other than they were. The question was distinctly placed before them by the Mohammedan doctors in India, whether the Queen's Indian Mohammedan subjects were bound by their religion to rebel against her Majesty or no. The response, a somewhat oracular one, was as follows:—The Mufti of the Hanafi sect, wrote: "As long as even some of the peculiar observances of Islam prevail in it (i.e. in India), it is Dur-ul-Islam" (i.e. a country of Islam). The Mufti of the Shafi sect wrote to the same purpose. The Mufti of the Maliki sect wrote: "It is written in the commentary of Dasoki that a country does not become Dur-ul-Harb (i.e. a country of the enemy) as soon as it passes into the hands of the infidels, but only when all or most of the injunctions of Islam disappear therefrom."

Now the cause of this appeal to Mecca, an appeal transmitted with at least equal seriousness to that from a Romanist community to the Vatican, was that for half a century there had smouldered within the Indian dominions a rebellious spirit, which an earnest and enthusiastic Moslem had first enkindled about 1820. He "traversed our Provinces with a retinue of devoted disciples, converted the populace by thousands to his doctrine, and established a regular system of ecclesiastical taxation, civil government, and apostolical succession."[1] On his death his Caliph successors continued this secret Crescentade, and although it has been scotched, we can never be sure that it is not even now active, and that what may on the surface have the air of Mohammedan preaching is not animated by stealthy political motive. It should not be forgotten that it was one of these fanatics who assassinated Lord Mayo. The wealthier and more educated Mohammedans might hold aloof from it, and, as far as we know,

[1] "Our Indian Mussulmans," by Sir W. W. Hunter, p. 44.

did so, but they were always under severe pricks of conscience so long as it remained doubtful, whether they were not bound by their faith to resist the English usurpation at all hazards. Fortunately these replies from Mecca, and the still more favourable decisions published by the leading Mohammedan doctors of India itself have soothed their compunctions, and been declarations for peace.

There have been of late years two currents of public opinion in England on the Mohammedan question. We have either been assured that Islam was a decrepit and dead faith, which however obstinately professed by its votaries, had done its work in the world; or else we have been startled by graphic pictures of its growth and aggressive attitude. The truth lies between these two, as it will be our business to show. Islam is certainly still spreading, its conquests as a faith are not yet all won, although its national victories are probably at an end, except in Africa, for Turkey is losing ground in Europe, and Russia has absorbed everything between herself and Persia.

In Africa, however, at the present moment, we are confronted with a repetition on a smaller scale of the old progress of Islam in its earliest days. Yet even here, a few reflections will temper the general surprise which seems to have astounded travellers like Winwood Reade, Captain Ellis, and Joseph Thomson, and writers like Bosworth Smith, Dr. Blyden, and Canon Taylor. Within a hundred years from the founding of the faith, Islam had subdued the whole of north Africa down to the southern edge of the Sahara. A thousand years afterwards, when Mungo Park, at the end of last century travelled in the west of Africa along the Gambia, the Senegal, and to the Niger river, Mohammedanism had manifestly begun not long before a forward moment, and the kingdoms along his route were partly Mohammedan, partly Pagan. The present advance over West Africa and West Central Africa, particularly over Nigritia, is therefore to be dated from little more than a hundred years back. Nevertheless, it may prove itself formidable, and require to be reckoned with.

Those however who are amazed at it, and prophesying mighty results from it, should not fail to take note of other new facts. The most prominent of these is the astonishing amount of political attention which Africa generally has received of late from Europe. The Belgians, the French, the Italians, and the Germans have all cast greedy eyes upon that continent. The Germans particularly are establishing themselves both east and west. They have arranged a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar, which, whilst it has secured to him a sovereignty along the coast, has limited and bounded his ambition inland. They have formed both trading companies and missionary societies for that eastern side of Africa, and are pressing on with the dogged tenacity of their nation. In 1886 a German merchant was murdered at Tabora either by, or at the instigation of Arab traders. This is an early intimation of the jealousy that will arise when commercial adventure from Europe in this and many other districts east or west comes into competition with the Mohammedans, who are at present the leading traffickers, whether in slaves or other merchandise, over very much of the interior of the continent of Africa.

But it is maintained by many that the extension of Mohammedanism will be a boon to Africa. To decide whether this is likely to be so or no, we must be wary of accepting absolutely either the stories of travellers or the reports of missionaries: since the most accurate observer never wholly escapes the bias of his own prepossessions. Then too there is this to be borne in mind, namely, that the missionary will know only a limited range of country, whilst the traveller, though he has scanned a wider horizon, will have passed over his ground very rapidly. What however is of more consequence is that we are dealing with no new religion. We have the past history of Islam before us, and unless distinctly new elements have entered into this later progress, we can hazard a prophecy of its future from our acquaintance with its past. It will therefore be our object to inquire if there be new elements present in the Islam of to-day.

In this investigation we turn naturally in the first instance to that which is the reforming power within Islam, the Wahabi agitation. For though other spirits of reform have appeared, independently of it, as far as we can judge, they have all more or less coalesced ultimately with it, and fundamentally are now upon the same line. Its influence, as we have seen, affected India, since the founder of the Ferazi movement, although he had founded it before his pilgrimage, was during a visit to Mecca drawn into the circle of the Wahabi attraction. To it, again, we owe the Mahdi's success in the Soudan. In short, the apostles of this teaching are countless, and they are moving up and down restlessly through the whole length and breadth of Mohammedanism, preaching in mosques and bazaars, and propagating the creed of the Prophet, wherever they can. Now they have been styled the Puritans of Islam. "Their two great principles are the Unity of God, and the abnegation of self." According to Mr. Palgrave, they are believers in the most naked fatalism. According to Sir William Hunter, one of their tenets is a "constant recognition, both in theory and practice, of the obligation to wage war upon the infidels," and another is a "constant looking for the Prophet (Imam) who will lead the true believers to victory over the infidels." Indeed the general consensus of testimony about them is that they themselves would be the first to repel an insinuation that there was the slightest intention of innovation on their part. Their one fanatical longing is for a revival of the primitive times.

Perhaps we can present no clearer illustration of all this than in the case of the Snoussi, a wonderful order of Mohammedan missionaries established about 1843 or earlier, and having its headquarters at a little town of 7000 or 8000 inhabitants in the oasis of Jerbal, up in the corner of the Libyan Desert, not far from the confines of

Egypt and Tripoli. They are said now to number some three millions, and to be in intimate relations with other similar orders. They are bound to abstain, not only from alcohol, but also from coffee and tobacco, and their monks, as we should style them, must hand over the surplus of their capital, beyond a very small figure, to the common chest. Here, then, if anywhere, we shall light upon the new departure, if there be one in the present progress of Islam. Yet of these it is reported that they have "la double mission de résister à l'influence chrétienne et à la civilisation européenne," that they swear each of them "une haine éternelle à tous les ennemis de l'Islam, même aux Musulmans assez faibles et assez imprudents pour admirer la civilisation européenne et consentir à des concessions en sa faveur." [1]

In all this there is manifestly no desire for fresh ideas, but, on the contrary, a dead set against modern notions, and an intense zeal for the older paths. It is doubtful indeed which they hate with more fierce hatred, the Christian or the recreant Mohammedan. For, to their thinking, a Mohammedan is recreant, who favours modern notions, and is infected with European fashions.

But much has been made of the education in the Mohammedan schools, since every mosque has its school, and we are told of a learned professor at Timbuctoo, who has studied Aristotle, and who has had books purchased for him in Europe. Yet this is nothing new, seeing that Aristotle has been translated into Arabic for seven hundred years. Also, according to the old adage, one swallow does not make a summer. There are in India, for example, numbers of educated Mohammedans, who would reject the miraculous and manifestly superstitious in the Koran and in the Commentaries, and who are practically Deists. But these latitudinarians have very little influence with their co-religionists, and are too insignificant in number, to weigh in the general appraisement.

The three bright spots in the past history of Islam were with the Moors in Spain, with the famous Haroun al Raschid at Bagdad and his sons, and in the days of Akbar in India. These, however, were altogether exceptional, and against the genius and instinct of that religion, so much so that the Jaunpore lawyers declared it was lawful to rebel against Akbar, esteeming him no better than an infidel; at the Bagdad Court men were persecuted unless they were freethinkers; and the Spanish Moors, when they recrossed to Africa, quickly retrograded. Education in Mohammedan schools everywhere is strictly religious, which means that there is no natural science, and little secular history, and that everything is founded upon the Koran and the Traditions. It is in truth mainly an exercise of memory, and as purely imitative as the gabbling of the Confucian Classics under a Chinese teacher. One fact alone is sufficient to convict it of a lack of intelligent direction. The Koran has never been translated by its professors into a single vernacular. They would account it sacrilege to pass into another language the sacred syllables of that book whose inspiration is approved by the exquisite purity and excellence of its Arabic sentences. To this article of conscience they still strictly adhere, although according to the highest calculation, barely a third of the total number of Mohammedans can speak Arabic. The Rev. W. R. Blackett, now at Nottingham, and formerly in India and when there a member of the Government Education Commission, writes: "I once had a young man in the Diocesan school a convert from Mohammedanism, the son of a Mollah, fairly educated with a view to becoming a Mollah himself, who once did me a good turn in a discussion by quoting an apt piece of Persian poetry, which he could not translate, but only knew the general drift of. Nor did he, I believe, know the meaning of the daily prayers, though of course he recited them. He is now a Christian and a very useful catechist and an eloquent preacher."

What Mohammedan education is everywhere else not more than that will it be in Africa, if indeed it is not less. Of the much-vaunted cleanliness too we would remark that, although this is strictly enjoined, like many other matters, it becomes in practice frequently a question of locality, temperament and race. For example, Sir J. Risely Griffith, in the official issue of the Sierra Leone Census for 1881, has this paragraph:—"The Fulahs may be said to be descended from the Arab tribes, and their features somewhat resemble those of Europeans. They reside mostly in the country known as Fulah, or the Foulah country, the inhabitants of which were originally Soolimahs. They are Mohammedan in religion, and bring us cattle and hides, gold and beeswax. They are a fine looking race; but, unfortunately, of uncleanly habits, they seem to have a natural aversion to clean clothes. As a race they may be briefly described as dirty but rich." In passing we may observe that there would seem to be amongst Mohammedans generally a liking for the leather trade. We find them in China as sellers of leather, and in India as wholesale leather merchants, whilst the terms Morocco and Persian as applied to classes of leather bookbinding bespeak the same reputation in other countries.

But there is one virtue attributed to the followers of Mohammed, and that is abstinence from intoxicating drinks. This again is not new. The prohibition of strong liquors has existed from the very first, and if there be signs of change in this respect now, it is, we may apprehend, a change slightly for the worse. At the same time, our tribute of praise ought, in this matter, to be always frankly accorded them; and it would be niggardly to minimise it by producing evidence of the exceptions to the rule. There are no doubt even Mohammedans in East Africa who own distilleries, and the evil of drinking has penetrated into Turkey. So too there are Persians in Ispahan who flock into Julfa to drink. Unfortunately these blots where we can trace them are often due to the example or to the temptation of so-called Christians. On the other hand, the Mohammedans very largely smoke strong narcotics, whilst the

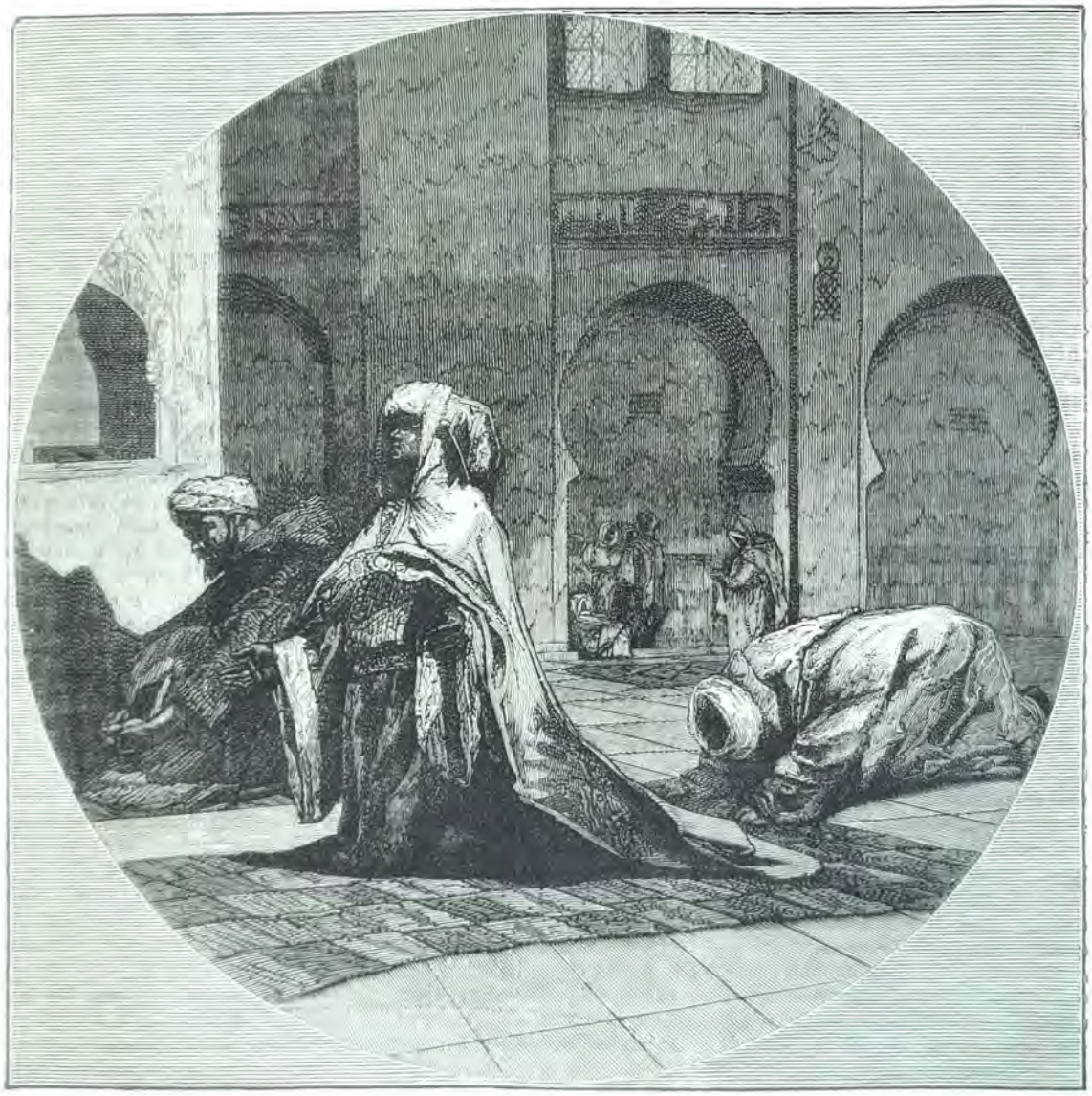
[1] *Les Missions Musulmanes au dix-neuvième Siècle*, by Edouard Montet, in the "Revue de l'histoire des religions" for May-June, 1885.

indulgence of sensual desire under a polygamous system leaves them open to the retort that

> They compound for sins they are inclined to
> By damning those they have no mind to.

Nevertheless, we would that Christians were guiltless of this baneful traffic, and also that Christians everywhere were as proud of their purer religion as Mohammedans always are of theirs. In these two respects they set us an example which may well make us ashamed of ourselves. The Mohammedan trader and the Mohammedan soldier is always a missionary for the faith of Islam. Of course the demands of that religion upon a man's moral conduct are less severe, and the regulations he has to submit to, such as the daily prayers, and the fast of Ramazan, are those which can be fulfilled without change of heart.

There remains still one urgent topic, and yet one of such delicacy that we can scarcely treat it without employing language that must pain. It is the subject of polygamy. It will perhaps be sufficient to say here that what this evil has been in the past, it is still to-day. Polygamy must ever be degrading to woman, and polygamy accentuated, as it is in the Mohammedan system, by unlimited license of divorce must be infinitely degrading.



THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Kindred with this is the sore question of slavery. The celebrated Zebehr, in his detention at Gibraltar, delivers his opinion on this head, as follows:—"He could only say with regard to the present time that when the Mussulmans of Cairo and Constantinople spoke with western statesmen of the entire abolition of slavery in those countries, they spoke of what they knew in their hearts to be impossible. They are well aware that the country is not yet prepared for it." "The only branch of the slave trade for which he had no toleration was that which provides the

harems with attendants. Of this he spoke in strong terms, as forbidden by the Koran, by far the most cruel, and at the same time unfortunately the most profitable department of human traffic. He condemned it without reserve, while he pointed out that the law of supply and demand, acting upon it, would ensure its continuance so long as the possession of these attendants remained lawful."[1] Of slavery a great authority, the Rev. T. P. Hughes, writes thus: "That Mohammed ameliorated the condition of the slave as it existed under the heathen laws of Arabia we cannot doubt, but it is equally certain that the Arabian legislator intended it to be a perpetual institution." ('Notes on Mohammedanism,' p. 195.) Nevertheless, we are told that in Africa, slavery, which already exists amongst its Pagan races, will, as Mohammedanism advances, become "regulated." That means that, if one great empire stretches across the country, or a confederation of the kingdoms, then within those bounds, predatory raids will cease, and the domestic requirements will depend upon supplies from outside. Thus the price will go up, and the slave be cared for as a costly prize animal, ultimately perhaps obtaining freedom, and merging in the general community.

This all again resolves itself into the point as to whether, as Mr. Joseph Thomson and Canon Taylor contend, this advance of the Mohammedan in West Central Africa is a peaceful march. If it be to any great extent of this character, this certainly would be a novel feature in the history of Islam. Doubtless, in Liberia, Sierra Leone, or Lagos, whatever gains are won to that religion must be obtained by peaceable methods. Probably, too, the superior wealth and trading ability of the Mohammedan merchant commend him to the less prosperous natives, and they are not unwilling to embrace a cult, which offers such material advantages. King Mtesa, of Uganda, on the other side of Africa, frankly admitted to Mr. Stanley that this had been his motive in taking the step, and he was equally ready to adopt Christianity, if it offered higher material inducements. Ultimately, as we know, he died a bigoted heathen. Mungo Park notes the mysterious awe which the faculty of writing inspired in native minds. He himself, when Mohammedans had plundered him, and left him destitute, worked part of his way back to the coast by writing charms, or *saphies*, as he calls them, which were merely English words scribbled on pieces of paper. These the heathen bought as readily as they did the Mohammedan *saphies*. In Mungo Park's pages, too, we have graphic pictures of the "Moors" as horse-stealers, cattle-lifters, and missionaries who converted rulers and people very much on the "your money or your life" principle. It is also possible, from Dr. Blyden's book, to glean ample evidence of similar action, as at the capture of towns like Falaba and Fulindiyah. Very little indeed is as yet really known of the details of the Mohammedan progress in those regions. Should it ever be chronicled, we suspect the pages will show a more sanguinary tint than some eulogists of Islam would like to see. Archdeacon Hamilton has spoken of the Sultan of Nupè's use of cannibal troops, and Zebehr boasted with cynical satisfaction that the inhabitants of Darfour in the Soudan were more afraid of the teeth of his soldiers than of their bullets. And yet the folk of Darfour were Mohammedan.

On the whole, we are driven to conclude that this progress of Islam exhibits no essentially new features; that although in some districts, such as Dahomey and Ashantee, it would be a gain for the time if the Mohammedans took them, since the change would at any rate put an end to human sacrifices and other unutterable abominations, yet the strict inference, which all philosophy of history would dictate, is that we have here no new phenomenon, and that consequently we are not without forecast as to its future. That forecast the history of Islam in the past amply supplies, and unfortunately such a forecast cannot be altogether promising.

[1] See the remarkable papers about this man in the *Contemporary Review* for last September, October, and November.

Sabbath Thoughts.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

"For His anger is but for a moment; in His favour is life; weeping may tarry for the night, but joy cometh in the morning."—*Psa.* xxx. 5, R.V.

THESE words from the Revised, are almost the same, as those of the Authorised, Version, but in the margin we read, "His favour is for a lifetime," a change which has so commended itself to the American revisers that they have desired that it may exchange places with that of the text. Whichever reading we may adopt, a precious truth is brought before us; but the newer form, joined with the marginal reading of the second clause, brings out some remarkable contrasts. There we find "weeping may come in to lodge at even"; and in the margin of the Revised Version, instead of "joy" we have "singing" cometh in the morning. Anger, for a moment; favour, for a lifetime. Weeping, a wayfarer, coming in to lodge at even; singing, returning in the morning as one at home. Therefore, going back to the fourth verse, "Sing praise unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks unto His holy name." Let us remember this when weeping cometh, as come it will, more or less, during our earthly career. It will not remain for ever to embitter our days and nights, like a polar night of death and darkness. This is not the lot our Heavenly Father has appointed for the lifetime of His children; "his favour is for a lifetime"! The sun will return, and with it the songs of the morning: and the dark guest who came in to lodge at even, filling our hearts with anguish, will vanish before the glorious light of day, emblem of that brighter light and that more glorious dawning, when "God will wipe away all tears from their eyes."

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

PART I.

"Those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder."

THESE are solemn words, and calculated to awaken solemn thoughts, even in the most thoughtless, for they are uttered at the most important crisis in human lives.

What can be of greater consequence than the step which unites two lives, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health," until death shall part them?

If the union be a true and godly one, entered into after due consideration and earnest prayer for God's guidance and blessing, what will its future bring? Surely it will mean the bettering of all that is good, the increased strength which comes of unity, the manifestation and steady growth of sympathy, unselfishness, tenderness, forbearance, kindness, and affection.

It will mean that, despite the ills that flesh is heir to, and the troubles from which human nature cannot expect to be exempt, there will be sunshine in heart and home, the wiping away of tears, the doubling of joys, the lightening of sorrows. It will mean the spending of years to come in the closest and sweetest of all earthly relationships, and the influencing for good and God's service, of generations yet unborn.

It will mean that the two who have become one, will walk heavenward, hand in hand, heart to heart, perchance, at times, with an inward dread, hidden by each for the other's sake, of the separation that must come, and again conquered by faith which rests on God's promises and looks with sure and certain hope, for a blessed, eternal re-union in our Father's house above where partings are unknown.

These are the blessings that may be expected to follow in the lives of those whom God has truly joined together. But, as we glance around us, we cannot help thinking that a great proportion of the marriages which take place are not entered into in this spirit. Nay, which of us cannot recall many instances where marriages have been contracted and these solemn responsibilities entered into, after an acquaintance of only a few hours, and when neither of the contracting parties has had any certain knowledge of the character, habits or antecedents of the other? Anything more dangerous than such a joining of lives cannot be imagined. Can it be said of such couples that God has joined them, when He has never entered into their thoughts, His guidance has not been desired, or His blessing asked for?

About a year ago I was speaking on this subject to a Catholic priest, whom I met during an autumn holiday, and he told me the following story:

"I had for a long time been greatly distressed at the reckless manner in which many of the poorer members of my flock entered on the sacred ties of marriage, and I was longing for an opportunity of checking this custom.

"Reasonings and warnings had alike failed hitherto, and I was often called on to join two people as man and wife, who knew almost nothing of each other. Mere street acquaintances, or couples who had met in the most desultory fashion and resolved on a life-long union, without taking the smallest precaution or making any inquiry as to each other's previous character.

"Finding that my serious efforts had been fruitless, I determined to try another plan whenever the opportunity offered itself.

"I was sitting in my study one evening, when I was informed that a woman wished to speak to me, and I at once recognised in my visitor a member of my congregation, named Mary Flynn. She hesitated before telling the object of her call, hung down her head, twisted the corner of her apron around her fingers, and, at last, when questioned, told me that she wished her banns to be declared on the following Sunday.

"'All right,' said I, 'I will enter the names. Yours, Mary Flynn, I know well enough, of course, but what is the man called whom you are going to marry in such a hurry?'

"There was no immediate reply, but after another interval of hesitation and confusion of manner on my visitor's part, she replied, 'Indeed, thin, Father Michael, I don't just remimber me of his name this minute!'

"I guessed how things were, and that the pair had picked each other up in the promiscuous manner so common to their class, so I said: 'Never mind his name just now. That can easily be made right afterwards. You can leave the matter in my hands.'

"Mary went away perfectly contented, and I was no less so, for she had given me the opportunity I had been wishing for, and I promptly decided what to do under these unusual circumstances. You must, however, understand that Mary Flynn was no mere girl, whose youth might have been some excuse for her reckless folly, or I should first have tried other means. She was a grown woman, and by that I mean a person of from thirty to thirty-five years of age, so may be, poor body! she thought it was now or never.

"When Sunday came, Mary was in church and heard her banns published in my clearest tones, and in the following words: 'I declare the banns of marriage, between Mary Flynn and a man whose name I do not know; you do not know; and I am quite sure *she* does not know, for she told me so herself.'

"As I had foreseen, an audible titter ran through the whole congregation, when I ended this announcement, not a desirable thing in a church

and during service, but I thought the end justified the means.

"Mary Flynn was a centre of attraction to all eyes, and very uncomfortable she looked. She had to stand many a joke afterwards, for people would keep on asking her, 'Well, Mary, when's the wedding to be? When will ye be married to the man without a name?'

"During the following week I met her myself, and said, 'How did you feel, Mary, when I declared your banns?'

"'Ah, Father Michael,' she answered, 'I felt awful sore inside.'"

I asked the priest's permission to make use of this story, and he replied, "Write it and welcome. It is strictly true, and I have often told it myself, as an illustration of the matter we have been talking about. My mode of declaring Mary Flynn's banns did more to check reckless marriages amongst my flock, than any amount of sober argument had previously effected."

In repeating the anecdote, I have changed nothing but the surname of the heroine. It has its ludicrous side, but it has also a very sad one. There could, of course, be no legal marriage without the name being given, but the priest's caution was an efficacious word in season. The old proverb, "Marry in haste and rue at leisure," has been dinned into the ears of one generation after another, but with little effect. Persons of all ages marry in haste, and recking nothing of the rueing which, in such unions, must come too late.

It is perhaps hardly possible to influence those of mature years, but when we think how many young lives are blighted, how many bright girls are made old before their time, through being weighted with the care and suffering entailed by reckless marriages, it is surely worth while to try and save these dear, thoughtless young creatures from themselves.

Let us first ask amongst what classes such unions are most frequent, and what circumstances conduce to them? Undoubtedly, people of all ranks make imprudent marriages. But it is our young working men, and maidens employed in factories, or as domestic servants, who are exposed to peculiar temptations, owing to the positions they occupy.

Take the factory girls, for instance, and under this head we include workers employed in very varied industries. Amongst these, early marriages are proverbial. I could give particulars of many such, between working boys and girls not out of their teens. Of young fathers and mothers considerably under twenty, whose own parents did not interfere by a single word, to prevent them from marrying at such an early age and with such insufficient means.

In some cases, perhaps, they were hardly sorry for an event which took away one from the over-crowded home, especially if the youth or girl were living in the independent fashion so common amongst factory hands, paying a trifle for lodgings and "finding themselves," or giving only what covered the bare cost of food, and rendering no help in the household work, however weary and worn-out the mother might be with her family cares.

The girl says, and with some reason, "I have been hard at work since early morning. I have earned my own bread, and am too tired to begin again. I want a quiet place to sit down in, if I stay at home;" or, "I must have some sort of change, between this and bed-time."

Home is not always an inviting place to the tired young worker. It may be that the girl is blessed with good Christian parents, that watch over the welfare of their children, and advise them wisely and lovingly. There may be order and method in the home, and to those who dwell there, it may be the best and most inviting place in which to rest after the day's toil. Thank God! there are many such which it is a delight to enter. But only too often the state of things presents a sorrowful contrast to this bright picture.

The mother may be a slattern, and when the tired girl goes home, she sees the unswept hearth, the table covered with unwashed crockery and scraps from the last meal. The younger children may be crying or clamouring round the fireside, and the mother, unused to any other way of obtaining order, scolding and driving them from it, with hard names and blows. No prospect of a peaceful, orderly tea-table, and a girl may well be sick at heart of such a state of things, and turn anywhere and to any person who offers a chance of a change for the better.

So the young creature snatches a mouthful alone, and hurries out into the streets to choose her own companions, and get through the hours as best she may until bed-time. There she probably meets others similarly situated, and the girls stroll along together in knots, laughing, singing, sometimes bandying jokes with similar knots of youths who may or may not be acquaintances.

Such street meetings are often the beginnings which end in marriages of the kind so much to be deplored. "Who can wonder that girls listen with pleasure to the compliments, and respond to the flattering words and admiring looks even of strangers, when on the home-side there is neither sympathy nor comfort? What sacred bond can there be between mothers and daughters such as these?"

Well might the speaker ask these questions as he passed along the street on a summer evening. A mother had just driven two of her children into the house with fierce words and blows. A girl, evidently a factory worker, rushed past her into the street to escape the storm, and was followed by a torrent of abuse which the mother shrieked after her in impotent rage.

What wonder if the girl lent a willing ear when a neighbour youth spoke honied words, and asked her to turn her back upon the miserable place she called home—once and for all? They were both earning fairly good wages. The amounts added together seemed riches. Why not marry and have a little home of their own? True, they had nothing saved; but they were young, strong, hopeful for the future, and sick at heart of their present surroundings. Would not a single room with the few sticks of furniture

that could be scraped together to begin with, be heaven itself in comparison?

They were not going to be satisfied with so little. They would work, save, get more things together by degrees, and be as happy as the day is long.

So the boy and girl become man and wife, and for a little while, think their dreams are going to be realised. But it takes many weeks of saving to add two or three articles to their household goods, and long before the one room has an appearance of comfort, the young wife is unable to work, a new voice is heard there, a babe fills her arms, and has to be sustained on the diminished income earned by the husband alone.

Often the girl-mother goes back to her work before she is fit for it, and pays for so doing by life-long bodily suffering. We all know how the succeeding chapters in the story are filled up in too many cases. There is a growing family, without growing means to meet its wants. Solemn responsibilities increasing from year to year, without increasing fitness to fulfil them. The couple who are linked for life—or ought to be so—find that all is worse for them instead of better. They discover failings in each other that they neither suspected nor troubled their heads about beforehand, and they have not patience to bear and forbear, nor strength to conquer faults in themselves, nor the love that finds excuses for and forgives in the other. In the girl-wife her mother's story is repeated. In the young husband's case, he perhaps reproaches himself for his folly in allowing himself to be deluded by a pretty face, and burdened with a helpless creature who has never been taught how to turn his earnings to good account, or make their dwelling worthy of the name of home.

So these two, who should be one in heart and life, in aims and hopes, working and walking together, drift farther apart day by day. The children who ought to be precious links, binding the parents in closer union, are regarded as fetters which help to imprison them within a narrow round, make bread-winning harder, work more constant, and crowd their parents' rough path with ever-growing cares and anxieties.

The dwelling is a shelter for the family, but no longer a home. The music of kind words is not heard under its roof. The sunshine of a loving look does not steal over one face to be reflected in that of another. Yet, such music and such light must be heard and seen in every true home.

Marriage entered upon without prayer, is not likely to be sanctified by the united petitions of husband and wife in after days. Baby lips are not taught to call upon "Our Father," and these, all unconscious of wrong, will sometimes echo the oath with which the earthly parent profanes that holy name, as he slams the door behind him, and goes to seek brightness, warmth, and cleanliness by the ale-house fire, and, alas! forgetfulness of all beneath his own roof.

These are sorrowful pictures, but they are true to the life, and by no means the worst that could be shown as the result of reckless marriages.

RUTH LAMB.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

II.—THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

ONE of the first parables spoken by our Lord, is also one of the most familiar, and is so much more easily understood, because our Lord Himself gave the interpretation of it to His disciples: it is called the Parable of the Sower. We find it in the three first gospels; and here let us notice that there are no parables given in the gospel according to St. John. There are a few allegorical sayings, such as "I am the true vine," and "I am the good shepherd"; but there is no real parable.

On the day that Jesus Christ spoke the Parable of the Sower, He had been vehemently rebuking the scribes and Pharisees, who wanted Him to show them a sign from heaven, which He refused to do. We must always remember that the Pharisees were considered the most religious persons of that time; and that the scribes were the men whose whole business was to write out and study the books in the Old Testament. They ought themselves to have been sowers of good seed, teaching the people the truths of the Old Testament and so preparing their hearts to receive the words of Jesus Christ. Instead of this they were always setting themselves against Him, and striving to make Him say or do some wrong or foolish thing. At this time He seems to have grown weary of talking with them, and He left them and went out of the house, down to the shore of the lake, and sat down there to rest Himself, and to find that calm and peace which His strife with the quarrelsome Pharisees had troubled. But the people who had been listening to Him in the house followed Him, and as they passed through the streets of Capernaum, others joined them, eager to hear and see what was likely to happen. For Jesus had spoken very severely to the Pharisees, and some of them no doubt wished to hear Him upbraid them again—it is a common thing for people to take pleasure in hearing others blamed. A great multitude, therefore, soon gathered about Jesus, as He sat resting on the shore. Seeing how thick the crowd was, and how they thronged Him, so that only a few could see and hear Him, Jesus got into a boat, and had it pushed a little way from the shore, so that He could be seen and heard by the multitude. And now, what is Jesus Christ going to say?

All the country round the lake was very beautiful. The soil was very fruitful, and there were oliveyards and vineyards, and orange and date trees growing in rich abundance. The city of Capernaum was the largest place on the lake, but all along the shores lay little hamlets and farm-houses dotted

here and there among the oliveyards and vineyards. So clear the air was, and so bright the sunshine, that distant objects could be seen quite plainly. The fishermen, letting down their nets, or drawing them in and out of the sparkling waters, the vine-dressers at work among the spreading vines, the labourers digging in the fields, the boats of merchandise setting sail from the city wharf, the women grinding corn at their doors for the bread they were about to bake; all these things could be seen by the crowd and by Jesus Christ. Possibly it was in the early spring, and there may have been within sight some husbandmen at work sowing their seed broadcast. To sow broadcast is to take the seed up by handfuls, and throw it against the wind, which scatters it hither and thither. The good seed falls at once upon the soil, which has been broken up and ploughed for it; but the lighter seed is carried farther away by the wind,

THE SOWER.

and falls upon the hard-trodden footpath, and the neglected corners where thorns grow, and upon the rocky ground, on which the plough can make no furrows.

"Behold!" said Jesus Christ, to the crowd listening eagerly for Him to speak, "the sower went forth to sow, and as he sowed some fell by the way side, and the birds came and devoured them; and others fell upon the rocky places, where they had not much earth, and straightway they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth; and when the sun was risen they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And others fell upon thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked them, and others fell upon the good ground and yielded fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

I think the multitude must have been disappointed. They were used to parables, and this seemed a very simple one. Jesus had not taught them in this way before; He had spoken things much more difficult to understand. Even His disciples were surprised, and came to ask Him why He did it. What could He mean, also, by saying "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"? Were not all these people hearing Him? Had they followed Him for any other purpose? But Jesus knew that only a few of those who were in the crowd were really listening to Him with a wish to learn. For more than a year He had been living in their towns and villages, teaching them about the kingdom of God; He had been doing mighty works among them; He had gone about doing good, yet they did not seem to learn, or understand, or remember. They might have heard, and seen, and understood; but they did not. So now He would speak to them in parables, which would sink into the memories of some of them, and after lying there perhaps many years, as the seed lies for months in the ground, the husk would decay, and the truth Jesus wished to teach would spring up in their hearts. "Why speakest Thou in parables?" asked the disciples. "Because," said Jesus, "they have eyes, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not, neither do they understand. When they understand they will be converted, and God will heal them."

But the Lord explained the parable to His disciples.

The sower is the Lord Himself, come forth from His Father's house to sow the seed. The seeds are the truths He teaches; the field is the world; the ground on which the truth falls is the hearts of men; the multitude to whom He had just spoken represented all the classes, who in after times should hear His word.

The first class were those who turned a deaf ear to Him, and closed their eyes to His mighty works, and hardened their hearts against Him. They were like the trodden-down pathway, made so hard by constantly passing footsteps, that not even a blade of grass could spring up; when the words of Jesus Christ fell upon their ears, they could pene-

trate no farther into their nature, and evil thoughts at once devoured them up. It was impossible to them to understand that the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peace-makers, were the only ones blessed by God. They thought the rich, and the powerful, and the learned were God's favourites, and they did not believe Jesus that it was not so. They could not comprehend that Jesus was able to deliver them from their sins as He was able to cast out devils from the possessed. They were too hardened, and too dull to know they were sinners. They had not chosen to hear, so now they were deaf; they had not chosen to see, so their eyes were blinded; they had not chosen to understand, and their hearts had grown stupid and foolish. They might live and prosper in this world, be rich, and powerful, and learned; but they could not enter the kingdom of heaven. "When any one heareth the word of the kingdom, and understandeth it not, then cometh the evil one, and snatcheth away that which hath been sown in his heart."

Are we ourselves trying to hear what God says, and to see what He does, and to understand both His words and His works? Are we letting the evil that is within us so harden our hearts against what is good and true, that every day it becomes more difficult to understand truth and goodness? Every wrong thought, and word, and action, is like a heavy foot-step treading down the desire to be good, and in time our hearts will grow as hard as the stones on which we walk. Like the scribes and Pharisees we shall only seek Christ that we may kill Him.

Jesus knew that His words had fallen, like the seeds in the clefts of the rocks, into the hearts of some of the people, and just as the seed grew up quickly, so they had been at once full of joy and eager to become His followers. They were glad to enter into the kingdom of heaven if it was all sunshine and glory, and happiness; they were quite willing to sit down with Him on His throne, and ready to help Him to judge His enemies. But now His enemies were growing many, and the scribes and Pharisees from Jerusalem were persecuting Him; and it was plain that the kingdom of heaven meant something else than joy and triumph. The hot sun of persecution which was beating on His head scorched them up, and the tribulation we all need to thresh away the chaff in us was too bitter for them; they went away, and walked no more with Him. Is it so with any of us? The words of Christ must take a deep root in our souls before we can bear temptation and sorrow. It is no easy thing to enter into the kingdom of heaven; we can only take possession of it by doing violence to our sinful and selfish natures. We must suffer as Christ suffered, and fight as He fought, before we can reign with Him.

The third class of our Lord's listeners were those who had received His words into hearts full of thorns; some were filled with cares of many kinds, which they would not cast away, others were deceived by their riches and possessions, and others desired the things of this world more than the kingdom of heaven. It is true some of the lighter seed had fallen into these hearts, and grew up somehow; but the thorns choked them, and the good seed could not grow at all. The outer forms of religion, and the easier precepts of Christ, found a place in their lives; but there was no real fruit, for the thorns flourished most, and exhausted all that was strong in their hearts. Like the scribes and Pharisees who paid tithe on mint, anise, and cummin, but who neglected judgment, and mercy, and truth, these hearers were ready for the small duties of God's house; but had not time or strength for doing the weighty and the real service.

One of our Lord's own chosen disciples belonged to this class. He heard all His teaching, and to him Jesus showed the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven; yet Judas was so deceived by the love of riches, and the cares of this life, that not one seed could grow up in his heart unchoked. He could wait upon Jesus Christ, and follow Him month after month; but he never had an honest and true heart, which could hear His word and hold it fast, and bring forth fruit with patience.

Of the three classes of hearers, the first rejected Christ, the second forsook Him, the third betrayed Him. Let us pray to God to keep us from belonging to any of them.

But there were other hearers, whose hearts were like the rich soil, turned up by the plough and ready for the good seed to fall into its furrows. Even here there was some difference. The seed was the same, but the fruit varied; some was thirty, some sixty, some a hundredfold, according to the conditions which surrounded it. So the truths taught by Christ produce smaller or greater results, according to our own acceptance of them. If we take them deep down into our hearts, pondering over them, and doing our utmost to understand them, then we shall bring forth more fruit than if we give less thought and less love to them.

I have spoken as if there was lighter seed in distinction to good seed. Let me give you some clue to the meaning of this. The lighter seed are those precepts about our outer conduct, such as in the Sermon on the Mount, about fasting, saying prayers, avenging ourselves, laying up treasure, being careful for the morrow, and such like; all of which are good, and some easy to observe. But the good seed which must sink very deeply into our hearts before they can bring forth fruit, are the profounder truths such as the love of God, the salvation of the soul from sin by Jesus Christ, the necessity of self-sacrifice, and others, which we must all seek out and learn for ourselves. These are the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, which it is given unto His disciples to know.

"I will not let Thee go."

"I WILL not let Thee go, except Thou bless me!"
Rise, drooping heart, and Jacob's courage show;
When sorrow's night is here, and cares oppress thee,
Say to thy God, "I will not let Thee go."

Yes, thou art feeble, and there is none greater
Than He Whom thou dost venture to assail;
Thou art the creature, He is the Creator,
Yet, Jacob-like, the weaker shall prevail.

For One, who erst for love of thee dared wrestle
With Heaven's just wrath and Satan's force arrayed,
Yet to Whose gentle heart a child might nestle,
Is with thee still to strengthen and to aid.

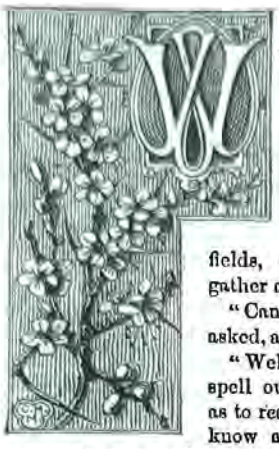
His legacy of love thou dost inherit,
He bids thee follow where His footsteps trod;
And in the might of thy Redeemer's merit,
E'en as a prince thou shalt have power with God.

Then strive till dawn, although the strife distress thee;
Be swift to say of worldly strength laid low,
"It is well lost! But oh, except Thou bless me,
My God, my Hope, I will not let Thee go."

SYDNEY GREY.

MISSY.

CHAPTER II.



HILE this change in the child's life was being talked over by her mother in so cool and business-like a fashion, Missy, with her hand closely clasped in Christopher's horny brown fingers, was walking in the fields, stopping now and then to gather an early primrose or violet.

"Can you read, Chris'fer?" she asked, as she sat arranging her flowers.

"Well, yes, Missy, I can manage to spell out a bit when I want to, but as to reading off fine and smart, I don't know as I could manage that. I was never a prize boy at school."

"I wish you could read nicely, and then you could teach me, Chris'fer. The little girl where we lodge can read; she read beautiful to me. She said she went to Sunday-school and to church, and she read to me out of the book she used there. I asked mother to let me go to Sunday-school and to church, but she said I wasn't to bother."

"I spect she read out o' the Bible, Missy. Can ye tell me what 'twas about?"

"Oh, yes; I 'member all about it. 'Twas about Adam and Eve, and a beautiful garden. Just fancy now, Chris'fer; there wasn't nobody else in the world but those two. Just mustn't it have been funny? It wouldn't have been no use for those two to have a show and go round, 'cause there wouldn't be no one to go to it. It was a pity too, 'cause the animals was all tame then; they didn't eat anybody. And when Adam wanted 'em, he just called 'em up, and gave 'em what names he liked; so it would have been easy to catch 'em and put 'em into their cages, wouldn't it, Chris'fer?"

"That's so, Missy. 'Twould be a deal nicer to be able to walk into old Congo's den without thinking that he'd claw a bit out of you if he got the chance. But what else did the little lass read?"

"Oh, a lot more, Chris'fer, about the garden; it was a beautiful place. I spect it was like that beautiful place you took me to last summer. Don't you 'member the trees and the summer-houses?—and oh! that lovely little river with the fish. Yes, I spect it was very much like that, 'cause the Book said there was rivers in that garden—four rivers; and I 'member there was something about gold in one river. I wonder if that river we saw last summer had any gold in it, Chris'fer? Couldn't we go and look some day, and if there was we'd pick it up. P'r'aps there are sovereigns there, and we could pick 'em up like I did the pretty little shells on the beach, when we were by the sea; and then, Chris'fer, we wouldn't have to wait till I was growed up before we got over our show. We'd pick up the sovereigns—ever so many; we'd fill all our pockets full, and then we'd go and buy the animals, wouldn't we?"

"Ay, ay, Missy, that we would! But I don't spect there's any sovereigns in the river we saw; if they ever was there they'd be gone long afore this. But what else was there in the Book about that garden?"

"There was something about the trees; it said they was 'pleasant to the sight, and good for food.' I 'member the words, 'cause I asked the little girl to read them over again. I liked to hear them. I thought 'pleasant to the eye' must mean all the lilacs and 'burnams, with their beautiful golden chains; and 'good for food' would be apple-trees and orange-trees and pear-trees. Don't you think so, Chris'fer?"

"I spect that's about it, Missy. You be about right there."

"And, oh! I forgot. Just at first Adam was alone—quite, quite alone in this lovely place. But God said it was bad for him, and so He sent him to sleep; and when he woke up there was Eve. I didn't quite understand about that; and when I said so, Mrs. Grace—that's Mary's mother—said there was lots of things in that Book we couldn't understand—no, not when we was growed up; so we couldn't spect little girls to know. And I think that's all, Chris'fer; but Mary said she'd read me a bit more to-night, and then to-morrow I'll tell you all about it, Chris'fer."

The next day, as soon as Christopher had leisure to attend to her, Nellie was ready with the story of the Fall.

"I always did hate those nasty snakes in their glass case," she began, "and now I know why I can't bear 'em. If it hadn't been for a serpent—and that's the same as a snake, you know, Chris'fer—if it hadn't been for a serpent, everybody would have been nice and happy; but a serpent came to Eve—at least Mary said it wasn't quite a serpent, but a kind of bad creature that looked like one—and it told her she might eat some fruit that God said she was not to touch, and she did. She was that silly she listened to the nasty serpent; I can't think how she could be so silly—can you, Chris'fer? But she was; and then she ate that fruit, and gave some to Adam; and when they'd done it they was 'fraid, 'cause they knew they didn't ought; and so they made some clothes out of leaves, 'cause, you know, they hadn't any frocks and coats before. And then God found it out, and He scolded 'em, and He made 'em coats and frocks of skins, and then He said weeds would grow, and they'd have to keep the place tidy. But He wouldn't let 'em stay in the garden; He turned 'em out. I don't think I'd have been so silly as to get turned out of the garden of Eden; do you, Chris'fer? It must have been such a nice place; I'd like to try to find it."

From this time it was a favourite amusement with the child to play that Christopher was Adam, and she Eve. She would dress herself up in some of the skins of animals which were used as rugs, and say—"Now, Chris'fer, you're Adam, you've got to work; you've got to tidy up, you know, and Eve had to work, too, so I'll help; and these are the poor animals that used to be so good in the garden of Eden. When Adam and Eve got turned out, I spect they had to shut 'em all up in cages, 'cause they shouldn't fight and eat one another up."

Great was her delight one day when, upon descending from the elephant upon which in fine weather she always entered fresh towns, dressed in the character of an Indian princess, she was presented with a shilling by a lady who had brought her own little girl to see the sight.

Scarcely waiting to thank the donor, she ran off to Christopher, and showed him the coin.

"Just as soon as you've finished, we'll go and see if we

can't get a Bible like Mary Grace's," she said, "and then you'll read to me 'bout that garden again; won't you, Chris'fer?"

"Ay, ay! Missy, we'll see what we can do, but get you gone now, old Chris is busy."

Happy, indeed, were the pair that afternoon when, the first performance being over, they sallied forth to spend the shilling. With the addition of another coin of like value from Christopher, they managed to get a Bible with sufficiently clear type for the old man, and hand-in-hand they returned to the show, and Christopher sat down to read to his eager listener.

Many were the trials before a sentence could be made out clearly. Christopher would spell the longer words, and then Nellie would help with her suggestions. "P'r'aps 'tis this," she would say, substituting some word which they thought would convey the right meaning. It was hard work for both, but they both enjoyed it; and after a short time a coadjutor was found in the shape of Ben, a boy-helper in the show. Ben could read well, and he undertook not only to read aloud occasionally to them, but also to instruct the pair in that accomplishment, so that every spare moment was turned to account, and Christopher in his horn spectacles, and little Nellie, with her serious, pale face, were to be seen poring over the same spelling-book, painfully going through the preliminaries, and learning that *a b*, spelt *ab*, and *b a*, *ba*. Ben raised an objection at first, to always reading from so sober and solemn a book as the Bible. "A fairy tale, now, Missy," he suggested, "or Old Mother Hubbard, or Jack Sheppard, that's what you ought to hear, 'twould make you laugh and amuse you, that 'twould." But Nellie declared that the Bible was beautiful; she wanted to hear it all first.

At first Christopher had taken up this new study purely for the sake of Nellie, but as he read more the desire to know still more of the wonderful Book grew upon him; and often when alone he would be found spelling over a few verses. From him first came the suggestion that they should go to church together, because he knew they read the Bible there; and when opportunity offered the strange pair might be seen on some seat near the door, listening attentively to the service.

It was in church that Nellie first heard the twenty-third Psalm, and she gave Ben no rest until he had found it for her, and read it so many times that it was imprinted on her memory. The imagery there employed of "green pastures and still waters" seemed to ally itself in her mind with her notions of the garden of Eden; and often when in dingy close lodgings, she would sit and muse over the mental pictures which she could call up.

"The child gets so old-fashioned," her mother would say at times, when Nellie would propound some unanswerable question; and others beside the mother would notice the change in her, and ask if she were not very delicate. The hectic flush, the bright eyes, and the hoarse cough would remind those, who had known her father, of Francis Brooks, and many were the heads that would be shaken ominously.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. II.—THE SYNAGOGUE.

1. The earliest mention of the synagogue is in a Psalm composed probably after the destruction of the temple.

2. In the later books of the Old Testament, for instance, in Nehemiah and Zechariah, may be found allusions to solemn assemblies held in other places than the temple.

3. At the upper end of the synagogue was a recess in which was an ark, or chest, containing the rolls or books of the law and prophets. In front of this was the seat of the presiding elder, on a raised platform. A seat on this platform was much coveted; these were the "chief seats" mentioned by our Lord. The Apostle James also makes a reference to both of these.

4. We have mentioned in the Gospels, rulers or elders of the synagogue, and in the Acts a "chief ruler."

5. In the Revelation an officer in the Christian Church is mentioned, whose duties seem to correspond to those of the "chief ruler."

6. Another officer is mentioned, who had charge of the books. He is called the "minister," which is a translation of a Hebrew word meaning *servant*.

7. To build a synagogue was looked upon as a great favour to the people of a town, as mentioned in the Gospels.

8. In the time of St. Paul, the Jews were widely scattered, and built synagogues in many Greek cities. From several passages of the Acts we find that St. Paul addressed the congregations assembled there.

9. Where there was no building to assemble in they met at some suitable place out of doors, as, by a river's side. This is alluded to in the Psalms and in the Acts.

10. Part of the synagogue service was the reading of passages from the law and the prophets. Of this we have instances in the life of our Saviour, in the history of St. Paul, and an allusion to it in a speech by one of the apostles.

11. A discourse or sermon was delivered, perhaps by one of the "scribes," or by a visitor.

12. There are allusions in the Old Testament which point to men trained as preachers in the synagogues.

13. There were also probably appointed hours for prayer as in the temple.

14. The elders of the synagogue formed a tribunal for the punishment of certain offenders. Their authority was afterwards used to persecute the Christians.

15. The Jews in foreign parts seem to have had separate synagogues of their own at Jerusalem. Give the passages of Scripture, on which this outline is founded.

ANSWER TO NEW YEAR'S ENIGMA—p. 16.

	CHAPS.	VERSES.
Lev.	23	16
Matt.	9	16, 17
Lam.	3	22, 23
John	13	34
2 Kings	2	20, 21
2 Sam.	21	16
Matt.	27	60
Mark	16	17
Heb.	10	20
Luke	22	20
Judges	16	12
Judges	5	8
Exodus	1	8
1 Sam.	5	2, 7, 8
Song of Solomon	7	13
Rev.	21	1
Isa.	48	6
1 Cor.	5	7
Rev.	21	2
Mark	1	27, 28
2 Cor.	5	17
Eph.	4	24
Rev.	2	17
Rev.	14	3
	301	
	13	
	8)288	
	36	Ezekiel 36, 26.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XIII.—MARCUS.

MURIEL LOVED THE LITTLE CREATURES WHO LOVED HER.

FOR the next two days little was talked of or thought about by the Kynaston household but the proposed school for the Crossway hamlet. Jacko declared that Muriel would set up to be the dame, and besought her to invest in a poke bonnet and a birch rod, in order to qualify herself for the part: and Topsy bobbed curtseys to her whenever they met, and asked if she might teach deportment and gymnastics. Syd and Joyce took a more rational interest in the scheme, and hoped to see the rising generation make a serious start in their educational progress. They wondered if they would be able to take occasional duty, and teach their favourite subjects to the rustics, quite irrespective of the hopelessness of instilling their own ideas into the dull minds of the untrained aborigines. Muriel said the least and thought the most. She walked over to the place the very next morning alone, and wondered what would be accomplished by the erection of the building there. She did not visit any of the cottages that day. She was not quite in the vein for conversation, and the people were nearly all busy in the fields. The children were playing about dirty and unkempt, in their customary fashion, in the road and along the ditches. They

looked half-smilingly, half-apprehensively at her: pleased to see her, yet were afraid of being called to be taught their letters, or questioned as to what they had last learned. Muriel had learned before now the unsatisfactoriness of the desultory teaching that was all she had been able to accomplish heretofore. As long as it was quite a novelty, like a new kind of game, the children came to her with alacrity, and the mothers seemed pleased; but when the freshness had worn off and the little ones found they were expected to remember what they had been taught, and to add to their slender store of knowledge, then a sort of reaction set in, and they began to regard the pretty young lady rather in the light of a wolf in sheep's clothing. Muriel knew this very well, and felt a little natural discouragement. She had wanted the children to love her, and feel that she was their friend; but unless she was content to lay aside her plans for their good they were much more inclined to regard her as a sort of foe.

Some half-dozen of these little ones had really attached themselves to her, however; and would leave their play of their own free will to gather about her and hear her stories. They did so to-day, when the girl sat down presently upon the low stile beneath the big oak tree, shyly at first, as if not sure that they were wanted, but more confidently as they found themselves received with smiles and encouraging glances. Muriel loved the little creatures who loved her and clung to her as if they felt she came for their good, and it was a real pleasure to her to be asked for the simple Bible stories that she told them in their most literal form, to try and pave the way for an apprehension of their deeper meaning.

However low the intellect of a place may be there will always be a small—possibly a very small—percentage of children slightly superior to their surroundings and endued with some kind of imaginative faculty. To encourage and stimulate these opening minds was a real pleasure to Muriel, and she was so deeply engrossed to-day in trying to make her little pupils understand in their hazy way some little bit of the beauty and pathos of the life and death of their Saviour, that she was quite unaware of the sound of footsteps behind her and started with astonishment at feeling a hand placed upon her shoulder.

Turning round quickly she saw her father and Marcus Stratford standing close behind her, having evidently come across the field.

"Ah, Muriel, at the old thing!" said her father smiling. "Well, if the scholars are always as attentive as that, the new school should flourish—eh, Marcus? We have stolen a march on you, you see. We have been looking about sites already. I told Marcus that a quiet preliminary view would be advisable before the tag-rag and bobtail were admitted to join the discussion. I think we have a pretty clear notion how the land lies, and who are tenants and owners of the different places. Now dispatch those mites, Muriel, and we will walk home together.

Muriel dismissed the children with a smile and a gesture, half ashamed of herself for feeling so discomposed at having been taken thus unawares. She hoped her lesson had not been overheard. There is always something curiously disconcerting in the sense of having been unconscious of the proximity of listeners.

Marcus looked at her in his grave, kind way.

"If our school is to deprive the children of your teaching," he said quietly, "I am afraid it may be a doubtful boon."

He did not speak mockingly or flatteringly, or she would have been annoyed. She saw he was sincere, and though her colour rose, she answered earnestly—"You must not say that; you do not know the place or the people It is so few one can get hold of—only just those few children in all the village care one bit to be taught—and if they did I could hardly do anything for them. You do not know how hard it is to get an idea into their heads, nor how fast it gets out again. I suppose they are worse than town children, because their fathers and forefathers have been quite untaught, and they seem to inherit a legacy of dulness and heaviness. Nothing but regular schooling day by day will drill anything into them, and till now I never saw how they were to get it. You don't know how glad I am!"

"I am pleased that you are, for I suppose it is really all owing to you. Our mother would hardly have thought of it had you not interested her in the place, and I fear it would never have occurred to me had she not mentioned it. It is you who have set the stone rolling, if that is any satisfaction to you."

Muriel pondered a little, and then said: "I am not quite sure that it is. I think I should like better to feel that good deeds for the benefit of others were done for their own sake, because it is right for them to be done, than to feel that they came in a haphazard way as the result of circumstances."

Marcus looked at her with a subdued smile in his eyes. "Cannot both be the cause at one and the same time?" he asked. "Circumstances must mould our lives, yet our motives can still be pure—at least, I hope so."

Muriel could think better than she could argue. She did not find it easy always to clothe her ideas in words. Marcus seemed to put his own interpretation on her silence, for he said presently, in a lower tone, and more seriously, "If any motive can be altogether pure in this world—that, of course, is always open to doubt."

"What do you mean?" asked Muriel, quickly, with a shadow as of reluctant pain in her eyes.

"I mean," he answered, with quiet gravity, not altogether unmixed with sadness, "that the more we see of life and the world, the more we see how closely intertwined are evil and good, and how hard it is to attain to a real purity and simplicity of motive or purpose."

Muriel looked straight out before her, her fair young face expressing a depth of steadfast earnestness not lost upon her companion.

"I am sorry you think that. I think it is a pity that all those who go out into life seem to lose hold of the faith that was sufficient for us in our childhood, and talk as if there were no longer any real goodness left in the world. I hope I shall never feel like that. Christ's words were,

'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Why did He use them, if purity of heart were to become impossible? I do not believe it ever will be, unless Christianity goes first."

"Nor I," answered Marcus in a low voice, but before more could be said they were joined by Mr. Kynaston, who had stepped aside to speak to a passing farmer.

He at once began talking to Marcus about the project in hand, and Muriel, not understanding technicalities, wandered away into the dreamland of her own fancies. She roused up presently by hearing her father say, in tones half of pleasure, half of remonstrance: "It is a very generous way of doing things, but have you counted the cost?"

"I think so."

"It will run into a lot of money."

"Perhaps; but my father has left me ample means, and there are duties that belong to wealth that cannot be overlooked."

"Quite true, my boy," answered Mr. Kynaston heartily, "but you seem full young to take such serious views of life."

"Am I?" answered Marcus, looking slightly amused. "Perhaps I have seen something of the evils of taking life too easily at the outset. At least, I have seen only too much of the misery that follows lavish, selfish expenditure. I cannot help feeling that property is a sort of trust to be employed for the good of others, as well as for personal enjoyment. I am not an advocate of lavish giving. I hear a good deal too much of the result of indiscriminate almsgiving, the carelessness that results from pauperising charity. I want to see the people taught to save for themselves when they are young, and lay by enough to keep them in their old age. I want to see them taught habits of thrift, and economy, and self-denial. In other countries the peasantry are frugal and thrifty, and, though poorer, are more saving than ours, because (as I believe) they know that they *must* save if they are to escape starvation. Our people do not save—it seems to be against their unwritten moral code to do so—and they marry young, never considering whether or not they can provide for their children. The idea in many cases undoubtedly is that some charitable person will provide for them if they fall into difficulties, get their children into asylums and themselves into almshouses, and at any rate there is always the parish to fall back upon. What is cause? what effect? I am not political economist enough to say; but I do think it is a problem that landowners and capitalists would do well to consider seriously. I cannot but think that some system of saving (compulsory saving, if need be) imposed upon the young just starting in life, would do more for the nation than all the workhouses put together."

"Chimerical schemes—youthfully chimerical!" smiled Mr. Kynaston, "not but what there is sound common sense in much that you say."

"I am going to try, at least, if I can reduce my chimera to something real and tangible," answered Marcus; and their roads dividing, they parted forthwith, Muriel feeling that she had got several new ideas about Marcus.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE MILL-POOL.

She was destined to have more such ideas before many days had passed. To the last day of her life Muriel never forgot that terrible moment, when coming out of the mill (on the way to the Crossway hamlet a few days later) from paying a visit to the miller's sick wife, she saw the miller's rickety punt out in the midst of the treacherous deep mill-pool, swinging this way and that in the eddying current, with Topsy and Jacko trying in vain to direct its devious track, and little Lilias gazing out at the expanse of water, her eyes wide with terror.

Muriel had often taken her brothers and sisters with her to the mill. They were fond of the place, and often remained outside whilst their elder sister went in. Sometimes the good-natured miller would punt them about the pool, or land them upon the opposite bank, where in a green water-meadow wild flowers bloomed with great luxuriance; but he had always strictly forbidden the venturesome children from entering the punt without him; and Muriel, on her side, had been equally firm in enforcing this rule. The deep pool with its smooth dark surface, and strange treacherous eddies and cross currents, always roused in her a sense akin to awe. She never cared to trust herself upon it, or to let Lilias go, even when she knew they were safe in the miller's care, and now she stood transfixed with horror, for Lilias springing up at the sight of her sister, stretched out her little hands in a mute appeal for help; and Jacko, not seeing how insecure was the child's footing in the shallow, oscillating punt, stepped against her, the long punting pole in his hand, and the next moment, with a little faint cry of terror, Lilias had fallen overboard into the water.

For one moment everything swam in a dark mist before Muriel's eyes. A second later she was roused to the consciousness that something had happened by the sound of a loud splash. Some one had sprung into the water—some one was swimming with powerful strokes towards the spot where Lilias had disappeared. The punt had drifted helplessly away when the child's golden head appeared above the surface of the water, no effort of Jacko's could bring the long pole within reach of the half-unconscious grasping hands; but help was close at hand, for the swimmer had already reached the drowning child, and Roy was standing trembling with excitement by Muriel's side.

"It's Marcus!" he cried. "It's all right, Muriel! He has got her safe! Oh, well done, Marcus! Muriel don't look so white—he has her safe. She wasn't long under water, it can't have hurt her, and Marcus can swim like a seal. Oh, how glad I am we came this way! I made him stop to sketch the mill, and then I saw those three in the punt and called to him to come and see if it was safe. We had just got down to that tree there when Lilias fell over. Here they come. Hold on Lily, hold on! There he is in his depth now. Muriel, it is all right! Here they are, safe!"

Roy had been pulling the girl along with him to the water's edge whilst he panted out these disjointed sentences. His face was as flushed with excitement as her's was white with apprehension. She could not speak when Marcus bore his dripping, gasping burden ashore, and walked steadily up the path towards the mill.

By this time an alarm had been given. The miller, covered with flour, came running out of some dark recess of his mill, and his eldest daughter followed, eager to render assistance. The punt had meantime drifted aground on the opposite bank out of all danger, the other children were safe enough though for the moment out of reach; nor was the condition of Lilias such as to give rise to any serious apprehension. She had had a severe shock and a wetting; but already she was beginning to recover, and presently, when her wet clothes had been removed and she was lying warm and snug in a sort of improvised bed beside the miller's kitchen fire, her nervous trembling ceased, and she looked about her with a little sigh of relief and contentment.

"Is Marcus here?" she asked presently.

"I think he is drying himself by the other fire," said the miller's daughter, "if it is Mr. Stratford she means."

"I want to see him," said Lilias.

"You shall very soon, darling, before he goes home," answered Muriel tenderly, "drink some of this nice hot milk Annie has got for you. It will do you good."

Lilias obeyed, the colour coming slowly back into her pale cheeks.

"Where are Topsy and Jacko?"

"Quite safe, missy dear," answered Annie cheerfully, "father has gone down stream for the ferry-boat and will bring them across in it very quick now. Don't you worry about them no more."

"I wish they hadn't gone!" said Lilias with a little shiver. "I didn't want to—I knew it was naughty; but they said——" then stopping short as if afraid of letting out more than she meant, and "telling tales," she looked up wistfully at Muriel, and said, "You're not angry with me?"

"No, no, darling! Angry with you, my sweet one! Only so very, very thankful to have you safe."

"I might have been drowned if Marcus hadn't come, mightn't I? Don't let Marcus go, please, till I have seen him."

"No, darling, I won't," and the child folded her hands together and closed her eyes. Muriel fancied she was giving thanks in her simple childish way for her escape, and her own heart rose up in voiceless thanksgiving for the merciful preservation of her little sister that day.

Presently the door opened softly, and Roy's head appeared.

"How is she?" he asked in a cautious whisper. The child's eyes flashed open instantly.

"I'm quite well, Roy, I'm only in bed till my clothes can dry. Please is Marcus going? I want to see him first."

"All right, I'll tell him. Yes; he's about ready to move. We're going to send a carriage for all of you, Muriel, so wait here till it comes. She won't be quite fit to walk yet awhile, and you look as pale as a ghost yourself. You'll all be a bit shaken, I dare say."

Muriel could not deny it, and thanked Roy with gratitude. Next minute Marcus came in, passed her by with a smile and went and leaned over little Lilias.

"Well, little one, all right again, now?"

Two small hands were eagerly held out to him.

"Oh, yes, Marcus, quite, quite well! Oh, I'm so much obliged to you for taking me out of the water. I think I should have been drowned if you had not been there. I saw you just as I fell in—I thought you would come for me."

Marcus stooped and kissed her, stroking the rings of damp hair upon her forehead with gentle touch.

"Of course I should come, little one. We have always been friends, haven't we? Now can't you get a nap after your bath? and then you will wake up as fresh as a daisy, and not frighten any one with your pale looks."

He kept stroking her hair as he talked, and already the child's eyelids began to droop. In a few minutes she was sleeping quietly and Marcus turned away with a satisfied look.

"She will do very well, now," he said, softly, to Muriel, and passed out, she following him from the house until they stood together at the top of the little ascent that led down to the mill-pool; then she held out her hand.

"I couldn't let you go without thanking you, Marcus," she said, in a low voice that quivered a little, despite her outward composure of manner; "You don't know what Lilias is to me—and if you had not been there——"

"Do not think of that," he said, gently and firmly. "I was there. Surely that is enough."

"Yes," she answered. "I am very thankful; but I cannot help thinking—suppose you had been drowned too?"

"Small danger of that, Muriel. I am a strong swimmer."

"I know; only sometimes things do happen, and that pool is very cold, and dark, and treacherous, and you know drowning people so often clutch hold of their preservers and hamper their movements so that——"

She did not finish her sentence, but her eyes spoke more eloquently than her lips. He saw that light words would be out of place, and jar against her keen sensibilities. He looked down at her with a kindly light in his resolute grey eyes. His face was grave, and his manner quietly earnest.

"We know, Muriel, that in this world we are all surrounded with dangers of some kind or another, and that every step we take may be fraught with peril; but I think if we go steadily onward, just doing the duty that comes to hand, without considering overmuch what the consequences may be, we need not fear but that a providence will watch over us and guard us from harm. We know in Whose hands we and the world lie, and Who is guiding us and all things about us. After all, if we say daily from our hearts, as well as from our lips, 'Thy will be

done,' we need not greatly fear what any day may bring forth. So long as that Will is done, we can leave all the rest."

Muriel was looking straight out before her. She did not speak for a few moments; then she put out her hand again, and said very gently: "Thank you. Good-bye."

He held her hand a moment in his, and then turned quietly away. She stood quite still long after Marcus and Roy had gone, looking down into the mill-pool, and thinking her own thoughts about many things.

"I am glad he said that. I am glad he feels like that about things. I thought so always; but it is hard to know. Men are different from us, I think; but he is not ashamed to own what he believes. And he saved our darling—our little Lilias. Oh, I do not know how I can ever be thankful enough! I think I am glad that we owe her life to Marcus."

THE WORRIES OF DAILY WORK.

BY THE REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, LL.B.

"But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to Him, and said, Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?"—*Luke* x. 40.

HOME-LIFE, with its worries and work, was not beneath the notice of the Son of God. Some of His noblest utterances fell from His lips in the unrestrained conversations he had with intimate friends while they sat at the table together at ordinary meals. He was utterly unlike those human teachers whose public addresses, or whose published writings, have aroused the world's attention, but whose private life, and domestic relationships are best left unrevealed. The more Jesus was known the more he was loved, trusted and adored. The crowds who occasionally listened to his lofty teaching, or gained physical blessings from his supernatural power, might in a moment of ignorant fanaticism cry "Crucify Him!" but the feeling of those who really knew Him was expressed by one of them when he exclaimed, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee to prison, and to death!"

There were no words of our Lord's more thankfully treasured than those He uttered privately as He walked with His disciples through the cornfields, or sat with them at the supper table, or waited in some lowly room until a meal was prepared by the busy housewife. An example of this is afforded us here in an incident which has about it the most charming simplicity, and yet the most Divine luminousness. In a small hamlet, hidden from Jerusalem by the summit of Olivet, was an unpretentious house to which our Lord often resorted, for "Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." On one of these visits the occurrence took place which has instructed and encouraged multitudes besides ourselves. What the disciples heard in the darkness they were commanded to speak in the light, and what they heard in the ear, they were to proclaim on the housetops. They little knew the good of their doing so, but they loyally did their Lord's bidding, and hence Mary's quiet talk, and Martha's busy service, have proved the seedcorn of many a harvest from which God has given daily bread to hungry souls for centuries.

The story is so natural that it comes home to us all. Who has not experienced the occasional friction of human life; the fret and fume of certain busy natures; the anxiety that things should go right, and the impatience when they go wrong—the pang of jealousy which shoots through the heart when others appear to be more comfortable than ourselves? All this, and much more, is exemplified here, and the Saviour's graciousness to Martha may encourage us to speak to Him about the fret of our life, and to ask His grace that we may school our restless hearts to quietude and peace.

Let us not misunderstand Martha's position, or her failing. She has sometimes been put in contrast with her sister as if she were the type of a worldling and Mary of a Christian. This was never intended by the evangelist. Both sisters were disciples; although, in disposition and temperament, they differed widely, as members of the same family often do. They were contrasts to each other, as were Peter and John in the apostolate. Martha, like Peter, was quick, decided, energetic, ready for every good word and work. Mary, like John, who leaned on Jesus' breast, was thoughtful, contemplative and confiding. Each had her own temptations: Mary to indolence, Martha to fussiness: but however much they may have misunderstood one another, both alike found sympathy and help in that gracious Master, who is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.

We will think of Martha as a type of those of us who in the household, in the school, in the business, or in the Christian Church, are compelled either by circumstances, or by temperament, to be busy. Such a life is wholesome enough in itself; indeed, from its very nature, it is free from the temptations to luxuriousness, to self-absorption and to brooding which assail those whose lot is easier. But anxiety and fretting often accompany it, and these are distinctly forbidden by our Lord in His Sermon on the Mount, and wisely so, for they are as detrimental to our temporal interests as to our inward peace. It was under the power of this temptation that

Martha fell. "She was careful and troubled about many things," or, as Farrar puts it in colloquial English, she was "fretting and fussing" over them; and there was petulance, and a tinge of jealousy in her question, "Lord, dost Thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone?"

We will look a little more closely into this—for it concerns men and women, young and old alike. Let us see some of the causes of such fretting—which assert themselves in us, as powerfully as in Martha.

I. A sense of *the inferiority of our work* too often worries us. This energetic housewife was doing a good work, both in showing to her Lord all the honour that she could—and in doing what her hands found to do with all her might. Perhaps she would have been satisfied if her sister had shared the drudgery with her, but it was vexatious to see that while she was busy with preparations for the meal, Mary was comfortable and happy, sitting at Jesus' feet, and listening to him. The feeling stirred in her heart is common enough: in a sense, natural enough, though Christ condemns it now, as then. Examples of it will rise spontaneously to your imagination, even if they are not suggested by memory from your own experience.

A girl has left school where she has distinguished herself in her examinations, and now she has to undertake some duties in the kitchen, and in the details of household work; and she is aggravated to see a younger sister meantime spending hours in pursuits far more congenial. It is a real cross-bearing to her—not the less painful, because her father and brothers would be ready to laugh at it.

A young fellow finds himself still occupying a subordinate position in the office, and has no prospect of a rise, though he has worked steadily for several years. Others, whom he knows to be his inferiors in ability and in education, are far ahead of him; and they often get credit for work which he has done while they have been taking their ease. He resents it, and even in his prayers to Him who is just and good, is tempted to say, "Lord, dost thou not care?" And what must be the feeling of some of the poor! especially of those among them who have been brought down, through no fault of their own, who have still the instincts and tastes of ladies and gentlemen, amid the squalid surroundings of penury? Often as the so-called "masses" pass palatial dwellings, or watch the carriages roll by in the streets; or note the ease and luxuriousness of those who are not morally better than themselves—they ask "Is this fair? Why should I have all the drudgery and these all the luxury?" And too often they doubt, or deny the existence of a God who judges in the earth, while others among them who pray are ready to say with tears, "Lord, dost thou not care?" Well, if this life were all, there would be no answer to these complaints; but since it is only our brief schooling for the fuller and more lasting possibilities beyond death, this lower work which compels us to sacrifice our tastes, and to deny ourselves indulgences, may be the best preparation for our hereafter. At least, we know that our Lord Himself who is highest in heaven, and rules as its everlasting King, deliberately chose for Himself on earth, not the palace and the throne, but the carpenter's shop, and then the cross of shame, and the crown of thorns. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

II. Again, we are often fretted by a consciousness of *loneliness* in our work. Martha yearned for sympathy; and it seemed to her as if neither her sister, nor her Lord, felt for her as they sat absorbed in their converse on heavenly truths. "Lord, dost thou not care?" she cried—"Hast thou no thought for me? My sister has left me to serve *alone*, and I have everything to do by myself." A solitary life is lived by many who, in one sense, do not live alone; indeed, there is no loneliness more trying than that endured by one who is solitary in spirit. Crowds of uncongenial companions make the sensitive soul shrink more and more within itself, and such an one would prefer, if it were possible, "a lodge in some vast wilderness." Much of the best work of the world is done without the consciousness of sympathy or of co-operation. This is harder to women than to men, whose coarser natures are mercifully adapted by God to the rougher work which properly falls to their lot; and probably unmarried women feel it most, those of whom Charlotte Bronté beautifully writes: "I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women nowadays; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman who makes her own way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and who retains in her possession a well-regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve wants as far as her means extend." Many of us know those whose own lives seem solitary enough, but whose hearts are never-failing fountains of sympathy to others;—the stream seemingly the wider, because it is not narrowed down to one special channel. But this would surely not be possible to them unless they felt sure of the love of Him who does "care," because they are left to serve alone, and whose grace has hushed their murmuring, and stilled the pain of the old wounds, whose scars are emblems of victory over self.

But a sense of loneliness is by no means confined to these. He who knows the secrets of every life can see solitariness of soul in many a home. God sees it in her whose husband has no sympathy with her religious life, who has to do good by stealth, and often in fear and trembling, for she is left to "serve alone." God sees it in the wife who of necessity is alone all day; who feels the growing responsibility of training and ruling the children which devolves entirely on her; on whom all the planning for the best use of a limited income falls; but who lovingly says nothing at all about the economies which mean self-denial to her every day, because she knows that her husband has cares enough of his own. The burdens of life fall the heaviest on our wives

and mothers; and many a man has unimagined reasons for thanking God for a good wife who is from the Lord, who while keeping worries from him that he could ill bear, feels them resting the more painfully on her own gentle heart. And what shall we say of others who would give anything to have back again even the partial solace of such imperfect sympathy? From them the husband has been taken, the strong arm is no longer their's to lean upon; yet the home duties still press, the training of the children must still go on, and sometimes in sorrowfulness of spirit the widow prays, "Lord, dost thou not care that I am left to serve alone?" Indeed He does! He is the Father of the fatherless, and the God of the widow; and with each returning day will give guidance, and help and solace as He has done until now; and soon the transient separation will be ended, and God's love set thee at his side again.

III. The *drudgery* of our work is often a cause of unrest. To be cooking, and laying a table, when Jesus was in the house, suddenly seemed to Martha too menial an occupation. At first this did not occur to her. It was her usual work, and she flew to it with the more zest because He was coming. Indeed, it is clear that she undertook far too much, and that if she had not planned so ambitiously, she might have quickly done what was necessary, and then could have sat with Mary, at Jesus' feet, to hear His words. It is a serious question whether the overwork of which so many complain is not due to an unwillingness to be satisfied with enough; to an ambition to get luxuries, or to make great fortunes; and when that is so, worry is natural enough. But, in any sort of work, with however much zest it is begun, there comes a time when its monotony and drudgery depress us. We want a change of some kind. We resent the yoke which galls the neck from pressing on the same parts always. We begin to sympathise with the mill-horse who trudges round and round, with no more thought than a machine. Now God would have you counteract that by a wise and Christian use of your spare time; in which by change of occupation, by mental culture, by help given to others for Christ's sake, you may go back to the morrow's toil with new eagerness. The man who spends his spare time in amusements, especially those of a spectacular kind; and the woman who slips back to her sensational novel, or hurries off to an exciting entertainment, directly she can get free from duty, are of all others most likely to fret over the monotony and drudgery of life; whereas those who brace the mind, instead of indulging it, will fill the whole sphere of toil with irrepressible cheerfulness.

IV. There is one other cause of worry in work which ought not to pass unnoticed, namely, its *troublesomeness.* Trifles, small in themselves, do more to destroy our peace of mind than greater troubles, and we may shrewdly suspect that something had just gone wrong with Martha's cooking. The unpunctuality of a tradesman, or of a workman; the carelessness of a servant; the loss of an important letter; the interruption of work at a critical moment by a chattering busybody—these are the tests of temper, and more than greater events they reveal what manner of men we are. How often the saintliest is brought down in humiliation by trifles! Though he towers above others in Christian manhood as distinctly as Goliath of Gath did over his fellows in physical manhood; yet the small hole in the helmet will enable his watchful foe to bring him to his knees. Though he be a king, like Ahab, clothed in armour of proof, yet an arrow shot at a venture may pierce between the joints of his harness. Therefore let us guard ourselves against fretfulness of spirit as watchfully as we do against what we call greater sins. Nothing is more opposed than it is to the Spirit of Christ Jesus. There is a discontented, unquiet temper which casts a shadow on many a home, and keeps out the sunshine in which alone young life can be wholesome and happy. There is a fault-finding spirit, which refuses to speak a word of commendation to those who hunger for it, but is ready enough with rebuke at the sight of the smallest failure. There is a disposition with some not only to mark out their own course, but to be angry (as Martha was) if others do not possess their qualities or do their work, forgetting in their bustling activity the truth which lies in the words:—

They also serve, who stand and wait.

There are some who, if their own lot is not restful, seem resolved that no one near them shall have repose, and who, being called to a life of activity, are merciless with themselves, and try hard to make themselves martyrs; being determined that all within sight and hearing shall know of their misery. This may be the temper of Martha, but it was not the temper of Christ, in whose sight a meek and quiet spirit is of great price. He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Above all let us never allow ourselves to become so busy, or so fretted as to forget our Master, and to ignore the fact that we are near him or within His sight and hearing. If you find sympathy in no one else, you may find it in Him; and if you come to His feet, and tell Him the story of your failings, and sins, He will listen patiently, forgive freely, and send you back to work with the renewed strength of one who has waited upon God. Sit at Jesus' feet, as Mary did, and then you will be able to do Martha's work, without any of her fretfulness. Work will become more sacred to you if you feel that it is being done for Him; the loneliness of it will be lessened, by the thought that He knows all about it and about you. Wrong-doing and self-seeking will vanish when the Lord who was crucified for our sins is in the midst of work as clearly seen as was the cross, in every market-place in the days of our fathers; and all the fretting and chafing of the sea of life, will but wear away the sharp angles of our nature, and prepare us to become living stones, and polished stones, in the temple of our God. He who rested in the home of Bethany is ready to enter every heart, and every home,

whose door is open to give him welcome; and so great is His condescension, that of all of us it may be said, "He went in to tarry with them."

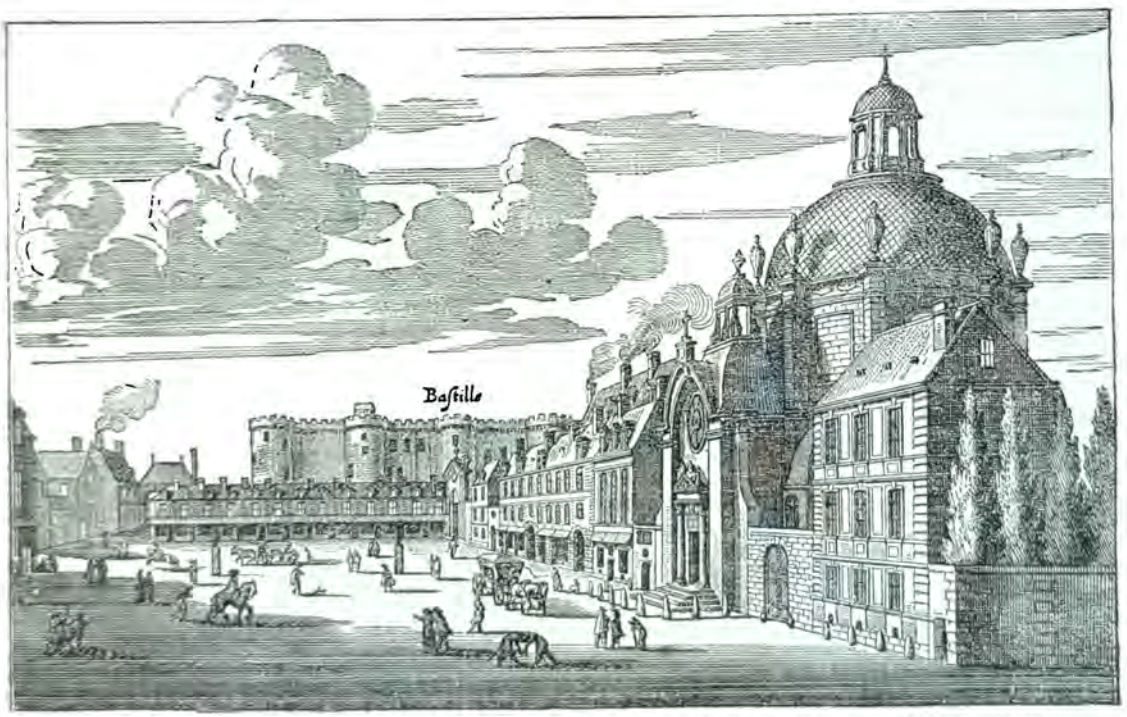
Our lives, enriched with gentle thoughts
And loving deeds, may be
As streams, that still the nobler grow,
The nearer to the sea.

To duty firm, to conscience true,
However tried and pressed,
In God's clear sight high work to do,
If we but do our best.

Thus may we make the lowliest lot
With rays of glory bright;
Thus may we turn a crown of thorns
Into a crown of light!

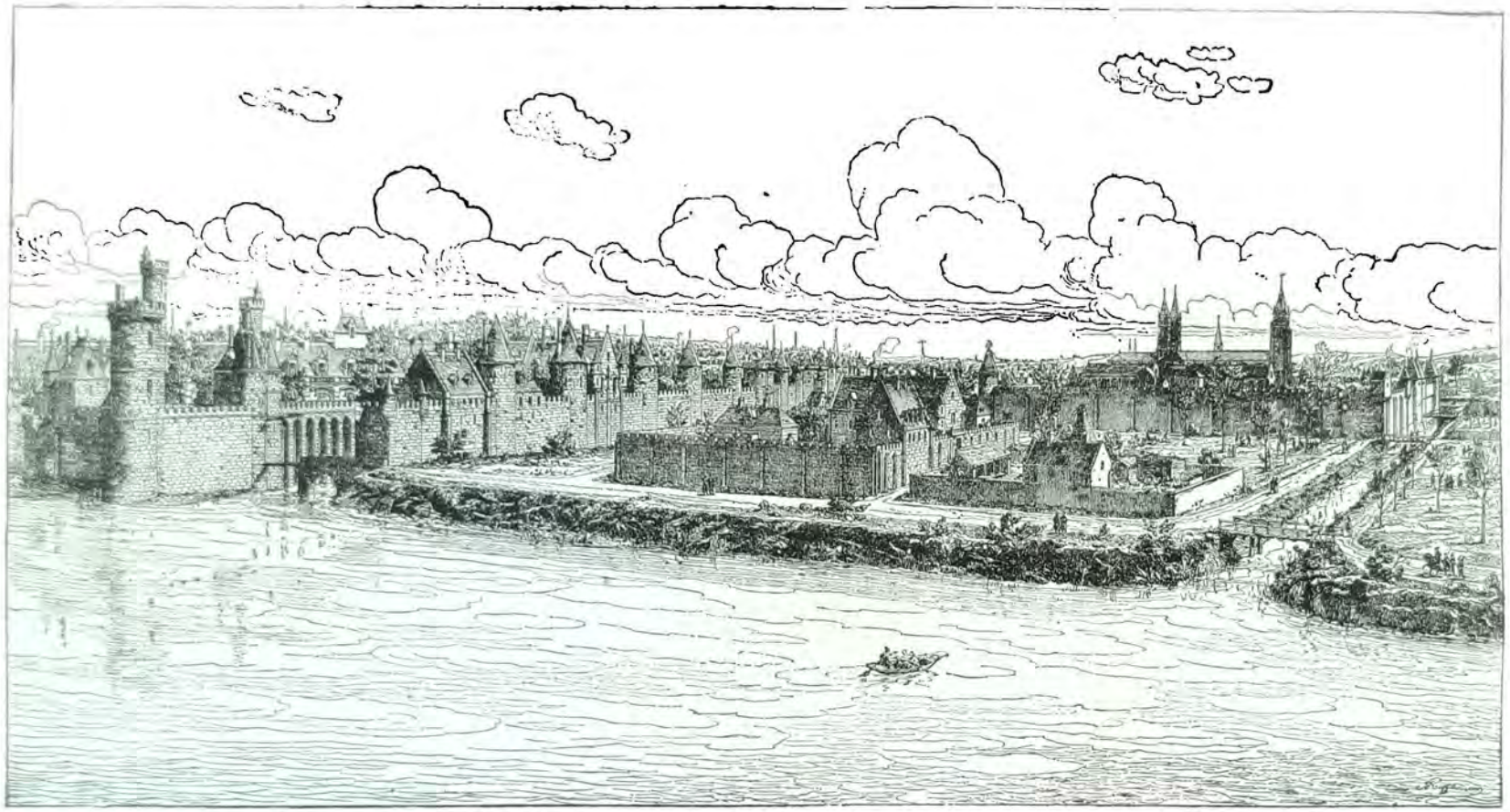
PARIS AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

II.



THE BASTILLE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY FROM THE RUE DE ST. ANTOINE, (FROM AN OLD PRINT).

LOOKING at dates, says D'Aubigné, we must admit that the glory of beginning the Reformation belongs neither to Germany nor to Switzerland, but to France. To be quite exact, he should have said Paris. For in Paris as early as 1512, when Luther was still an agonising ascetic, Jacques Lefèvre preached Justification by Faith. His book, Commentaries of the Epistles of St. Paul, the first act, so to speak, of the Reformation in France, was dated from the precincts of the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Prés, or, as Londoners would have said: St. Germain-in-the-fields. One of those great religious foundations in Paris which, by ancient privilege, were almost little realms in themselves, having even the right to dispense justice within the *bourg* which grew up around it, St. Germain had at this time an abbot, Guillaume Briçonnet, who protected and for a time led the effort for Reform. To enter the church of St. Germain to-day is to exchange the bright sunshiny life of modern Paris for the obscurity of a tomb. After a time the columns of a vast church begin to appear, a few flickering lights lead the eye to the altar, from whence perchance is heard the low wail of a mass for the dead. All is dreary: a vestige of a long-lost past. St. Germain-des-Prés is like that little vase found in the coffin of a Merovingian king buried within its vaults: the odour of the Middle Ages still lingers, though so many centuries have rolled by.



THE TOUR DE NESLE, ST. GERMAIN DES PRÉS, AND PART OF THE PRÉ AUX CLERCS,

Showing the quarter most inhabited by the Protestants of Paris in the sixteenth century.

And it was here, or at least under its protecting walls, that the light of the Reformation first broke forth; in its immediate neighbourhood that the Huguenots long gathered as to their natural fastness.

Their particular retreat was the Rue de Marais, now the Rue de Visconti, a street running a short distance from the quay, between the Rue Bonaparte, which crosses the Boulevard St. Germain just in front of the Church of St. Germain, and the Rue de Seine, which intersects the Boulevard a little more to the east. The houses in the Rue de Marais had on both sides gardens, and being outside the walls of Paris and close to the *Pré-aux-clercs*,[1] which was reached by a little bridge, its inhabitants could easily escape into the open country in a moment of danger.

Reformers, however, even in the very earliest times, by no means confined themselves to this spot. They were scattered in reality all over Paris, their doctrine spreading so fast that, in 1525, Louise de Savoie (Regent of France during the captivity of Francis I.), proposed this question to the Sorbonne: "By what means can the damnable doctrine of Luther be quashed, extirpated, and entirely cleared out of this Christian kingdom?" The answer had already been given in the burning of Jacques Pauvent, or Pavanes, a disciple of Lefèvre, and a man, according to Crespin, of great sincerity and integrity. This proto-martyr of the Reformed Church in Paris, who suffered in 1524 on the Place de Grève, is a type of the first confessors of Reform. Before the authorities took to burning young people wholesale, the Sorbonne tried to quash the heresy by destroying its most able and eminent defender: Louis de Berquin, a learned and honest nobleman. The Sorbonne was the theological faculty of the Paris University, celebrated at this time as "the most excellent school" in Christendom. Thus thought Luther, who had never been there; but those who had, entertained a very different opinion. "How frivolously," wrote Tschudi to Zwingle, "the French youth are educated! No poison is as bad as the sophistical art in which they are trained: an art which stupefies the senses, destroys the judgment, brutifies the whole man. Man is thenceforth, like the echo, an empty sound. Ten women could not keep pace with one of these rhetoricians. In their prayers they present their sophisms to God (I know the fact), and pretend by their syllogisms to constrain the Holy Spirit to hear them." Nowhere was this more evident than in the schools of theology, and Luther recognised this. "They have to themselves," said he, "the most agreeable place in Paris, a private street closed with gates at either end; it is called the Sorbonne, perhaps, as I imagine, from that fruit which grows on the shores of the Dead Sea, which outwardly presents so agreeable an appearance, but proves nothing but ashes within." Luther was thinking of the old story of the apples of Sodom, which he confounded with the fruit of the Sorb. However, the origin of the word Sorbonne was not quite so interesting as that; it merely enshrined the name of its founder, Robert de Sorbon, who, in the days of St. Louis, established a school of theology. Perhaps its professors had at first been sincere and earnest men, but by the time of the Valois, a Sorbonist was a man of whom it might be said:—

> He had a creed, he had a tongue,
> He had a heart when he was young;
> But—very melancholy fact!—
> 'Twas like a bell that time had crackt;
> Which by this certain mark is known—
> His speech is mutter without tone,
> His creed is sound as any post,
> A growth which former life hath lost.
> The truth from him is mouldy crust,
> His word a wind with blinding dust;
> And in his fog of speech you fumble,
> Till at the plainest things you stumble.

The tenebrous cobwebery of these dark and dismal doctors of the Sorbonne, Louis de Berquin could not endure. A controversy in which he engaged led him to look into the Bible, and he was astonished at the immense difference between its teachings and what he saw around him. He became a Reformer. Protected at first by Francis, he was at last given up to his enemies, and burnt in the Place de Grève, November 21, 1529.

The immediate cause was the mutilation of an image of the Virgin at one of the cross ways in Paris. The popular mind, agitated by the new doctrine, ever and anon burst out into these iconoclastic acts; shattering at night some idol with a hammer, or in full daylight seizing the host from the priest at the altar, and stamping on the consecrated wafer. If the iconoclast was caught, he died that very day; but if he remained unknown, the sacrilege was atoned for by the blood of other victims.

In the autumn of 1534, a violent placard against the Mass was posted about Paris,[1] and one was even found on the door of the king's chamber. There was a panic. Perhaps Francis and the authorities thought the Anabaptist Commune was going to be set up, as in the ensuing year it was actually set up at Münster, and, like frightened people, they stopped at no cruelty in their efforts to stamp it out. From the 13th of November to the 5th of December, burnings took place in Paris every two or three days. On the 13th, a paralytic youth was burned at the cemetery of St. Jean; on the 14th, a rich draper, after having had his hand chopped off, was burnt at the Halles; and on the same day, a printer was burnt at the Place Maubert; on the 18th, a mason was burnt before the Church of St. Catherine du St. Anthony; on the 19th, a bookseller was hanged at the Place Maubert; on 4th December a young clerk was burned at the Temple; and on the 5th, a young illuminator was hanged at the end of the Pont St. Michel.

Christmas passed, and on the 25th of January, 1535, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul,

[1] Pré aux clercs, like St. Germain des Prés, has its London equivalent in Clerkenwell Green.

[1] It was a usual thing even at this time to post bills up in the streets. They were generally put up at crossings. Thus Palissy advertised his lectures on Natural Philosophy.

there was an imposing procession through the streets, in which the king, bearing a lighted taper in his hand, walked bareheaded. Mass over, Francis went to the bishop's palace, where he dined with the bishop, who, like himself, was one of the stars of the Renascence. Then, returning to the Louvre, he witnessed on his way the spectacle of a martyr roasted alive by being suspended to a movable gibbet, which rose and fell, so that the victim was alternately plunged into, and then drawn out of, the flames. This mode of execution was called the Estrapade. These executions were not confined to one spot, but went on at various places at the same time. One spot near the Church of St. Geneviève, now the Panthéon, still preserves the memorial of this horrible mode of torturing men to death. Turning to the right on coming to the top of the Rue Soufflot and passing the Mairie, the first street to the right leads to the Place de l'Estrapade.

Had Francis practised the salutary habit of Marcus Aurelius, and recalled every evening his conduct during the day, the words of the lesson he must have heard during the service in Notre Dame might have touched his conscience. "And Saul, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went to the high priest."

But probably neither king nor people troubled in the least about the agonies of the six men who suffered this diabolic cruelty, but in many a house the fashionable world kept holiday, and repeated on a small scale what went on that noon at the episcopal palace. Let us imagine ourselves possessors of "the Goloshes of Fortune," and able to be present at one of the newly-built Renascence mansions to be found in various parts of Paris.

We enter a quiet court; at the end is a charming building, two stories high and moderately wide. We admire its sculptured pilasters, its delicate colouring and fine proportions. Having entered, we find the blazing hearth and odoriferous perfumes of the dining-hall delicious. The great chimney-piece, its mantelshelf supported by graceful carytides, at once attracts the eye, which next falls on a dresser of walnut-wood, loaded with coloured glass goblets, enamelled salt-cellars and choice porcelain, all arranged on shelves edged with velvet. On the left is a long table covered with a finely-damasked cloth; nothing is on it but a trencher piled with hunks of bread, and a gilded leather-case, containing knives and forks. With much pomp, preceded by pages, the company enter: the gentlemen in slashed doublets and stuffed hose, their square shoes rosetted and slashed; the ladies gorgeously attired in brocades and velvets, wearing chaplets of roses or of gold filigree, their waist-bands enriched with sapphires, emeralds, and rubies.

The master and mistress arrange the seats, and, while the company is still standing, the oldest among them, making the sign of the cross, recites the grace in a loud voice. All then take their seats, and while a copious soup, of which oysters and saffron-rice are the chief ingredients, is served round, nothing is heard but the clatter of dishes and the clinking of knives and spoons. In addition to the soup there are dishes of various meats, and of all the vegetables in season. A large goblet of Dijon wine being passed round, in a trice the silent feeders are flashing sallies of wit, and the whole room is a hubbub of voices.

But, suddenly, all is hushed, for the doors have opened, and a procession of five strong scullions appears carrying fresh dishes. The first has in one hand, goslings *à la Malvoisie;* in the other, stewed sea-eels; the second bears a dish of stomach of sturgeon, and another of roebuck, prepared with Milan cheese; the third has partridges and a fine capon; the fourth two huge jellies; while the fifth is laden with an enormous dish of teals, flanked by two salads of rampions of Meaux and Macedonian parsley, decorated with slices of cucumber and pickled onions. Free flows the talk, feats of arms, poetry, art, the mad antics of the students in the Pré-aux-clercs, with many a humorous story retailed from the all-amusing book of the Curé of Meudon forming its staple. An hour passes away, and the second course is concluded.

The doors open, and the cry is heard:—Place for the maître d'hotel! who enters pompously carrying in his outstretched arms a roast swan arrayed in all its glory, its neck arched, its wings expanded, and in the floods of gravy swim lapwings, plovers, and dotterels. With much address the grand Amphytrion of the feast plants his dish, grouping around its sides a number of delicious *entremets*, and supporting it at either end with a well of whipped cream and a pyramid of flaky cakes.

All praise the maître d'hotel, who, affecting modesty, bows low, and then, receding some steps, claps his hands. At this signal, hautboys, trumpets, clarions burst into loud music, and amidst a triumphant burst the banquet concludes with sweetmeats and confectionery.

Thus Paris might forget its martyrs; not so an eagle-faced man, who, young in years, but already old and careworn in looks, sits pen in hand, a fugitive at Geneva, preparing a defence of the sufferers. Calvin had himself been a student at Paris, and probably as Farel a disciple of Lefèvre. At any rate he was obliged to fly in 1533, the particular spot being the Collège de Fortet (long No. 27, Rue des Sept Voies), from which he is said to have escaped by a window. Although young among the Reformers, with the daring of genius he undertakes to tell the king what they believe; and his version of the Huguenot faith, set forth in his book, the Christian Institutes, does actually fix and become the standard of their creed.

What happened at the coronation of Catherine de Medici is significant of the spirit in which these two worlds now face to face in Paris met and regarded each other.

The city was full of excitement, fêtes went on day after day. The king could not let them pass without the added zest of murder. Six Lutherans should be burnt alive. The idols the Valois worshipped would enjoy such a holocaust. In the spirit Shakespeare regarded artizans and labourers, a poor tailor is sent for to amuse the court. Monarchs in those days thought it

not derogatory to hold a theological tournay with some poor heretic, and so to enjoy the frightful pleasure of worrying the mouse they were about to devour. But on this occasion the mouse was more than equal to the royal cat. The tailor not only held his own against king and priest, but gave the royal mistress, the infamous Diana of Poitiers, such a stern reproof that the king became his personal enemy, and resolved to see him die. The burning took place in the Rue St. Antoine. The royal box was a window looking down upon the stake. When the martyr was bound he turned towards the king, and with a calm, courageous look, steadily gazed at him. The king got up and went away, but for several nights after he saw his victim at his bedside.

John Bunyan's Vanity Fair hits off to the life the relations at this time between the reformers, the authorities and the mob. The very appearance of Christian and Faithful in the fair creates a hubbub; on account of the hubbub they are imprisoned; their imprisonment causes the hubbub to become a fight, whereupon the pilgrims are brought before the judge, charged with "being enemies to, and disturbers of the trade; with making commotions and divisions in the town, and having won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince." When Faithful is tried, the witness against him, is "that he neither regardeth law nor custom, but doth all that he can to possess men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness; that he says the religion of the town is naught and such by which a man could by no means please God, from which it follows that its worship is vain, and that those who pursue it are yet in their sins and will finally be damned; that he hath railed on its noble prince and hath spoken contemptuously of his honourable friends as the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, Sir Having Greedy, and hath said that if all men were of his mind not one of these noble men should have any longer a being in this town; and on this the jury," who were also doubtless paralleled in the Palais de Justice of the sixteenth century, "forthwith bring the prisoner in guilty of death."

Nevertheless, the Huguenots had many friends in the Parisian "Vanity Fair." Some said, "They are good men;" others, "Nay, for they lead the people astray." So one hour it was "Hosanna in the highest;" another, "Away with these fellows, it is not fit that they should live." During the enthusiasm caused by the publication of Clement Marot's metrical version of the Psalms, the Pré-aux-clercs resounded every evening with congregational psalmody, accompanied by marching in which some of the highest noblemen took part. This dangerous enthusiasm was soon stopped, and the defeat of St. Quentin, filling the Parisians with fear of invasion, turned the popular current quite the other way. Nothing, however, could stop the joy of the real believers; they sung their beloved psalms as they went to the scaffold. The authorities first tried gagging, and then cutting out their tongues. It was of little use: men, women, youths, were so filled with Divine fervour that they frightened the very judges by their courageous joy. "Jesus! Jesus!" cried one of them, "what possesses these young people to want to be burned for nothing?" The Parisians could not understand it, and began to think Huguenotism a dark and hidden devilry.

RICHARD HEATH.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.

PART II.

IT is terrible to think that instances of wrecked lives are to be met with everywhere. But, though they are to be found in all classes of society, they may be counted by thousands amongst young working men and women. I could fill volumes with true stories of many which have come under my own notice, and I do thank God with all my heart for others who have just escaped a similar fate. As I write, I am filled with a deep, motherly longing to send out a word of warning which shall reach the hearts of those dear thoughtless young people.

One girl whom I knew, made acquaintance with a man in the street, and the two began "keeping company," with a view to marriage. The girl's mother soon afterwards heard on good authority that the man had a wife and children elsewhere. Distressed at the news she sought her daughter, told her the story, and commanded her to see the man no more.

In her excitement she used hard words, blamed the girl for being ready "to take up with anybody," and refused to give her authority for saying that the man was married.

The girl declined to believe the story, and grew defiant and angry in turn. She was a factory hand, earning good wages, which made her independent of her mother.

When evening came she did not return home, and then the half-distracted parent found that, during her own temporary absence, her daughter had carried away her clothes. Further inquiry proved that the girl had given up her work, and no one knew whither she was gone.

The distressed mother went about making inquiries and bitterly reproaching herself for her harsh words, for hitherto the girl had been dutiful and kind, and would probably have listened to reason. This thought doubled the mother's regret. Moreover she was a Christian woman, and mourned over the passionate words

into which her anger had betrayed her, and the harm they had done to her child.

What could she do? Only throw herself on her knees, pour out her penitent heart before God, and cry to Him to save her child from present ruin and life-long regret.

This case ended happily. The mother's prayers were heard. The girl had not, as she feared, sought the companionship of her pretended suitor, but had obtained work at a more distant factory, and was in respectable lodgings.

At first she had bitter thoughts of her mother, and resolved to return home no more. She had tried to be a good daughter, but where was the use of it, she asked herself, and her tears flowed afresh as she thought of those harsh, cruel words.

Then she found out that the story told her was true. The man to whom she had meant to trust her future was married already, and the girl could not feel thankful enough for her escape. This knowledge brought softened feelings towards her mother.

"She meant it for my good. She has always been anxious to keep me from harm," were the next thoughts, and with these came the memory of her parent's watchful, prayerful love in the past, though she might be "a bit sharp-spoken sometimes."

So the hard words were forgotten, and that night the reunited mother and child wept, prayed, and rejoiced together, and it is not likely that any misunderstanding will arise between them in the future.

In this case, the girl escaped when on the brink of ruin. In numbers of others, young lives have been wrecked both of men and women, whilst misery and sometimes shame have followed these hastily-formed connections.

As I write these words, I seem to see quite a number of familiar girl-faces. So young—but wives and mothers who have been deserted by their husbands, or who have been compelled to return to the shelter of their parents' roof, by the conduct of those whom they had recklessly taken "for better, for worse."

Young domestic servants are also as a class exposed to great temptations. Many are in service far from their own homes, and sometimes in houses where kitchen visitors are strictly forbidden, and where the mistress never gives a thought as to the manner in which her servants spend their time when they go out, provided their work is well done. She will surround her own daughters with all the care that maternal love and anxiety for their welfare can suggest. But these children of poorer mothers must be their own guardians, and arm themselves, as best they may, against the dangers and temptations that surround them on all sides.

If a strange girl comes to service in a large city from a country home, she often knows not a creature amongst the thousands around her. She probably goes out alone, yet naturally longing for companionship.

Is it wonderful if she accept that of a stranger, in preference to solitude? Or that the thought of having a suitor, and a husband in perspective, in the pleasant-spoken man—who first met her in her walks, and next spoke to her and whispered compliments in her willing ear—proves too agreeable to be given up?

Whose duty and privilege is it to stand between this girl and harm? Who, when parents are far away, and letter-writing on such a subject would be almost impossible, should step in and do the mother's part by exercising some oversight beyond the four walls of the house, that the girl may be guarded and kept in the right path?

Surely employers should recognise that a great responsibility rests on them with regard to the young people under their roof. They should care for their welfare in such a way, that the objects of their consideration would feel that it is dictated by no spirit of meddling or of tyranny, but springs from an earnest desire for their happiness, sympathy with those God-implanted feelings common to humanity in every station, and a desire to promote their true welfare.

Amongst young domestic servants I could instance the case of an excellent girl, modest, steady, industrious and God-fearing, and whose services were greatly valued by her employers. At the church she attended, she became acquainted with a young man who had come from a distance to a situation in her neighbourhood, and had brought with him a letter of introduction from his old minister, and a certificate of church membership. In consequence of these, he was kindly welcomed in many homes, and became a helper in the Sunday school. He soon singled out the dear girl I have mentioned, as an object of special attention, and in due time they became engaged.

Before a marriage took place, a visitor from the man's old neighbourhood came to the new one, and revealed the fact that he had left a wife and child behind him.

To the girl the shock was dreadful. She was wounded both in her tenderest feelings and in her self-respect.

The man defended himself by saying, that his wife had left him after the birth of their child and returned to her parents, taking the little one with her. He deemed himself free to enter into new matrimonial ties, and was quite ready to marry his second choice, never having intended anything else in seeking her affections.

Whether he was really so ignorant as he professed to be, and thought such a marriage would be lawful, it is difficult to say. One thing is certain. A most worthy girl was saved from life-long sorrow by a providential interposition on her behalf, and those who knew the circumstances were taught by her case, that too much care cannot be exercised in the all-important matter of entering upon a life-union.

The very words "For life" have an awful significance. Yet so many bind themselves by that term without ever thinking of its meaning. They link their fate with a mere street acquaintance, and even at times, on the spur of the moment, with hardly any consideration of probable results.

If the young people would but think what they are doing! If they would say to themselves, "When I marry, I take this man or woman to be my constant companion. We two will be

associated in all things. We shall see each other's every act, hear each other's words, be associated as no outsider can be with either of us."

The girl should think: "I may be to a great extent subject to the will of this man if I become his wife. Is he one whom I can obey without an inward feeling of rebellion? Is he likely to use his authority lovingly and with consideration for one who is weaker than himself, and who looks to him for protection? Is he able to provide for me so that my young life may not be blighted by the cold blast of poverty, or the joy and brightness taken out of it by the pinch of absolute want? In time, there may be more to think of than our two selves." Men and maidens may well share another question, and ask, "If as man and wife we should become parents, are we fit for the awful responsibilities which come with children? We may think that their bodies will be nurtured. Mothers, at any rate, will mostly take the bread from their own lips and starve, sooner than their little ones should know the pangs of hunger. But with each little body comes an immortal soul. Are we fit to train it for God's service here, and for an eternity to follow?"

There are more thoughts that cluster round those words "For life," and "till death us do part," such as these, "The promise that I make in God's house I can never withdraw. The tie formed can neither be broken for me by any earthly friend, or by myself without grievous sin. Only God knows what is before me. To Him I must go as the only Guide that can never err, the one Friend whose love will never fail me."

Yes, God's guidance should be sought first of all. We need it at every stage of our life's journey, but perhaps most of all when we take the step which binds our lot with that of another human being, for better, for worse.

RUTH LAMB.

Things New and Old.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—During the closing months of last year, an extraordinary delusion was largely diffused through many parts of the country, that the "Star of Bethlehem" (*i.e.* the brilliant object in the sky which guided the Eastern Magi to the place where the Saviour of mankind was born) had reappeared. We need hardly point out to our readers that the bright star which was so conspicuous was no other than the planet Venus, seen near one of her periods of greatest brilliancy. These occur at intervals of alternately about seventeen months and two and a half months, the last two being on the 16th of August and the 28th of November, 1887. About the latter time she attracted general attention, owing to her being very bright in the early morning before sunrise, at a time when the sun was rising very late, so that the planet was well seen up to seven o'clock in the morning: and even much later by those who knew exactly where to look for her. She will not come into another position of greatest brilliancy until the 25th of March, 1889, when she will be visible not in the east in the morning as recently, but in the west and in the evening.

The absurdity, however, of mistaking Venus, seen in the east when at a period of exceptional brilliancy a little before Christmas, for a reappearance of the "Star of Bethlehem" has probably partly arisen from an erroneous notion that that star has been seen since the time of the Nativity at several intervals about three hundred years apart, the last time in 1572. Now, in the month of November in that year, a very brilliant star came almost suddenly into view, and was carefully observed by the famous Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahé. It increased in brightness until it was visible in broad daylight, but by the end of the year began to fade away, and ceased to be seen in March 1574. The idea was then started that this was a reappearance of the object seen by the Magi; but Tycho himself pointed out that such a view was utterly untenable. In the first place, the star observed by him was in the constellation Cassiopeia, and therefore in the northern part of the heavens, where it could not have guided the Magi to Bethlehem; in the second, the object seen by them must have been in the earth's atmosphere at no very great elevation, or it could not have conducted the eager travellers to a particular house. A contemporary writer, by no means deserving the name of an astronomer, but who busied himself in hunting up astronomical facts for their supposed astrological significance, suggested that this star had been seen in the years 945 and 1264, at an interval of about three hundred years, the latter epoch being also about three hundred years before 1572. Now, not to mention that astronomical periodicity is more exact than to be satisfied with intervals of 319 and 308 years, Tycho showed that the evidence of new stars having been seen in 945 and 1264 was very insufficient. It is not always easy to understand from ancient accounts (before scientific astronomy had its birth) what objects were observed occasionally in the heavens; but (as I have stated in my 'Celestial Motions') there seems little doubt that those seen in 945 and 1264 were comets. In the latter year it is certain that a magnificent comet was visible, and this was sometimes described as if it were a new star. The same remark may be made of a brilliant object stated by the ecclesiastical historians to have been seen in the year 389, when Theodosius the Great was Emperor of Rome—the last monarch of the undivided empire.

It should be remarked that the word star etymologically means "that which scatters or disperses light," and was originally used to include other heavenly bodies besides those which we call stars, and indeed any luminous object in the sky; indeed, we still use it in that sense when we speak of shooting-stars, as meteoric streams are often called. In this we have, it seems to me, the true explanation of what appeared to the Magi. A supernatural luminous appearance in the sky was vouchsafed to them, which, as all such appearances would do, presented the form of a star. They saw it, not necessarily in the east, but when they were in the eastern country, and afterwards it appeared in the south as they were on their way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. The idea recently suggested by a writer in 'Nature,' that what they saw was Venus at a period of greatest brilliancy will not only not meet the case, but is in other respects untenable; for the Magi were undoubtedly far too well acquainted with the successions of astronomical appearances not to know that such periods regularly occurred at intervals of time of no great length. More pertinent is the remark of Chrysostom, that this star was not like other stars, but might be compared with the miraculous pillar of fire which led God's ancient people at night through the wilderness when they went up out of the land of Egypt. Well might the eastern sages, conducted in a similar manner to the place where lay the Holy Babe, Who was born not only to be the glory of His people Israel, but also a light to lighten the Gentiles, however dim were their perceptions of all He came to accomplish, rejoice "with exceeding great joy."—*W. T. Lynn, B.A., F.R.A.S.*

MISSY.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. BROOKS had seriously considered the suggestion proposed to her by the lion-tamer; and only the certainty that she would be lessening her own power by admitting a partner, had prevented her from acting upon it at once. She hoped by deferring her consent by various excuses for a time that she should see some way out of the difficulty; but things went from bad to worse, and it was only when after a week's stay in a large town she found she not only could not pay the men their wages, but could not clear her other expenses, that she gave her consent and signed the deed of partnership which Barnet had caused to be prepared.

Nellie and Christopher had strolled out for a farewell visit to a favourite haunt which they had discovered about a mile beyond the town. The road on either side was dotted with pretty villas, and handsome houses; but, when the little wood was reached, they seemed as Nellie said to be "shut up right away from everywhere." A little stream scarcely more than a yard wide trickled gently amongst the trees, and added to the attractions of the spot.

"The garden of Eden couldn't have been nicer, Chris'fer," she said with a sigh, as, turning from the hot dusty road, they passed into the dense shadow cast by the trees, and seated themselves by the stream. "There's everything here. Here's the river, one of them, and the trees are "pleasant to the eye"; and I should like to live here always, just me and you, Chris'fer; and then I shouldn't be tired when I walk, 'cause I shouldn't want to walk anywhere. I could lie here always and rest, and mother couldn't scold then; and p'r'aps I shouldn't cough so."

But the walk to the wood had been too much for the child's failing strength, and Christopher carried her all the way back to the town. After leaving Nellie at her lodgings, he returned to the show, and was greeted by Barnet with the news of the change which had taken place in the proprietorship.

"We'll make things look a bit smarter before three months is over, I bet," said the new partner complacently, nibbling at a straw. "A little fresh paint and some more music will do wonders; those old nags," nodding towards the horses which drew the vans, "will soon be food for Congo and his friends. I've come in for a bit of money lately, and I intend to invest it in some good strong horses. There's nothing like making a good show when you first go into a place; those poor old screws were enough to take away the character of the best show in the world. And you'll have to look smart, all the whole lot of you; they'll have to be groomed till their coats shine like satin. I don't mean to have any skulking now I'm master here, 'twill be work and pay now; no skulking and idling with you, and no backing out of paying your wages every Saturday night with me. When the little girl has got through her training, and is ready to appear before the public, the money will begin to come in, I bet."

"What!" cried Christopher. "You don't mean Missy?"

"Ah, but I do though, old fellow, so it is no use for you to object; it's all down in the articles, all signed, sealed, and settled."

Christopher waited for no more. As well as his lameness would permit him, he ran through the town towards the lodgings where Mrs. Brooks and Nellie were staying. A strange sensation which he had sometimes felt of late seized upon him; he felt that he was choking, and though he managed to reach the house and burst into the room where Mrs. Brooks was, he could not articulate for some minutes. At length he found his voice, and was able to answer Mrs. Brooks' question of—"What he meant by this impudence?"

"It's Missy," he gasped. "Oh, you never meant it; you couldn't be so cruel as to force a delicate little thing like that in among the beasts! What could she do amongst them? If you lets her go, she'll be killed; I know she will; then it will be murder, and it's you as will have done it, you and Barnet between you."

"You impudent old rascal!" cried Mrs. Brooks, livid with rage. "What do you mean by coming to me like this? I can do what I like with my own child, and with you too, and so I'll let you know pretty sharp. Off you go from my show! I'll have nobody coming and telling me what I am to do, or what I am not to do with my child."

At this moment the door opened, and Nellie entered. Seeing Christopher, she ran to him and caught his hand; but her mother seized her by the arm, and pulled her away, giving her at the same time such a box on the ear that the child reeled and staggered. Christopher sprang forward to ward off another blow from his favourite, but, before he could reach her, a horrible spasm of pain seized him, his face was convulsed, and with a cry he fell forward.

When the old man recovered consciousness, he found himself in the infirmary ward of the workhouse. "Something the matter with your heart," the nurse told him in reply to his question of "Why he was brought there?" "You had a kind of fit, and they thought you was dead at first, but you come round; and now you'll have to keep quiet."

The doctor gave him the same injunction. "Keep quiet, don't excite yourself." But Christopher found it well-nigh impossible to follow this advice when he felt that his little Missy might be daily exposed to deadly peril. He could hear no news of the show from the nurse, and his own impatience retarded his recovery.

It was nearly three weeks before Christopher was discharged, still weak and almost penniless, from the workhouse. But, while he lay on his sick bed, he had been maturing his plans: he would follow the show, and, when he overtook it, he would try to see Missy alone; he would get her away. Anything would be better than the awful feeling that any day she might be clawed by the savage beasts. They would tramp away together, and he would try what he could do at his old trade of basket-making.

Christopher economised his little money as he followed in the wake of the show: he would beg a meal here and there and would sleep under a hedge or in the casual ward of a workhouse, taking great care to secrete his few coppers so as to evade search.

The journey was long and toilsome to him, and when at length he reached his destination, he could scarcely drag himself along. Keeping out of sight as well as he could, he approached the show—the vans now all resplendent in blue and scarlet—and waited till one of his old comrades should come out. Happily for him, the first who appeared was Ben, who expressed some concern at the spectacle the old man presented; but Christopher cut his speech short, and asked impatiently where Mrs. Brooks was lodging, and

whether she had carried out her intention of having Missy trained to perform with the lions.

"I should just think she had," was the reply; "and it was a rare sight, I can tell you, the first time the little un went in. She'd got plenty o' pluck, I can tell you, and just went up to old Congo straight, and put her hand on his neck, and he kind o' arched hisself up, and looked as though he liked it. They all takes to her, except one; and I don't mind telling you that I don't like the way that beast looks at her, and kind o' smacks his lips. Barnet's in the cage too, o' course, and he'll see that nothing don't happen to the child; but I don't like to see it, none the more for that. She isn't well now; had to stay in her bed for a week past; cough's bad, they say; and so, o' course, she can't come down to the show."

Christopher knew that the time for the evening performance was at hand, and, going into a baker's shop near the address given him by Ben, he watched until he saw Mrs. Brooks leave the house, and then walked up himself and asked to see "Mrs. Brooks' little gal."

"She isn't well, and she's in bed," was the reply he got.

"I knows that. But just you tell her as old Christopher is here, and see what she'll say."

In another minute Christopher was by the bedside, with Missy's arms tightly clasped round his neck; and the woman, who had been at first reluctant to admit him, now retired, glad to find there was somebody who would take care of the child for an hour, for, in spite of Mrs. Brooks' assurance that there was nothing the matter beyond a cold, she had felt uneasy every time she heard the violent paroxysms of coughing.

"Oh, you dear, dear Chris'fer!" said the child, as soon as she could speak. "I thought I was never going to see you again! Why didn't you come to your Missy when she wanted you so badly?"

"I was bad too, Missy, or I'd 'a' bin here long afore. But now I wants to know, my little lass, whether you be well enough to get up and come along o' me. Old Chris can't bear to think o' you going into the cage with the lions; you be such a little thing for that sort o' work. So, if you don't like it, you say so, and you can come along o' me. I shan't be able to keep you very well just at first; but Missy knows her old Chris won't never do her no harm; so say the word, and if you can get up and come down, we'll be off before anybody comes back."

The child's face brightened for a moment, and she raised herself eagerly in the bed, but a fit of coughing came, and she sank back wearily.

"I couldn't do it, Chris'fer. I can't walk; I'm always so tired now. And, Chris'fer, I don't think I shall ever go into the show again; I think I'm going to see the Garden of Eden before long. There was a gentleman came here yesterday. He was a clergyman; and when he heard there was a little girl ill, he came up to see me. And, oh, Chris'fer, he was so kind; and when I told him I wanted to see the Garden of Eden, he said there was a beautiful country up there where it was better even than Eden, and all the good people who died went there, and they never could be unhappy again, and he read to me all about it out of his Bible. We never read so far, Chris'fer, for 'twas at the end of the Book; and it said there shouldn't be any more sorrow or crying, and it's all gold and beautiful stones, and big pearls for gates. And then there's a lovely river, and a tree with beautiful fruit and leaves—the tree of life, and I 'spect 'tis like the Garden of Eden, 'cause, you know, there was a tree of life there."

"And how be we to get there, Missy?"

"You 'member when we went to church, Chris'fer, how we heard about Jesus Christ, and how they put him on a cross and killed him. Well, the gentleman said Jesus Christ came to show us the way, and if we'd only hold out our hands to Him, He'd take 'em, and guide us along till we got there; and I'm going, Chris'fer. I told Him just now before you came that I wanted Him to catch hold of my hand, and I 'spect He will, for the gentleman said He loved little children. And now I think I'll go to sleep, Chris'fer; I'm tired."

But the effort of talking had been too much for Nellie. Again her feeble frame was shaken by the terrible cough, and then from her lips gushed out a crimson stream. Christopher's cry brought the woman of the house, but the child's struggles had ceased. For some time she lay insensible, while the old man looked at her with a new fear.

"Ah, she's dying, poor little lamb," said the woman. We must send for a doctor and her mother. P'r'aps you could find the show, and bring Mrs. Brooks here, as you seem to know her;" and she gently tried to remove the child's hand from Christopher's grasp.

But he clutched her the tighter, saying—"Get you gone, woman; you shan't take her from me, she's my Missy. Nobody ever loved her as I did, and I'm going to meet her in the Garden of Eden—I told her I would, and I will. Oh, Lord, take my hand, too."

"He's mad, that's certain," said the woman, as she ran downstairs and despatched one neighbour for a doctor, and another to the show, to fetch Mrs. Brooks.

* * * * *

The local papers that week had a pathetic story of the devotion of an old man who, weak and ailing, had travelled on foot to save the child he loved from the perils and dangers thrust upon her by her mother's greed and cruel carelessness; and a grand and exaggerated climax was wrought out in the picture of the two apparently dead bodies being discovered by the doctor still clasped in each other's arms. But in neither case did Death hold his prey. Desperate as Nellie's condition seemed, she revived under the care and skilful treatment of the doctor. From Christopher, when he recovered from the swoon into which he had fallen, he heard the whole story of Nellie's life, and sternly did he confront Mrs. Brooks with the fact that she would be her child's murderer, did she persist in forcing her into the performance with the animals.

So great was the public outcry which arose when the whole case was known, that Mrs. Brooks and her partner were glad to promise to withdraw the child from the *rôle* for which she was advertised. Butterwick's Menagerie beat a hasty retreat from the town, for sundry threats had been heard of sacking the show, and Mrs. Brooks had been hooted through the street by a crowd of boys. She was glad enough to leave the child for a time in the hands of the kind doctor, who declared he would not give her up until she was fully restored to health; but though Nellie to some extent recovered from her illness, life flickered but feebly in her frail frame. The doctor, who had got to love the child as his own, declared he hoped to make her strong yet; but others who saw the little girl shook their heads, and said, "She is not long for this world."

Christopher, who quite recovered his strength, was taken into the service of the kind clergyman who had visited Nellie, and in his talks with his master learned of those great truths of which before he had such vague and imperfect ideas. He and Nellie were perfectly happy, and none could doubt that though life for neither could be long, yet they would eventually meet again beneath the shadow of the Tree of Life; or that Christopher's prayer, uttered in ignorance, though strong in faith, would be heard, and a saving Hand stretched out to help and guide him to those "green pastures and still waters," of which he and Missy had lovingly conversed.

E. A. CAMPBELL.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

ANCESTRAL NAMES.

No. 1765.—FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

"IN THE DAYS OF OUR FATHERS."

A FEW years ago, a party of ladies and young people planned a pleasant autumn day's excursion to a famous ruin. The castle was associated with picturesque periods of national history, and was situated among some of the most romantic rock scenery of Great Britain. We also purposed to include in our visit a neighbouring spot, less popularly known, yet fraught with pathetic memories as the burial place of martyrs, who had worn out their lives in the castle's dungeons: and further interesting as the scene where Sir Walter Scott met Robert Paterson, or "Old Mortality," the singular man who considered himself as fulfilling a sacred duty while renewing to the eyes of posterity the decaying emblems of the zeal and sufferings of their forefathers, and "thereby trimming as it were the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood."

While we were making our plans and preparations, a relative of one of the party, a gentleman closely connected with a grand old Scotch university, suggested that while visiting the martyrs' graves, we might take the opportunity of inspecting another tomb in the same churchyard,—the resting-place of one of the ancient lords of the now ruined castle, whose benefactions had founded a college whose graduates' names and labours have spread all over the world.

We spent our morning in exploring the castle, perched on almost inaccessible rocks, the coast-line of a wild and bare country. We peered about the stately baronial chambers, now left open to all the storms of heaven—we descended into the dreadful dungeons where the martyrs had been confined, often fastened to the wall, often without food and even deprived of water. Then we started off to the old inland churchyard.

A moderately long walk brought us into a district of quite a different character.

> Gray twilight poured
> On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
> Softer than sleep—all things in order stored—
> A haunt of ancient peace.

There were the quaint manse and the old white church peeping up among a rich woodland. With chastened voices we stole through the little turnstiles, and stood among the graves. A young country woman passing through volunteered to point out the "martyrs' monuments," and the little group gathered round, and with solemn faces read the homely names of those of whom we know so little, except the greatest fact of all, that they had a faith which was dearer to them than their mortal lives.

Then we turned away to seek for "The 'Earl Marischals,'" tomb. It was but a tiny quadrangle, ingress to which was given by a low ramshackle wooden door, which we found was locked. But it had cracks, liberally wide for peeping. There was nothing but desolation within, coarse grass, rank nettles and a few neglected flowers, which somebody had planted once, but which were now degenerating to a lower type. Some workman—probably the sexton—kept his tools there, for we could see a spade and mattock and a dilapidated garment lying on the ground.

It was a pointed sermon on the transitoriness of human power and grandeur. None of us knew much about the Earl Founder, except that an old historian has described him as "a learned, wise and upright good man," yet showed him in his dealings as somewhat high handed and grasping. He was probably an honourable and well-intentioned person, according to the dim lights of his class and period. But it did seem to us that whatever had been his faults, had his endowment of the college been but the single wise and benevolent action of a foolish and selfish life, it yet behoved some of those who had cultivated their intellects and shaped their careers by the help of his antique bequest, to pay him as much grateful remembrance as would suffice to keep his last resting-place in order, and treated with decent reverence. Probably the omission has been repaired before this.

It has been too much a fashion to look at antiquarianism on its comical side: to regard it as a mere craze for discovering or collecting what is strange or old. A Scotch poet has roughly ridiculed its store as—

> A fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,
> Wad hand the Lothians three in tackets
> A towmont guid;
> An parritch pats and auld saut-brackets
> Before the Flood.

And even Walter Scott, with his own tender feeling for all which time had made venerable, has shown only the ludicrous possibilities of such an enthusiasm, in the learned credulity of his "Antiquary." But, in reality, if modern man is to reap any true advantage from being "heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time," he must deal as tenderly and reverently with all the material and moral relics of the whole world's past, as those who have ancestors are generally disposed to do with the traditions or possessions linked with their own family interest and pride. Only so, can man obtain any real insight into the conditions which have brought the human race, or his particular branch of it to its present standpoint. And without that insight, he can scarcely understand the present nor foresee whither it is tending. Even the mere greedy "collector" who gathers up whatever is old or rare, with but little discrimination between the relative value of his "antiquities," is yet often a useful person, rescuing from the rapidly rising waters of oblivion

some rubbish possibly, but also some rich treasures for philosophic consideration.

We will endeavour to illustrate our meaning by seeing to what ends a few reflections on one curious relic will lead us.

We find our relic in an old, old farmhouse in a wild and unfrequented agricultural district.

> What of light is lingering there
> Is lingering light of yesterday.

It is a rude iron bracket,—I think it has a rough joint, driven into the wall beside the fireplace, at a height just even with the faces of those sitting by the hearth. Our hostess smiles to see us notice it.

"Dinna ye ken what that is?" she asks. "It's just a 'puir man!'"

She explains that in bygone days the function of this article was to hold the tightly-bound torch of fir, or the rough home-made candle which illuminated the evening labours of the fireside group, and it got its name because it was the substitute, when he failed to appear, of the travelling tramp or bedesman, who was readily admitted to shelter and food, and was expected in return to render the service of holding the light.

What a significant picture! It is impossible to dwell on all the thoughts it suggests. First, what a recognition of common humanity was in it! Then, what an unconscious sermon the poor traveller must have been to the young folks. The very sight of him was a lesson on the blessings of home, and the value of regulated labour, and the virtues of industry, sobriety and thrift. What gulfs of dark experience they must have looked into through his eyes! And yet, how were his hardships softened and cheered. Such gifts and graces as he might have, would still have their value. Sheer misfortune, not trodden down into a mere mire of misery, would still command respect. He was still in sight of upward paths if he had strength to climb them. And, finally, how free and friendly was the help which humbled itself to accept a sort of return, and how chastening was the presence of a poverty from which one was not so far removed oneself, and which one was thankfully glad that good people could make bearable.

The greatest of Scotch poets had doubtless seen such a guest at the fireside of his own godly peasant sire, and it was such a lot which he faced as distinctly possible in his own future, when in his obscure and severely struggling youth, he called on his friend Davie Sillar to remember that

> The last o't, the warst o't
> Is only but to beg—

and at once, even in that moment of despondency, he could recognise that this lowest lot was not without real alleviations:—

> To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
> When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
> Is doubtless great distress!
> Yet then content could make us blest;
> Even then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste
> Of truest happiness.
>
> The honest heart that's free frae a'
> Intended fraud or guile,
> However fortune kick the ba'
> Has aye some cause to smile:
> And mind still, you'll find still,
> A comfort this nae sma',
> Nae mair then, we'll care then,
> Nae farther we can fa'.
>
> What though, like commoners of air,
> We wander out we know not where
> But either house or hall?
> Yet nature's charms, the hills and woods,
> The sweeping vales and foaming floods,
> Are free alike to all.
> In days when daisies deck the ground,
> And blackbirds whistle clear,
> With honest joy our hearts will bound
> To see the coming year:
> On braes where we please, then,
> We'll sit and sowth a tune;
> Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
> And sing't when we hae dune.

If a life of sheer labour had really brought the poet even to this hard end, it is doubtful whether his manhood would not have been far truer and happier than it became, when he was for a while the recipient of those treacherous hospitalities of the great, concerning which Solomon warns us so pointedly. Far better to hold a candle to cheer the homely industry of a cottage home than to take the very "light from heaven," the power of brain and warmth of heart, to illuminate the senseless revelry of selfish idlers!

We know that one Scottish woman singer, of good character, and mind cultivated beyond her period, did, in her old age, become a wandering hawker, earning her way by temporary services in shaping and sewing, nursing or brewing. Thus did Jean Adam save herself from public charity till one day before her death. She may have sung her own songs at the hearths which gave her brief shelter.

A pathetic lot! And yet how different was such "a last and warst," in which all of value in the individual came out in very strongest relief, from the dead level of artificial arrangements, where the very security of provision destroys

> the hope, whose vital anxiousness
> Gives the last human interest to the heart.

Contrast the Scottish picture with that drawn by the English poet Crabbe, and whose colours have only deepened since his day,—

> With a number you
> Have placed your poor, your pitiable few.
>
> They have no evil in the place to state,
> And dare not say it is the house they hate.
>
> Like death's dread mansion, this allows not place
> For joyful meetings of a kindred race.
>
> They talk indeed, but who can choose a friend,
> Or seek companions at their journey's end?
>
> What if no grievous fears their lives annoy,
> Is it not worse no prospects to enjoy?
> 'Tis cheerless living in such bounded view,
> With nothing dreadful but with nothing new.

Then, too, I own, it grieves me to behold
Those ever virtuous, helpless now and old,
By all for care and industry approved,
For truth respected, and for temper loved:

And who, by sickness and misfortune tried,
Gave want its worth and poverty its pride,
. . . losing all the praise
By worthy deeds acquired in better days,
Breathe a few months, then to their chamber led,
Expire, while strangers prattle round their bed.

We have high authority warning us not to say that the former days were better than these, yet that very warning is an implied injunction to take care that to-day is better than yesterday. We know that changes must come as new conditions of life arise, but let us remember that the new is not always the true. Let us be careful in digging up and transplanting old roots which have hitherto borne good fruits, and let us, to descend to details, study rather how some of the moral conditions of old-fashioned rural life may be cultivated even in a capital city, than rush, as we often do, to impose the rough remedies called for by that city's terrible necessities upon still existing rural life. Do not start "committees" to discharge functions which neighbourly kindness can still overtake. Do not establish "an Institute," where real homes are still hospitably opened. Let us study that social condition, in which there was little wealth, yet in which the deepest poverty was not terrible, but had so many blessings, that it could be truly said that "the beggar was as ready to fight for his dish as the laird for his land."

Even to-day, north of the Tweed, especially in the remoter places which have been least exposed to southern influences, a new social atmosphere strikes upon the stranger. The common people may be ruder in speech and rougher in manner than their English equals, but they have a singular dignity about them, an independence which is not self-conscious, a kindliness which is not servile. One remembers that an English monarch visiting Edinburgh remarked that he had come among a nation of gentlemen. One is struck by the frank way in which handicrafts of all kinds are stated on substantial burgher tombs, which set forth on granite that will last for generations that such a man was "a mason," or "a white-fisher." There seems to be less need for anybody's standing on his dignity, so strong is the self-respect of all classes, and yet, or one should say therefore, the transition between them is more natural and straightfoward. Nobody is surprised to hear that the father of a famous professor kept a little shop, or that a certain distinguished clergyman held the plough himself in his own young days, and, of course, nobody can afford to despise the humble ranks from which such heroes have risen.

See to what wide horizons of memory and reflection one rude relic has led us—a relic which the unthinking might have thrown aside as mere "old iron." It is sad to think how many valuable monuments of the past must have been thus destroyed by thoughtless ignorance. My own father rescued a rare book—one whose "plates" are exhibited in museums as curios—from beneath the hoofs of the horses in a stable, where heedless heirs had thrown it to be cleared out as "waste paper." A friend found an old parish record, full of choice glimpses into old customs and old families, lying in fragments in the lumber-room of a manse.

But if there is so much human interest to be found in, and wisdom to be gained from, a due consideration of the material remains of the past, how much more in the remembrance of good deeds and great lives! Well sings the American poet,—

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.
The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

It is pitiful to think how we often fail to keep green the memories of people and actions which are full of cheer and inspiration for those who may be fainting by the way which these have trodden triumphantly. Boys and girls who know how many miles it is to the moon, who can rattle off the names of all the Muses, Graces, Fates, and Furies, and who, alas! alas! are sometimes eagerly watching for the daily paper to study the latest development of a divorce suit or a murder trial, often know nothing of some great and good man who lived and died in their own street—nay, do not even know that there was such an one!

How many of the young politicians and journalists—to say nothing of the office lads and workmen who bustle about the purlieu of the Strand know or remember that it was in narrow dingy Maiden Lane, that the incorruptible Andrew Marvell received the Court emissary and convinced him that the man who was quite satisfied with a bit of mutton and willing to save some of it for to-morrow was not likely to be amenable to Royal bribes?

How many people, walking up Snow Hill, remember that it was there that John Bunyan, arrested by the hand of Death while carrying out a mission of neighbourly mercy, sighted the Land of Beulah, and was led by the Shining Ones into the City of the King? Are there many who turn aside, in the squalid City Road, to muse awhile beside his tomb in Bunhill Fields? They say that few but Americans ever make inquiry about Milton's grave in Cripplegate Churchyard.

Would it do anybody harm, or good, amid the mingled gloom and gaiety, grandeur and wretchedness, of Oxford Street, to recall that it was in a little news' shop, in one of its northward turnings, that the boy, Michael Faraday, swept and did errands, his brain already astir with mighty problems, and that there he bent his kindly steps in the days of his acknowledged greatness, to find his memory lingering along with the legend of his genius and his rise—only plain Michael Faraday was transformed into a mythical "Sir Charles"?

May it not come like a note from "the everlasting chime" borne above the loud stunning tide of human care and struggle that flows down the "Strand," if we think of worthy, heavily-handicapped Samuel Johnson carrying all his doubts and burdens into the church of St. Clement's Danes, and there finding help and comfort to go on fighting the battle of life? It is a movement in the right direction that has put up a little brass plate in the pew where the good man knelt and praised God.

There can be no doubt that remembrance is greatly helped by the identification of localities. Inspired wisdom recognised this, when Joshua was directed to cause stones to be placed where the Israelites had passed over Jordan "for a memorial unto the children of Israel for ever." An incident or a character loses somewhat in reality when one cannot give it "a local habitation," but has to tell its tale according to the method so graphically described by a great modern story-teller. "He sometimes took them to the street where she had lived. . . . The old house had been long ago pulled down, and a fine broad road was in its place. At first he would draw with his stick a square upon the ground to show them where it used to stand. But he soon became uncertain of the spot, and could only say it was thereabouts he thought, and these alterations were confusing."

We have given most of our illustrations from London memories, because London, in a sense, belongs to us all, and is rich in association which many of its present conditions tend to resign to oblivion. But provincial cities and even the quietest country places have memories which they should not willingly let die, and which it would not be so difficult for them to cherish and preserve. These need not be only of the great or even of the gifted. Let us hope that in the widening wisdom of "the people" they will learn to understand that true human interest dwells in human endurance and heroism and dutifulness wherever found, and not in the mere crimes and cruelties of wicked kings and dubious princesses.

We hope that somebody knows which particular cottage was built by the very hands of the ploughboy-poets, Robert and John Bethune, for the comfort of their aged parents. We were charmed to see, in the High Street of Edinburgh, a record of the hopeful pluck of a lad who, buried alive in the ruins of a fallen house, was heard, previous to his rescue, encouraging his liberators by cheerily exclaiming, "Heave awa', chaps; I'm no deid yet." His head, surmounted by a scroll bearing this "legend," smiles down upon the shoeless "bairns," and sore struggling folk of the locality, and perhaps helps some to ply their daily task with lighter feet, feeling that there is "No hap so hard but may with time amend." The little incident only took place in 1861, so its hero has not yet had time "to found a family," or surely the "reddest" radical would not grudge them his head and saying for their "crest" and "motto."

Let us feel that it is a sacred duty to do what we can to keep green the remembrance of all good people and all good deeds—of anything by which we feel the world might be richer and better, and which we would like to see multiplied and extended. Let the rest pass. Nay, of undoubted evil, let us rather facilitate the sure oblivion with which Nature overtakes it. There was a clever thing done in a London house which had been polluted by a great crime of the sensational kind which, alas, so often attracts a morbid curiosity. The murder had been committed in a large room. This was promptly subdivided into two or three small apartments: and the windows hitherto existing were closed and new ones made. Nobody could say, "It was done here," or, "It was done there." The scene of the sin had vanished!

Let the memories which we strive to cherish be of the kind which we feel may have a memorial even in the City of the King. Let us not allow ourselves to dwell with prurient interest on scenes and legends, however gilded by historic names and the lustre of genius or beauty, whose actors, if finally repentant, can only recall them with bitter regret and shame. Let us remember the martyr's eternal triumph, but let the persecutor's name find a merciful forgetfulness as soon as it can. Let us, in our homely human measure, copy the example of the Divine Father, who "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us," who moderates our finite judgments, by declaring through his apostle Paul, that some whose works may have to perish, shall themselves be saved "yet so as through fire," and who soothes the heart of His restored children by declaring—

Their sin will I REMEMBER no more.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE LIFE WORK OF SAMUEL MORLEY.

SOON after Mr. Morley's death in the fall of 1886, the main incidents of his long and busy life were described in these pages; but the appearance of the ample Memoir of the merchant prince, by Mr. Edwin Hodder, affords the opportunity of looking at him more particularly as a benefactor of his country. Mr. Morley's life, from the biographer's standpoint, was very different from that of the successful politician, theologian or scientist. It was crowded with good deeds, and characterised by unselfish devotion to work for the good of others; but it was bare of incident such as characterised the more public career of Lord Shaftesbury. "There

were no journals or diaries, save a very brief record of some of his early travels, and note-books of engagements," remarks Mr. Hodder, who, however, has woven together a narrative which ought to stimulate all young men to live noble Christian lives.

It is well to remember in these days of keen competition, and in some instances of practices which will not go by so harmless a name, that, from the first, the house of Morley was controlled by those who were model men of business; that is to say, they were hard-working, thoroughly conscientious in giving customers the best value for money, and liberal towards their staff of assistants. Under such management, the house grew until it became the largest concern of the kind in the country; and its chiefs were what they were because they were Christian men. Hence, it happened, that no one was ever more favoured as regarded the general surroundings of youth than Samuel Morley. He had only to follow in the footsteps of his father to become what he did; while the teaching and example of his mother was never at fault. The old mansion at Hackney, where he was born, is a relic of the near suburbs when they were really rural retreats within walking distance of the city. Its old garden of three acres was a paradise of its kind; and amidst its fragrant shades often wandered as visitors many of the best known Christian men of their day.

When Mr. Morley was a young man the times are described as being in a state of transition: many things that had become obsolete in ecclesiastical practice, in the political world, in social life, were passing away to give place to something better. Costly wars, public abuses, and bad customs had prevailed until the country was beginning to find the effect to be intolerable; but now that there was a clearing of the air, Mr. Morley heartily entered into the spirit of the times, and by attending public meetings, and by doing his part in helping on any good work that came under his notice, he was unconsciously preparing himself for greater service in the future. Being a politician from the first he was, of course, interested in Parliamentary reform, which became a leading question of the day; but he was more concerned about the great extension of mission enterprise, both at home and abroad, which became the most striking evidence of a revival of Christian life. It seemed to happen quite providentially that, thus early in his career, Mr. Morley should come within the influence of two vigorous minds, each of which in some degree left its mark upon him. "If he was spiritually the son of James Parsons, of York," it is remarked, "he was mentally the son of Thomas Binney, of the Weigh House." Mr. Binney was his lifelong friend, and exercised great and lasting influence over him.

When the young man had developed into the maturer Christian of middle-age, the demands of business became increasingly pressing, the working day of ten hours being too short for doing all that called for attention. It was at such a time, however, that Mr. Morley, after his father's example, began to give more earnest attention to philanthropic work. We find it said of him at this period that "half the Congregational ministers of London knew him personally, and were entertained by him either at Wood Street or in his own house; and it is no exaggeration to add, that half the schemes of usefulness in which the denomination was engaged, were discussed at those interviews." Then as wealth was increasing, and he had a heart to diffuse it for the good of Christ's cause, correspondence increased to such a degree that he was warned of the danger of attempting to do too much; but being in the full vigour of his manhood, he was hardly in a mood to give heed to kindly-expressed innuendoes however well-timed.

As a man intensely interested in the general well-being, and social elevation of the industrial classes, Mr. Morley well knew that the best service that could be rendered them was to press the Gospel upon their acceptance. In the conviction that existing agencies could not overtake the needs of the ever-growing population, he was wont to say, "We must go to the people. He had great faith in the poor being reached by pious and earnest men of their own order—men of the colporteur type, who in the same person could unite the purveyor of wholesome literature, the lay evangelist, the sick visitor, and general adviser of the poor. When it is remembered what were the demands made upon his time by an extensive and rapidly-growing business, it is no small testimony to his earnestness when we find him visiting nearly every county in England for the purpose of organizing or stimulating home missionary work. On all such occasions his energy never seemed to flag. It is said that "when a conference was to be held at Worcester, he asked the minister of the chapel in which they were to meet, whether he thought that five gentlemen in the neighbourhood could be induced to give 100*l.* each for lay evangelical work. The minister thought it was wholly improbable. Not so did Mr. Morley; he spent the best part of the day in privately canvassing those who would be present . . . and the result was that he laid on the table a list of subscriptions amounting to 1850*l.* from nine persons!"

With similar characteristic energy, he entered into all schemes which had for their object the bettering of the condition of the working classes; and he was one of the first to startle some of his friends by pleading for preaching in theatres and music-halls. It will be remembered by many friends of the poor in South London with what earnestness and open-handed liberality he supported the far-reaching work carried on by the late Mr. G. M. Murphy at the Lambeth Baths. He was for supplementing the ordinary methods of church work by any lawful agency that promised to arouse the common people from their lethargy as regards spiritual things. At that time many good persons were shocked at the Gospel being proclaimed in places provided for mere amusement. Mr. Morley, on the contrary, manifested a spirit of bold innovation.

"I believe in the use of *any* building," he said. "My notion of consecration means the work done in the building, and whether it be a theatre, a

garret, a cellar, or anywhere, if you can get the people to come there, I say, earnest Christian people should be found trying with five, fifty, or five hundred, as the case may be, to lift them up to the higher life."

Mr. Morley's extreme solicitude for the working classes led him to advise them to practise total abstinence from intoxicants before he became himself an example of what he taught; and at length he was converted to teetotalism in quite an unexpected way.

"Do you go without yourself?" called out a labouring man, interrupting him in one of his speeches. "I dare say, if the truth 's known, you take your glass or two of wine after dinner, and think no harm of it," added the questioner. "Now, sir, do you go without yourself?"

When Mr. Morley told this story, he would remark, "This rather shut me up for an instant; but when I looked at those poor fellows whom I had been asking to give up what they regarded—no matter how erroneously—as their only luxury, I had my answer pretty quickly. 'No,' I said, 'but I will go without from this hour.'"

Since charges of close-fisted policy would at times be preferred against him, it may be asked if his example as an employer of labour always corresponded to his precepts on the platform.

On one occasion, the secretary of a Trade Society, after investigating one unfounded charge, found that four hundred work-people at Sutton-in-Ashfield received sixpence a dozen more for making hose than other manufacturers were in the habit of paying. It was added, "These four hundred men make, on an average, one thousand dozen of hose a week, and during the last four years, Mr. Morley might thus, had he been so inclined, have put the sum of 5200*l.* in his pocket; but instead of that he came over to Sutton during the distress to sympathise with us, and not only that, he left us 100*l.* to be given to the poor of the place."

The care that was shown in the control of the London house corresponded in all respects with this solicitude for more humble dependants. Men of sterling moral character alone were eligible for appointments; but when admitted these found that every possible attention was paid to their comfort and well-being. Then, beyond all, Mr. Morley endeavoured to inspire his subordinates with his own spirit; and so successful was he in this, that the staff in Wood Street became a sort of Christian brotherhood, pledged to do something for others who were out of the way of Gospel privileges. A mission was carried on in the vicinity of Golden Lane, which some years ago was the headquarters of the street-traders—a network of courts, and alleys, notorious for its vice and squalor. When all was organised, and a missionary appointed, Mr. Morley himself presided at a meeting of the promoters, when, in an earnest manner, he "dwelt upon the responsibility the young men had taken upon themselves in having committed the house to such a great and important work." At the same time he urged them on to make the enterprise a success, and promised on his own part substantial help.

As he grew older, and as wealth increased, the judicious distribution of his money became a main business of life. The manner in which the great bulk was given away is pretty generally known: it went in a multitude of small sums to assist both clergymen of the Established Church and Nonconformist Ministers in pastoral work, and occasionally large amounts such as 5000*l.* to the Memorial Hall, and 6000*l.* for securing Exeter Hall for the Young Men's Christian Association: but, in addition to these, numbers of poor ministers and struggling private individuals frequently received assistance. These cases were too numerous, and of too delicate a nature to be told to the general public; and Mr. Morley would hardly care to let one hand know what was done by the other in such matters. Nor was he ever anxious about the prestige which his munificence naturally earned for him; and he seems to have been virtually the founder of many institutions which flourished without being associated with his name. According to Lord Shaftesbury's testimony, he was "content to be anything or nothing" so long as good could be done. "No one has ever transgressed against him as I have," added the earl, "and I could tell you of a hundred instances in which he did all the work, and I had all the honour." He also showed his wisdom in making his gifts, whenever practicable, act as a stimulus to the liberality of others.

During his term of parliamentary life Mr. Morley rendered good service when the great matter of elementary education was before the country; and later, he cheerfully undertook the onerous labour of the London School Board chairmanship.

That Mr. Morley was a good and profitable neighbour was pleasantly demonstrated when he removed from Stamford Hill to Leigh, near Tonbridge, in 1870. For generations to come the village will feel the benefit of what he was enabled to do in improving the drainage and water-supply, as well as in making larger provision for its spiritual and educational needs. Then, "At the beginning of each new year," as the present vicar of the parish tells us, "Mr. Morley was wont to give a substantial tea to the workmen in his employ at Leigh, and their families, to the number of some hundred and fifty, after which he presented, with friendly and appropriate words, a present, consisting of some useful articles, to each one who worked on the estate." In every possible way, as the recognised squire of the parish, he promoted the welfare of the inhabitants. On the one hand he helped the vicar and aided in building a new vicarage, and on the other hand he erected a Nonconformist chapel. While staunch in his beliefs, and unfaltering in the principles he avowed, he cared more for the progress of truth than for any sectarian aim.

He was thus a servant of God and a friend of the people: a man who ever sought the grace of God in order that he might improve to the utmost the talent committed to his care. He so far made his mark upon the age that he left the world better than he found it.[1] G. H. P.

[1] The Life of Samuel Morley. By Edwin Hodder. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes;
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

—*Moore.*

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XV.—AN ENCOUNTER.

DRAYTON, or Market Drayton as it was generally called, had once been a more thriving and important place than it was at present. Early in the century it had been a garrison town, and had had a considerable population of its own; but the era of railways had marked its decline. No main line passed near to it, and gradually its trade and its inhabitants drifted away to larger centres, and it gradually dwindled to its present proportions. It was a picturesque, quiet, dead-alive little place, with wide streets, and quaint buildings that told a tale of departed glory. It had rather a fine town-hall with a chiming clock, and one or two important-looking buildings, one of which was a capital gymnasium, that had once been a part of the barracks, but was now used to a considerable extent by the boys and young men of the town and surrounding neighbourhood as a pleasant place for exercise and a sort of sociable club. Classes were held four afternoons in the week by a retired soldier, who drilled the members and superintended the various exercises. There were evening classes too, but these were mostly patronised by the townsfolk of a lower social grade. Gentlemen's sons preferred the earlier hour, and generally mustered there then to the number of some two score.

Roy had been a regular attendant at the gymnasium for several years, and was quite an adept at most of the exercises, especially those that required quickness and agility rather than great muscular strength. He went twice a week, and occasionally oftener, was a squad leader, and one of the most popular lads there.

He had been very irregular of late, however, and had hardly been near the place since his mother's death, but he had had several notes from his comrades asking if he would not come back, and Marcus had urged him to do so, as he would be sure to enjoy resuming his old habits when once the first effort had been surmounted.

To-day, therefore, he had made up his mind to delay no longer, and had ridden into Market Drayton at the usual hour. He had been warmly welcomed by his friends, and had found it pleasant to go through the familiar feats again, and to feel the old sense of exhilaration at his own skill and daring. He felt more like himself than he had done for many a long day. Things began to resume their usual proportions, together with something of their old brightness.

It was not unusual for a few spectators to be in the hall to watch the exercises of the young athletes. Sometimes the boys would bring admiring friends to witness their performances, or strangers who had heard of the exercises going on would drop in to look at them for awhile. To-day there were one or two outsiders present. Roy was familiar with most of the faces, but one was strange to him, and yet he fancied that he was an especial object of interest to its owner. The stranger was a man whom Roy would have designated as middle-aged. He was thin and spare, with a face that seemed as if it might have been handsome and yet just escaped being so. The eyes were the most remarkable feature, peculiarly keen and piercing. It was a face difficult to avoid looking at, though it could not be said to be attractive—at least not in the ordinary sense of the word, and Roy found himself continually glancing towards the shadowy corner where the stranger sat, almost always to find those dark, bright eyes fixed steadily upon himself. He began to feel a little uneasy beneath this persistent regard, and to wonder whether the stranger could possibly have any special interest in him.

After the master had left, the lads generally lingered awhile to amuse themselves over the various exercises for which suitable apparatus was provided. Roy was generally the leader in these improvised feats, and his graceful figure in its white flannels was a sufficiently attractive object. He was accustomed to be looked at, but not in the persistent way in which this stranger gazed. He could not guess why he had aroused such obvious interest. He was half-flattered half-annoyed, and felt disposed to walk up to the stranger and enter into conversation. This would have been easy enough to do but for a sort of self-consciousness for which he could not account, and which was altogether foreign to his usual free and unembarrassed nature.

At length, however, rather to Roy's relief, the stranger took the initiative, and, as he was standing a little apart from his companions, who were gradually dwindling away, approached from the corner he had occupied so long, and stood in front of him.

"Excuse me," he said, with an air of courteous apology "but I think your name is Edington, is it not?"

There was nothing odd in the stranger's knowing this, for Roy had been hailed by his companions from all parts of the building, and it would have been strange if any one so silent and attentive had not learned so much.

"Yes," he answered quietly, "that is my name."

"You will pardon me for addressing you, but the name is not common and the likeness is strong. Are you not related to Mrs. Charles Edington, who was Miss Howard before her marriage?"

Roy's face flushed quickly.

"Mrs. Charles Edington was my mother," he said.

"Was!" repeated the stranger quickly, "ah,

then it was true. I feared it was when I saw the name in the paper; but I was not certain. I have seen nothing of her since her second marriage. Once I knew her well, and loved her. Indeed, I can claim more than mere friendship, I am a relation."

"A relation?" cried Roy, "then you must be my relation too. Will you tell me your name, please?"

"Edington. Your mother married my cousin; I knew her, too, before her first marriage; but our ways in life parted—it is so often the case—and we saw no more of each other. After her second marriage I even ceased to hear of her. I am glad, indeed, to renew the old kinship by this meeting. Perhaps you will be able to tell me, if your sorrow is not too recent, something about her."

"I will indeed—everything. I am so glad to have met you. I have wondered sometimes what had become of her relations. I have never known any of them."

"She never spoke to you of us, I suppose?"

"No," answered Roy, looking momentarily confused.

"It was quite natural," answered the stranger quietly. "We belonged by that time to other worlds; and there had been something, in fact, a little painful in the past. Her silence was quite natural. Yet in her early life we knew and loved her well."

"I know so little of her early life," said Roy, "she did not talk much of it ever. Perhaps you will be able to tell me more. Everything I can learn about her is precious. I do not remember my own father. Mr. Stratford was always like a father to me. Perhaps, if you have been long in these parts, you have heard of Mr. Stratford, of the Hermitage?"

"I think I have, but I have not been long at Market Drayton and I little thought to come upon traces here of one towards whom I entertain——" he broke off short, and Roy glanced at him, there observing traces of subdued emotion. A sudden idea flashed through his head. Perhaps this man had once loved his mother and had hoped to win her for his wife. Perhaps it was a life-long sorrow that had worn his face so thin, and given that hungry unsatisfied brightness to his eyes. The young are ever prone to romance and to castle-building of their own. There was nothing definite upon which Roy could ground his theory, but it had suggested itself to him and he embraced the idea with a sort of eager interest and pleasure.

"If you knew my mother once, you must come and see us," he said, "you will be very welcome at home. You do not know how much she was beloved."

"I can guess it well; but I must not intrude. My presence might be painful to your father after so recent a loss."

"Did I not tell you? I always fancy people know beforehand. Mr. Stratford died several years ago. His son is master of the house now; and he loved her just as much as if she were his own mother. Oh, yes, you must come and see us. Could you come to-day?"

The stranger smiled a little at the lad's boyish eagerness.

"You are most kind to wish it; but I had better wait, at least a little while longer. I am a complete stranger, and, although a distant kinsman of your mother's, have no claim upon the hospitality of your brother. I do not deny that it would be a pleasure to me to see any place with which she had been associated, and to hear, if you can bear to speak of them, some particulars of her latter years. But I had rather you consulted Mr. Stratford first. After all, he is only her stepson—and—in short—you understand what I mean—I have no claim."

"Oh, Marcus is a downright good fellow. No fear of your not being welcome there. He will be as pleased as I am. Where are you staying? Are you going to be long here? There is not much in a place like Market Drayton to attract strangers, I should think."

"There are some curious antiquities in the church, and in some of the old buildings, and I am fond of studying such things when I do get a chance and can contrive a holiday. I am staying at the George and Dragon. I dare say I shall be there another week."

"Oh, that is right. That will give us time. I want us to be better acquainted. I have so few relations—indeed, I do not know of one—not a real relation, I mean, though Marcus is just as good as a brother."

"I am glad it is so. You live with him still, of course?"

"Yes. You must come to see us soon. I will write to you when I have spoken to Marcus, but you might really come without that. Oh, I know what you think about step-relations; but it is not so a bit with Marcus. It is just the same as if we were brothers. It always has been so, ever since I came. We were always treated alike in everything."

The stranger smiled at Roy's boyish frankness.

"That is pleasant hearing," he said; "only it is better to keep on the safe side still. Changes of circumstance, occasionally bring change of sentiment, and, after all, it is your brother who is sole master now."

Roy laughed lightly.

"You need not be afraid; but perhaps Marcus will appreciate your scruples, he is a bit punctilious himself. Well, I must go and dress now, and get home; but you will hear from me and see me very soon. Good-bye. I am very glad we have met. You will tell me more about my mother another day."

"With pleasure, and you will do the same. Good-bye. I will give you my card if you will allow me, It may prove a passport to your brother's favour."

Roy took the card smilingly, and looked at it when he reached his dressing-room. It bore the name of Mr. R. Edington Thorne.

CHAPTER XVI.—ROY'S KINSMAN.

Roy rode home fast that day, with the eagerness that belongs to youth, especially when new ideas have been aroused, and vague plans are forming themselves in the busy brain.

He reached home about seven, and burst in upon Marcus, who was writing in his study, full of the intelligence he had to impart.

"Marcus," he cried, "listen! I've had an adventure! Absolutely something has happened! What do you think it is?"

Marcus looked up smiling, pen in hand. He was pleased to see Roy so bright and animated again.

"Well?" he questioned, "I don't think it's very likely I shall guess. You had better tell me yourself."

"I've found a relation!" cried Roy, as eager to tell as Marcus could be to hear. "I met him by chance at the gymnasium to-day. A relation of my own! Just fancy, Marcus! Isn't that odd after what I was saying the other day?"

Marcus bent his head over his writing without answering for a moment. His pen seemed to move swiftly; but Roy was too eager to heed this apparent inattention.

"A man called R. Edington. I have his card here. He is a kind of cousin; at least, my mother married a cousin of his. I wanted him to come home with me to-day; but he would not intrude, he said, till I had your sanction. He was very gentlemanly about it. I think you would like him, Marcus."

Marcus had raised his head again by this time, and now held out his hand for the card, which he read with silent scrutiny.

"How old was this man?" asked he, presently.

"Oh, let me think!" said Roy, whose ideas on the subject were very vague. "He was pretty old. I dare say he was forty-five. He had some grey hairs, and lots of lines in his face."

"And he claimed kinship with you?"

"Yes; you see that makes him my cousin too in a way. I rather fancy he was fond of my mother once before she married; but I don't think he has seen much of her since. You will ask him to dinner to-morrow, Marcus, will you not?"

"I will think about it. What has brought him to Market Drayton? and how did he know you?"

"He heard the fellows calling to me, and he said I was like her. I supposed he looked into the gymnasium by chance. He doesn't seem quite to know what to do with himself. I dare say he would like to spend a few days here."

"Well, it's time we went to dress, now," said Marcus rising. "We can discuss that later."

Roy was a little bit damped and disappointed by his brother's manner. He did not exactly know what to complain of; but he thought Marcus might have shown more pleasure and interest at an encounter with any one who had known and loved their mother. He wondered vaguely if Marcus were really changing slowly; if their brotherhood were not in the future going to be so real or so close as it had appeared to be. He did not want to be unreasonable, but Marcus might have been more glad.

Marcus, on his side, was not a little disturbed by all he heard. He had no doubt that this man was the Roger Edington against whom he had been warned; and his unexpected appearance just at this time, looked very much as if he had come to make some claim upon Roy's person.

It is true that Marcus in his own mind thought the mother's fears about the boy had been of an exaggerated character, and that she had both magnified the danger likely to threaten Roy's happiness if his kinsfolk did claim him, and the probability of their making that claim. Still he had received so earnest a warning, and had promised so steadfastly to shield Roy from any threatened danger, that he greatly regretted the encounter. He argued well, however, from the fact that this man had said nothing to Roy as to the guardianship his family could claim, nor let drop anything on the subject of his true parentage. Possibly Mrs. Stratford had been somewhat mistaken in her estimate of the Edingtons, or perhaps they might have improved with time. At any rate, the best plan would be to act in a quiet matter-of-fact way and see how things would turn. It would not do to deny the man entrance to the house; possibly a personal interview would be the best thing that could be desired. Yet, at the same time, in the face of his mother's dying wishes, it would not do to promote intimacy between the lad and his kinsman.

Marcus stood as it were between two fires. On the one hand was the danger of alienating Roy's confidence and affection, on the other the fear of his encountering those perils his mother had feared for him, and from which Marcus had pledged himself to try and save him. He was in a difficult position, and all he could do was to try and make the best of it, and to keep close watch over the younger brother he loved tenderly and well.

So he smiled a little over Roy's eagerness, and told him that a relative was not necessarily a congenial friend, and intimated that without knowing somewhat more of Mr. Edington's antecedents he could not wish for any very close acquaintance. Still he had no objection to asking him to dinner some time that week, if Roy would refrain from rushing into intimacy in a hasty fashion that might not be quite wise.

Roy was a little offended at so much "stand-offishness" as he called it; but Marcus spoke so kindly and so reasonably that he could not well complain, and he waited with impatience for the day when Mr. Edington should come, as he felt sure that he would make a favourable impression for himself.

In due course the evening arrived, and the guest presented himself. He was not in dinner dress, and apologised, saying he had few things with him, as he was constantly on the move. Marcus received him with great courtesy, but Roy could see at a glance that there was a want of cordiality, and a sort of constraint between the two men from the outset. He himself observed that Mr. Edington did not seem at all at ease. His sharp glances went wandering round, much as if he were taking a mental inventory of all the things in the room. He was at a loss for ordinary topics of conversation, responded with a good deal of constraint to his host's many attempts to promote more genial intercourse, and was ex-

cessively reserved about himself, slipping out of direct answers to questions with remarkable dexterity. He did not seem altogether familiar with the ordinary usages of the dinner-table, and altogether proved rather disappointing to Roy. Not that the lad was conscious of this, or thought any the worse of his kinsman for it; but he had wished him to produce a favourable impression upon Marcus, and he was afraid he was not doing this. He had been pleased to come across a real relation of his own, and it would be provoking if he were not allowed to make friends with him. For once in his life Roy wished his brother a little less fastidious and particular. He would have liked to see a different expression stamped upon his face.

Thinking that possibly the two men might get on better if left alone for a while, or that his kinsman, if he preferred it, could join him in the garden, Roy presently walked out at the open window. Marcus was glad of this. It gave him the opportunity of saying what was on his mind. He led the conversation to the boy and his antecedents, and quickly made out that this man was no other than Roger Edington, and that he was quite aware of Roy's true parentage.

"He believes himself, however, Mrs. Stratford's son," Marcus said at length, "and I see no reason why he should be disturbed in his belief—at any rate, not yet."

"There seems nothing to be gained, certainly, by publishing an unpalatable truth. You are aware of the cloud resting on his father's memory?"

"Yes. Mrs. Stratford was anxious that his life should not be clouded by the knowledge. I hope you agree with me in thinking that her wishes on the subject shall be sacred?"

"Oh, certainly. I have no reason for wishing otherwise. Are you, may I ask, acting temporarily as his guardian?"

"Yes; his mother (to use the familiar phrase) appointed me as such in her will, and hoped the boy would be left to my care during his minority. I am aware there is a prior claim upon him in your family. I presume his legal guardian, Mr. Andrew Edington, is your father?"

"Yes."

"You do not, perhaps, know his feelings on the subject?"

"No; indeed it is only accidentally that I came here and verified the death of my cousin Alicia. I know that my father gave the boy very willingly to her; how he might feel it his duty to act now I cannot tell. Of course it is possible he may consider you somewhat young for the office, if you will excuse my saying so, and possibly you may yourself be glad to be quit of the charge. After all, he is our relation, not yours."

"We have, however, always felt like brothers, and I am very ready to continue to look after him during his minority. Your father must be getting on in years now, and Roy has always been very happy here."

"No doubt, no doubt. It is a pleasant place, very, and he has evidently every indulgence. I must of course tell my father all the circumstances of the case, but you authorise me to say that you prefer to keep him here unless he wishes otherwise."

"Yes; it was his mother's wish, and I had a great regard for her. I am also much attached to Roy. I very gladly undertake the charge of him, if there is no objection on your part."

"That is very kind of you. It is quite likely my father may leave him here. He might, perhaps, like him to come on a visit later on. You would have no objection to that, I presume?"

Marcus smiled slightly.

"I should have no power to object: besides I am not unreasonable, I hope."

"Mrs. Stratford was half afraid of us, I think. I fancy she was afraid we should take away the boy. She dropped all intercourse with us after her marriage. Roy does not know even our names."

"So I gathered from what she told me, and I think your supposition is right. She was inclined to be nervous where Roy was concerned. By the way, may I ask you not to mention to him this question of guardianship unless your father decides to act? It would inevitably raise the whole question of his parentage and his father's history; and I believe we have agreed that there is no need to distress him with that."

"Quite so: I will be cautious. I will not forget. Perhaps I may join him in the garden now. I have not many days to spare, and I should like to improve the acquaintance as far as possible."

Marcus was left alone to ponder over the interview just concluded. He could not make much out of it. He was too well versed in diplomacy to trust very much to fair appearances, and there was something in the very speciousness and impenetrability of Roger Edington's manner that roused his suspicion.

"At least he asked no question as to that property; but that might have been because he did not wish to show his hand too clearly at once. Well, I do not think he read mine, and I shall keep my best card—Roy's poverty—in reserve till the very last, a sort of final test. Possibly there may be nothing to fear. He seems reasonable and smooth spoken enough: we must wait and see: but I certainly distrust the man's face."

The Difference.

DO the dead think of the living,
In the blue heaven overhead,
All repenting—all forgiving—
As the living of the dead?

Yes; but while these weep, surveying
Pathways long, and lonely feet,
They in heaven smile, softly saying,
"'Tis to-morrow, and we meet!"

F. W. B.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

Mizpah.—Genesis xxxi. 49.

WE are told in this passage that Jacob on parting from Laban set up a heap of stones as a boundary between them; and that they gave a mutual pledge not to pass the boundary to do each other harm. This landmark was called "the heap of witness"—(Chald. *Jegar-sahadutha;* Heb. *Galeed*)—also, in a more general sense Mizpah, "watch-tower," for Laban said, "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another." The words were those of jealousy and suspicion: each man knew that he must be on his guard against the other, and invoked the protection of God against any attempted wrong. It is a curious illustration of the way in which many people are content to take the letter of Scripture without reference to its meaning, that these words of Laban are often used to express the love and mutual intercession of separated *friends*. They will give each other rings with "Mizpah" engraved thereon, as though this "watch-tower" of Laban had been intended as a memorial of affectionate remembrance. We have even heard of "Mizpah" Societies, the members of which were pledged to pray for one another's good. No object could be more admirable, only some word of a less sinister association would surely better express the purpose.

F. N., Clevedon, writes: "Will you kindly give an explanation of Colossians ii. 16, and Romans xiv. 1, as bearing on the question of the Christian Sabbath? Are we to infer from St. Paul's words that the command to keep holy the Sabbath day is not binding on Christians now?"

"Let no man," writes St. Paul to the Colossians, "judge you in respect of a feast day or a new moon or a Sabbath day" (R.V.). The words denote the *yearly*, the *monthly*, and the *weekly* sacred seasons among the Jews; being frequently used together in the Old Testament in the same sense. See 1 Chron. xxiii. 31; 2 Chron. ii. 4; xxxi. 3; Ezek. xlv. 17; Hosea ii. 11. We have, then, in the phrase a compendious description of the requirements of Judaic ritualism—which ritualism the false teachers at Colossæ sought to impose upon Gentile converts. To this claim the apostle counsels resistance. "Do not allow," he says in effect, "any one to call you to account in reference to these observances. In themselves they are nothing; their only value is in the spiritual truths which they represent. And having the reality, you may now dispense with the shadow."

This argument applies to the *Jewish* Sabbath, and to the ceremonial element which it included. It was this that the Colossians were required by the Judaizers to observe; and it was in specific opposition to the claim that St. Paul declares the law of liberty—not forbidding to keep the day, but repudiating its imposition as a yoke. So in the other passage quoted by our correspondent: Romans xiv. 6. As a matter of fact, we know that in the early ages many Christians regarded *both* days as holy—the seventh, as the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, and the first, as the day of our Lord's resurrection. The former fell gradually into disuse, naturally lingering longest among converts from Judaism. Ignatius, early in the second century, speaks of true believers as having come to the possession of a "new hope," "no longer keeping the Sabbath, but living in the spirit of the Lord's Day."[1] On the other hand, the so-called *Apostolical Constitutions*, which represent the traditions of the Eastern Church a century and a half later, speak expressly of the two days as still observed: "Let the slaves work five days, but on the Sabbath day and the Lord's day let them have leisure to go to church for instruction in piety. The Sabbath is on account of the creation, and the Lord's day of the resurrection."[2] A century afterwards, Augustine, who represents the view of the Western Church, writes: "Of all the Ten Commandments, that which related to the Sabbath was the only one in which the thing commanded was typical (*figurate observandum præcipitur*), the bodily rest enjoined being a type, which we have received as a means of our instruction, but not as a duty binding also upon us. In the Sabbath, a figure is presented of the spiritual rest, of which it is said in the Psalm: 'Be still and know that I am God' (xlvi. 11), and unto which all men are invited by the Lord Himself in the words, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; so shall ye find rest unto your souls.'[3] The Lord's day, however," Augustine adds, "has been made known not to the Jews, but to Christians, by the resurrection of our Lord, and from Him it began to have its own festal character." In fact, in all Christian antiquity there is not, it may be safely said, a hint of the belief that the Lord's day, as "a Christian Sabbath," was substituted by apostolic authority for the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment. We need hardly add, what readers may verify for themselves, that such an idea is equally without foundation in the New Testament; although the religious observance of the "First day of the

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[1] μηκέτι σαββατίζοντες, ἀλλὰ κατὰ κυριακὴν ζῶντες. *Epist. ad Magn.* ix. The unauthentic longer Greek enjoins Sabbath observance, but "not after the Jewish manner," and adds: "After the observance of the Sabbath, let every friend of Christ keep the Lord's day as a festival, the resurrection day, the queen and chief of all the days (of the week)."

[2] *Apost. Const.*, book viii., § 33. Donaldson's Translation (Clark's *Ante-Nicene Fathers*).

[3] Letter 55, to Januarius. Cunningham's Trans. (Clark's ed.) vol. i., p. 220. A curiously interesting letter to one Casulanus (36) will be found in the same volume, in which the question of Sunday fasting is discussed. "Both the Roman Church, and some others," writes Augustine, "observed a fast on the Sabbath; but to fast on the Lord's day is a great offence."

week" is plainly recognized: Acts xx. 7; 1 Cor. xvi. 2; Rev. i. 10.

But there is a moral as well as a typical element in the Fourth Commandment, the *Remember* of which points backward to the primal institution, to the creative rest and its weekly commemoration. This was revived in the Lord's day, which thus bears a twofold reference—to the world completed and the world restored:

'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem. S. G. G.

J. P., Handsworth, asks the meaning of 1 John v. 16. "Of what does the 'sin unto death' consist? If any one committed it, would he never pray for pardon? Or, if he did so, would pardon be denied? And, can any one commit it now?"

Our correspondent seems to have misconceived the last clause of the text: "I do not say that he shall pray for it." The words refer not to the sinner's prayer for himself; but to his brother's prayer on his behalf. The R.V. reads the whole passage: "If any man see his brother sinning a sin not unto death, he shall ask, and *God* will give him life for them that sin not unto death [*or*, he shall ask, and shall give him life, *even* to them, *etc.*]. There is a sin [*or*, sin] unto death: not concerning this do I say that he should make request." The question is concerning the sins of professed Christians. These sins, the result of human weakness, do in many cases consist with the possession of spiritual life. For the forgiveness of these sins in their brethren, let fellow-disciples pray. But there is a limit to hopeful intercession. Some sins are of so flagrant a character as to prove the sinner to be spiritually dead. These the apostle excepts from his exhortation; or, rather, he leaves them out of account: "I am not speaking of sins like wilful apostacy or the hardened rejection of the truth." It is observable that his words are not precisely, "I say that he shall not pray," but, "I do not say that he shall," leaving it still open for him to do so, if impelled by an irresistible longing or by large-hearted charity. We cannot often be sure that our brother has thus hopelessly fallen "unto death." Perhaps, in most cases, we should give him the benefit of the doubt, and still pray on. There may be a hint of this in the word translated *pray* ("make request," R.V.) in the second part of the verse. It is the word generally used for *questioning* or inquiring; as in the remarkable passage, John xvi. 23: "In that day ye shall ask Me nothing," *i.e.*, "shall ask Me no questions." So here the apostle's thought may be more nearly expressed by the rendering proposed in the *Speaker's Commentary:* "I say not concerning that, that he shall inquire."

Another interpretation which has considerable authority on its side, makes the passage refer to the infliction of the death-penalty by Divine judgment on notorious offenders in the Church, as on Ananias and Sapphira. This is supposed to be intended in 1 Cor. xi. 30: "many sleep." But the constant use of "life" and "death" in a spiritual sense by St. John seems to us to confirm the exposition given above.

THE SICK CHILD.

OUR frontispiece this month is a reproduction of a picture which attracted much admiration at the time of its first exhibition in the Royal Academy of 1857.

"The story," said the "Athenæum," "is simple as a child's, but how great a simple thing may be! A rough countryman in a large loose fustian jacket holds a sick child in his lap. A mother bends over it with anxious love, trying to tempt its exhausted appetite with some savoury delicacy that love has invented. On the floor a little rosy heap of a baby plays, careless with the unconscious selfishness of infancy, and by the man's chair lies a rabbit he has risked his liberty to poach for the darling whose little face is so pale and jaded and worn, and whose legs begin to spindle and lose flesh so sadly. This pinched face is a precious bit of painting. The father's profile indicates such tender anxiety and such sadness that the roughest man might not be ashamed to shed a tear to see it."

In like strain "The Times" spoke of the artist's name as "hitherto unknown, but destined, if the promise of this picture be not belied, to be known far and wide. . . . The execution of the picture is so unpretending that it requires close examination to discover what an amount of true finish is lavished on every part. Indeed, no praise we can give for technical merits is beyond its deserts. The only objection to it is its literal painfulness. Perhaps the paternal tenderness which is impressed throughout it may be taken as a set-off against this."

Mr. Ruskin has given also his word of praise, and many a critic since; while now the picture may be said to have taken its place among the representative productions of nineteenth century English art. Mr. Joseph Clark has achieved the reputation prophesied for him, but no one of his later paintings has wider fame than this "Sick Child."

The picture is in the same spirit and as true to general experience as Longfellow's poem:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

But while the poet preaches resignation, the painter makes us realise the tender possibilities of parental affection, even in the humblest home. Where the shadow of death does not fall, this other shadow of sickness and anxiety comes sooner or later on every household, poor or rich. How many since the days of Jairus have uttered his pathetic complaint, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death." A painting like this has interpreters in every home. The shadows of such a time are happily often relieved by the presence of that self-forgetful love which is God's own angel of light in this troubled world.

THE SICK CHILD.

FROM THE PICTURE BY JOSEPH CLARK

Monthly Religious Record.

THE expulsion of the Rev. J. Jones from the Loyalty Islands is an ominous comment on the facts adduced last month in our article on the "French in the Pacific." Christianity was first introduced into Maré, which has been the centre of the British mission, by native teachers from Eastern Polynesia; and when the first white missionary landed there, a representative of the Church of England, he found a congregation willing to receive instruction. After his death, evangelisation was carried on by the London Missionary Society. Mr. Jones was sent out in 1853, before the French appeared on the scene, with another missionary, but from 1871 had been left in sole charge. Thus, for nearly thirty-five years he had laboured among this people, through good and through evil report, proving himself their friend in many ways, and leading them forward in the paths of civilisation as well as of religion. His church, of which we give an engraving, is in itself evidence of the work he has done; it is adapted for a congregation of eight hundred people, and built of stone, and by native labourers under his direction. At last he has been compelled to leave the Islands. From a speech made by Mr. Jones at Melbourne, prior to his expulsion, we learn the successive events which have led to this result.

The French took possession of the Loyalty Islands in 1864. A year afterwards Romish priests arrived, and they began by setting up for chiefs men who embraced their religion. Frequent quarrels ensued. The Protestant chiefs protested, and claimed their rights; but were many of them exiled, or compelled to alter their boundaries. A new Resident coming sought to adjust these disputes by obtaining a French pastor, under cover of whose position he might get quit of the English missionary. None could be obtained, but at length an unordained man presented himself, and was accepted. This intruder, it was soon found, was little more than an agent of the Resident. There were fresh difficulties; then a commissioner was sent across from New Caledonia. Mr. Jones was deposed from his natural position, and the schools all taken out of his hands, and placed under Government. Religious liberty was, however, promised. Mr. Jones remained on the island, while the native churches carried on the work independently.

The French Resident was amazed. "He had expected," says Mr. Jones, "the whole thing to collapse without the English missionary at its head, and that the natives must turn to the Frenchman. The native pastors who had been trained for this work by the English missionary must, it was determined, be got rid of. Yet religious liberty had been promised. It was resolved then to find something against these men one by one, and imprison them, and thus get rid of them. One man owned some private property, and he was improving it. He was told to desist, since a pastor could not own property. He obeyed in some things, but when he was ordered to cut down his cocoanut grove he refused. So he had disobeyed the Government, and that was enough. He was sent to prison to New Caledonia, where he has remained till the present day, a period of eighteen months. The same course was adopted with others; but it was too slow work, and so the Governor of New Caledonia visiting the island, called the remaining pastors before him, and said, 'Will you submit to the national church?' They replied, 'Sir, we will obey you most loyally in all things secular, but in religion we wish to be free.' That was enough. They were at once sent on board the steamer, and carried away to join their companions in exile. The English missionary also was threatened with expulsion from the island. All those who were taken away remain in exile to the present day." The promise of religious liberty was broken.

In the statement of these facts, Mr. Jones said he did not wish to speak against French rule in its secular aspects. He believed the French would be good rulers if they could divorce the secular from the clerical, but the two were so interwoven that they could not be separated until some revolution came and severed the threads which bound them together. There had been some very good and just men as governors of New Caledonia, and also some good officials.

It was supposed that the natives could not continue to hold out. The Governor had closed all churches, except to those who would attend the ministry of the national clergyman. Mr. Jones, however, was permitted to preach in the church which he had built on private property belonging to the London Missionary Society, and the people preferred to worship in their own dwelling-places rather than join the French church. "By threats of banishment to Cochin China, and by bribes, the Government succeeded in winning chief Hnaisiline's son, to the national church; but he went alone, not fifty of his people going with him. All the rest remained staunch to their profession. A scene of barbarous cruelty then arose. At the New Year's special prayer meetings, after the manner of the Evangelical Alliance, the churches being all closed, the people flocked to attend at my church. The French lieutenant, however, sent the chief men on their side to forbid the people to worship there. The people replied, 'The church is allowed by the Government to be used as a public place of worship, and we see no objection to our attending.' They were met at the doors of the church as they went out of it, and their hands were tied behind them, and they were carried before the chief. He knocked them down, kicked them with his heavy boots in the mouth, breaking their teeth, beat them with bludgeons, and dashed heavy stones upon them as they lay helpless with their hands tied behind them. Their feet were then lashed together also, and they were laid upon a cold mortar floor all night, no covering or food of any kind being given to them. In the morning the floor was saturated with blood, which had flowed during the night from their wounds. Next morning they were compelled to walk to the chief's residence, about ten miles, without any breakfast being given to them, and they were afterwards cast

NATIVE CHURCH AT MARÉ, BUILT BY MR. JONES.

into prison and taken to New Caledonia. Women, too, were kicked and beaten for attending the services. The people, terrified, fled to hiding-places in the bush, but the chief, under the direction of the French lieutenant, sent men armed to hunt them down, with orders to shoot any who might run away. Much of their property was seized, their plantations were destroyed, and their live-stock killed." They then sought protection from a neighbouring chief—a Roman Catholic; he gave it; gave up all his territory to them, where they could live in peace. That was called a revolt by the French Government, whereas it was simply the people running from their persecutors.

M. Lacascade, Director of the Interior, and next in position to the Governor, was sent to suppress "the revolt." One hundred soldiers, all armed for campaign work, were sent with him. "He had orders to close my church," said Mr. Jones, "and, if necessary, to expel me. When he arrived, however, and learnt the true state of affairs, he wrote to the Governor, saying there was no need to resort to any extreme measures. His Excellency was very angry on receiving that message, and at once despatched a steamer, saying—'You must close Mr. Jones's church.' He replied to the official in charge of the message, 'I refuse to obey.' His place was then taken by M. Gallet, who also could not see his way clear to close the church, and it had remained open to the present time to a small district only just around the building, the people of all other districts being forbidden to attend. The natives were, in fact, unable to do any more than hold family worship in their own houses, and even there they were not allowed to have more than five men for an assembly."

When M. Lacascade returned to Noumea, he was deposed by the Governor, and sent home to France. When he reached home the Government made him Governor of Tahiti, where he is at the present time.

The people of Maré, meanwhile, still remain staunch to their principles, and have by letters "testified to the presence of the Lord Jesus with them in their exile, and are ready even to suffer death if called upon to do so rather than be unfaithful." The Frenchman has scarcely any followers, and the churches are overgrown with grass through being completely unoccupied.

Mr. Jones was himself finally removed by a small force which was specially despatched from New Caledonia for the purpose. It has been suggested that this speech, made during a visit to Melbourne, may have been among the causes which led to his final expulsion. The history is one full of warning.

IT is stated that the German authorities in East Africa have resolved to allow only German missionaries within their territory. This is so great a limitation of the freedom of the Christian church, that we trust it will be made the subject of inquiry, and if necessary, of remonstrance. So exclusive a rule is alien to the very spirit of the Gospel. Imagine a Roman empire in which only a Roman might have preached Christ, or a Germany in which none but a Teuton had declared the Faith. It is even said that arrangements have been made with the Pope to establish an Apostolic Prefecture in East Africa, to be occupied by German priests alone. The French missionaries at Bagomogo, opposite Zanzibar, have placed themselves temporarily under German protection.

MEANWHILE the deposition of King Malietoa by the Germans in Samoa, though described as a high-handed act, has not materially affected the good work there in progress.

THE journals of Mr. Mackay describe his last days in Uganda. They contain very abundant evidence of the influence of the Arab traders, and the uneasiness caused among the natives by the rumoured movements of Europeans in Africa. He was leaving behind some traces of his handiwork. "Every one of the two hundred sheets of syllables, &c., which I printed," he says, "quite recently, has been bought up at ten cowries each; and now I can sell no more, for the printing-press I have taken to pieces and sent to port, with all the type. One hundred and sixty copies of Luganda Matthew, complete, have also been bought up, and I have not a single copy left. But I have revised the whole with a company of our best hands at translation . . . I get little rest, for our Christian friends crowd the house till midnight, and often long after."

THE recent celebration of the Papal Jubilee was accompanied by incidents of European significance. Two hundred years have passed since a British sovereign sent a special envoy to the Pope, the last having been Lord Castlemaine, who was despatched by James II. in 1687. The mission of the Duke of Norfolk, to present the Queen's felicitations, and the royal gifts, was therefore of more than ordinary moment, as evidence of the changed political condition. More important probably was the Pope's appearance in St. Peter's, on the day of the celebration—his predecessor having never entered the cathedral after the royal troops took possession of Rome in 1870, and the fiction of His Holiness being the "prisoner of the Vatican," having been maintained to the present. The address presented by the Duke of Norfolk stated that the Queen was moved not only by a desire to return the courtesies of the Pope shown at the time of her own jubilee, but "to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom displayed by His Holiness in his high position." The "temperate sagacity" which "had corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might have otherwise arisen," inspired the hope that life and health might long be granted, and this "beneficent action" long continued. The Pope in his reply testified his "great satisfaction with the liberty which the Catholic religion enjoys throughout the vast British empire, and *which permits that religion to prosper more and more.*" The royal gift was presented on a subsequent day—a massive basin and ewer of gold, copied from examples at Windsor. A Sunday was chosen for the Jubilee, although it was the previous day which witnessed the completion of the fifty years since Leo XIII. first said mass as Father Pecci. A great crowd thronged St. Peter's. Princes were there, and bishops and archbishops in great force. The various gifts were many of them brought into use in the celebration of mass—amongst them the ewer and basin sent by Queen Victoria. The aged Pope fainted twice before the ceremonial was concluded, but gave at the close his blessing to the City and the World.

A TRAGIC death has overtaken the Rev. Alexander H. Mackonochie, whose name was for so many years associated with St. Alban's, Holborn. He had been for some time out of health, and was visiting the Bishop of Argyll, at Ballachulish, in the Western Highlands. Being a good walker, he had started on an expedition to the head of Loch Leven, accompanied only by two dogs. On his way back he appears to have turned eastward, and to have lost himself on trackless wastes. Search was made for him on his not returning at night, through the next day, and again on the morning following, when he was found half-buried in a snow-wreath, dead and stark, with the dogs sitting one on each side of him, a peaceful expression on his face, but his right foot bare, and stained with blood from the jagged rocks over which he had strayed. The body was brought back to London, and the night before the funeral, the coffin was placed in the chancel of St. Alban's, where it rested, covered with lilies and immortelles. "Vespers for the dead" were sung at an eight o'clock service. Throughout the night watch was kept, and at intervals the next day, from six A.M. until 9.15 A.M. "low masses" were said. At eleven there was a "solemn requiem." The "altar" was draped in violet, with black hangings, and had sixty candles burning. Three tall candles were on either side of the body in the chancel, and the seven sanctuary lamps were burning as usual. Every inch of space in the church was occupied by clergy and lay Churchmen from all parts of England, it being said that no home diocese was unrepresented. The clergy wore their cassocks, surplices, and birettas. At the beginning of the little book, containing the order of service, were the words, "Of your charity, pray for the soul of Alexander Heriot Mackonochie." At the reading of the Gospel the clergy in the chancel held lighted tapers in their hands. The first part of the Burial Office followed, after which came the pronouncing of the Absolution and the censing of the bier. The coffin was borne in procession through the streets headed by a crucifix, the choir and about fifty clergymen, lighted candles being carried on either side to the railway station, and thence taken to the cemetery at Woking. Mr. Mackonochie's cope and biretta were placed on the coffin before it was lowered into the grave. It may be added that nothing in his career afforded so striking evidence of the place held by Ritualism within the Church of England as the circumstances of his funeral.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

BY EVELYN E. GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—POISONED SHAFTS.

IF THERE WERE A MYSTERY, SURELY HE HAD A RIGHT TO KNOW IT.

ROY'S elation at the discovery of a real relation was considerable, and perhaps the very fact that nobody else took a liking to Mr. Edington rather increased than diminished the boy's friendly feeling, giving to it the touch of partizanship that was certain to blind him to any peculiarities on the part of his cousin which he might otherwise have criticised. He saw from the first moment that Marcus had not taken to his new relation, and that had vexed him somewhat. The next day he took him to the Kynastons, but could not flatter himself that he had

created a favourable impression there. Muriel, when pressed, had been obliged to confess that she did not much like his face, and Syd, with his customary frankness, had openly said that "the fellow seemed rather a cad."

All this, however, only served to strengthen Roy's determination to be very friendly. He could see plainly that his kinsman had lived in a different world from his own, and had perhaps known something of poverty—indeed, he had hinted as much early on in the acquaintance, as a sort of apology for his *gaucherie*. The boy felt that it would be "disgusting snobbishness" on his part to let this want of external polish make any difference in his treatment of Mr. Edington; and accordingly, during the days he remained at Market Drayton, he contrived to see him constantly, and talked to him with great freedom of past, present, and future alike.

He thought that it was very kind of his kinsman to take so much interest in him and his affairs. Mr. Edington asked a great many questions, far more indeed than Roy could answer; and what sometimes perplexed the boy a good deal was the species of disapproving silence that not unfrequently fell upon him when his questioner discovered how little Roy knew about his own affairs.

"Does your brother never tell you anything?" he once asked in visible surprise; and for the first time in his life it occurred to the lad that Marcus was needlessly reserved.

He remembered now that other people, friends of his mother's, whom he had met since her death, had seemed wishful to know how he had been left, but Roy, with his customary easiness and carelessness, had never seriously considered the question. Muriel's advice, and his own great wish to do and to think rightly in all things, had successfully held in check any incipient feeling of discontent.

He began to wish now that he knew a little more, not so much on his own account as on that of his kinsman. It was very plain that Mr. Edington fancied that Marcus might not perhaps be acting quite fairly by his young brother, and indignant as Roy was at such a notion, he could not help its haunting him unpleasantly. He knew that the young Kynastons were angry with Marcus on his account, and altogether it seemed rather uncomfortable, all the more so from the entire vagueness of his own ideas upon the subject. He sometimes felt vexed and irritable from this very sense of ignorance, unable to shake off the conviction that a man of Mr. Edington's age and experience ought to know something of life, and was hardly likely to be suspicious without a cause.

He was vexed, too, that Marcus was not more cordial to his guest. He was always scrupulously courteous, and let Roy bring him to the house whenever he wished to do so, but there was no real friendliness in his manner, and Mr. Edington remarked as much in his final interview with Roy, and said with some significance that this dislike was a little odd.

Roy, who generally thought a good deal of his brother's discrimination, was vexed enough at it now, and thought it unkind of Marcus to be so cold and distant with the only relative he had ever known.

The fact that Mr. Edington was fully aware of this coolness did not mend matters, and Roy had too little worldly wisdom to observe that his kinsman made no effort to gain Marcus's good will, but rather took pleasure in widening the breach. Now he began vigorously to explain and disclaim.

"Indeed, I think you exaggerate. Marcus is exclusive—difficult to know—but he is a very good brother to me. You must like him, for my sake."

Mr. Edington was silent for a while. Then he said, with a sort of reluctant significance: "It is for your sake, Roy, that I find it so hard to like him."

"What do you mean?"

"I will tell you, my lad, what I do mean. It has been on my conscience once or twice when you have talked to me, and dropped bits of information about yourself and your affairs; but I did not like to speak, and I do not like it now. Only as I am the only one of your mother's relatives you seem likely to come across, and as I am going away almost at once, I think I ought to put you on your guard, and to warn you to look well after your own interests, as you have no one else to do it for you."

"I have Marcus ——" began Roy indignantly, pushing resolutely away the vague misgiving that had once or twice troubled him before.

"That is true," answered Mr. Edington quietly, "but you must remember that your brother is not very much older than yourself, and it seems to me a strange thing the way in which he keeps you in the dark about your own affairs. He is in the position of sole guardian, trustee and executor—a position which renders him perfectly irresponsible and autocratic. Nobody ought to have the absolute control of another's affairs that he has of yours. It is in itself a temptation, and you ought to do what you can to discover your real position."

Roy flushed hotly, and then grew a little pale; but he asked quietly: "What can I do?"

"You can insist, for one thing, on reading for yourself your mother's will."

"It would look as if I distrusted Marcus."

"It ought not. He should have told you its provisions himself. How old are you?—eighteen? It is an absurdity to treat you like a mere child!"

"I shall be eighteen next week," said Roy.

"Well, that would be a good opportunity to speak out and ask your brother all about your own affairs. The more reluctant he is to tell you, the more determined you should be."

Roy made a restless movement, as if to thrust the whole subject from him.

"I hate the very name of money," he said; "I am happy enough as I am, and Marcus is the soul of honour. Why should I trouble myself about it?"

"Are you always happy as you now are?" asked the tempter. "Do you not naturally want a more liberal education, which your guardian, for

some inscrutable reason, denies to you? Why does he insist on keeping you always under his own eye? Why does he look with disfavour on the only relative you have ever come across, and try to stop any intimacy? Does it not appear as if all were not right? As if he feared ideas being suggested to you which should make you begin to inquire into your own affairs, and his management of them?"

"If you knew Marcus better you would not talk like that," cried Roy. "He is noble and generous and high-minded. Look at all he is doing for the place and the people—the schools he is building, and the money it will cost—as if he would ever grudge *me* anything! It is perfect nonsense!"

Roy spoke the more vehemently for the faint misgiving that was troubling him increasingly each moment.

His companion smiled somewhat meaningly.

"When you are as old as I am, my dear boy, you will know that generosity in one direction and parsimony in another often go hand in hand. I don't doubt his ability to look after his own interests; but I want to see him look as well after yours, as I told him once myself."

"You told him?"

"Yes, on the occasion when I ventured to ask him some questions about you, and could get nothing satisfactory out of him. I am more nearly related to you than he is. He need not have been so reserved."

"Oh, that is his way; he always is reserved with strangers, and he might not like your asking. But, indeed, it is all right. You don't know Marcus."

"No; and I am not sure that you do either. You are undoubted heir to at least twenty thousand pounds, and I want to see you treated as such."

The way in which these last words were spoken sent a sort of thrill through Roy. He did not understand his own sensations; he was half afraid of them.

"Why do you talk like that?" he asked almost fiercely. "Marcus is more to me than all the money in the world. I would rather lose everything than my trust in him."

"That is because you are young and impulsive, and quite ignorant of the world and the power of wealth. I do not want you to distrust your brother. I only want you to know the truth. If he has nothing to be ashamed of, why does he hide things from you as if you were a child? Why does he keep you at home, instead of letting you go out and see life? But I will say no more. I see you are satisfied, and I have no wish to disturb your equanimity. I felt it my duty to put you on your guard; having done so, I must leave the rest to you. If you are content, it is not for me to complain. I only hope you will not find out when too late that your blind confidence has been misplaced."

Roy made an impatient gesture, but he was ill at ease and unhappy. He hated himself, and his companion too, at that moment, and could willingly have quarrelled with him on the spot. His misgivings were too vague to take any practical form; he knew too little of life and its ways to be able to ask any questions as to what his kinsman really suspected. All he knew was that Mr. Edington anticipated some underhand treatment from Marcus, and some danger to the fortune that should be his by right. But the idea of distrusting Marcus!

"I'll tell you what," he cried suddenly, "I will ask Marcus all about it, and make him tell me. I know it's all right. I'm certain your suspicions are quite unfounded. And then I'll write to you, and tell you everything, and then you'll be satisfied."

"And most rejoiced to hear it," was the response. "And I will retract all my suspicions most gladly, if I find that all is right. I shall have left this place before your birthday; but if you write to me at Windmill House, Abbot's Heath, Thorne, it will find me. I will write the address for you. If ever you want a friend or adviser you will find one in me; but I never wish to come between you and your brother so long as you are in accord. If, however, you should at any time see cause to change your opinion, and will write to me, I will do what I can for you. In me you will always find a very sincere friend—for your mother's sake as well as for your own."

"Thank you," said Roy, trying not to speak stiffly, trying to feel grateful to one who had certainly been endeavouring to advise him for his own good, however unpalatable the advice had been. "I do not think I shall ever have any cause to wish myself out of my brother's care, or be guided by other advice than his; but, if I do, I will remember that you have acted a friend's part by me. I will write to you in a week's time, when I know all; but I think that you lay a great deal more stress upon the possession of money than we ever do. My mother always taught me to prize it at what she called its true worth, and—but you will think I talk like a child—I cannot explain myself as I would. Goodbye, I will let you know in time. I hope some day we shall meet again."

Roy held out his hand frankly and cordially. He was not sorry that this new friend of his was going away just now; but he liked him after a fashion, and quite hoped to renew acquaintance some day. He believed he had given him good and disinterested advice, and was half ashamed of his own irritation of mind. He might have altered his opinion had he seen the change of expression that came over his kinsman's face as he found himself at last alone.

"Well, I think I have brought him to the point at last; but they have brought him up to be a perfect fool as to his own interests. I don't like that young Stratford. I doubt if even Caroline will ever make any way in that quarter. I doubt if the connection with him will ever be of any use to either of us. But he is fond of the boy, and that might make a link, only he has evidently been prejudiced against us by Alicia. That was obvious from the very first. He was on his guard all through, and took precious good care to tell me nothing. I expect the boy is a pretty good prize; but it was better not to ask the

question direct at the first acquaintance; and now I think we shall learn all we want from Roy; later on, we can get him across on a visit, and see what we can make of him. But Caroline is quite right; it is best not to press matters on too fast. Everything had better appear easy and natural, and then no suspicions will be aroused. Caroline shall take matters into her own hands; her judgment is always to be trusted."

CHAPTER XVIII.—QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Roy's birthday had hitherto been kept as a holiday, and been celebrated by some simple *al fresco* fête, in which the young Kynastons were always included. It was for some time rather doubtful this year whether anything of the kind would be held; for Roy's recent loss made the first anniversary of his birthday a somewhat sorrowful day for him. But Marcus was anxious that he should not brood needlessly, and was wishful to see him regain more of his old, bright even spirits; and Roy, on his side, did not want to do anything that should be a disappointment to his young friends and companions. So, at length, it was decided that the Kynastons should all be asked to a quiet picnic, and that they should all drive across to a very fine sea-coast place about twenty miles distant, which was unknown to any of the juniors of the party. There was an interesting old castle in the vicinity, and some very curious caves in the cliffs, and the place could have no painful associations for any one, as it had never been visited before.

Mrs. Stratford had not been strong enough for long expeditions, and Roy had never cared to go without her. He entered, however, with some zest into the proposed excursion, read up what he could find about the ruined castle, and was more animated than he had been for some days past.

Marcus was quite aware that his brother had something on his mind just now, and he had watched him somewhat anxiously, half afraid lest Roger Edington, either by accident or design, should have dropped hints that might perplex or distress him.

But Roy did not seem unhappy, although he was unusually grave at times, and his manner towards his brother was even more affectionate than before. He was constantly appealing to Marcus for approval or sympathy, eager to be with him to share in his pursuits, and to listen to his plans. It seemed as if he were anxious to atone even for the unspoken thoughts of distrust that had forced themselves upon him of late; for as soon as his kinsman had departed, leaving him alone with Marcus, Roy had been quite indignant with himself for ever having harboured the smallest suspicion as to his brother's integrity of purpose. He intended to keep his word, and to ask how things really stood; but he knew perfectly well that all was right, and he even began to see a reason for the reticence hitherto observed.

It was evident from what Mr. Edington had said, that Roy's mother was a rich woman, and that her son would in due course be rich too. Roy was glad that it should be so, because he was getting to an age to understand something of the value of wealth, and to feel how much good could be done with it. But he remembered how often and how seriously his mother had spoken to him of the danger that money often brought, and he thought it very possible that she had cautioned Marcus against talking too much to his young brother of his brilliant prospects. But Roy did not feel as if the knowledge that he had a fortune of his own would bring with it any of those dangerous feelings his mother had plainly dreaded. He saw how Marcus used his wealth, how quietly resolved he was to employ it rather as a trust for others than for a means of gratification for self, and he felt that he should like to emulate that spirit when his turn came. Meantime it was pleasant to know something certainly, and it would be pleasanter still to put into more definite form the vague aspirations that filled his mind. As he sat opposite his brother at the dinner-table on the eve of his eighteenth birthday, he felt that the moment had come when he might with advantage speak out and ask a definite question.

"Marcus," he said presently, after they had finished dessert and were ready to move, "will you come into the study? I want to talk to you."

Marcus consented readily, but a sort of chill fear passed through him. What was it Roy had heard that should make him desire a private talk on business?

"I shall be eighteen to-morrow," said the lad, when he and his brother were seated. "I begin to wish to understand my position a little more clearly, in regard both to the present and the future. I am no longer a child, and yet I know no more of my prospects than if I were too young to understand them."

Marcus looked at the boy's grave face with a smile of reassurance.

"In the eyes of the law you are but an infant," he said, "and I am responsible for you and your affairs. You will have enough when you come of age to enable you to take to the line you have elected to follow. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"Not exactly. I want to see my mother's will, if you have no objection."

A slight flush passed over the elder brother's face, which Roy was quick to note.

"What makes you wish that?"

"I think it is a natural wish. Have I not a right to demand it?"

"I am not sure; and I should be glad if you would refrain from doing so."

Roy's heart began to sink, he hardly knew why.

"You would not refuse the demand if I made it?" he asked.

Marcus's face was very grave and almost sad. He answered after a brief pause:

"No, I suppose I should hardly be justified in doing that; but, Roy, if you take my advice, you will wait till your majority before you begin to trouble your head over your own affairs. Believe me, I will watch over your interests: they shall not suffer in my hands."

"I believe you, Marcus, I do indeed," answered Roy with a certain eager impetuosity. "It is just because I do, that—I mean—I don't know quite how to say it, but it makes me want all the more to know everything. I can't explain exactly, but, in fact, I must look at that will. I don't want to act in opposition to your wishes, but things have been said—look here, Marcus, let me have it. It will be best—it will, indeed."

Marcus rose to his feet and crossed over to a safe in the wall where he kept many of his papers and securities. Roy watched him intently, thinking what a fine face he had, and wondering what had brought that stern look upon it. He felt half afraid of his own temerity, but the plunge had been taken and he was not prepared to turn back. The very sense that he was on the verge of a discovery of some kind urged him to proceed at all costs with the inquiry he was making. If there were a mystery, surely he had a right to know it.

Marcus returned to him with a folded paper in his hand; he looked down at his brother with something almost of sadness in his gaze.

"You are quite bent on it, Roy?"

The boy looked at him with bright, trustful eagerness.

"Yes, Marcus, quite; I believe I am right."

Marcus gave the paper into his hand, and quietly left the room.

Roy sat for some time with the folded document before him, his eyes gazing straight out before him, his lips smiling in half unconscious fashion as he pictured to himself the glowing future of prosperity that would be revealed to him by that paper. His mother had been something of an heiress. Mr. Edington had told him so, and just latterly, Roy, as has been said, had been awakening to a sense of the value of wealth, not so much for its own sake, as for what it could do, and for the sense of power that it gave to its possessor.

Roy saw clearly enough what an important man Marcus was going to be in the county. Already he seemed to take his stand there as one of its leading members. His advice was asked in many matters; he was looked up to as an authority wherever he went. He was able to gratify his tastes, to respond to appeals, to make himself of value in all kinds of different ways. Of course, much of this influence was due to his own force of character and intellectual culture. Roy was fully aware of that, and did ample justice to his brother's attainments and virtues; but he was well aware what an immense advantage his wealth was, and what a power it became in his capable hands. The boy began in his dreams for the future, to long for power himself; and it was a thing to rejoice in, he felt, that he too should have the means to take up an independent position of his own, and be able, by judicious liberality, and expenditure becoming to his position, to take up a standing of his own as a man of substance and resource.

With a half smile as of triumph on his lips, and a flush upon his face, Roy at length opened the momentous document. It was not very long; in spite of its circumlocution, he had soon read to the end. A strange look passed over his face, from which all colour and light had faded.

Save in the matter of the guardianship, his own name was not even mentioned in the will. Everything went to Marcus.

He sat very still for a few minutes with the paper in his hands; then, leaving it open upon the table, he hastily quitted the room, dashed up the stairs, and banged the door of his own room behind him with a force that reverberated all through the house.

His question had been answered only too well.

ON UNCONGENIAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

EVERY thoughtful man and woman must at times have been forced to ponder sadly over the apparent waste and misery wrought in human lives, not by the strokes of dire calamity, but by simple "uncongeniality of environment." "A round peg in a square hole," is a cheerful, homely colloquialism, describing this woeful condition just as well as the more grandiloquent phrase. But one cannot go through the world without longing to enact a *deus ex machinâ*, and arbitrarily fit round to round, and square to square. The timid and self-distrustful, for instance, are thrust into positions of authority, where every command or reproof costs them a pang. The managing and high-spirited, who would like nothing better than to rule, have to obey to the end of the chapter. Ardent lovers of the country, sighing for communion with Nature, are condemned to a city life; while impatient swains, wearied to death of rusticity, pant for the stir and stress of some great town. The would-be artist is chained to the desk and stool; the impassioned, imaginative nature of many an "Aurora Leigh," is subject to cold, precise, and matter-of-fact relatives, like the aunt who had lived—

> A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,
> Accounting that to leap from perch to perch
> Was act and joy enough for any bird.
> Dear heaven! how silly are the things that live
> In thickets and eat berries! I, alas,
> A wild bird scarcely fledged, was brought to her cage.
> And she was there to meet me. Very kind.
> Bring the clean water, give out the fresh seed.

Such, too often, is human life; and the problems it offers in energies apparently wasted, talents crushed, tastes unsatisfied, are impossible to solve.

Though the misery that arises from lack of harmony in one's surroundings is not so obvious as cold, hunger, or physical pain, it is none the less deserving of profound sympathy. The joylessness of doing what one does not like, to the exclusion of what one does like; of being in a place that is distasteful, or among people that are antipathetic—is a very serious trouble. And it is by no means to be remedied by the simple saying, "Whatever is, is best," or quotations about "the station in life to which it has pleased God to call me." It may be a duty to be dissatisfied and to break away from what is hampering and uncongenial. The story of many a great painter and musician, of many a worker for humanity, shows a record of "breaking short off" from associations that seemed binding.

It is all very well to be a "mute inglorious Milton," but it is better, after all, to give voice to the music within. And at any cost, save that of wrong-doing, circumstances that are obstinately uncongenial should be, if possible, altered.

The ideal state of society is that in which each man does what he can do best: and individuals may help on the "good time coming," by removing obstacles from the path of young people who long to follow their bent—remembering that the best career for any youth is not necessarily that in which he is likely to make the most money.

But when all is said and done, there is, alas! a vast residuum of human lives that are, and always must be, lived among uncongenial circumstances. What help is possible for these?

It is sometimes useful, instead of dwelling on abstract precepts, to take the life of a man who has fought through the difficulties that still in different forms burden humanity. And among such men there stands out one, eighteen centuries ago, for whom the epitaph was written:

I WAS EPICTETUS, A SLAVE,
AND MAIMED IN BODY, AND A BEGGAR FOR POVERTY,
AND DEAR TO THE IMMORTALS.

As the story of this man is the story of a soul triumphing over its environment, it is worth while to linger over it awhile, for the sake of those who have now-a-days to struggle, to work, to live among surroundings that are distasteful and hindering.

I was Epictetus, a slave, says the epitaph. The very word *Epictetus* means bought or acquired, and was not, properly speaking, a name at all. This human chattel was of so little consequence that his badge of servitude is all that stands on record. Not even a name was Epictetus worth!

He was born about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, at Hierapolis, in Phrygia, near to Colosse and Laodicea. Conjecture may picture him when a child as speaking to some of the Christian men and women who heard St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians read. His native place is mentioned in that Epistle (Col. iv. 13). But it must be confessed that any attempts to connect him with Christianity, either at Hierapolis, or afterwards in his life of slavery at Rome, where St. Paul was at the time a prisoner, are quite unwarranted. Probably he knew nothing of what Christianity really was, though his soul was largely illumined by "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

He was the child of poor parents, and was early sold into slavery at Rome, where he became the property of Epaphroditus, secretary or librarian to Nero.

A Roman slave! Could circumstances further go to crush the life out of a man's spirit? The horrors of negro slavery are familiar enough to English readers—but Roman slavery was even worse in its character, to say nothing of the fact that the mental type of Epictetus was higher far than that of the African. The very lack of any privacy must have been intolerable to a sensitive nature. Imprisonment in the horrible *ergastulum*, torture, or death, were grim possibilities, and at best the utter dependence on the will of another man was a humiliating and wretched condition. Epictetus tells a few anecdotes that show he had a satirical appreciation of the character of his master Epaphroditus, who was one of the fawning evil creatures that flourish in the shadow cast by despots. For instance, Epaphroditus sold a slave of his, Felicion, a shoemaker, because he was "good for nothing." By some chance he was bought by the Emperor, and became the Imperial cobbler. Immediately Epaphroditus began to pay him the greatest respect. "'How does the good Felicion do, I pray?' was his style of address. If any of us asked, 'What is master doing?' the answer was, 'He is consulting about something with Felicion.' Had he not sold the man as good for nothing? who then made him wise all at once?"

To such a man was Epictetus subject; but hear his own words: "Freedom and slavery are but names, and both of them depend upon the will. For no man is a slave whose will is free."

Again: "He is a slave whose body is free but whose soul is bound, and, on the contrary, he is free whose body is bound but whose soul is free."

Maimed in body, the epitaph goes on to say. Either through natural defect, or, as some assert, with less probability, the cruelty of his master, Epictetus was lame in one leg, and was weak and sickly also. He was of little value as a machine, and his master, perhaps for this reason, perhaps because it was fashionable at that period to possess learned slaves, caused him to be trained by a Stoic philosopher, C. Musonius Rufus.

Good health seems of all things the most necessary to happiness and to good work in life. Yet over this drawback also the intrepid slave triumphed. "Deal with me as Thou wilt!" he cries to his Creator in devout resignation; and not only in resignation, for he breaks forth in praise: "What else can I do, a lame old man, than sing hymns to God? I am a rational creature and I ought to praise God; this is my work; I do it, nor will I desert this post so long as I am allowed to keep it."

A beggar for poverty. At some time in his life, we know not how or why, Epictetus recovered his freedom. His master Epaphroditus accompanied Nero when he fled from Rome, and helped the wretched tyrant to commit suicide,

for which Epaphroditus was afterwards put to death by Domitian.

> Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind:

says a modern poet—and thus answers the question—

> Much, he whose friendship I not long since won,
> That halting slave, who in Nicopolis
> Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son
> Cleared Rome of what most shamed him.

In other words, when Domitian expelled the philosophers from Rome, Epictetus crossed the seas to Nicopolis, where he gathered round him a little circle of pupils. One of these, Arrian, has preserved for modern times his master's sayings. Epictetus was indeed a "beggar for poverty." He lived in a cottage furnished only by a lamp and a straw pallet. When a thief carried off his iron lamp, he merely remarked, "To-morrow you will find an earthen one!"

Only a fragment or two can be given from his "Discourses," but they will show the manner of man he was.

"To have God for your maker and father and guardian—shall not this release us from sorrows and fears?"

With regard to the practice of suicide, prevalent under the Empire, he says:

"Friends, wait for God; when He shall give the signal and release you from this service, then go to Him; but for the present endure to dwell in this place where He has put you."

And again, as to conquest over temptation:

"Great is the struggle, divine the deed; it is for kingdom, for freedom, for tranquillity, for peace. Think on God; call upon Him as thine aid and champion."

That Epictetus was no mere human fossil, or even an ordinary Stoic, may be shown by one incident at a late period of his life. He heard that a friend was going to expose his infant son to perish; a common practice, and one considered justifiable by poverty. Epictetus, touched with pity, took the baby home to his cottage, and, in spite of his shyness of both women and children, hired an old nurse to come and live there to take care of it. Such an act of self-denial shows tenderness under the stern exterior.

In short, he is a fine figure, this slave-philosopher of old, and it may help the restless modern spirit to find in his utterances stimulus and strength.

There are certain things in our own power, and other things that are beyond our power, says Epictetus. To the first class belong our thoughts and actions; to the latter class belong bodily health, possessions, fame, rank—in short, *circumstances*. The former depend on ourselves, the latter do not. At the former we must labour with all our might; of the latter we must learn, by training our "ruling faculty" to be independent. Care concerning the former will make us noble and happy; care concerning the latter will make us fretful and anxious.

There is much truth in this teaching, although it cannot of course be broadly laid down that all circumstances are beyond man's power. It is with regard to those which are obviously out of the control of the individual, that the philosopher's advice should be regarded. "We must make the best use that we can of the things which are in our power, and use the rest according to their nature. What is their nature then? As God may please."

The slavery, the bodily weakness, the poverty of Epictetus, lend dignity to such utterances as the following:

"That Thou hast given me life, I thank Thee for what Thou hast given; so long as I have used the things which are Thine, I am content; take them back and place them wherever Thou mayest choose; for Thine were all things, Thou gavest them to me."

> Who nobly yields unto necessity,
> We hold him wise, and skilled in things divine;

he quotes from Euripides with approval.

The power of man by rightly training the "ruling," or rational faculty, to make himself superior to circumstances, is a thought echoed by Shakespeare, in the passage where John of Gaunt thus comforts the banished Bolingbroke:

> All places that the eye of heaven visits,
> Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
> Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
> There is no virtue like necessity.
> Think not the king did banish thee,
> But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
> Where it perceives it is but faintly borne,—
> For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
> The man that mocks at it and sets it light.

And Lovelace sang in the same strain:

> Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage.

It is not surprising to find that Epictetus set great store by books. These were, even eighteen centuries ago, what Mr. Russell Lowell calls them to-day: "Fast sailing ships to the Fortunate Isles." In the poem already quoted, Aurora Leigh finds a refuge from the cold lifeless conventionality of her aunt's rule in the garret where her father's library is stowed away. When she has enriched her mind with these treasures, it matters little to her that she has to sit at her detested crochet-work in formal state.

> My soul was singing at a work apart,
> Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm
> As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight
> In vortices of glory and blue air.

There are few lives, however uncongenial be their surroundings, in which opportunity cannot be found for some resource, like Aurora Leigh's, that will waft the free soul away from the unattractive Present.

Resource and Resignation—these are the chief remedies against unalterably "uncongenial circumstances." The resignation taught by Epictetus is the bringing of the will into harmony with that of God, not in the crushed apathy of a slave, but the reasonable, cheerful submission of a child to a father. Not only did he teach this doctrine, but he lived it. And out of the

wretched materials at his disposal—the weak maimed body, the slave's life, the extreme poverty—he framed a history that has been handed down through the centuries: and that won the final clause of his epitaph: *Dear to the Immortals.*

The Christian has a guide and pattern unknown to Epictetus, in the Ideal Life, lived for the most part among the unappreciative, if not the actively hostile.

The "halting slave," although he knew it not, was a follower of the Divine Master, who still bids the weary and heavy laden: "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

In His service is the truest balm for discontent and unsatisfied yearnings.

"Uncongenial circumstances" press most cruelly when they hinder, through poverty or otherwise, the development of latent powers. It is a hard thing to be conscious of capacities that have not room to grow; to be among surroundings hostile to a life that is full and free. Yet one may learn from Epictetus that circumstances apparently the most unfavourable may prove the means of true growth. And even at the worst, the Christian faith teaches that this world is not all—that no right aspiration is breathed in vain. With this hope, unknown to the brave old philosopher, surely the child of God may rest content.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once: we shall hear it by-and-by.

LILY WATSON.

In Perils of Waters.

GREAT God, when the wild winds are out on the ocean,
And vexed by the might of Thy terrible blast,
The waves are uplifted in wrathful commotion,
Be Thou our sure Refuge till danger is past!

The lightnings that under Thy throne have their dwelling,
The strength of the thunder, the powers of the storm,
Unshackled, arise and come forth at Thy telling,
Their part in Thine infinite will to perform.

For Thee the sea roars in its fierce indignation,
But Thou, Lord, hast measured the stress of the wave,
And still Thou art nigh when, with strong supplication,
The mariners call on Thee, mighty to save.

Thy judgments to-day are abroad on the billow,
But Thou canst command and the terror shall cease;
As once, long ago, Thou didst rise from Thy pillow
And bridle the whirlwind with whispers of peace.

Speak now to the storm-tossed, adrift in their anguish,
O Thou who hast weathered all tempests that blow,
And grant that the shipwrecked, who tremble and languish
In perils of waters, Thy goodness may know.

On billow and whirlwind Thy name is engraven,
Thou rulest them still by the might of Thy word,
Restrain now their wrath and bring home to the haven
The souls that have hoped in Thy mercy, O Lord!

MARY ROWLES.

[Adolphe Artz, The Hague.

THE SEAFARER'S HOME.

FOR GOD AND MY NEIGHBOUR.

THE widespread and life-long misery entailed by reckless marriages amongst young working people, is a too familiar fact.

Let us now try to find out who are most to blame for such a state of things.

Some would probably reply: "Surely those who contract such marriages without due inquiry, thought, or prayer for guidance."

This is true, but not the whole truth. There are earthly friends on whom a great responsibility rests, and, amongst these, parents, or those who act as such, come first. Perhaps the mother takes the foremost rank of all, and undoubtedly so with girls.

It has been said that harsh treatment, and comfortless surroundings, render girls more susceptible to temptation, and ready to rush into matrimony, thinking that any change must be for the better.

But there are many parents living in well-ordered homes, and who are truly anxious for the welfare of their children, who yet make terrible mistakes in their efforts to promote it.

In some cases, they keep their young people at too great a distance, and repel every attempt at confidence.

Let a girl speak of love or marriage, these all-important subjects and rendered all-important by God's own decree, and what is too often the result?

She is frowned down, scolded, blamed for being bold, forward, immodest, and told to wait until she is grown up, before she again ventures to name such matters.

Grieved, wounded, indignant, the girl turns from the one who above all others should have been the readiest to listen, to sympathise, advise with, and caution her child.

The girl is not convinced of wrong in herself. Neither is she silenced. She must speak to some one, and instead of her mother, she chooses some giddy companion as her confidant. When it is too late, the parent weeps over her daughter's wrecked life, and wishes she had pursued a different course.

"I should never have married when I did, but for mother," said a poor deserted girl-wife of only eighteen, but with an infant at her breast.

Tears were streaming down her poor woe-begone face, and she was sobbing bitterly.

"I thought you had a good mother, Ellen," said the lady to whom she spoke. "I know she was grieved at your marriage and would fain have prevented it."

"She was too good in one way. If ever I tried to speak to her about Jim, quiet and reasonable like, she always flew up, and said I ought to be ashamed of myself to look the side he was on. She called him all sorts of names, and, though he was not good, he never deserved what she said about him. And she said things about me, too, in her passion that were not true, things that never so much as came into my mind, and that I would not have done for the world. I know she was angry when she said them, and she would be sorry after, but one cannot forget. There was nothing I wanted so much as to trust mother, if she would only have been a bit patient. But when you have things flung back at you, that you told because you thought that she would be the one to feel for you; when you are taunted and scolded, and spied on, but never trusted, it shuts you up. It did me, and I say again, that I should not be as I am, if mother had been patient, given me kind words, and tried to lead instead of driving. She meant well, and she was right in not wanting me to marry Jim. But she went the wrong way to work, and I am here with a baby in my arms, my husband gone, I don't know where to, and my life spoiled, and miserable at eighteen years old."

There are plenty of similar cases, and Ellen's true story will go on repeating itself in other girl-lives, unless, as she said, mothers will be a "bit patient," and try both to win and keep the confidence of their children.

Parents should encourage their young people to trust them from the earliest childhood. They should impress on their young minds, that no friend can be so safe as a good father or mother. No one else can feel the same interest in their well-being, or be willing to make such sacrifices to promote it.

This trust should not be one-sided. Children are always proud of being trusted by their parents, and they are much more likely to become thoughtful, rational beings if they are early treated as such. As a mother, I would say to other parents, "Give the children your confidence. Trust them at first in little things. Teach them to be faithful in these, and then trust them with greater matters. Treat them as if you believed in their truthfulness and honour, and you will go far to make them deserve such confidence."

As love begets love, so trust inspires trust in return. Fathers and mothers, do not forget this. Encourage confidences from your children. Listen as if you felt for, and with them. Tell them about your own young days, your own mistakes and failures. Do not try to make them think that you were perfect boys and girls, young men and maidens, for they are far too wise to believe this. Rather show them how, when you would have done some rash or foolish action, you were restrained by parents who loved you too well to let you injure yourselves by allowing you to take your own way. Or tell them how, when your young feet were just about to tread dangerous paths, a firm yet tender hand laid hold upon you and led you back into the way of right and of safety.

Tell the young people how angry you were at parents or friends for their interference, how

certain that they were wrong and that you knew what was best for you. Then tell them, how, when your anger was over and the scales had fallen from your eyes, and you could see clearly, you thanked God for having given you friends whose loving care had, by His blessing upon it, saved you from life-long misery.

If you can tell a tale of happy youthful love, that led to a still more happy union of hearts and lives, tell it by all means to your children. Nothing brings the girls and boys nearer to parents, than listening to their old love story. It encourages them to whisper their own in turn, and to be sure of sympathy. And, oh, dear parents, if such confidence is given, treat it tenderly, lovingly, reverently as a holy thing, and prove by so doing, that you are the safest of confidants, the truest of earthly friends, and that the happiness of the children God has entrusted to you, lies very near your hearts.

But there are parents and guardians who are unfit for such a solemn trust. And there are headstrong, wilful young people whom parents can neither lead nor drive out of the path of danger to that of safety.

And yet again, there are the girls in service, factories and workshops, who are far away from homes and kindred, and some who are orphaned and without any place that they dare call home.

With regard to young domestic servants, mistresses are largely responsible. How can a mother of daughters hedge her own children round with all the watchful care that love can suggest, and yet feel it right to give herself neither thought nor trouble for the stranger-girl under her roof? How can she regard her as a mere sweeping and dusting machine, and forget that she has an immortal soul to be saved, a character to be preserved, a good name to be cherished: or may add one more to the long list of lives wrecked for want of wise, loving counsel, a little patience, sympathy, and motherly guidance.

Dear mistresses, as you look at your young servants think of your own girls. Interest yourself for the strangers that are within your gates. Inquire as to the way in which they spend their holidays, the associates they meet with, the places they frequent. Prove to them that it is from no idle curiosity, but an earnest wish to do them good, that you thus speak and act.

A short time ago, when staying at Southport, I was a listener to a sermon, the text of which was taken from the third chapter of Nehemiah. Just now, one little bit of it comes vividly to mind in connection with my present subject. In the thirtieth verse we find these words, "After him repaired Meshullam the son of Berechiah, over against his chamber." The preacher showed how, if we would only look for it, most of us would find work to do for God, close to our hand. If not actually within our homes, at our door, or over against it, like Meshullam, who, seeing the bit of broken down wall offending his sight day by day, set himself, single-handed, to repair it. This piece of work might be said to resemble that which people do in their own families, amongst those they employ, or by influencing near friends and neighbours. But—and here comes the point to which I want to draw special attention—Meshullam did not content himself with the work which was close at home, and the result of which would be always before him. Look at the fourth verse, and there is the honourable record that he took his share of the building, amongst the great body of workers who laboured at a more distant part of the wall. He was a large-hearted man, this Meshullam, and in earnest in what he undertook. He did not say "Charity begins at home," and let it end there. He gave time and labour and zeal to the common work and cause, and found enough of all to serve him both there and when nearer home.

See how this man's example may be followed by those who wish to be made a blessing to the young. The mistress and mother in her home, the father in the same place or amongst those he employs, may be said to find their work "over against their own chamber." For the many who would fain do something, yet know not how to begin or where, there is enough to do further afield.

There are so many whom outsiders may influence, when a parent's efforts have proved fruitless, or where the parents are at a distance, or it may be are such as would set a bad example rather than a good one.

The Sunday school teacher may do much if she will not confine herself merely to routine work, but will try to make herself a sympathising friend to her scholars—if she will address herself, from time to time, to individual minds and strive to win affection and confidence, so that she may have the privilege of giving good advice as occasion requires.

There is, for example, "The Girls' Friendly Society," an excellent organization, for no girl who is a member of it can find herself alone in a strange place, or without a Christian lady-friend to whom she may apply for advice and sympathy, in a time of difficulty or trouble. She may also be certain of meeting with suitable associates in her own rank of life, amongst its members. There is also a Boys' Friendly Society, conducted on similar lines. But as these organizations, though most excellent, are confined to members of the Church of England, they cover only one portion of the field—they repair only one breach in the social wall. There is need for many associations with kindred aims, and work for any number of loving-hearted Christian men and women who are willing to engage in it.

Perhaps some may think that the workers should be people of mature age, parental character, and life-long experience. Let me give some account of our "Manchester Mill and Working Girls' Society," which has been in operation for nearly twenty years, in order to prove the contrary, and show what Christian girls in a higher rank of life may do for their working sisters.

It was in April 1868, that the first Mill Girls' Classes were opened in Manchester, because it had been noticed how many of these girls spent their evenings in the streets, singing low songs

and often visiting public-houses in worse than doubtful company. This was long before the days of compulsory education, and numbers of the girls could neither read, write, nor sew.

Nine girls attended on the first night, and the numbers continued to increase, but the conduct of the scholars was so rude and at times almost riotous, that it was enough to dishearten those who wished to benefit them. But they worked on in spite of discouragements, and God has blessed their labours.

Nearly six years ago, I gave an account of these classes for working girls, in the "Girl's Own Paper" for January 14th, 1882. That account proved a seed, from which sprang some classes of a kindred character that are still carried on in a London parish, by a number of young ladies whose hearts had been stirred to follow the example of their Lancashire sisters.

After this interval of six years, I quote from the last report of the Manchester Society:

"Has the work continued to prosper?

"It is not too much to say that during those nineteen years, thousands of girls have been watched over, advised, helped in extreme poverty, followed to their homes, cheered and comforted. They have been taught many useful lessons of domestic economy, influenced for good, and their manners and habits refined by the society and example of their teachers. They have been instructed in the word of God and the way of salvation, and the precious seed thus sown has produced an abundant harvest of good and lasting fruit.

"Many a mother has had cause to thank God that her daughters have attended these classes. Many a husband rejoices to-day, that he found a wife amongst the scholars. Many a teacher who has given up her leisure for the sake of her humble sisters, has abundantly realised the truth of the promise, 'He that watereth shall be watered also himself.'

"Homes have been brightened, sorrowing hearts cheered, and souls saved by God's blessing upon the instrumentality of these classes."

In the face of recent educational progress, an outsider may ask if such classes are still really needed.

The answer given in the Report is, "More than ever." Not, of course, for reading, writing, and sewing, but for the influences which are here brought to bear upon the girls, and which are outside ordinary school work. They increase its value by showing those who possess a little learning, how to turn it to the best account in their home life, and they endeavour to infuse with it the religious leaven which can alone purify and render that life happy and useful.

The girls receive instruction in sanatory matters, and addresses on cooking, nursing, &c., are given from time to time. They and their young teachers become sympathising friends. Often, when scholars who earn their own bread think that this fact should entitle them to act independently of their parents, and resent home interference, the teacher's influence proves invaluable.

A word in season has made many pause before contracting a foolish, or at least a too-early, marriage; and life-long sorrow has been prevented by it.

Look at a few pictures that these classes show.

"A few days ago, a teacher was met on the way to the house of a scholar, where, after taking a friendly cup of tea, she was going to give a practical lesson in cooking to a few members of her class."

Glance into another home. The teacher lives there. Her scholars are the guests this time, and they are being entertained, first with tea and substantial accompaniments, afterwards with music by the young people of the family, they themselves joining in familiar hymns before the close of that happy evening.

The girls' eyes are busy everywhere during such visits, and they will carry away with them many a hint for the improvement of their humble homes. See that new scholar. She has heard the teachers speaking to the members of the class as if they were her own sisters, and now school is over for the night, she is looking up at the general superintendent and with tears streaming down her face, says "You are kind. Nobody ever spoke kindly to me before." She spoke truly. Her surroundings were desolate in the extreme, and she had no one to say a kind word.

Listen to another girl. She is saying to her teacher that she is engaged to be married, but that she and the young man are going to wait until he can provide her a comfortable home. When undecided at first about her answer, he had advised her to pray before giving it, as he had done before speaking to her.

Here is an account of another who, with blushing, happy face, had told a similar tale. "Please, dear teacher, pray for me," she said. "You were the first that led me to think seriously about things. It was through you I was led to give my heart to God, and to wish for His blessing on whatever I do. Pray for me, now, for this is such a solemn time with me."

The first school is perhaps more flourishing than ever, but several others have been begun and are prospering.

In one you may see the scholars cutting out and making their own gowns, assisted by the teacher. In another, a capital piano has just been carried in, obtained through the efforts of the young superintendents, and it is the actual property of the school.

But I must not multiply pictures, though they are all from real life; only let me call attention to the fact that these classes are mainly carried on by girls, amongst and for girls.

Where there are no parents, or worse than none, or where girls are headstrong, and determined to rush into life-long misery, these young Christian ladies have been made a blessing, and used as a means of saving their working sisters from future lives of misery and remorse.

This is the kind of work which is not found at our own doors, or within the walls of home, or like that which Meshullam did over against his chamber. It is like that other piece at a greater distance, and at which he laboured in company with others at either side of him. But it was

all part of one great whole, undertaken for the good of his neighbours, and the glory of his God.

Would that such classes were to be found in every town!

To quote once more from the Report. "Doubtless there are numbers of young ladies, aye, and young men, who long to work for God's glory and their neighbour's good, but know not how to set about it. To such we say: Help in a work like this. Give one night a week with the consent of parents and friends. Ask their prayers and blessing and tell them if they fear to let you go out on account of passing through the street, that in all the nineteen past years, no harm has ever befallen any young lady worker in this mission field. Some self-denial will be called for, but you will be rewarded as others have been, by the gratitude and love of your scholars. You will see them growing up useful wives, mothers and Christian workers in their turn. For yourselves you will be laying up a store of blessed memories which in the days to come you would not lose for anything in the world."

To would-be workers in this field, let me add a word of warning. There are many earnest people who are labouring for the social improvement of their poorer and less educated neighbours, who leave out the one thing that can give eternal value to their efforts. They care for bodies, they improve dwellings, hang pictures on the walls and strive to make home beautiful to look upon. They teach many very useful things, and they say, "Keep on the right path; go on as you have begun, and you will find yourselves both better off and happier in the long run, than you have ever been before."

But they leave out the main ingredient for making lives happy. They refrain from any mention of God the Father, of Jesus Christ the Saviour and Sin-bearer, of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. They will not have what they call "the religious element," at all.

They will not have any mention of the Book which God gave as a revelation of His will and His love for sinners, and to be a light to lead them to salvation and eternal blessedness.

It is all right to teach the house mother to prepare a meal and to set the table neatly; but not a word must be said about Him, who, before He fed the famishing multitude, "gave thanks," and, "looking up to heaven, blessed" the loaves and the fishes, which He increased so that five thousand had enough and to spare.

The value of every effort for the good of our neighbours is increased beyond estimate, when the gospel message goes along with it, and love for souls is beyond and above the wish to improve merely the temporal comforts of those around us.

The workers amongst the mill and working girls of Manchester would say to-day, whilst rejoicing in the success which has attended their labours: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." "It is in Thy name we have gone forth, and with Thy message, and it is through Thy blessing that the seed has taken root and brought forth fruit to Thy praise and the good of those around us." RUTH LAMB.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"E. C." asks: "In Luke xv. 7, who are the 'just persons who need no repentance'?"

The phrase describes rather the opinion of the Pharisees about themselves than our Lord's opinion of them. "Well, be it so, that you are as good as you think yourselves, there is more joy over the repentant sinner than over you!" So He elsewhere says, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners;" that is, *supposing* them to be righteous, My gospel is not for them. If *really* righteous, they will not need a Saviour: and if they *think themselves* righteous, they will not feel their want of a Saviour. "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." But it must not be inferred that any on earth are *actually* "whole," or "righteous," or "needing no repentance."

"A. N." writes: "I want you, if you please, to explain the meaning of the word 'perfect' in the Sermon on the Mount. I have looked out for it in Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon, and am quite satisfied that there is no command given to us in the New Testament to be absolutely perfect individually. In the Old Testament we do find the sentence, 'Be thou perfect'; but that must have had reference to the worship of the One True God."

There are two points which must be borne in mind in interpreting our Lord's words in Matt. v. 48. One is that they are an inference from what has gone before, "Be ye *therefore* perfect." The command is an application of the great lesson of love which He had been inculcating. Here is a principle which, fully applied, would render rules unnecessary. To apprehend and follow it is the full attainment, the completeness, of the character. Obedience to law may be servile, mechanical, partial: get the spirit of love into your heart, and obedience comes spontaneously. So will you be children of God, enstamped with His moral likeness. Upon Him no law can be imposed: He acts according to His own nature, and that nature is Love. "For God," writes Bishop Harvey Goodwin, "a law external to Himself is impossible; and because He is perfectly holy and wise and good, a law is unnecessary; Christ would desire that for His disciples law should not be felt to be necessary, because they endeavour to imitate Him who is holy and wise and good."[1]

The second point is, that where St. Matthew has "perfect," St. Luke has "merciful" (vi. 36), evidently expressing the same thought in a different way. The completeness of the Christian character is attained when the impulse to goodness springs from within instead of being enforced by external laws, and when this impulse has its ground in Love. The question is not of sinlessness, but of the ideal of the Christian life.

The Apostle Paul has a similar thought, using

[1] "Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew," Cambridge, 1857.

the word "perfect" even more strictly in its classic sense as *full-grown*. Be men, not children; and to have attained to Love as the master-principle of character, is to have risen to Christian manhood. "Let us," he says, "*as many as be perfect*, be thus minded" (Phil. iii. 15). At the same time (ver. 12) he has not obtained absolute perfection. Compare Ephesians iv. 13–15, where the stature of the "full-grown man" is described as "being true (not only 'speaking the truth;' see R.V. margin) in love." St. John also had caught his Master's spirit: "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." And St. Peter, in his Second Epistle, i. 5–7, makes love the climax, or perfection of Christian attainment.

Bishop Goodwin well adds: "The test of perfection, 'as your Father which is in heaven is perfect,' seems to make the precept hopeless. It is obvious that our Lord, who knew so well what was in man, could never contemplate the perfections of our Heavenly Father being exhibited in the conduct of any one of us; but He might very well expect that the principles of our conduct should be the same as those of God Himself: that there should be with us, as with Him, no narrow notion of keeping a law in the letter and breaking it in the spirit: that our actions should flow from a deep principle of love, after the pattern of the actions of Him who is Love itself."

"E. A. C." asks: "What difference is there between 'a righteous man' and 'a good man' in Rom. v. 7?"

Literally, the passage reads thus (R.V.): "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; for peradventure for the good man some one would even dare to die." There is a remarkably interesting variation in the margin of this version, making *good* to be neuter, so that the statement would be that though for a righteous *man* one would scarcely die, some might be found to die "for that which is good"—for a good *cause*. If we could adopt this interpretation, there would be no difficulty, but on the whole it appears untenable.

We must observe the word *for*[1] introducing the second clause. It shows that something in the former clause is explained, and this can only be the word "scarcely." "Scarcely," I say—not that the thing is impossible, for there are righteous men for whom some would even dare to die. But the word is changed from *righteous* to *good*, not to show that there is an opposition between them. It is not "*a* good man," as in A.V., but "*the* good man," the whole form of the sentence implying that he belongs to the same class as "the righteous" or "just," but that there is some element of character added. Not only righteous, but good, *i.e.*, benevolent and gracious. Just men there are for whom one would even dare to die, only they must be men whose justice is touched and beautified by generosity and love.

[1] "Yet peradventure," A.V., is one of those inaccuracies that are corrected by the Revisers.

"L. W.," who desires an explanation of Hebrews vi. 4–6, is referred to the SUNDAY AT HOME for July 23, 1887, p. 477, where the passage is discussed. Our correspondent further asks: "Will you explain 1 Cor. ix. 27? How could the apostle Paul be 'a castaway,' when he says, 'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him'?"

It should be remembered that these two utterances of the apostle belong to different periods of his life. When he wrote to the Corinthians (from Ephesus, about A.D. 57), his thoughts about himself may not have been quite the same as when he wrote to Timothy (from Rome, A.D. 65 or 66). At the close of his career, the great apostle may have risen to a higher and nobler confidence than in its earlier stages. It should be observed that the word *castaway* (R.V. "rejected"[1]) properly refers to being disapproved as a candidate for a prize. The candidate would enter the lists, but he has neglected proper training, and so is turned back as unfit to contend. A result unspeakably sad and mortifying for one who had "proclaimed to others" the laws and conditions of the contest! The possibility of failure was certainly before the apostle when he penned the words. But afterwards, when he wrote to Timothy, he had "fought the good fight and finished his course."

J. W. writes: "In Acts, ii. 29, 30, we read: 'Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day. Therefore being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne.' What are we to understand by Christ sitting on David's throne?"

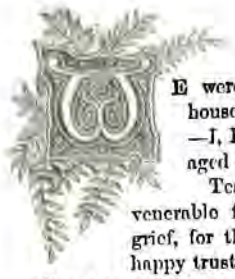
It may be noted, first of all, in answering this question, that the words "according to the flesh" and "Christ" are absent from the best manuscripts, and that the Revised Version translates, "God had sworn with an oath to him that of the fruit of his loins He would set one (or, one shall sit) upon his throne." This change, however, hardly affects our correspondent's question. The throne of David over the outward Israel represented the throne of Christ over His true Israel, His redeemed church. The one kingdom was a type of the other. Christ is King in Zion. Then, in the eighty-ninth Psalm, the kingdom of David and his seed is declared to be eternal, in reference assuredly not to the earthly Jewish dynasty, but to the everlasting kingdom of which that was but a foreshadowing. The resurrection of Christ is expressly declared to be His solemn inauguration as King. See the comment of St. Paul on the second Psalm, Acts xiii. 33. Thus to the enthroned Son of God were given the "sure mercies of David."

[1] Gr. ἀδόκιμος.

SANTA LUCIA,

A STORY OF CORSICA.

CHAPTER I.—THE BAMBINO SERMON.



We were seated in a balcony of an old house in the Rue Notre Dame, Ajaccio, —I, Frida Rocca, and the Colonel, her aged father.

Tears coursed down the old man's venerable face, which was handsome in its grief, for there was a softened expression of happy trust, despite the sadness in it.

"Yes, I am sad," he said; "for I am thinking that Pietro will grow up, as I did—fatherless and motherless; but you, Frida, must be a mother to the boy, and while I live, I will be father as well as grandfather to him."

Frida dried her eyes.

"I will try to be a mother to him, dear father," she said.

"And you must go to Palermo, and bring the boy back to me. You can spend Christmas there, and hear him preach the Bambino sermon; and then he must come to live with us. He can go on with his studies at the seminary here."

* * *

It was Christmas Eve when Frida Rocca arrived at Palermo.

In the cathedral crypt, hundreds of poor people had been congregated all the afternoon, singing, as they knelt, the Christmas hymn, which ended with the refrain—

> Dear Jesus! Thou hast stolen my heart!
> Thou Babe my heart hast won!

The words were sung to a somewhat monotonous chant, accompanied by sounds most unmelodious from a broken-winded organ.

Towards dark, the groups of worshippers in the crypt dwindled away. The streets outside assumed an animated appearance, and in nearly every house there was an illumination, in front of wax figures of the Infant Jesus.

Other figures, representing Joseph and Mary, with the ox and ass in the stall, were to be found in the houses of wealthier people Little angels of wax, too, were suspended over the cradles, or outside the stable-door, to represent the heavenly host, the "Gloria in Excelsis."

As long as the wax candles lasted, the good folk of each house, sat in front of their figures, singing church melodies, or old Sicilian ditties; but when the tapers were burnt down, nearly everybody sallied forth to church or cathedral, to the evening service or midnight mass.

The great attraction of the evening, however, was the Bambino sermon at the cathedral—a sermon preached, according to old custom, by a boy of the seminary.

From eight to nine o'clock the cathedral was veiled in darkness; only two wax tapers shed an uncertain flickering light in one chapel. A woman knelt there alone—it was Frida, the aunt of the boy who had been appointed to preach the Bambino sermon.

At nine o'clock the vergers went round and began to light a few wax candles.

At a quarter past nine they rang a bell hung up in front of the sacristy, and a few priests went in to robe. Slowly they took out their copes and cassocks and surplices. Then there was a stir in the organ gallery, and the organist and paid musicians and singers arrived by twos and threes.

At half-past nine a verger rang the sacristy-bell a second time, to warn all the priests that it was full time for robing, and some ecclesiastics who were scattered about the building talking, hurried off to dress.

A little later, one by one, all the huge wax lights in the chandeliers and the moccoli on the altar were lit. At ten o'clock the canons and deans had taken their seats in the oak stalls, with the chorister boys beneath them; the seminarists and the sisters of mercy from the convent with their pupils had filed in, and the public began to assemble.

At a quarter past ten the archbishop was conducted to his throne, the organ pealed forth, the anthem was sung, and the lofty edifice resounded with responses and chanting.

Then the aged archbishop went from his throne to the high altar; mass was said, the Gospel intoned; and having been reconducted to his throne, he was there robed and unrobed, and capped and uncapped, and mitred and unmitred, while the clergy looked on from their stalls. But not for long, for at midnight they all had to walk in procession behind the archbishop, as the figure of the Santo Bambino (which during the evening had been exhibited on the high altar) was carried by his eminence round the cathedral, slowly, and in state. Slowly indeed, for the archbishop was an old man over eighty, and many of the canons and deans had seen as many years.

After the procession came the great event of the evening, the Bambino sermon. People all shifted their seats, so as to sit as much as possible round the pulpit. The archbishop, who could not have heard the sermon from his throne, took a seat in the aisle beside the director of the seminary.

Presently the Bambino preacher, Pietro, then ten years old, entered the pulpit, accompanied by his prompter, both wearing the biretta. He uncovered his head and prayed, put on the biretta, sat down, whispered to his prompter, then rose, pronounced the customary "In the name of," and commenced his sermon as follows:

"We have seen the Santo Bambino carried round, and back to the altar, and a whole year will elapse before this dear festival returns, but each of us can take the Holy Babe to home and heart, as Mary and Joseph did, and none of us need go far to seek Him as they sought Him, sorrowing, for three days,"

As Pietro drew breath the director of the seminary rose from his seat, seeming much perplexed and annoyed. But the cardinal archbishop pulled him down again. He looked delighted, as he whispered to his neighbour—

"È proprio carino!" which might be rendered, "He is, indeed, a dear little fellow!"

"Yes, a dear little fellow, but a most audacious child," thought the director.

The boy seemed to be improvising! It was against all precedents.

The Bambino preachers were expected to learn a sermon by heart, and to repeat it, aided, of course, by the prompter. It was generally settled some months beforehand which boy should deliver the sermon in honour of the Holy Child Jesus, and the preparation for the delivery of the sermon was a long and serious one.

And here was this youngster breaking away from traditionary forms.

Yet his eminence the cardinal was unmistakably pleased, and Pietro evidently needed no prompter's aid, for he went on, while all were evidently under the spell of his sweet, clear accents, which rang out a chime of hallowed words. At last Pietro concluded with this appeal:

"Shall we not love the Holy Father Who has sent us the Holy Son? We say 'Our Father' every day. Do we say it in the spirit of the Holy Babe, when He said to His mother, in childhood, 'Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?' Do we remember that if He could thus begin His mission He could end it, saying to His Father, 'I have finished the work that Thou gavest Me to do?' Shall we not hasten to begin to do some of the Father's business, that we may some day finish some of the work He has entrusted to us?"

Thus Pietro concluded his sermon, while a murmur of pleasure went round that he should so well have acquitted himself of his task.

There is no accounting for the impulses of children.

As Pietro left the pulpit, he had to pass by the benches on which sat the girls of the convent school.

One of these, a beautiful child of six years old, rushed out from the ranks, flung her arms round Pietro, and pulling his face down to her, kissed him. It was all done so rapidly that it could not have been prevented.

There was great consternation amongst the sisters in charge of the girls.

The archbishop, who witnessed this little episode, exclaimed, "Ha ragione! She is right; he deserves to be kissed!" and moving towards the Lady Superior of the convent, he smilingly tried to set her at ease about what had happened.

"She is always so sage, so wise," said the Lady. "I am astounded! What can have possessed her? We shall never hear the last of this! It is a good thing that Santa Lucia is going back to Corsica!"

"What!" said the Cardinal, "she is from Corsica? Why that explains it all! So is the boy. They must have known one another!"

But, it was proved that they had never met before; and it so happened that these two children went to Corsica in the same steamer. Thus they met on the threshold of youth, these two whose lives were to be so closely linked together.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.

Brother of one oft at a prince's side,
One named like him fell with that prince and died?
Where did the prisoner Paul arrive and find,
Though not expected, welcomes warm and kind?
Husband of one who should be David's wife
When jealous Saul conspired against his life?
The home of one to whom St. Peter said,
"Christ makes thee whole, arise and make thy bed"?
Who was ashamed to ask a soldier-band
For help; he trusted in Jehovah's hand?
Where does the ark abide for twenty years,
Then, as a prophet, Samuel first appears?

Finals name one who disobeyed the Lord.
A poor dumb creature saved him from the sword.
Initials name a nation which he cursed,
Of Israel's foes this one had been the first.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. II.

1. This verse describes a wonderful sight.
2. An expression in it occurs in the previous chapter.
3. The person alluded to therein once gave a very long answer to a very short question.
4. He saw a vision.
5. He speaks of one who was "exceeding fair," and his own face was attractive.
6. His death was a painful one.
7. He speaks of "the God of Glory" and the "Just One."
8. The verse contains mention of the three Persons in the Trinity.
9. The verse following gives a glimpse of heaven.
10. It contains twenty-eight words.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. I.—p. 16.

"And Laban said unto him, I pray thee, if I have found favour in thine eyes, tarry: for I have learned by experience that the Lord hath blessed me for thy sake." —Gen. xxx. 27.

1. Gen. xxxi. 19.
2. Experience, Eccle. 1, 16; Romans v. 4.
3. Gen. xxx. 27.
4. Gen. xxviii. 5.
5. Rachel, Gen. xxix. 16; Jer. xxxi. 16; Matt. ii. 17, 18.
6. Reuben, Gen. xlii. 37.
7. Acts vii. 8; Gen. xxx. 21.
8. Reuben, Gen. xlix. 15.
9. Gen. xxxi. 36.
10. Gen. xxx. 29; xxxii. 28.
11 & 12. Gen. xxx. 27.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. II.—p. 32.—SISERA.—MARTHA.

S-odo-*m*.
I-dume-*a*.
S-ei-*r*.
E-gyp-*t*.
R-ebeka-*h*
A-quil-*a*.

NO. III.—p. 32.—ABRAHAM.

1.	A-zreil	1 Chron. v. 24.
2.	B-en	1 Chron. xv. 18.
3.	R-aamah	Gen. x. 7.
4.	A-haz	2 Kings xv. 38.
5.	H-alhul	Joshua xv. 58.
6.	A-hava	Ezra viii. 15.
7.	M-illo	Judges ix. 6.

NO. IV.—p. 48.—SINAI.—Ex. xxiv. 12-18.

S-heba	1 Kings x. 1-7.
I-saiah	2 Kings xx. 1.
N-ehushtan	2 Kings xviii. 4.
A-hijah	1 Kings xi. 29-31.
I-mlah	1 Kings xxii. 6-28

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. I.—p. 48.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—*Gen.* i. 1.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

A SAIL THROUGH THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

BY MRS. MURRAY MITCHELL.

I.

FUSIYAMA.

IT was one of the loveliest of golden evenings when my husband and I set sail from Yokohama for Kobé, one of the five open ports of Japan, and the seaport for Ôsaka and Kiyôto. Our plan was to pay a brief visit to these cities, and then proceed on a cruise through the inland sea to Nagasaki and Shanghai.

Our short sojourn in this most bewitching of all lands was drawing to a close. We were bidding adieu to its shores with many sorrowful regrets; but, though we hardly knew it, the best was to come—the best, I mean, as to the scenery which this lovely sea has to show—and much also of higher and more stirring interest to hear about and see, in the places we had still to visit.

Japan has been my favourite fairy-land since I was a child. It is like an old dream how I used to listen entranced to strange tales of a curious and mysterious country, with inhabitants and customs as curious—a land where fearful earthquakes were the rule, and mountains were thrown

up in a night—which was closed, shut up, sealed from the rest of the world—a magic, marvellous place existing on some other planet. Now I had seen it, and I can only say the half had not been told. Its real existing self—not in dreams or fairy-land, but as it is—is quite as curious and as strange and interesting, and unlike anything else in the world, as the most vivid imagination can picture. You set your foot in Japan, and the belief is firmer than ever that you have dropped on to a new planet.

But there are aspects in which this land is full of an interest far more absorbing to the Christian heart than even all its marvels—in its singular people, its customs and art, with all its physical loveliness—can inspire. Amid the "shaking of the nations" no nation in any time has been more remarkably "shaken" than Japan has been. Its history of the last two hundred years is wonderfully striking. I do not attempt of course to go fully into this history; but if my readers will accompany me in our "sail," and look at one or two of the places we shall pass, listening to the tales they have to tell, we shall know a few of the great things God has done and is still doing for this empire, of which we may well be glad.

We were specially favoured as to weather that November afternoon we sailed from Yokohama, for no sooner had we made the Hiogo harbour than we were assailed by the rigours of winter in storms of sleet and snow and icy winds. One is hardly prepared for this condition of climate in the "Land of the Rising Sun," and considering the latitude in which it lies; but winter, as we found, is a stern fact in Japan. As yet, however, the Gulf of Yeddo was as a summer sea; and when our boatful of kind friends had left us, we stood on the deck watching the beautiful scene as we slowly steamed out of the glowing Yokohama bay. The great foreign ships and boats, and strange country craft with broad sails and high sterns, sent their shadows deep into the glassy water. The long line of big houses and hongs and hotels belonging to the modern and half-European town lay along the shore; the "Treaty Point" also, and other "points" bearing American names in memory of the never-to-be-forgotten achievement of the United States in being the first to open Japan to commerce and intercourse with the outer world. On a low margin, rather northwards, lay the picturesque old capital of Kanagawa; and now nearer came the pretty green ridge of low hills called "the Bluffs," crowned with the bungalows and residences of the foreign community. How smiling they looked in the bright rays of the sinking sun, standing in gardens and grounds, called "compounds" here as in India, and ornamented with a wealth of lovely evergreen shrubs. It was more and more beautiful as we steamed on, and we settled ourselves among our cloaks and rugs in a corner of the upper deck so as to lose nothing of the ever-changing scene, full of the varied and magic beauty one finds everywhere in this favoured land of the sun. Our large comfortable steamer was one of the *Mitsu Bishi* line, and the Japanese flag, a red ball on a white ground, floated gaily overhead.

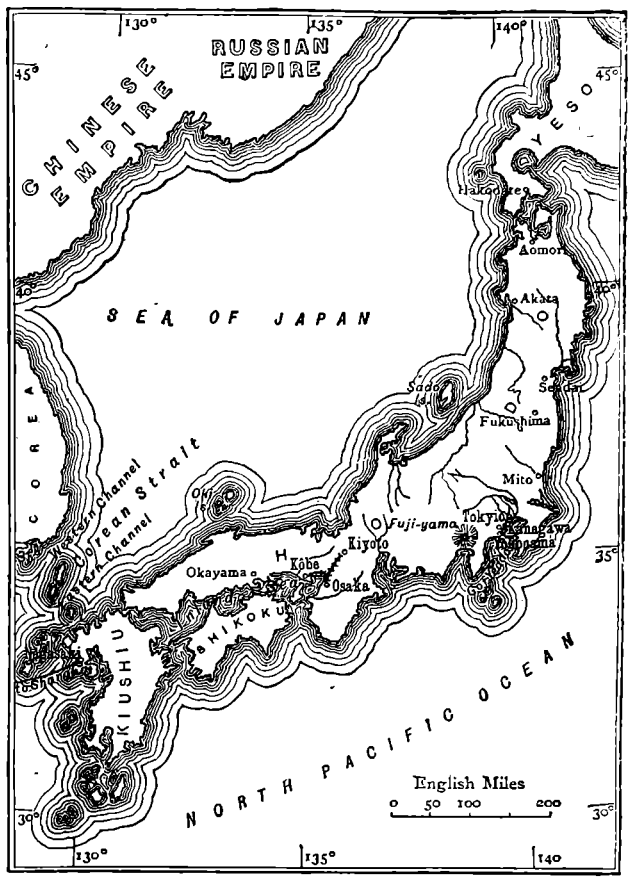
The coast ere long became bolder and the mountains grander, varying marvellously in appearance, formation and height. Some were peaked, barren, and rugged; some were green and richly wooded; some simply masses of brown rock, while others resembled the ruins of old castles or fortifications, with ramparts and walls and towers. Then away landward the peerless holy mountain—the crown and glory of Japan, the far-famed Fuji-yama, or Fuji-san, as he is called, reared his venerable majestic head. He looked near: but in reality was some sixty miles off. He towered there in solitary stately grandeur, 14,000 feet high, crowned with everlasting snow. His symmetrical form was also arrayed in the glistening white, fresh-fallen, and purple-tinted, as the sinking sun threw his glory like a mantle around him. The Japanese are justly proud of their beautiful mountain, and I don't wonder they feel the veneration and love for it they do. I knew the grand old cone the moment I first caught sight of it as we sailed up the Gulf of Yeddo from San Francisco; for is not his likeness on every Japanese screen and bit of lacquer and porcelain? We used to watch his form by daylight and by moonlight from the Royal Engineering College at Tôkiyô, while staying with our kind friends there; and the fascination only seemed to grow. We bade him adieu now, for the sun soon went down behind the mountains of Nippon, and by the morning the great Fuji-yama was lost to view.

But with night came new interest and beauty. After it grew quite dark we saw one of the loveliest sights imaginable. A large fleet of fishing boats lay together resting on the still water and covering a great expanse. Each boat had a bright torch-like light hung from its bow, and the steady brilliance of so many lights clustered together, and sending streams of flickering flame down into the dark still water had the most beautiful and picturesque effect. We watched it, fascinated, until carried out of sight. It was as if a multitude of the starry host overhead, unusually brilliant as they were in the dark unclouded moonless sky—had come down, lovingly to salute their sleeping sister, the sea.

We had a good many Japanese passengers on board, and at starting had some new and most amusing manifestations of the proverbial politeness of this people, and of the ceremony with which they treat each other. I watched two men meet. When yards apart they both bowed—not with a mere nod of the head by any means, but a bend of the whole body down to the very ground. They then advanced a step and bowed again, repeating the obeisance over and over, laughing the while in a good-humoured, but rather silly sort of way until the distance between them was covered with bows. But they did not shake hands. In exactly the same way I saw a woman bow and bow toward a man. Each advancing friend seems to vie with the other who will salute the lowliest. It was infinitely diverting, but there is a pleasing grace and good-humour in all their ways which is certainly most attractive. The French may for ever hide their diminished heads before the over-powering politeness of the Japanese.

There were some high Government officials on board, one of whom was said to be the Ambassador for Corea. He was accompanied by a numerous retinue: his doctor, secretary, attaché, and I do not know how many retainers besides. This exalted functionary was a meek, modest, not to say insignificant-looking man, his small person being arrayed in faultless English broadcloth. He appeared at table twice, sitting opposite to me at the captain's right, and spoke English pretty well. But then he vanished. "He can stand English food no longer," said the captain; and I doubt not but that the unaccustomed foreign garments, always awkward and unbecoming to an Eastern, though tolerated awhile "for the honour of the thing," would also be set aside, and appearance give way to convenience and comfort. His wife occupied the cabin next to mine with two or three attendants. I was charmed when she signed me an invitation to enter; which I did, doing my best to imitate her lowly bows and ceremonious, sidling manner. The tiny room was exquisitely decorated with sprays of blossom, and little fancy baskets filled with fruit, both fresh and dry, daintily hid in green leaves. These, and others filled with flowers and sweetmeats, were hung in the corners from floor to ceiling; but whether they were intended for her own use or for presents, I could not make out, as we had to talk by signs. Happily mutual comprehension can do without speech—or speech without articulation—and the lady and I became great friends. I cannot say she was so pretty as some of the younger Japanese ladies I had seen. But though she had the usual cavernous mouth of married women, her teeth being dyed black and her lips vermilion, her cheeks too liberally powdered with white, yet she had a most sweet and gentle countenance. Her hair was very elaborately dressed in Japanese fashion, stuck over with countless pins. She wore the usual wadded jacket with wide sleeves, the grotesquely tight skirt, made of the richest material, the wide coloured silk sash tied in enormous bows behind, and always carried a huge fan. She looked pensive and rather sad, but the sea-sickness she suffered from might account for this. She lay beside me all day on deck; for happily there is no "purdah," no zenana restrictions in Japan. The women are as free as ourselves. I could not talk nor read to her, but I presented her with a gospel in Japanese which I was glad to find she could read for herself. Education like everything else is making marvellous progress, and almost as much among the women as among the men. And further, we have been assured that the Christian work of women for women, which is going on so diligently in Japan, is one of the most useful and influential of the many agencies now operating so wonderfully in the awaking of the Empire.

After a short sojourn both in Kiyôto and Ôsaka, which are reached by a short line of railway from Kobé, we re-embarked in another of the Mitsu Bishi line of steamers for Nagasaki. The visits to these curious old cities were full of interest, an interest indeed peculiarly their own, but these visits must be spoken of some other time. Meanwhile we proceed on our cruise.



SEA OF JAPAN.

But who can tell all the beauty and fascination of this famous land-locked sea? No one, I think, who has sailed through its waters will deny the surpassing charm and variety of its scenery. I have been on the Rhine, and the Hudson, and the St. Lawrence, and our own Clyde; but I never looked on scenes more full of striking and varied loveliness than the Inland Sea of Japan has to show, with its myriad islands and most picturesque shores. To convince my readers that I am right in yielding the palm to this peerless sea, I will quote from the notes I made while sitting on the deck watching the shifting beautiful scenes, as they passed before our eyes.

December 4th.—We are again wonderfully favoured in the weather. It is keen and cold enough; but the sleet and stormy showers are all gone, the air is still, the sky is blue and everything is flooded with glorious sunshine. Our good ship is winding and circling through island-rocks of every conceivable form and height. Some are brown and sterile, absolutely without a leaf; others are vividly green, and some are

clad with the glories of evergreen foliage from the water's edge to the summit. Now one of most curious shape is crowned by a solitary pine. It looks lonely, but very picturesque. Here are two beautiful green promontories which face each other, somewhat like the "Sutors of Cromarty," forming a gateway through which we steam our way into a wide expanse of water like a land-locked lake. The water is almost as calm as a lake, of a deep dark indigo blue, now and then crested with a soft curl of white, while the sunlight pours out of an absolutely cloudless sky, dancing and sparkling about us like myriad gems, and glorifying the broad sails of the curious craft which pass by us constantly. There are whole fleets of fishing boats, and queer-looking junks with great square sails quilted and ornamented in fantastic fashion. A large boat of odd construction has just sailed past close to us, all bamboo and thatch, like the cargo-boats on the Ganges, with cabin on the top, a funny, long pointed bow, very high square stern, and the usual huge, heavy quilted sail, giving the whole a top-heavy look.

The shores are always striking and full of beauty —sometimes near, sometimes far, as the water widens or narrows. The mountains which generally lie near along the coast vary extraordinarily. They are of every height from two or three hundred feet to as many thousand. Some lie in pretty green undulations, others in piles of massive grandeur; some are richly wooded, but generally they are rugged, pointed, serried, chasmy, volcanic, rising from the water in glorious Alpine peaks or bold headlands. There, on a sort of shelf or niche in the rocky wall of a frowning giant stands a lighthouse. What a solitary life for those who feed the light! Now a burnt and blasted cone we are just passing is smoking diligently. And away in the distance a grand group of some lofty peaks rise together, putting me in mind of "the Paps of Jura."

But here again comes the loveliest vegetation— woods full of autumnal colour in reds, russets, golden-browns, dark crimsons as lovely as a Canadian wood in "the fall," while long rows of brown villages nestle cosily in the foliage along the base of the mountains, inhabited, I suppose, by the fishing population of the coast. Some of the mountains are terraced and cultivated to the top. An occasional temple is to be seen, always most picturesquely pitched with the usual stone steps of an approach, and embowered in a grove of evergreen wood. The scene is full of changing beauty. The islands through which we steer our tortuous way seem countless, and as strange and fantastic as they are numerous. There are five close to us now which rise sheer out of the sea like so many sugar-loaves. Another is like a gigantic lion in repose, and two others are low pyramids exactly like that of Caius Cestius in Rome. A low ridge of barren rocks looks as if a few sea-billows had been suddenly arrested in their course and turned into stone, and another wee islet is like a hayrick in size and shape, clothed with grass and crowned with two pines. Sunset now approaches and adds to the beauty. The hills look more dreamy and of a darker hue. Rosy gleams light up the needle-like points, and strike on to the slopes and into the hollows, the rocky walls glowing like copper. Some bright slanting rays have just revealed an exquisite little knoll lying at the foot of a grand mountain by the sea, covered with graves. The little head-stones stand as close together as they can be, and our glasses show jars set beside some of them filled with flowers or blossom-sprays. Trees completely surround this sweet abode of the dead, spreading their branches lovingly over it, and like every graveyard we have seen in Japan, it is beautifully kept as well as beautifully situated.

I confess it makes me always inexpressibly sad to look at the graves of a heathen land. The thought comes at once of the multitude no one can number who are passing away continually into the unseen and unknown, without any knowledge of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. "Send us teachers soon, *for we are dying fast*," said a woman in one of the zenanas of India.

Most sorrowfully true! The myriad heathen are dying fast, while Christian men and women neglect to tell them of the glorious Gospel which might light up the valley of the shadow of death, revealing the brightness and immortality and rest and joy of the Father's home beyond.

A bright slanting gleam had shot through the branches, tinging the green mounds with glory. I pointed it out to a missionary fellow-passenger, who exclaimed "Ah, that is like the bright gleam from the Sun of Righteousness, which is shining all over this land now, where so lately everything lay in darkness and the very shadow of death." Yes, indeed, let us thank God and be comforted; witnesses for Christ and teachers of the once hated "Jesus doctrine" are now fast multiplying in Japan.

It is now Sunday, and before dark we hope to be in the harbour of Nagasaki. This has been a lovely day, without a cloud in the serene heavens. It is even more beautiful than yesterday, from a kind of luminous haze which floats over the rocks, giving a softened purple look which greatly heightens the charm.

Early in the day we had quite a little excitement as we sailed through a very narrow strait— I might call it a chasm—flanked on either side by high precipitous cliffs. This is a feat rarely performed, being dangerous at most conditions of the tide. The captain did it to-day, but he could not have ventured a quarter-of-an-hour earlier or later. He had told us of this little channel, and he came a little while before we reached it, saying,—

"Shall we do it?"

"As *you* think right," said I, "we quite trust our captain!"

He bowed, and presently through we went, the two islands being so close that we could almost have laid a hand on each as our noble ship glided through, obedient to her carefully-worked helm. Afterwards, as we talked about it, sitting on the deck, I ventured to say,—

"There is another Captain it would be very safe to trust. It is well to have *Him* at the helm in passing through the shoals and currents of life."

"Yes," he exclaimed eagerly, "thank God, I know the Captain of our Salvation;" and then I found he had the love of Christ in his heart, and that we had much in common.

He is an American; a pleasant, energetic, intelligent man. He had asked my husband to conduct service in the morning, which was attended by all the passengers—among whom are three American missionaries and their wives—and by two or three of the officers, who are American or English.

As we draw near Nagasaki the beauty only increases. The declining sun is shedding a rich and ruddy glow over the nearer slopes, throwing other parts into deeper shadow, producing most striking contrasts. The colouring is wonderful. It deepens from gold and amber and aqua marine into shades of brilliant carmine and rich crimson. A dark thunder-cloud now hangs over some of the summits; while across the water on the other side the sunlight floods the whole scene with glory—mountain, sea, and sky glowing with golden light. How like the two sides of the moral aspect of this Empire! One, perhaps, still dark enough—which, however, I think people are apt to look at too exclusively. The other, thank God! is full of brightness and promise. Let us gaze on this with the eye of faith, and hearts full of prayer and thankful, hopeful joy.

We get no glimpse of Nagasaki until close in—the harbour is so perfectly land-locked. There is nothing to indicate the near approach to a large city. We wind our way round some capes and more islands; and it is curious to see how the richest vegetation intermingles with the stern, rugged, most uncompromising rocks. Now on our right a striking promontory towers crowned by a lighthouse, and then we come to a low green island-rock which stands sentinel-like at the entrance to the harbour.

"Look there," our captain cried, "there is what you are looking for. That is Pappenberg." And look we did, as we came at last on this historic little rock, so terribly famous in martyr-story. It has been too justly called "the Golgotha of the Martyrs." Now its shadow slept peacefully in the dark transparent water, the tide lapping its base with rhythmic sound, while the evening sun illumined the cone-like, tree-crowned top with a halo of glory. It was as if heaven's own hand was placing an aureole on its brow in memory of those, who, faithful unto death, had here yielded their lives rather than deny their faith. I need not speak of the feelings the sight of it awoke in us. I will return to its tragic story. Meanwhile, as we went tranquilly to our anchorage in the quiet lovely bay on this sweet Sabbath evening, it seemed hard to believe or realize that scenes of dark diabolic cruelty, too terrible to tell, had been enacted here.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

I.

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S parentage and nurture were such as fitted him for a life of toil and endurance. His father served for two years as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, which secured for the United States their independence of the mother country. He was poor, and after his service with the army, gained a subsistence as a hardy settler by tilling the soil. Peter's mother was a pious woman, and a member of the American Methodist Episcopal Church. Their son, who was destined to do a most remarkable work for Christ in his native land, was born on the 1st September, 1785, in the state of Virginia. But whilst Peter was a little child, the family migrated to the then wild and thinly-peopled district of Kentucky, which about that time was added as a state to the Union.

The condition of the West at this period it is hard for us to realise. Kentucky signifies "the dark and bloody ground," and a hundred years ago it well deserved the name. Many tribes of Indians roamed over the country, which they regarded as their own property and hunting-ground. It abounded in buffalo, elk, deer, and bear. The white men were constantly settling upon the territory, and their encroachments were naturally resented by the Indians. Hence arose constant warfare, and thousands on both sides were slain, before the Indians were finally expelled or exterminated. Whilst the Cartwright family, with other emigrants, were travelling to their new home, they daily passed the dead bodies of white persons whom the Indians had murdered and scalped. One night, when Peter's father was posted as sentry, he perceived an object stealthily approaching the encampment; he fired, and found that he had shot an armed Indian. Another night seven families refused to proceed with the main body, who pushed on for safety to a fortified settlement; the Indians attacked them, and all but one were slain.

Nor were the Indians the only enemies to be encountered. The district to which the Cartwrights moved was known as "Rogues' Harbour;" and the appellation was justified, for it abounded in horse-thieves, highway-robbers, and murderers. These villains set all the law at defiance, and no man's property or person was safe. The honest citizens were driven to band

themselves together for common defence, under the title of "Regulators." Rogues and regulators fought with what weapons they could lay hold of; and at last the rogues were defeated, slain, or lynched, and something like order was established.

It was a wild country, and the mode of life imposed by circumstances upon the settlers was primitive enough. There were no roads or bridle-paths, and journeys were made with pack-horses across country by the aid of natural landmarks. The rivers were crossed by no bridges; if no ford could be found, the traveller was compelled either to swim his horse across the stream, or to make use of a rough canoe. There were few inns, and what there were seem to have been places of entertainment of the very coarsest description. Men rode about the country armed, and prepared to defend themselves against violence. Churches, whether Baptist, Presbyterian, or Methodist, were few and far between; schools were of the poorest quality; newspapers there were none. Sundays were the days set apart for sports and amusements of every kind. The Cartwright family grew their own corn, and beat it with pestle in mortar into flour; killed their own meat out of the woods; tapped the maple-trees for their sugar; raised their own cotton and flax; spun and wove the material into cloth, and made their own garments. A busy, helpful, wholesome life they must have led, not wanting in adventure and amusement, and fitted to develope a strong constitution, and to call forth self-reliance and self-help.

According to his own account, Peter was a wild, wicked boy, delighting in horse-racing, card-playing, and dancing. The worst sin with which he charges himself was gambling; but it would not seem that he carried this to any great extent. His father sent him to school, but he made little progress. Though in after life he was a diligent reader, he always studied human nature and life with more success than books.

Religion seems to have shared in the unsettled state of things generally. Very High Calvinists were to be met with side by side with Arians, Socinians, and Universalists. New Lights seceded from the Presbyterians, whilst eccentric bodies, such as the Shakers, made way here and there. But the most striking manifestations of religious zeal were furnished by the camp-meetings and revivals which, when Peter was a youth, sprang up in the West. The first of these took place at Cane Ridge, and from this the flame of religious excitement spread abroad far and wide.

It was in the year 1801, when he was in his sixteenth year, that Peter Cartwright experienced the spiritual change that was to affect his whole life. After a day spent in mirth and dancing at a neighbour's wedding, he reflected upon the frivolous amusements in which he had been engaged, and was impressed with a conviction of his great sinfulness. He examined his heart, and felt himself unprepared for death and judgment. The conviction was so strong that he sold his race-horse, burned his cards, and gave himself to fasting, Bible-reading, and prayer. He passed through many distressing experiences, heard voices (as he thought) from Heaven, sought to follow the directions of Christian friends; but all to little purpose. It was whilst attending a revival meeting that, in answer to earnest prayer, his sorrow was turned into joy, and he was able to believe the gospel of Divine forgiveness and mercy. His mother and friends rejoiced with him in his newly-found peace and comfort. In June of this year he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church.

There can be no doubt of the perfect sincerity of Peter Cartwright in this experience, and his after life proved that his experience as a youth was no mere superficial and transitory impression. His nature was penetrated and quickened by the Holy Spirit applying Divine truth to his heart, and from that time his whole life was consecrated to the service of God in the kingdom of His Son the Divine Mediator Christ.

Soon after Peter Cartwright received enlightenment from above, and before he was seventeen years of age, he was licensed by the preacher in charge of the district to "exercise his gifts as an exhorter." The family removing to another part of the state, where was no regular circuit, the young convert was directed by the presiding elder to travel through the destitute regions, to hold meetings, organise classes, and in fact form a circuit. Thus were the energies of zealous Christians pressed into the service of souls. Much might be said as to the danger of employing the inexperienced and immature in such responsible undertakings; but the answer to such objections would in such places and times have been, urgent necessity. Peter went to school, with a view of improving his mind; but found the master so opposed to him as a religious young man, and a Methodist, that he gained little benefit. However, he used well the knowledge he had, travelled, organised, exhorted, prayed, and in the course of the twelvemonth succeeded in establishing a regular organisation.

Peter's success in this mission led to his being invited to consecrate himself entirely to the work of the Christian ministry. When but little over eighteen years of age, he was invited to "go on circuit," and after a hard struggle—for the prospect was in a worldly sense very gloomy—he acceded. The regular steps followed in due course; when twenty-one he was ordained deacon, and when twenty-three, an elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Meanwhile, Peter Cartwright "itinerated" and preached, not without many tokens of Divine approval and blessing. On account of his youth, he was known in the West as "the boy-preacher."

The work of evangelisation that was performed in the early part of the present century by the "travelling preachers" of the Methodist Episcopal Church was indeed amazing. Their resources were slender, and their educational and literary equipment would, from a worldly point of view, have been deemed insignificant. "Our ministers," said Cartwright himself, "were illiterate, and not only opposed and denounced by the Catholics, but by all Protestant Churches; we were 'everywhere spoken against,' caricatured, and misrepresented; we were without colleges and seminaries, without religious books or period-

icals, without missionary funds, and almost all other religious means; our ministers did not for many years, on an average, receive over fifty dollars [*i.e.* £10] for a support annually, and a Methodist preacher's library almost entirely consisted of a Bible, Hymn-book, and Discipline."

And, if the advantages enjoyed by these pioneers of the Gospel were few, how great and formidable were the difficulties they encountered in the discharge of their commission! The circumstances of their ministry were such as only the bravest and most self-denying would venture to face. They went into the remotest and least civilised parts of the country, where the emigrant pitched his tent, or reared his rough log-cabin. Whether there was road or no road, the Methodist preachers travelled "from fort to fort, from camp to camp, from tent to tent, from cabin to cabin." They lodged in dwellings whose floor was mud, they ate with forked sticks and pocket-knives, they slept in the open air upon the hard ground, and were fortunate if they could stretch themselves at night upon a buffalo-skin before a cabin fire; they put their saddle-bags beneath their heads for pillows. And if such were the discomforts of their lodging, how great were the perils of their journeys! Cartwright himself testified: "We crossed creeks and large rivers without bridges or ferry-boats, often swam them on horseback, or crossed on trees that had fallen over the streams, drove our horses over, and often waded out waist-deep; and if by chance we got a 'dug-out' or canoe, to cross in ourselves and swim our horses by, it was quite a treat."

These backwoods preachers certainly fulfilled the admonition of the apostle to "endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ." The first appointment which Peter Cartwright received after his ordination as deacon was to what he called "a poor and hard circuit" on the northern bank of the Ohio. He was greatly distressed at the prospect of difficulties before him; but his bishop encouraged him to go on in the name of the Lord, adding: "It will make a man of you." He had hard work, he said, to keep body and soul together; he met with heretics, impostors, and fanatics; but Bishop Asbury was right, for the life tried the young preacher's mettle, and by God's grace he stood the trial. The picture he draws of himself and his condition at the close of his labours in this circuit is worth quoting. "I had been from my father's house about three years; was five hundred miles from home, my horse had gone blind; my saddle was worn out; my bridle-reins had been eaten up and replaced (after a sort) at least a dozen times; and my clothes had been patched until it was difficult to detect the original. I had concluded to try to make my way home, and get another outfit. I was in Marietta, and had just seventy-five cents in my pocket." In such a plight this preacher commenced his homeward journey. Many and marvellous were the adventures encountered on the road; but friends were raised up for him, small sums of money were presented to him, and he reached home with six-and-a-quarter cents in his pocket!

This experience was an earnest of the difficulties and discomforts the Methodist evangelist was to meet with again and again during his after career. Hunting up a hardy pony, and taking with him "Bible, Hymn-book, and Discipline," he started with one text from which to preach wherever he went: "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!" "In this way he went through storms of wind, hail, snow, and rain; climbed hills and mountains, traversed valleys, plunged through swamps, swam swollen streams, lay out all night, wet, weary, and hungry, held his horse by the bridle all night, or tied him to the limb of a tree, slept with his saddle-blanket for a bed, his saddle or saddle-bags for his pillow, and his old big coat or blanket—if he had any—for a covering."

Cartwright's Autobiography contains many incidents illustrating the hardships and dangers characteristic of the backwoods preacher's career. On his way to a quarterly meeting in Mississippi Circuit, he had on one occasion to cross a river. A tremendous rain had fallen, and the creek had overflowed its banks. The only way of crossing was by a little, old, crazy horse-boat, to enter which seemed to be to risk one's life. As Cartwright rode up, he found an old local preacher holding his horse by the bridle, who found himself in a difficulty—having no money wherewith to pay the ferry. However, upon learning that twelve-and-a-half cents would satisfy the ferryman, Cartwright found himself able to pay the charge for both. Richly was he rewarded; for, upon arriving at their destination, the old brother preached, "and the power of the Lord was present to kill and make alive."

"Perils by rivers" seem to have been among the most frequent and the most serious encountered by the preachers whose work lay in the backwoods. Cartwright was appointed to one district in Illinois, which he had to traverse four times in the year, and upon these journeys he was obliged to cross many rapid streams, mostly without bridges or ferry-boats. In such circumstances his courage and skill stood him in good stead. He looked out for a drift or a tree fallen by chance across the stream. Finding this, he would dismount, strip himself and his horse, carry his clothes and riding apparatus across on the fallen tree or drift, then return, and mount his horse, plunge in and swim over, and reaching the further side, dress himself, saddle his horse, and proceed upon his journey!

But the land had its perils and adventures as well as the water. Sometimes night would overtake the traveller in a lonesome wood. Unable to pursue his way, he would take out his flint and steel, heap some wood together and make a fire, tie up his horse, or hobble him—to prevent him from straying—and so pass the night as comfortably as he could.

After passing through such inconveniences and dangers, the hardy and cheerful preacher would fall upon his knees, offer up sincere thanks to God for His providential care and sparing mercy, and then would go upon his road "shouting and happy"!

The Long Sermon.

I'M lying on a hopeless bed, from which I know I'll never rise;
A peep of blue that fades to gray is all that's left me of the skies.
I'll never see the woods again, but daily some one brings me flowers,
And I am seldom long without a book to cheer the silent hours.

They're not so weary as you'd think; they float past like an easy dream;
You cannot think what visions rise, what pleasant thoughts upon me gleam;
Sometimes it almost seems as if great mysteries opened on my mind,
But nothing stays, except the sense that God is good and friends are kind.

It seems as if those days came back when I was but a little child—
With chubby cheeks and yellow hair, on whom each passing stranger smiled—
Who loved to go to church with Nell, my sister with the gentle face,
And fancied God's own glory made the sunlight in the dim old place!

And though the sermon might be long, Nell's arm was soft and warm and kind,
And gracious words went echoing through the chambers of my opening mind,
Till "God the Father" seemed to fill the carven roof that arched above,
While Nellie's clasp interpreted the doctrines of His faithful love.

Ah! Nellie's safe in heaven now. She went there, twice ten years ago,
And I've had many an uphill bit—temptation, struggle, doubt, and woe—
And oftentimes, when I was strong, and like for labour many a year,
I've needed help and pity more than now I need them, lying here.

While folks are tender to the babes, and to the sick and weak and old,
I sometimes think the strong and brave are left a little in the cold;
I'd like to whisper from my bed,—"When life is hard to understand,
There's nothing helps us through so well as tender clasp of loving hand."

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XIX.—ROY'S BIRTHDAY.

"WHERE'S Roy?"

"Haven't seen him this hour. I thought he was with you and Muriel. Joyce, have you seen Roy lately? Topsy—Jacko, have you?"

"I haven't—I haven't!" came from one and another, as the scattered party gathered at the *rendez-vous* preparatory to driving home. It seemed that no one had seen anything of Roy for some considerable time, and the elder brother's face clouded over with a sudden sense of anxiety.

Roy's birthday pic-nic had been outwardly a great success, and the young Kynastons had enjoyed it thoroughly; but Marcus had felt that all was not well with Roy, and even Muriel had begun to have a perception that there was something amiss between the brothers.

Not a single word had been exchanged upon the subject of Mrs. Stratford's strange will. Roy had come down the next morning in apparently high spirits, had chattered away ceaselessly through breakfast, and had been gay almost to boisterousness throughout the whole day. But it was this noisy hilarity which told Marcus more plainly than anything else that something was wrong. It was not Roy's way to be uproarious in his mirth, and it was not at all likely that, upon this first anniversary of his birthday after his mother's death, his spirits would be so unusually high. Another thing that Marcus noted was the boy's tacit avoidance of himself. He would ask questions or address comments to any one but him, and, what was most unusual in sweet-tempered Roy, he would set himself up in a sort of opposition to any suggestion that emanated from his brother. This was not done in a way sufficiently marked to be generally observed, but Marcus was keenly conscious of the tacit opposition, and he was aware that Muriel had observed it also, and was puzzled to account for the phase.

And now that Roy was missing, an anxious fear asserted itself in the brother's mind, which expressed itself in these words: "I hope he has not gone and hurt himself in the stalactite cave."

The stalactite cave was a place that Roy had expressed a great wish to explore, but had been deterred by Marcus, who had ascertained that it was in a very unsafe condition, and that, owing to continual falls of heavy pieces of rock, it had been abandoned of late, as a place dangerous for visitors and tourists to enter.

Roy had been very persistent about it, however, and had only been silenced by being reminded that it would be very wrong to lead into danger the young companions entrusted to their care. Mrs. Kynaston had, at the last, been debarred from joining the party, and they were doubly responsible in her absence for the safety of her children.

Roy had apparently acquiesced in this verdict, but there had been a mutinous look on his face that recurred to his brother's memory now, and filled him with undefined anxiety. His exclamation had been heard only by Muriel, but as the party scattered right and left to search for the missing member, his steps were turned at once towards the entrance of the cave, and after a moment's hesitation Muriel followed him. The cave was not far distant, and no lights were required, as there were several fissures in the roof and sides; but when Marcus saw who was his companion, he motioned her back with a smile.

"Wait here, please, unless I call to you. I know the cavern well; I used often to come here when I was a boy. I shall soon find him if he is here. It is not a very extensive place."

Marcus went forward into the cold, dim cave, treading cautiously, and looking sharply about him. He had a presentiment of evil upon him; he felt certain that Roy was here, and that some harm had befallen him. The boy was in just

that state of restless excitement that would lead him to set scruples of prudence and obedience at defiance, and it was perfectly evident that he had felt deeply injured by the discovery yesterday afforded him. It was hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, but Marcus felt that it was hard upon him, more especially as he could not feel justified, remembering his step-mother's earnest wishes on the subject, to explain to Roy the motives of love and care for his welfare that had prompted her to act in a way that looked so strange.

He thought of all this, as he cautiously pursued his way among the scattered fragments of rock, that showed only too plainly in what an unsafe condition the cave now was. He saw nothing of Roy, however, and was beginning to hope his fear unfounded, when the sound of a stifled groan made him start and turn quickly round. The sound seemed to proceed from a dark recess not very far from the entrance. Retracing his steps, and picking his way more carefully still as the gloom increased, Marcus presently became aware of a prostrate figure extended upon the hard ground, and, bending anxiously over it, saw that this was indeed none other than Roy.

The boy's face was deathly, and his eyes were fast closed; his hands were cold and pulseless, and his condition appeared exceedingly alarming. It was evident that he had been knocked down and stunned by a fall of rock, and a heavy stone lay upon his foot and pinned him where he fell.

Marcus lifted this off with difficulty, and Roy moaned and shrank a little, though without any real consciousness. Then, by a great exertion of his unusual physical strength, Marcus lifted the lad bodily in his arms, and carried him into the warmer, purer atmosphere without.

Muriel uttered a startled exclamation as she saw him emerge; but her quiet presence of mind did not desert her. She sat down on the short grass, and took Roy's head upon her lap, whilst Marcus cut away the boot from the swollen foot, and bound it up with his handkerchief and her scarf, both dipped in the cold water from one of the cave's pools. Then, whilst Muriel bathed the boy's pale brow and chafed the icy hands, Marcus strode rapidly away, to return quickly with some brandy he had obtained, a little of which, forced between the clenched teeth, did much to bring back consciousness.

Roy's eyes opened at last, and he looked round him in vague bewilderment.

"What is it?" he asked faintly.

"You have hurt yourself, Roy," answered Muriel; "but you are better now. Don't try to talk too much. You will feel stronger by-and-by."

The warm sunlight was doing its work; but the boy had lain too long in the cold, damp cave not to be thoroughly chilled. He still shivered, and his lips were blue.

"I don't understand," he said, bewildered and a little impatient. "Where are we?"

"We are at your birthday pic-nic, Roy; but you have ended the day badly for yourself. Don't you remember now?"

His face changed somewhat; a faint flush rose in his pale cheek.

"I think I do—it's my birthday, of course. I went into that cave. Some stones fell down—I remember that. I don't remember anything else. Who found me? Who brought me out? I don't understand."

"Marcus did that," answered Muriel; "he fancied, when you did not come back, that you might be there. Does your foot hurt you much now, Roy?"

But Roy did not answer; his eyes were lifted to his brother's face, and there was a look in them that Marcus could not read. It was not defiance, but it was not the old trust he had been used to see there. It seemed as if some shadow of mistrust, or of reproach, shone in them, which he could neither combat, at this moment, nor explain away. Marcus addressed himself to Muriel:

"If you will wait here for a short time, I will get the rest of the party packed off home in the waggonette, and tell them to leave word at Lee's what has happened, that he may be at the Hermitage by the time we arrive; and we will drive the boy home in the landau. I will have it brought down as near as possible to this place. You will not be afraid to be left with him for a short time?"

"No, not at all. He is better now." And Marcus strode away rapidly to make the proposed arrangements. Roy's eyes, which had closed, opened again, as he heard the retreating footsteps. Muriel noticed the unusual expression on his face, and asked: "What is it, Roy?"

His answer startled her a good deal.

"Why did he come after me into that cave? I thought it was all over with me then, and it would have been much better so."

"Do you know what you are saying, Roy?"

"Of course I do. I am quite sane. I say it would be better to die at once than to outlive all one's confidence in love and honour and generous feeling—even one's mother's love;"—the last words were spoken with something of a strangled sob.

Muriel's eyes dilated with wonder; she could not imagine what had got into Roy's head; but she saw that he was troubled, and that much of bitterness mingled with his sorrow.

"I am sure you need never doubt that, Roy," she said gently. "I do not think any son was ever better loved than you: and I am certain that in Marcus you will find the best of brothers. What is the matter, Roy?" for she saw the change in his face and could in no way account for it. Her suspicion that there had been a somewhat serious collision of wills between the brothers was corroborated. She could not tell in the least what it had been about, nor who was likely to have been in the right; but, fond as she was of Roy, she had greater confidence in Marcus, and she was inclined to trust the soundness of his judgment. But Roy was unhappy as well as in pain. She must find something comforting to say to him. She looked down at him, smoothing away the hair from his brow.

"Roy, dear," she said gently, "there is always somebody to turn to, even when everything else

seems to fail. You need never feel quite alone, whatever happens."

His eyes met hers wistfully.

"That's what people say," he answered "but it doesn't seem real to me. It is Marcus I want. I always trusted him so."

"And I am sure you may trust him still, Roy, I wish you could have heard how he has been talking of you to-day. I know something has happened to bring a cloud between you, but it will be your fault, not his, if it is not driven away. Haven't we agreed so many, many times that it is always so much better and nobler to forgive and forget, even if we do sometimes seem to be injured by other people?"

Something of the old look came back to Roy's face.

"Why, so we have," he said, "I suppose it is always best. I will try, Muriel, indeed I will. It isn't that I mind much—for myself—but I do so hate the thought that he tried to get it arranged so, and wanted to keep me in the dark, as if he were ashamed."

"Then you had better not think that any more, Roy. Keep all those ugly black thoughts out of the way; don't let them get hold of you at all. I don't believe they can be true, and they will hurt you much more than they can hurt anybody else."

Roy's eyes were closed in weariness and pain, but he looked more natural again.

"I'll try and remember that," he said. "Thank you, Muriel,"

CHAPTER XX.—ANXIOUS DAYS.

"No, there are no bones broken, strange to say, considering the size of the stone; but it's only fair to tell you that the injuries are pretty severe, and that the absence of fracture is not altogether a matter for congratulation. Bruised bones and crushed tissues make a case tedious and difficult; but he is young and strong and healthy, and has everything in his favour. It is likely to be rather a long business, I'm afraid, and boys find it hard work to keep quiet for weeks together; but you must do what you can to cheer him up, and keep him amused, and we will hope that time will do its work quickly."

This was the verdict of the young surgeon they had called in to see Roy. Frank Lee was a native of Market Drayton, and had also been at school with Marcus, so that a pleasant intimacy existed between the two young men, and Roy too knew the doctor well.

"I don't think Roy has ever been ill in his life. He will not find inactivity very congenial. He has a very mercurial temperament."

"He must learn to curb it for a time. That foot will stand no liberties for some weeks to come, and the chill he has taken lying out in that cold cave has done him no good. How did it happen? It was an odd freak of his to venture in; but then boys are so foolhardy!"

"I have not been able to ask him any questions," answered Marcus a little evasively. "I found him quite by chance, missing him from the party, and knowing that he had a great fancy for exploring that cave. Evidently a fall of rock took place, and he was knocked down and pinned by the foot."

"Well, he has been lucky to get off as well as he has done. I hope he will sleep now. I shall look in early to-morrow. I don't think, so far, there is anything to be uneasy about."

Marcus, however, was uneasy, and his uneasiness increased as the night went on. He did not attempt to go to bed himself; but sat by Roy's side, noting how restless and troubled was the lad's sleep, and how often his face was contracted by pain as the unconscious movements disturbed the injured foot.

Early in the morning Roy woke, not refreshed, but rather exhausted by the sleep that had been full of feverish dreams and fancies. He looked round in a feeble bewildered fashion, and when Marcus bent over him he caught at his hand as a drowning man clutches at a saving support.

"You are here!" he said, with a sort of gasp of relief. "Where are we?"

"At home," answered Marcus, with a smile, "where else should we be?"

"I thought I was in that cave again. I thought I hated every one, and that every one had left me alone to die there. I went there in anger and defiance—I thought some one said I should stay there always. Did you find me, Marcus? Did you care to come and look for me? I didn't deserve that you should. I thought such thoughts! Oh my foot!"

He went deadly white, and the dew stood on his brow. Marcus bathed his face and hands, and gave him stimulant, but the faintness was obstinate and would not yield for long, and at length he only seemed relieved by resting his head against Marcus' shoulder, as his brother sat on the bed supporting him. His breathing seemed oppressed and difficult, he coughed a little from time to time, and once spoke of pain in his side.

"You are very good to me, Marcus," he said once. "Are you not angry with me?"

"Why should I be angry, Roy?"

He was silent for a moment, and then said faintly, and wearily, "I disobeyed you. I behaved badly. I was angry myself. Don't be angry, if you can help it, please Marcus, and don't leave me alone. There is nobody but you, now."

"I won't leave you, my dear boy; and you must not talk or think any more. You must just keep quiet and rest, and let me think for you."

Roy was too spent to say more, but that there was some tension of mind Marcus could not doubt. He could not bear his brother out of his sight for an instant. It seemed as if he feared that some hidden foe was lurking nigh at hand, ready to spring out upon him the moment that Marcus should be away.

This anxious restlessness was very much against him, and by the evening he was in a high fever. The chill taken the previous evening had settled upon the lungs, both of which were slightly congested, and young Lee began to look very anxious about his patient.

For several days Roy was exceedingly ill, and if not in actual danger, yet so near to danger that the anxiety was almost the same. There was evidently some weight upon the boy's mind that was a good deal against him. Nobody quite knew what it was, but it seemed chiefly to take the form of a vague haunting fear that could only be dispelled by the close presence of Marcus. They tried in vain to get to the bottom of the trouble and dispel it, and Marcus would have done much to understand fully the workings of his brother's mind. Jealousy of, or resentment towards himself, there was certainly none left, and yet the strain and tension of mind continued as before. His singular fear of being left alone was his most marked characteristic, and Marcus was at a loss to understand or explain this, it was so unlike the boy's habitual mood. His great comfort, however, was that Roy's dependent, exacting affection never changed or wavered. Whatever else changed, whoever else went or came, Roy heeded it not so long as Marcus was with him, and Marcus was too glad of this confidence and love to resent in the least the tax upon his time and energy. So long as Roy wanted him, so long he was content to stay, and he quickly developed into an excellent nurse.

Whether or not Roy was aware of his own danger, nobody could tell, for he spoke but little, and was too feverish for his words to carry much weight. But there came a night when the fever abated, when some calm natural sleep was obtained, and Marcus, who was as usual taking the watch, felt pretty certain that the crisis had passed, and that a turn for the better had been taken.

Towards morning Roy wakened—wakened with a more natural look, and the faint smile that shone out of his eyes had in it none of the former pained, strained expression, but was peaceful and calm.

"You are there, Marcus; you are always there. It is very good of you."

"Nonsense, Roy. I am only too glad to be anywhere to see you looking better."

"Am I better?" asked Roy. "I thought, perhaps, I was going to die."

"I think you are better, Roy. But don't talk too much; you must rest instead."

"I am glad I am better," said the boy, with brightening eyes. "I do not want to die yet, Marcus. I do not want to leave you. Death is terrible, I think."

"And yet it is sometimes well to try and face the thought of it, and the life it leads to," said Marcus, with grave gentleness. "And your mother would be waiting for you there. If the call came, Roy, you would be ready?"

But the boy shook his head.

"I don't think so. I don't think I understand what people mean by being ready. I should like to live in a world where death never came."

"So we shall some day, I trust, Roy. But the gate of death stands between us and that land."

Roy looked at him earnestly, intently.

"Hold my hand," he said, as he had said so many times before. "I feel safe when you are with me; never without you."

Marcus paused awhile before speaking. His reserve was too ingrained to be easily overcome, but he felt that the charge laid upon him must not be broken. He must speak sometimes, and this was an opportunity that should not be lost.

"Roy," he said, in the same very quiet and gentle way, "you must learn to trust in something stronger and higher and holier than any help I can give you. What I can do for you, God knows I will most gladly and thankfully perform; but it is not in my help you must trust alone. If you fear some danger or temptation, as I sometimes think you do, my help will prove of very little avail. But there is Another who will always listen to your voice and stretch out His arm to save and succour. Roy, it is in God you must put your trust, if ever you fear for yourself or for the future."

Roy looked at him long and earnestly, with a sort of strange sadness.

"I know that is what people say, but I cannot understand it."

"Have you ever asked that help, Roy, in your time of need?"

The boy was silent.

"If you have not asked, how can you expect to receive? Roy, my dear boy, you are not fit for much talking, and I am not a man of many words. But listen now to a few words of personal experience, which I can vouch for as my own. God never turns a deaf ear to us in our need, if we will but approach Him as He has bidden us, through the merits and mediation of His Son, our Lord. When you are in difficulty, in doubt, in trouble, in perplexity, go to Him for aid and help. Think first of Him, turn first to Him, and let all other aid be secondary. Our fellow-men are often very near and dear to us, and a great source of strength and comfort; yet they may change or leave us, or fail us in our hour of need, but God's words cannot fail, nor His great love for us, and His words are 'Come unto Me.'"

Marcus stopped short, for Roy was looking weary—weary and sad and bewildered.

"I know," he said; "thank you for telling me again. Mother said just the same. I know it's all true, but it doesn't seem any good to me."

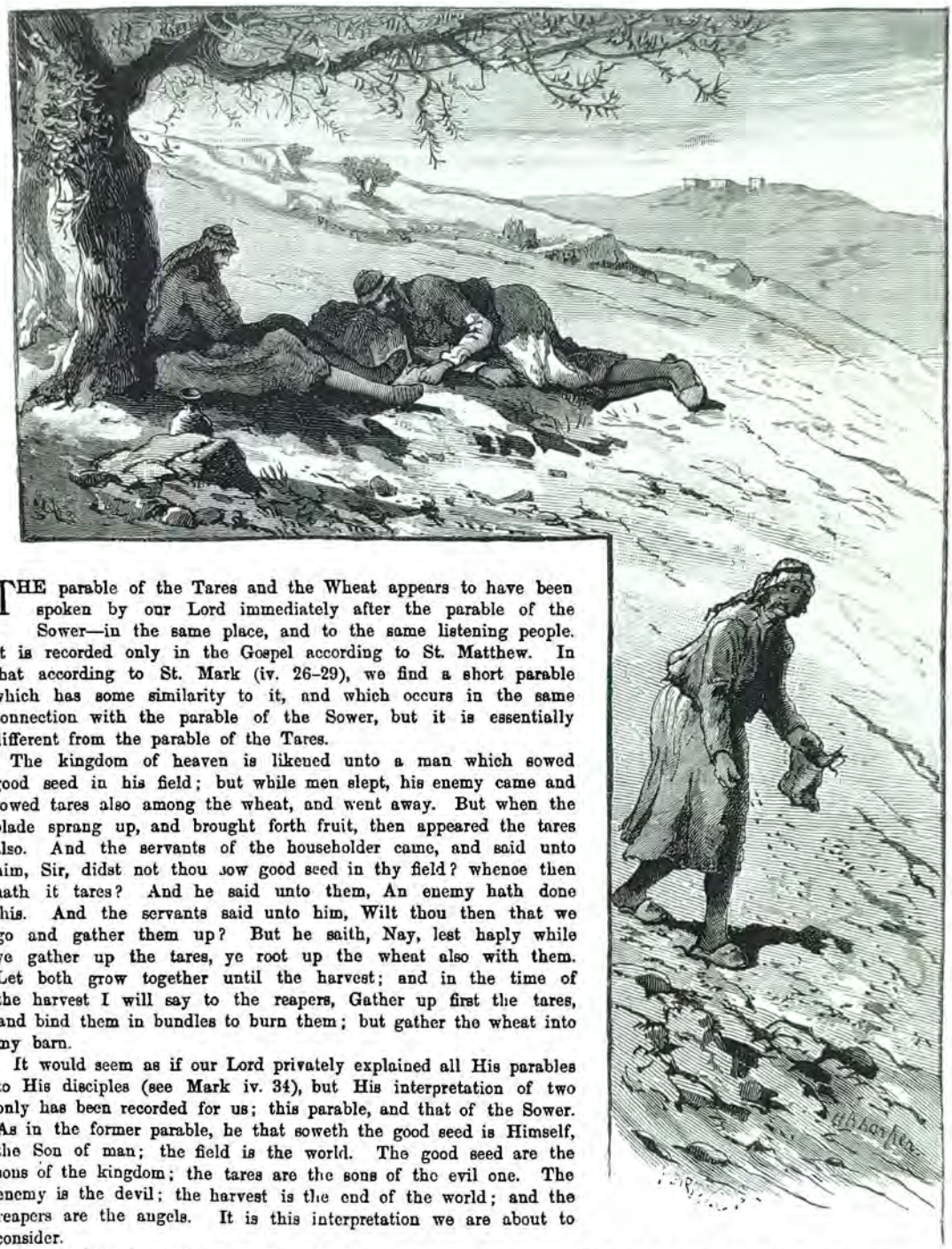
Marcus smiled, with a light in his eyes that told a tale of its own.

"Wait till your hour of need really comes, Roy," he said, "and then you will find out whether or not it is real."

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

III.—THE PARABLE OF THE TARES AND THE WHEAT.—Matt. xiii. 24–30, 37–43.



THE parable of the Tares and the Wheat appears to have been spoken by our Lord immediately after the parable of the Sower—in the same place, and to the same listening people. It is recorded only in the Gospel according to St. Matthew. In that according to St. Mark (iv. 26–29), we find a short parable which has some similarity to it, and which occurs in the same connection with the parable of the Sower, but it is essentially different from the parable of the Tares.

The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares also among the wheat, and went away. But when the blade sprang up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also. And the servants of the householder came, and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it tares? And he said unto them, An enemy hath done this. And the servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he saith, Nay, lest haply while ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat also with them. Let both grow together until the harvest; and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers, Gather up first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn.

It would seem as if our Lord privately explained all His parables to His disciples (see Mark iv. 34), but His interpretation of two only has been recorded for us; this parable, and that of the Sower. As in the former parable, he that soweth the good seed is Himself, the Son of man; the field is the world. The good seed are the sons of the kingdom; the tares are the sons of the evil one. The enemy is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels. It is this interpretation we are about to consider.

Our Lord is the author and giver of all that is good—not in one land, or in many lands, but throughout all the world; He has no smaller field in which He sows His good seed. In every country, every nation, and every age, all that has been good has been His work, who is at once the Son of God and the Son of man. He is "the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." There is not one soul that comes into the world which has not at one time or another a wish to be good and happy—to be otherwise than wicked and miserable.

There is a discontent with sin, which comes from heaven, and is the good seed which Jesus Christ, by His Spirit, sows in our hearts. To be friends with God, to feel that He is indeed our Father—that is what we all, more or less, long for, some of us with a deep, unutterable longing. Jesus Christ sows these seeds in our hearts, and if they grow unchecked, they will spring up into eternal life. Christ could not be satisfied if any soul of man was left with no seed of eternal life implanted in it. The world is His field.

"The good seed, then, are the sons of the kingdom," He says, in His interpretation of the parable. These are they who, as in the parable of the Sower, receive His words into honest and good hearts, and understand it, and bring forth fruit with patience. In all nations, and in all ages, there are those who believe in God, and diligently seek Him. Peter, who was one of our Lord's closest followers, and who heard far more of His teaching than has been recorded for us, says, "Of a truth, God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him." The kingdom of heaven is wider and greater than the world, and the sons of the kingdom may be found even in the darkest corners of the earth.

The tares are the sons of the wicked one. There is a tall weed growing in our hedgerows and fields called darnel, which springs up with a long stalk, and an ear formed at the end of it, resembling corn so closely that it can only be distinguished from it, in its earlier stages of growth, by a trained and practised eye. By the time the difference is seen, its roots are intertwined with those of the corn, and it is then impossible to weed it out. The seeds of the darnel, if they get ground into meal, are nauseous and harmful, and even poisonous, if there is much of it. Shakspear knew its nauseous quality.

"Want ye corn for bread?
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?"

The author of "The Land and the Book" says, "Where the grain has headed out, the tares have done the same, and then a child cannot mistake them for wheat or barley; but where both are less developed, the closest scrutiny will often fail to detect them. I cannot do it at all with any confidence. Even the farmers do not attempt to separate them. They would not only mistake good grain for them, but very commonly the roots of the two are so intertwined that it is impossible to separate them."

Exactly as the tares and the wheat grow together in a corn-field—so intertwined that it is impossible to separate them—so do the children of God live everywhere intermingled with the children of this world. They have the same relationships to fill, the same work to do. In a great measure they must live the same kind of life. Every attempt that has been made to separate the followers of Christ from the outer world has resulted in failure. Sometimes the attempt has been made to form a small, select circle, "a little spot of heavenly ground," where none should be admitted who were not true and simple Christians; but immediately the tares spring up, and before long there must be a fresh weeding-out, and a smaller circle made. At other times the weeding-out is tried on a large scale, and persecution arises as a means of clearing Christ's kingdom from offences; and lo! the ground of the persecutors is itself filled with tares, and amongst the persecuted, good corn is plucked up with the weeds. It is not granted to Christ's servants to distinguish the darnel from the wheat until it brings forth its fruit; only His eye can discern the difference from the beginning. When we say to Him, "Wilt thou that we go and gather up the tares?" He answers, "Nay, lest haply whilst ye gather up the tares, ye root up the wheat also. Let both grow together until the harvest."

The enemy is the devil. This word devil means "one who sets at variance," or a slanderer; an enemy who sets friends at variance by telling lies to each of the other. God is the Father of all; but how many men think of Him only as an angry and revengeful Judge! God is always being slandered to us, and we are set at variance against Him; but we cannot be slandered to Him, or He set against us, because He is perfect wisdom and perfect love. Yet there is no question as to the eternal enmity that exists between good and evil, righteousness and iniquity. There is no doubt, also, that we must belong to one kingdom or the other; we cannot be children of light and children of darkness.

The poisonous seed sown by the enemy was altogether different from the good seed sown by the owner of the field. Tares and wheat are suffered to grow together until the harvest; but then the separation is made, and the tares are cast into a furnace of fire, by which means only is their power to do mischief, by shedding more seed, effectually destroyed. The wicked may be suffered to do evil in this world, but there shall be no more such liberty for sin in the world to come.

The harvest is the end of the world, or the "consummation of the age," as the new version of the Bible puts it, in the margin. What is this consummation of the age? We do not know. The disciples expected it in their time, and were made strong and glad by the hope of it. Through all the centuries since, the people of God have been longing for it. Foolish and false predictions are constantly being made of it. But one thing is true and certain; the end of the world comes to each one of us separately when we die. There is one sure, inevitable harvest. Death, the stern, strong angel of God, puts in his sickle every day into the field of the earth, and gathers out of it all things that offend, and them that do iniquity, and the righteous also. In the day of harvest even a child can see the difference between tares and wheat; and at the hour of death no mistake will be possible. "Many will say to Me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils, and in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."

But cannot we make a more personal application of this parable? Each of us is a little world, containing all possibilities of good and evil. Christ is sowing good seed in our hearts, which may bring forth fruit a hundredfold. But while we sleep, and are not on the watch, an enemy is sowing tares, which will bear fruit unto death. Christ says, "Do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you"—a seed which would bring to pass such a state of peace and prosperity and happiness as the world has never yet dreamed of. The enemy within us whispers, "Take care of yourself"—that seed from which has sprung all the misery and poverty and drunkenness we see amongst us at this time. Christ says, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." The enemy brings us public subscription-lists, and tempts us to give because our neighbour gives, or as much as he gives. Christ says, "When ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking." The enemy teaches us that God is to be reached by long prayers, or by the same prayers said over and over again. Christ says, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The enemy hints that we must make the best of both worlds, and especially make sure of this. Good and evil are so intermingled that it is difficult to separate them; and we may so live, whilst following the maxims of this world, that

even the servants of God may look upon us as a fellow-servant. God alone sees whether our hearts are bringing forth fruit unto eternal life, or poisonous weeds which tend unto death.

To this parable our Lord adds the solemn charge, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." There were many persons in the crowd of people gathered about Him whose hearts were so filled with tares that there was no place left for the good seed to grow. These were the Pharisees, whose false zeal for the worship of God was soon to develop a murderous hatred of the Son of God; the scribes, who were constantly studying the letter of God's word, but whose hearts were hardened against its spiritual meaning; the people, listening gladly to Christ's teaching, but ready to forsake Him if He said anything to offend them; Judas, who was following Him through years of trial and danger, only to betray Him at last. To all of these He cried, as if He would arouse them to a sense of their great peril, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear!"

SANTA LUCIA.

A STORY OF CORSICA.

CHAPTER II.—THE RIVALS.

EVERY year hundreds of tourists or invalids visit Corsica, and most of them stay at Ajaccio.

It is for their sake that a whole faubourg has sprung up in Ajaccio, handsome streets, with elegant houses, and hotels, and an English church, as pretty as any in England, in an exquisite parterre of flowers, where the geraniums grow as tall as laburnum or lilac-trees.

Here, at Ajaccio, every winter there is a colony of Britishers, and of Swedes and Germans.

But these birds of passage, which come with the quails in October, and return North with these birds in May, seldom see much of the interior of the island.

The picturesque villages perched high up on the mountain crags are seldom visited. Some of these villages are, indeed, only accessible by mule-paths, and those of the roughest.

The prettiest spots in Corsica, and those from which the finest views may be had, can only be reached by riding or walking up roughly-hewn paths, winding round and round, and over mountain sides where the track is at times scarcely visible. For whole hours, too, one may ride without meeting a single person of whom to ask whether the break-neck path he has chosen is leading him in the direction he desires.

Perched high on a rocky crag, some miles from Corte, in the centre of Corsica, is the village of Santa Lucia. A tortuous mule-path leads to it from the ravine below, but there is also a carriage-road by way of Tralonca. Toiling up this road one warm, sunny afternoon in December, trudged a man with a heavy havre-sac on his back.

He was a man of medium height, and almost delicate-looking frame. Yet a tough, wiry man, who had gone through many battles. For over twenty years he had been a soldier, fighting for the independence of Italy.

At the age of forty-eight he had begun a life of equal hardship, as a colporteur in Corsica. In his havre-sac he carried portions of the Scriptures—of the Old and New Testament. He journeyed alone, without arms, amongst a population little disposed to be friendly to Italians, much less to Italian Protestants. But he was brave.

Never, as a soldier, had he to face more dangers or hardships than in Corsica. For the Corsican is often savagely disposed to outsiders of a race or religion different to his own; and several times the colporteur had a knife held to his breast, and violent hands laid on him.

But he went on calmly, from village to village, and did his duty, and sold his Scripture portions where he could; and often it happened that, when an enemy set on him to harm him, a friend came forward unexpectedly to take his part.

The colporteur wearily approached Santa Lucia. As he came near the village, there was a cry raised, "U Protestante!"—the Protestant!

He was known in the island. In a few minutes a band of boys was on the rocks throwing stones at him.

Suddenly Padre Rocca appeared.

"What does this mean?" asked the village priest.

"È u Protestante!"—It is the Protestant, sang out the boys. (The Corsicans say "u" for the article—il—the).

"Basta!" said the priest, and he drove the boys away. He was not exactly angry with them for throwing the stones.

He liked to encourage a feeling of hostility to foreign religious propaganda. But he was not a brute, to look on and see a defenceless man stoned. So he went up to the colporteur, and spoke civilly to him, and looked at his books; but he said, "It is no good your trying to sell any here!" and went away.

Yet the colporteur did sell several of his books, and that evening quite a number of villagers met at one of the humble houses to hear the Scriptures read, and discussed the merits of the Protestant books. Others spoke of the colporteur as of a wolf; as in bygone times Corsicans spoke of the seafaring marauders who came to the island in pirate-ships and made raids upon their coasts, scaling the heights to the villages, to rob and plunder.

Pietro Rocco, who preached the Bambino sermon at Palermo, was the nephew of Padre Rocca. The old Colonel, his grandfather, had two sons, the elder of whom had become priest of this village, while the younger had served in the merchant navy, and, as captain of a ship, had perished in a storm, with Pietro's mother.

Pietro, now just twenty years old, had come to Santa Lucia to spend the festive season with his uncle and Frida, who, since the Colonel's death, had kept house for her brother.

As Padre Rocca left the colporteur, he met his nephew.

"Well, Pietro, are you in better spirits?"

"No, uncle! I am sure I have mistaken my career. I cannot be an ecclesiastic!"

"You are in love, that is all! That will pass off. Reflection and devotion will bring you to a sense of something loftier in your destiny!"

"I do not think so. I am not ascetic nor contemplative. I shall never be able to support the loneliness of life which you would have me accept. You have a sister to be your companion; I feel that I, too, need a companion, and the ties of kinship. I must marry, and find comfort in the home-life my father and grandfather enjoyed before me. They have left me the fortune to do so."

"Of course, I would not urge you to act against your conscience, but I do not think Santa Lucia will ever be

your wife, or any man's. It is true that she likes you, but it is as one devoted to the church. Her calling is religion; I am persuaded of it. Her name is not in vain Santa Lucia!"

"Then I shall never marry! But I do not think with you. Santa Lucia is young, and almost as enthusiastic as when she rushed out from the school-ranks at Palermo and kissed me, to the amazement of the sisters! I can wait."

So saying, they came to the little square in front of the church with its whitewashed steeple. Here, lounging, or standing up against the walls of the houses, were the villagers. Now and then a man crossed the square, driving goats before him; or bare-footed girls or old women passed by, with faggots of firewood on their heads.

On the steps of the church were seated a few young women and young men.

Towards one of these, a handsome, dark youth, Pietro Rocca went, and sat down by his side. Pietro, whose mother had been a Swedish lady, had his mother's soft blue eyes and fair hair. There was a great contrast between the youths. Pietro was the taller, but he was slender and delicate. Enrico Catalan, by whose side he had seated himself, was of Spanish descent, but was, in appearance, a regular Corsican, with black hair and thick eyebrows, black eyes, and swarthy skin, robust and sturdy-looking.

Not far from the young men, there sat on the steps of the church a young woman, whose pale, thin features, and thin white hands were noticeable. In her wan face there was a meaningless expression. Looking towards her, Pietro said: "Margherita has been much better again of late."

"Yes, since Santa Lucia came here. Santa Lucia does for her what no one else here ever did."

"How long is it since Margherita lost her reason?"

"Six years!"

"Tell me how it happened!"

"She had a lover, a good sort of a fellow who drove the mail-coach from Corte to Ajaccio. This man loved her in vain; she would not look at him. In the meantime Margherita wasted her affections upon a Tralonca goat-herdsman, a desperate brute. But one day, Margherita found out that the Tralonca man was playing her false, and she looked then more favourably at the coach-driver.

"Then the Tralonca man became jealous, and vowed to be revenged. A half growled threat which escaped him made Margherita fear for the coach-driver's life, and she set out for Corte to warn him. He had already started for Ajaccio. She followed. At La Foce, half-way on the top of the mountain, she heard that the coach-driver would be there on his return journey between midnight and one o'clock of the next morning.

"It was a beautiful moonlight night, and she determined to go on to meet the coach-driver; she was so anxious for his safety, so she told the gendarmes of La Foce. They laughed at her, when she left them. An hour and a half later, she returned to their station, frantic, her hair and attire in disorder, her reason gone.

"The gendarmes understood that something disastrous had happened; and two of their number rode off to ascertain what. They came back with the appalling news, that the coach, with its driver and passengers, had gone to the bottom of the precipice that lies on the one side of the La Foce high-road.

"The coach had evidently been wrecked intentionally, for the road had been torn up, and a heavy crowbar lay imbedded in the soil. Since then, the Tralonca man has been missing."

"It is a terrible story! Why should this man have been so hateful?"

"Why, indeed?" replied young Catalan; but there was not a true ring to his voice, and his face bore a look which gave the lie to his words.

And then at the sound of his voice, and of his words, "Why indeed!" Margherita raised her head, came close to the youths, looked Enrico in the face, repeated his words, and uttered one of those hideous laughs which are frequently the outburst of the insane.

Pietro, looking at Enrico, saw that look in his face which belied his words, and for the first time understood that this was a nature at variance with his own: and a pained expression came over his own countenance.

At this moment, a beautiful girl, with her missal in her hand, approached the young men.

"Why, how gloomy you are both looking! You do not seem to be basking in the sunbeams."

"Oh! Pietro, fie! Enrico, what does this mean?"

Pietro, rising, replied, "You are right, Santa Lucia, we should be happier. But we were speaking about poor Margherita, and her sad experiences."

Santa Lucia passed on, but the frown on Enrico's face grew darker as he saw Pietro enter the church by her side.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.

Who lulled the man who loved her to repose,
Then stole his strength and sold him to his foes?
A spy from Ephraim's tribe: his honoured name
Before and after is not spelt the same?
Before what idol did a captain dare
To bow himself, but pay no worship there?
A Galilean town of which we know
Nothing but unrepented sin, and woe?
Whose house was Elah in when basely slain?
(In drunkenness he closed his wicked reign.)
Where did the sacred ark of God abide
When little Samuel served at Eli's side?

The final letters and initials tell
Two women's names who used their needles well:
One clothed the poor, and won their love and tears,
And one a prophet clothed in early years. L. T.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. II.

Take away eight of the words in this figure, and so arrange the others as to form a prayer of David's.

Me	For	On	O
Put	Ever	Thee	Do
I	Preserve	My	More
In	Not	Trust	Ever
God	Cry	Distrust	Lord

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VI.—p. 144.—AMALEK.—Num. xxiv. 20; Ex. xvii. 8.—BALAAM.—Num. xxii. 12, 21, 22, 32, 33.

A-binada-*b*	1 Sam. xvii. 8; xviii. 1; xxxi. 2.
M-elit-*a*	Acts xxviii. 1, 2.
A-drie-*l*	1 Sam. xviii. 17–19.
L-ydd-*a*	Acts ix. 32–34.
E-zr-*a*	Ezra viii. 22.
K-irjath-jeari-*m* . .	1 Sam. vii. 1–3.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONVALESCENCE.

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD, FATHER?" SAID JOAN.

AFTER this, Roy's recovery, though slow, might be said to be tolerably sure. He took a turn for the better that night, and made progress each day afterwards. He had no return of fever, and the warm weather was all in his favour. Frank Lee, who had renewed with zest his old friendship with Marcus, and took a more than strictly professional interest in his patient, warned the elder brother that the attack on the lungs would very likely necessitate unusual care of the boy during the ensuing winter, as he would probably be susceptible to cold for some time to come; yet, for the present, the mischief was over, and but that his foot kept him a prisoner, Roy might soon have been up and about.

The foot was an awkward piece of business, as Mr. Lee had prophesied from the first. It was

PRICE ONE PENNY.

never very bad; but it was terribly tedious in recovery, and was a constant source of wearying pain, that seemed really more trying than acute suffering for a briefer space. Roy tried to be patient, and his sweet temper and naturally even spirits, stood him in good stead; whilst Marcus strained every nerve to cheer him up, and devise amusement and variety for him. But he suffered for lack of his customary exercise, and began to look white and thin; and, though able to lie upon a sofa by day in a sort of *demi-toilette*, there was no talk as yet of his getting up and downstairs, and the improvement in the state of the foot was so very slow as to be almost imperceptible, and proportionately disheartening.

It was with some dismay and annoyance, therefore, just at this juncture, that Marcus received intelligence of business that would take him from home for some little time, and would probably involve a journey to St. Petersburg.

He had resigned his appointment at the embassy in some haste, a few months previously, owing to Mrs. Stratford's rapidly failing health and urgent desire for his return. He had been aware then that he might possibly be required to return later on, to conclude some diplomatic negotiation in which he had been the main agent, and in which he had shown peculiar capacity and finesse. He had latterly hoped, however, that he could do all that was necessary by correspondence; but some difficulty had now arisen, and it was pretty evident to him that he should in honour be bound to go. The ambassador, to whom he was much indebted for many acts of kindness, made a great point of his return for a brief space, and Marcus soon saw that it was inevitable.

He was particularly sorry that it should happen just at this time. Roy was not fit to leave home for a visit to any friends, however kind and hospitable; and yet it was very hard to leave him all alone in his present state. He hardly knew how to mention the matter to the boy; but unexpected help came from Mrs. Kynaston, to whom he first broached the subject, asking her advice in his perplexity.

She at once propounded a new scheme. Vincent was coming home very soon—Roy's special chum and chosen comrade. This visit was quite unexpected—a sort of extra holiday upon which none of them had reckoned. If Marcus approved of it, he should stay with Roy at the Hermitage. He could see almost as much of the home party there, as if he were actually with them, and his endless flow of high spirits would make the house lively for the invalid. The brothers and sisters would be always backwards and forwards, and Roy would be quite a centre of gaiety.

Marcus was delighted with the idea, thanked Mrs. Kynaston most warmly for her goodness in sparing the sailor boy to his brother, and walked home with a lightened heart to break the news he had so far kept to himself.

Roy was lying on the sofa in the pleasant oriel window of his airy bedroom, and he greeted Marcus with one of his eager smiles of welcome. He had grown less exacting towards his brother since the fever had left him, and had not spoken again of his fear of being left alone; but it was always plain how much he clung to Marcus, how glad he was to see him after any brief absence, and how reluctantly he let him go again. It was this curious trait in the boy's character that made Marcus feel it so difficult to leave him just now.

"Well, Roy," he began cheerfully, "what kind of an afternoon have you had?"

"Oh, much as usual, thanks."

"Foot bother you still?"

"Yes, just the same; not bad exactly, but bad enough to stop my doing anything. I sometimes wonder if it wouldn't be best to take it straight off."

"Nonsense!" laughed Marcus, "it's doing very well. Lee said from the first it would be slow; but it's tiring work for you, poor old chap."

"Oh, never mind. I shall worry through all right," answered Roy, brightening up under the influence of his brother's kindly sympathy. "Only one gets down sometimes, lying here, nothing happening to mark one day from another."

"Well, something is going to happen soon. I've got a piece of news for you."

Roy looked up eagerly, with the interest of recovery.

"Out with it, then! Is it good or bad?"

"Two pieces, I should say," continued Marcus. "One, I know you'll like—the other, I flatter myself you won't at starting; but I hope you will get reconciled to it in time."

"What do you mean? out with it."

"Well the long and the short of it is that what I told you long ago has come about now, and I must leave home for a little while to wind up some affairs I left *in statu quo*. But I'll be as expeditious as I can; and, meantime, your friend Vincent is coming here to stay with you—Mrs. Kynaston has most kindly promised to spare him—and you will have your friends in and out of the house all day long coming to see you and their brother. You will see much more company than when I am at home, for those youngsters stand in awe of me, I know, though I do my best to win their confidence. The holidays are beginning directly, too, and if you only pick up a little bit more strength you will begin to drive out, and then you will not lack for variety and amusement. Come, Roy, don't look so grave over it. You can spare me, if you have Vincent, can't you?"

Roy's eyes had an anxious look in them.

"You must go, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid I must."

"Then it's no good saying anything, and I shall be very glad to have Vincent, for I hate being alone, and he and I are great friends. But nobody is like you, Marcus."

Marcus laid his hand upon the boy's head.

"Do you know, Roy, that it is very good of you to say and to feel that?"

"Good?"

"Yes, because you have a very reasonable cause to distrust me and my good will; but if you did, you would not feel as you do."

A kind of shrinking look came into Roy's eyes, one of the looks his face used sometimes to wear during his illness, that Marcus never quite understood. The colour flushed his pale cheek.

"Don't let's think about that," he said hastily. "Tell me about Vincent, and when he's coming, and when you must go, and all about everything."

Marcus obeyed, but though he talked frankly and freely, his thoughts were not with his words. He was thinking of that look of pain in Roy's eyes when he had alluded to his mother's will, and to the instinctive shrinking from the subject, as if it was one about which he could not bear to think. Marcus knew that he did not quite understand Roy yet—knew that there was a side to his character so far unread. He could not tell how the knowledge of his mother's will had affected him, but he saw that the whole question was full of pain. He wished to lessen that pain if he could do so without a betrayal of trust. He was pondering how much to say as he talked cheerfully to Roy of Vincent's visit. Presently after a short silence, he laid his hand once more on his brother's head, and looked steadily down at him with one of those clear, steady glances of his that seemed to come straight from his heart and appeal to the heart of his hearer.

"Roy," he said, "we have never said one word about it since I gave the paper into your hands, and left you alone to read it. I knew that you must have been astonished, grieved, disappointed—it could not be otherwise—it must have seemed to you as if there had been underhand forces at work somewhere, as if you had been unfairly dealt by. You had good cause for more than disappointment. You might have been angry, suspicious, distrustful——"

"Don't!" cried Roy almost passionately with that same pained, strained look in his eyes. "I won't listen, I won't think. I know it's all right when I have you, and when you are gone I won't think about it—nobody shall say a word. Marcus, don't be away longer than you can help. You can't think, sometimes, how horrid it all is. I am never safe without you. But don't say another word about that, please. I hate the very thought of it. I know it's all right—isn't that enough?"

"I will only say just this one thing," said Marcus in his steady way. He had hardly taken in the full drift of Roy's agitated, rapidly-spoken words. "It *shall* be all right, as it is in reality. There is something that I cannot explain to you yet; which, indeed, there is no need for you to trouble about; but it was no lack of love or trust on your mother's part that made her act as she did, rather the reverse. And in time you will see that it is all right. It will make no difference whatever to your future, practically you will be exactly in the same position as if you were your mother's heir. You need not let the matter be the least source of trouble to you. You have my word that all has been done in loving anxiety for your welfare, and that you shall never feel the least difference."

Roy lay back with shining eyes; a look as of triumphant pride and satisfaction had settled upon his face curiously blended with an expression of restful contentment; but he did not directly answer his brother's words, he was silent for a long time, and then he said: "You will not be gone long, Marcus?"

"Not longer than I can help. It may possibly be a few weeks."

"Because," said Roy with quiet emphasis "nothing can make up for your absence. I never shall feel quite safe till you come back."

"You talk as if you were in danger," said Marcus with a quick, keen look at the pale face.

"Perhaps I am sometimes—from myself; but not when you are with me. Oh, yes, Marcus, I know what you feel; I have not forgotten what you said to me that night: but I cannot rise to that level: I cannot feel as you do. I suppose I have not faith enough, but, be it as it may, it is human help—your help I trust in. Never mind my fancies, though I dare say they are all folly: but when I came across those words the other day, 'a man shall be a hiding-place from the wind and a cover from the tempest,' I thought at once of you. That is exactly what you are to me."

"Take care, Roy," said Marcus, speaking gravely, yet caressing the wave of brown hair that lay across the pale brow. "Don't you know that if we lean too much on earthly props, they are sometimes taken away from us?"

"Don't, Marcus!" cried Roy quickly; "it would be too hard, too cruel!"

"Not really, perhaps, if we look deeper: only a way of teaching us to put our trust where only it is safe to rest it."

CHAPTER XXII.—JOAN AND HER FATHER.

EVENTS were so few and far between at Windmill House, and changes so exceedingly rare, that the absence of Roger on his self-imposed mission, and the possibility of the arrival of a visitor, made quite a little excitement amongst the younger members of the household, and infected to a certain extent those of more advanced years.

Caroline Edington began to entertain new ideas of a somewhat more ambitious character than she had often indulged of late. Truth to tell she was sufficiently weary of the hard and sordid life they had led for the past fifteen years, and but for an overmastering passion for the accumulation of a fortune for their children, she would have been glad enough to spend somewhat less sparingly the income they possessed. But the hoarding spirit was too strong both in her and her husband to tempt them to break through the lines of strict economy long since laid down; at the same time if some of their objects in life could be attained through the medium of another person, the gain would be very great, and the idea of the guardianship of a rich ward was very tempting. It did not seem at all improbable that if they were to exercise cleverly their power over Roy Edington and their knowledge of the facts of his past life (to which he was yet a stranger) they might gain an ascendency over him that might be turned to good account. After all, they were his only near relations, as well as his legal guardians, and he might be very willing to make friends and be happy with them.

It was characteristic both of Roger and his wife that they should consider themselves the only responsible agents in the matter, and should leave the old father entirely out of the question. He had retired more and more into his own shell of late years, and was practically a non-entity in his own house. He seldom left his own study, for he was somewhat crippled in his lower limbs, and, except for Joan, he would hardly have been aware of what went on in the house. Joan tended him with great dutifulness, and with real affection, but no gentle word ever passed her lips, no mute caress was ever given or received. Love was in no sense of the word the motto of that house, or the mainspring that moved it. Self-interest was the leading motive there, the link that kept its members bound together. It was to the interest of Roger and his wife to keep the old father in helpless seclusion, and to employ Joan as a sort of domestic drudge, and neither of them had rebelled under the restraint imposed upon them, the one from the weakening influence of old age and impaired health, the other from long habit—being so well used to her daily round of duties as never to question by what authority she was made to carry them through. For so many years she had been dominated by the strong wills of her brother and his wife, that she had ceased, as it seemed, to have an individual will of her own. The time had yet to come when she should prove that she was strong enough to act in opposition to them if once roused.

She tried to get her father to feel an interest in Roy, to make him realise that it was he and not Roger who was the boy's guardian. She distrusted Roger and his crooked ways, and felt an instinctive antipathy to any course likely to be proposed by him. But Andrew Edington would not be roused.

"Roger understands all about it, my dear. If there is nobody left to look after the lad, I suppose we must do it; but I leave it all to Roger. He understands these things. I do not wish to be troubled. I do not wish to see him, even if he does come."

"But, why not, father?—why should you leave everything in Roger's hands? Why do you not decide for yourself what you wish done?"

A strange look, half-sad, half-bitter, flitted across the old man's face.

"Do you not understand yet, child, that my life is practically ended, and that I do not choose to be troubled by all these things? When that blow fell upon us fifteen years ago, and I lost everything that makes life worth living, I lost, too, all wish ever to think or to act again—nothing was left to me but to try and forget. A younger man might have tried to begin life over again; but I was too old, and Roger had not capacity—not the capacity to make himself successful in the arena of the great world we lived in then. There was nothing for it but to hide our heads in the one retreat open to us. I do not wish ever to think of the past—it only drives me to despair."

"Why?"

"Why, child? The thought of what we might have been compared with what we are. I believed that I was about to become a millionaire—and look what we are now!"

Joan stood beside the window with a slightly averted face.

"Are millionaires happier than other people?" she asked, with grave simplicity.

"You talk like a simpleton, Joan," said her father, with impatient asperity. "Money is the one thing in the world that ensures happiness, and everything else that is good. Your question only shows how ignorant you are."

"Yes, I suppose I am," was the quiet answer; "but I have not known much of happiness nor of wealth since I was quite a child."

"And that is Hubert's doing," said the old man bitterly. "Yet I am held responsible for the care of his son!"

"I think most likely Cousin Alicia will have made different arrangements for him," said Joan, after a pause. "She never liked us. She kept him quite away from us, when once she got him into her hands. I don't think she would wish him to come here now."

Andrew Edington's brow was clouded; any reference that brought the dead past to his mind was exceedingly painful to him. He had tried to lose in study and in isolation the memory of the bitter disappointment of his life, and the sense of emptiness and blank that it had left behind; but it was an impression that could never be effaced, and that was always ready to be stirred into activity. He spoke sharply now, his brow contracting with pained irritation.

"Roger will see to all that. He will know what is best to be done. He understands things better than you do, Joan, and has plenty of sound sense of his own. But understand one thing, and make the others understand it too. If Hubert's boy comes here, I won't see him—I won't have him brought to me. I was fond of Hubert once—I trusted him, and he betrayed my trust—I will not see his son; I don't want the past brought back. Understand that, Joan; there are some things one can neither forgive nor forget, and one does not want them brought to mind. I will have nothing to do with the boy."

"Very well," answered Joan, in her calm, indifferent way; and she stood beside the window a very long time, looking out over the sunny expanse of barren moor. When she spoke again, it was still in the same tone, although the question asked was somewhat startling. "Father, is there a God anywhere?"

His face expressed an astonishment not unmixed with uneasiness.

"What do you mean, Joan? What has put such a question into your head?"

"I hardly know—thinking of Cousin Alicia, I suppose; she used to teach me a good many things when I was a little girl. One hears things in church, too; but they never seem real. Do you believe in any God, father?"

The old man's hands shook visibly.

"Do you take me for a heathen, Joan?"

"I don't know much about the heathen; I should fancy they could not know much less

or care much less about religion than we do. Cousin Alicia was different; she used to talk about love and happiness, justice and mercy; but those things don't seem a part of our world."

"Nor any other world, child," answered the father bitterly. "It is a cold, hard, cruel place, with nothing in it worth living for, except what can all be lost in one moment of time."

"Yes, that is just how I feel about it," was Joan's answer, spoken half wearily and half carelessly. "It sometimes makes me wonder if this is all we have here—whether we could not find something in the future to live for, something that cannot be swept away so easily."

But the old man only moved his head with a gesture of impatience and irritation.

"You don't know what you are talking about, child. Who knows that there is any future, as you call it?"

"Perhaps we don't know," was the answer, as Joan moved slowly from the room, as unconscious as her father was of the presence of a little listener, who had followed every word of the brief dialogue with undivided attention.

The study was a room nominally closed to all the children, but little Nellie had a way of stealing in, in her mouse-like fashion, and ensconcing herself behind the faded window curtain, with a big book, quite beyond her powers of comprehension. She was so perfectly quiet that she did not disturb the quiet student, who, by ignoring her presence, had not felt it incumbent upon him to turn her out. She liked the quiet and the sense of security she enjoyed here, and though she could understand little of the books she read, they fascinated her and attracted her more than the battered volumes upstairs that she knew by heart.

She looked wistfully out after Joan, as she walked away, and said to herself, with a little sigh: "I wish *somebody* knew if it were true. It would be so nice if it were. I do wonder if Roy will know, and if he will ever come here, so that I can ask him. I hope he will."

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

II.

IT sometimes happened that, after a long and perilous journey, the preacher came unexpectedly upon Christian brethren, whose society more than compensated for hardships passed through. On one occasion Cartwright was "travelling prairie" in winter. He had passed over frozen ponds, plunged through water and ice, until his horse was nearly dead-beat, and he himself nearly exhausted with cold, hunger and fatigue. About dark he reached a cabin, which he found to be inhabited by a Methodist class-leader and exhorter. Here he was kindly and warmly received. He shall tell what followed in his own words:—"We sat down to supper, and I partook of it with a relish only known to a weary, hungry man. We had prayers, and the most of us got shouting-happy; and one of the interesting sons, while we were all engaged in prayer, was solemnly convinced; and, after praying in mighty agony for several hours, the Lord blessed him with a powerful sense of the forgiveness of his sins. For hours we sang, prayed and shouted together; then I retired to rest, and slept as sweet and sound as if I had been bedded on a divan of King Solomon's palace. This young man shouted and praised God nearly all night. This is the way God converts sinners in the backwoods."

The Methodists of the West, in Cartwright's early days, were a very primitive people. In their religious assemblies they had no forms of prayer, no choirs, no organs. They would walk three or four miles to class-meetings, and home again; and would travel thirty or forty miles to the quarterly meetings. They were very strict and severe in life; they not only abstained from dram-drinking, and avoided plays and dances, and kept Sunday religiously,—they fasted regularly, and refrained from wearing jewellery, ruffles, and any ornamental articles of dress. Young ladies, when converted, abandoned gold chains, earrings, and lockets, regarding them as idols; and a story is told of a wealthy gentleman who, when convinced of sin, tore the ruffles off his shirt and flung them in the straw, as something unsuitable to a man in earnest about his soul!

At the same time that these primitive Methodists were scrupulous to avoid worldly amusements and ornaments, many of them were very ignorant of, and excusably inattentive to, the usages of polite society. There was a certain Brother Axley, who had been "raised" in the backwoods, who was a powerful and useful preacher, but who was more at home in a camp-meeting than in a drawing-room. On one occasion Cartwright and Axley were fellow-guests at the house of the Governor of the State, and the former relates some amusing oddities of conduct on the part of his brother minister. Brother Axley, being served with the unjointed leg of a chicken, took it in his fingers, gnawed the flesh from the bone, and then whistled for a little lap-dog that was in the room, and flung the bone upon the carpet for the dog to consume! When the good brother was offered tea or coffee, he asked for milk, declaring that his

friends had quite scalded his stomach with giving him hot drinks! To sleep in a stone house, and in a plastered room, was no ordinary experience for one who had been almost "raised in a canebrake." But, notwithstanding his lack of polish, the good brother Axley is declared by Cartwright to have been a great and good minister of Jesus Christ.

It was but seldom, however, that Methodist ministers were entertained in governors' houses. They lodged for the most part in log-huts, and although they seldom lacked food, their stipends were insufficient to buy them clothes, for which they were largely dependent upon the bounty of kind Christian friends.

Religion is no doubt essentially and substantially the same in all lands, in all ages, in all states of society and of civilisation. Yet the forms which it assumes vary with circumstances. And there can be no doubt that, at the beginning of this century, the condition of the western parts of the United States was such as is hard for us even to represent to ourselves. The scattered population, the scanty provision of churches and schools, the rough life of the settlers, the utter lack of refinement,—all concurred to affect the form which Christianity took, and the methods of which it made use, when it made its conquests over human hearts and human society.

In order that the people might be brought together in large numbers for social worship and instruction, and to hear the word of God preached and enforced, it was necessary that special measures should be adopted. Camp-meetings were a natural and simple expedient for overcoming the difficulties of the circumstances. A place was fixed upon, and a meeting was announced. In some instances a rough shed was put together, capable of holding as many as five thousand persons. Families—men, women, and children—came from an area of forty or fifty miles round. Tents were pitched; rude log-huts were improvised, even waggons were used as domiciles for the time being. The people brought their provisions with them, though hucksters seem to have attended these meetings for the purpose of supplying the wants of the multitude. A succession of religious services occupied the days, and a great part, in some instances the whole, of the nights. Ten, twenty, or thirty ministers attended, and by them an incessant round of public devotions and of preaching was kept up. These meetings commonly lasted from four to five days; but upon occasion they were protracted, so that sometimes they extended over three and even four weeks. The singing was always of a noisy, but hearty description; the prayers peculiarly fervent; and the religious addresses and appeals were often not only earnest, but pointed and powerful. As the preacher depicted before impenitent sinners the wrath of a righteous God, and the terrors of the judgment-day, it often came to pass that the minds of many were convinced of their guilt and danger. In such cases, there was no restraint or reserve. The cry for mercy filled the place of assembly. The contagion of sympathy enlarged the impression, and one after another joined in the supplications. The penitents, or "mourners," as they were called, were led to a certain part of the building, where they were encouraged to pray, and where prayers were presented on their behalf. They were pointed to the Saviour, and urged to accept the Gospel and cast themselves upon Divine mercy. After a shorter or longer interval of fear and conflict and entreaty, some of those affected would experience relief as they rested in the gracious promises of the word of God. In the language of the camp-meeting, such were "powerfully converted," and "got," or "found religion." In many instances such experiences proved the beginning of a new and better life.

In such scenes Peter Cartwright was at his best. His temperament fitted him to take a leading part in such religious exercises. His own enjoyment of religion dated from a revival, and what more natural than that he should feel at home in meetings where a general concern for the salvation of men was deeply felt and publicly manifested? In recording the proceedings of camp-meetings at which he officiated, he frequently describes the widespread impression produced by the services. The hearers of the word are said to have "fallen right and left"; more than a hundred sinners "fell like dead men" under one sermon; five hundred Christians at once shouted aloud the praises of God.

The number of persons who attended these camp-meetings was, considering the scantiness of the population in the West at that period, amazing. Sometimes 25,000 souls were present on such occasions. Several preachers were sometimes addressing different congregations, each from his own stand or platform. It is said that at the meeting at Cane Ridge from one to two thousand persons were so affected as to declare their readiness to be on the Lord's side.

Revivals differed in outward circumstances from camp-meetings; but though usually held in regular places of worship, they seem to have been conducted in very much the same way, and to have aimed at very much the same end, the conversion of the irreligious and sinful.

These exciting religious exercises were attended, as has often been the case, with remarkable physical manifestations. Those who were violently affected by the preaching were seized by a convulsive nervous affection known in the backwoods as the "jerks." As is usual in seasons of religious excitement, these convulsive affections were in a manner contagious. The persons impresed took to shivering, running, jumping or barking; some lay for hours in a state of trance, and upon recovery told marvellous stories of what they had seen or heard, described their visions, professed to prophesy, or to work miracles. The peril of such excitements is manifest.

The "Shakers" were a sect who laid more stress upon physical manifestations than upon religious truth. Cartwright clearly saw their error, and boldly exposed their delusions and follies. Yet Cartwright records that he has seen 500 persons in his own congregation "jerking" at one time. He felt the ludicrous element in these phenomena, as is apparent from the following

observations :—"To see those proud young gentlemen and young ladies, dressed in their silks, jewellery, and prunella from top to toe, take the 'jerks' would often excite my risibilities. The first 'jerk' or so you would see their fine bonnets, caps, and combs fly; and so sudden would be the jerking of the head, that their long loose hair would crack almost as a whip!"

The preacher's ready wit stood him in good stead on one occasion, when two young men swore that they would horsewhip him for giving their sisters the "jerks." They had seen Cartwright drink from a phial, which really contained nothing more serious than a little peppermint, but which they fancied contained something that caused the disturbance in question. "Yes," said the preacher, drawing out his bottle, "if I gave your sisters the jerks, I'll give them to you!" At the sight of the phial, the young men turned and fled; and the victory remained with the evangelist.

It does not seem that Cartwright did anything to discourage these singular manifestations, the prostrations, tremblings, and other developments. He was well aware that they sometimes led to insanity, and sometimes to disease terminating in death; but he believed that the rough and hardened natures with which he had to deal needed to be penetrated by influences mighty and violent, and his observation convinced him that the agonies of contrition and fear experienced at the services in question were in very many cases the commencement of a truly Christian career; also he evidently delighted in wielding the power he was conscious of possessing. On one occasion, he records, "several hundreds fell in five minutes." On another occasion, during a warm exhortation, "suddenly an awful power fell on the congregation, and they instantly fell right and left, and cried aloud for mercy." And again, "not less than thirty persons were smitten down." Once more: "Suddenly the power of God fell on the congregation like a flash of lightning, and the people fell right and left, some screaming aloud for mercy."

There were, however, times when all the preparations and apparatus for a revival seemed in vain. The people who came together, says Cartwright, were sometimes "as ignorant of Methodism and the power of religion as the beasts that perish." The preachers on one such occasion did their best, but the preaching seemed powerless, and the meeting dragged heavily. However, the ministers prayed in private, exercised faith, and renewed their endeavours. Brother Cook said to Brother Cartwright, "If I strike fire, I will immediately call for mourners, and you must exhort; if I fail to strike fire, you must preach!" The result was, that Cook's discourse melted the audience into tears, and that when Cartwright followed, "the power of God suddenly was displayed, and sinners fell by scores through all the assembly." Some fell to the ground, others ran into the woods, and the preachers had no further cause to complain of lack of interest and life.

PARIS AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

III.

THE Rue St. Jacques is one of the oldest streets in Paris; it is still narrow and still retains its name. One night, it was the 4th of September, 1557, some priests of the College of Plessis[1] saw lights in a house opposite.

Horror! the Huguenots were holding an orgy. The neighbourhood was aroused, the chains run up at the ends of the adjoining streets, and, in order to obtain materials for the stoning of the malefactors, they began to break down the garden wall. The unhappy company who had assembled for no other purpose than to celebrate the Lord's Supper, found it impossible to leave. Some gentlemen cut their way with the swords, but one was killed by the stones and his corpse rendered almost formless.

The police came towards dawn, but, though accompanied by the *procureur du roi*, they dared not bring the women out. "We will burn the house down, if they remain," cried the mob. Forced to descend, the unhappy women, pelted with mud, were with difficulty carried off to the Châtelet and lodged in the dungeons. One, a young lady of twenty-three, the widow of a nobleman, after having had her tongue cut out, was strangled on the Place Maubert and then burnt. She protested that it was not legal to take her tongue; they replied, it is by the secret law.

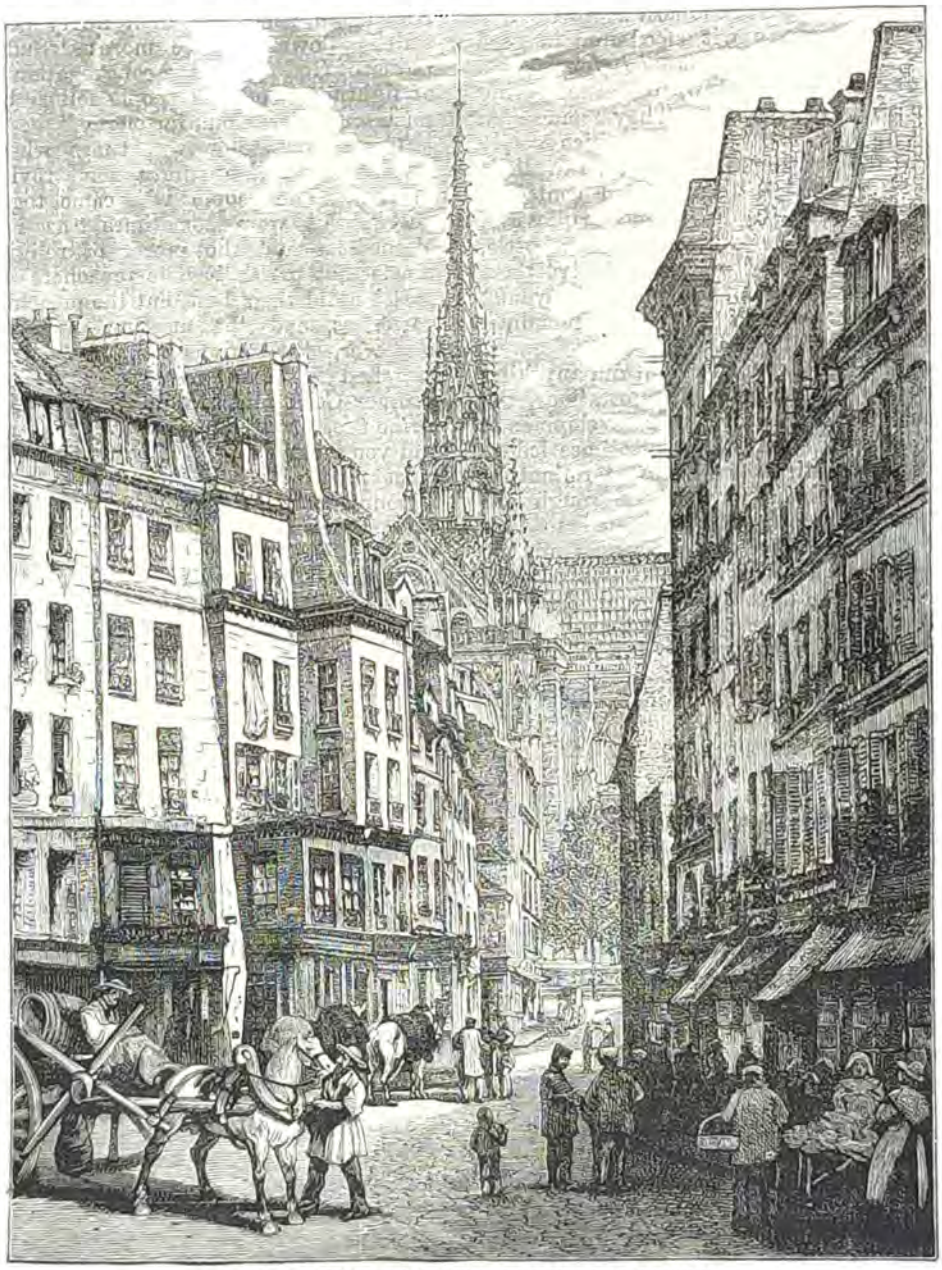
Why was she singled out to be put to death? Because Bertrandi, keeper of the seals and cardinal, had solicited her estates. She had friends at court who hoped to save her, but directly they heard this they knew that there was no hope. It was the custom. Diana of Poitiers pushed François I. and Henry II. to the murder of the Huguenots that she might have their goods.

The Lady of Graneron had for companions in tribulation two members of the Consistory in Paris. Five days after, two more Protestants suffered at the pillory in the Faubourg St. Germain. The wind blew away the flames, making their end very dolorous and slow. Several Bibles and New Testaments were consumed with them. Two students followed shortly after, and then came

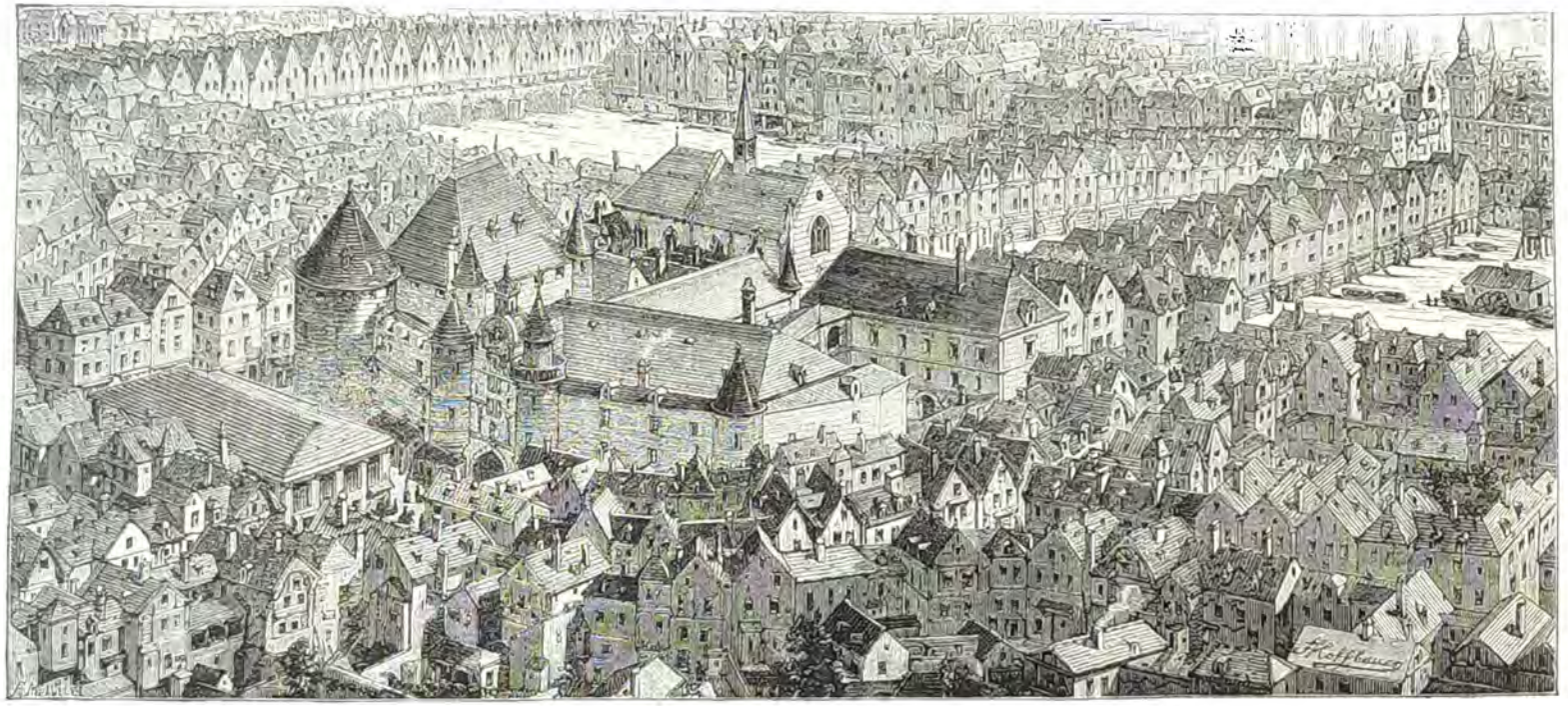
[1] This college bears now the number, 115, Rue St. Jacques, and is in the occupation of the *École de Droit*.

four noble ladies. These last were supported in the hour of trial by exhortations from Calvin. In the following year there were still thirty persons in the dungeons of Paris on account of the affair of the Rue St. Jacques. What kind of places some of these dungeons were may be gathered from the names of two—one called *La chausse d'hypocras* was like a funnel, with a narrow pipe at the bottom, in which a man could neither stand, sit, lie, nor kneel without suffering. Another, called *Fin d'aise*, suggests tortures similarly ingenious in their cruelty. Paris was, in fact, a city of prisons.

Not only were there the great public prisons, the Bastille, the Conciergerie, the Great Châtelet, and the Little Châtelet, but all important personages, as well as all fortresses, abbeys, and monasteries had their own and sometimes several prisons. Our engraving represents the Grand Châtelet and the surrounding neighbourhood as it appeared in the sixteenth century, but to realise its oppressiveness one must exercise a little imagination. To look down upon it as we do in this picture from the freedom of the skies, was very different from looking up at its grim walls, as seen from the narrow streets around. Nothing, except the gibbet at Montfaucon, was more gloomy in Paris, and when seen at night after the curfew had tolled, the obscurity lit up by candles protected by lanterns, it looked dreary as Newgate,



PLACE MAUBERT—THE SCENE OF MANY MARTYRDOMS.



LE GRAND CHÂTELET—ONE OF THE CHIEF PRISONS OF OLD PARIS.

With a bird's-eye view of the Neighbourhood, showing the Seine crossed by several bridges laden with houses

The two immediately between the Châtelet and the Pa'ais de Justice had a series of water-wheels, and were inhabited by millers

though, certainly more picturesque. As Newgate is not far off Smithfield, so the Great Châtelet was close to the Meat Market in Paris, the odours from which did not lessen the horrors which came on the sensitive mind in traversing this dismal locality. Enter in imagination that great gateway you can see in the picture at the base of the central pile. It is a silent vaulted archway, except for the sombre and regular tread of the guards on duty. The solid walls effectually stifle the cries, the groans, the sighs of the wretched prisoners who lie entombed in the cells above and below: in some cases deprived of air and light in subterranean dungeons on a level with the happier dead in the neighbouring *cimetière des Innocens*. There were prisons in Paris into which the captive was lowered by a pulley, as a bucket is dropped into a well. It was not at all uncommon for the water to penetrate, and the unfortunate prisoner to spend his days and nights in company with rats and toads. Sometimes the prisoner was altogether forgotten, but this was not commonly the fate of Protestants; their enemies thirsted too much for their blood.

And why? It is a delusion to say it was religious bigotry. The religious convictions of the people who committed these atrocities were pliable as damp clay, and flexible as india-rubber. The Guises could, on occasion, pretend to anything. As to Catherine, she believed in nothing but astrology. Her son, the infamous Henri III. had, as a youth, such a fancy for Huguenotism, that he used to worry his sister to burn her missal, and read nothing but the Protestant psalm-book. Many of the bishops were Huguenot in doctrine; Jean du Bellay, bishop of Paris, with whom Francis I. dined on the day they roasted a number of Lutherans *à l'estrapade*, was a friend of Rabelais and Melancthon, a man of the Renascence. Why, then, this horrible cruelty?

The Cardinal of Lorraine alone had eleven bishoprics, some of which were rich as a princedom; the Cardinal Bourbon, almost as many more; each of the great noblemen plundered king and country after a similar fashion; even Coligny and his brothers commenced in the same way; it was the mode.

No doubt the weak had always laboured for the strong, the poor for the rich, but there had been to some extent a well-graduated scale in the social hierarchy hiding the painful fact. Now the case was glaring, and hundreds of the smaller nobility, having suffered the inevitable ruin resulting from the process, were full of hope and enthusiasm at the new and great word Reform. These movements filled those in possession with alarm, they saw the day of reckoning approaching, and they were even prepared to commit any atrocity rather than disgorge their plunder.

As long as they could, they hoped to do it in the name of the law. But, to their dismay, they found that the idea of Reform had penetrated the *Palais de Justice*, and that many councillors in the Parliament of Paris were secretly Huguenots. The Cardinal de Lorraine advised the king to hang at least half-a-dozen of them, and Henry II., who had entered into a secret conspiracy with Philip of Spain to exterminate the heretics, thought he would make a beginning. But conscience long suppressed, could not contain itself. When the king came to preside in Parliament, one councillor dared to hint that it was he and not the reformers who troubled France; while another protested that it was no light matter to condemn men to the flames who died invoking the name of Jesus Christ.

The protester was immediately arrested, for it was easier to get men put to death on suspicion of heresy than for a crime purely political. Anne Dubourg, one of the noblest men in France, was hurried off to the Bastille. But while his fate hung in the balance, the king was suddenly called to his account. He was slain in a tournament by accident, and over his body, so it was reported, a tapestry was thrown depicting Saul on his way to Damascus: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

At Henry's death, things grew worse, for the Guises obtained control of the government, which they conducted by the usual means of despots. The spy system was worked in a diabolical manner. A man who had been in an official position in the church of the Reformed in Paris, sent the cardinal lists of the wealthy and leading members; and another scoundrel, a man named Freté, who knew how to talk evangelically, was put into the cells with the Huguenots, and there, under the belief that he was a brother, suffering for the cause, secrets were freely let out which no rack would have obtained. Of course the tyrants were deceived, and thought the reformers more powerful than they really were.

Their organisation was in reality only just beginning, and it is a striking fact that, in the midst of such dangers, the Paris Huguenots dared, in 1555, to appoint a minister and a consistory. A gentleman wanted his child christened according to the reformed faith. He moved his friends to elect a minister.

After prayer and fasting a young man of twenty-two, named Jean le Maçon, a student of law, was appointed, who proposed that a consistory of elders and deacons should be chosen, and thus organised church-life began in Paris. Its worship was always secret, for its ministry could only be exercised in a clandestine manner. On the least suspicion, the pastor was removed, and thus there were frequent changes. Four years later, 1559, the pastor of that date, Chandieu, returning from the provinces to Paris, brought news that there was a desire among the churches for a common organisation.

It was decided to assemble the deputies in Paris from the 26th to the 28th of May. It was the very year that Henry died and the Guises began their reign of terror. Nevertheless, these Protestant deputies prepared their common confession of faith, besides getting through a quantity of practical business. Possibly among them was Bernard Palissy, for the Church of Saintes was represented. All had to be done with the closest secrecy, for what happened shortly after proves the bloodhounds were not far off.

The very house in the Rue de Marais, in which, as it is believed, the Synod was held, was

suddenly invaded by the police, and the aged father, the wife and children of the owner, the Sieur le Visconti, were hurried off to the Châtelet, where the old man and the wife perished from misery. The Rue de Marais had long been watched, and, on the Friday in question, the lieutenant-criminel arrived with his men, and, surrounding the house where the informer Freté lived, and which was contiguous to that of Visconti, they hoped to seize sixteen persons who were taking dinner. But in a moment nearly all had escaped through various passages, some gentlemen, retainers of the King of Navarre, remaining to cover their flight with their swords.

Nothing could be worse than the position of the reformed in Paris at this moment. Not only were they forbidden to assemble under pain of being burnt alive, without even the form of trial, and their houses razed to the ground; not only were their houses daily visited, but on the slightest suspicion, they were thrown into the Châtelet, where the lieutenant-criminel was empowered to execute summary judgment without appeal; moreover, such a feeling was aroused in the mob, that they were ready on the slightest provocation to attack the Huguenots in the streets and throw them into the river. It was easy to detect Huguenots, for altars were set up before the figures of the Virgin at the corners of the streets, at which passers by were obliged to bow or to run the risk of being taken for a Huguenot, and arrested, if not lynched, by the mob. Protestants were imprisoned *en masse*, and among the sufferers during this horrible time was Anne Dubourg. His execution was reserved as an opening act to the festivities of Christmas, 1559. On St. Thomas's Day, December 21st, he was escorted to the place of execution by six hundred horse and foot soldiers. Soldiers lined the way, and still further to disperse the crowd, sundry burnings and hangings of victims took place at the same time in various parts of Paris.

In the Place de Grève, the bourn of that tumbril in which the holy martyr sat surrounded by spears and drawn swords, thousands were congregated, every window filled with heads. Oaths, ribaldry, and horse-play, varied the monotony of waiting on this cold wintry morning for the few moments of excitement when a fellow-creature would quiver in the agonies of a public death. Amongst the crowd was a young law-student with a strong mind and a burning soul. François Holtman, a native of Paris, saw Anne Dubourg ascend the gallows, and was probably near enough to hear him say as he took off his clothes: "My friends, I am not here as a thief or a murderer, but for the cause of the Gospel." And then, mounting the ladder, he exclaimed: "My God, do not abandon me, for fear I abandon thee." "All Paris," says a Catholic chronicler of the time, "was astonished at the constancy of this man; his sermon on the gallows doing more harm than a hundred ministers would have been able to do." One result was the conversion of Holtman, who henceforth gave himself to the cause.

This was the atmosphere to breed general revolt, and the next year saw a great effort to throw off the yoke of the Guises in what was called the *Conspiration d'Amboise*.

The "attempt was a failure." The conspirators were chiefly Huguenot noblemen of the poorer class. They were unsupported by the rank and file of their party, and Coligny and his brothers held aloof. Thus the Guises gained the day, and their revenge was terrible; however, the young law student who saw Dubourg die, and was in the conspiracy, wrote a truly awful little book called "The Tiger of 1560." Charles de Guise, Cardinal-Archbishop, and duke of Rheims, is there pilloried as long as the French language shall last. No Frenchman that ever lived, not even Voltaire himself, could have written more vitriolic French. Every word was a stab.

The cardinal sought its author in vain. One day a stray copy was found in a small bookseller's shop in Paris. The unfortunate tradesman was condemned at once to be executed at the Place Maubert. As he passed to his fate, surrounded by a furious mob, a trader from Rouen on his pack-horse was coming through the street. Shocked at their inhumanity, he cried. "Eh! what, my friends, isn't it enough that they lead him to the scaffold? Do you want to torment him beyond his sentence?" Riding on to his inn, he was followed by some priests, who cried: *Huguenaud! Huguenaud!* Upon which the mob threw themselves on his baggage which they knocked about madly.

At all this hubbub, what they call "Justice," as cynically remarks the chronicler, himself a president of Parliament, what they call Justice arrived on the spot, and took the Rouen trader into custody, leading him off to the Châtelet. Here he was interrogated by a creature of the cardinal, one Du Lyon. It was not of the slightest use for the unfortunate man to declare that he had never heard of the book called 'Le Tygre,' nor knew anything whatever of the bookseller just hanged. Du Lyon gave in a report to the judges which sealed his fate. He was ordered to be taken to the Place Maubert, and there hanged in the same spot as the man whom he had dared to pity. Some days after, being rallied at a supper party on the iniquity, Du Lyon replied: "What would you have? We could not get the author of 'Le Tygre,' and we had to satisfy the cardinal somehow, or otherwise he would never have left us in peace."

RICHARD HEATH.

GETHSEMANE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.

"Who in the days of His flesh, when He had offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him that was able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared."—*Heb.* v. 7.

THE reference here is, of course, to the well-known incident that occurred in the Garden of Gethsemane. Nothing is said by the Evangelists about the "strong crying and tears"—at least not about the tears; but such an outburst of emotion would be perfectly in keeping with the account which they give; and indeed (as I think we all feel) would be perfectly natural. Never before, and never since, was such a strain put upon a human body and soul; and that an intensity of distress past conception should find expression in every way that was open to it, was no more than we should have anticipated under the circumstances.

According to the argument of the apostle in the passage to which our text belongs—the Saviour, as the servant of the Father, as sent by Him to accomplish the work of redemption—was under the necessity of learning the lesson of an absolute submission of will to the Divine will. To suppose that, in attaining to this point of perfection, the Saviour had to pass through no struggle and to make no effort, is totally to forget the reality of His human nature. Had Christ's body been a body only in appearance, as some have taught, or had He not been endowed with a human will, as others have asserted, then, doubtless, everything would have gone on smoothly, and no difficulty would have arisen. But the corporeal nature of Jesus Christ was as real, and tangible and true as yours and mine; and He had a will, like ours, capable either of surrendering itself to, or of opposing itself to, the will of God. It was the consequence of the possession of this bodily nature that He shrank from the cup appointed Him; it was the consequence of the possession of this human will that He had to gird Himself up to the effort of an entire submission to the purpose of the Father.

Now to such a shrinking and to such a conflict the apostle points in the passage before us. Why was there the "strong crying and tears," but that the Saviour recoiled—naturally and innocently recoiled from the horrible cup of suffering that was put to His lips? His will was not to drink it. But then, on the other hand, He recoiled with even more abhorrence from the idea of disobedience to His Heavenly Father. And then His will was to drink the cup. You observe that He is placed, as it were, between two fires, and into one of the two it seems as if He must inevitably fall.

The conflict was tremendous. It threw Him into an agony of prayer, and His prayer, we are told, was heard. But how was it heard? Was He spared the agony? Was the cup of anguish permitted to pass away, and disappear from His view? No! He was not spared a solitary pang! He had to drink the bitter draught to the very dregs. But the answer came in the shape of a sustaining, supernatural power which invigorated His failing humanity, and nerved Him for an entire and unhesitating submission, and imparted to him the calm and the power of an imperturbable peace. He was heard on account of His godly fear—for the sake of His reverential devotion to the will of the Father. But let us advance to look a little more closely at the story itself.

I. In the earlier days of our Lord's ministry it is possible that He may have been, more or less, saddened by the presentiment of the sorrow that was coming upon Him before His career had drawn to a close; but there is, as far as I can remember, no allusion to the fact in the sacred record. When the end, however, approached, the dark shadow of what He called His "hour" began to project itself over His spirit, and to fill Him with anguish and alarm.

On one occasion He speaks of the baptism that He is to be baptised with, and tells His disciples that He is "straitened" until it be accomplished. His meaning is obvious. He is experiencing the horror of suspense. Suffering anticipated is, very frequently, far more terrible than suffering undergone; and Christ would plunge at once, if it were possible, if it were permissible, into the thick of His terrible trials rather than remain at a distance, awaiting and expecting them.

On another occasion when the request of some Greeks to be allowed to have an interview with Him, reminds Him of the sacrifice that is to be offered up on the cross, He passes through a phase of feeling, which may be said to be a rehearsal of the scene that occurred in Gethsemane. Involuntarily, as it would seem, and almost as if holding a soliloquy with Himself, He exclaims that His "soul is troubled"; and the expression is especially significant, when we remember the calm steadfastness of His usual demeanour. And why is He troubled? Because He is reminded of the approach of His "hour." And the remembrance forces the petition from His lips, "Father! save me from this hour!" But then, close upon this expression of natural, human shrinking from anguish, comes the recollection of the fact that it is for the very purpose of passing through this hour that He has come into the world; and then the recollection of that other fact that it is His business in the world to do the Father's will; and His first prayer is immediately corrected, and, as it were, counteracted by the second: "Father, glorify Thy Name!"

In all this we have, as I have said, a sort of participation and rehearsal of Gethsemane. But

let us now, without any further delay, pass on to Gethsemane itself. See what light it throws upon the text, which we have now to consider.

When the supper was ended, and Judas had gone out, taking away with him the dark cloud of his traitorous presence, the Lord Jesus began to speak freely to the faithful eleven who remained there, who had continued with Him in His temptations. After awhile the stream of His conversation ceased to flow. He seemed to have finished all that He had to say; and He rose up from the table with the apparent intention of passing out of the room into the streets; and through the streets to the garden, to which He had been accustomed to resort during that memorable week for the purpose of meditation, and of communion with God. But as he stood there—the disciples standing round Him—a tide of thoughts rushed into His mind, to which He judged it best to give immediate expression, and He finished His discourse, ending with the marvellous high-priestly prayer, with which we are all of us familiar.

Then He goes out with His disciples into the illuminated streets, threading His way through the crowd, and before long stands outside the city-wall, on the slope of the mountain which overhangs the valley of the Kedron. The night was bright, for the Paschal moon was up in the sky, but the two mountains—that I mean on which Jerusalem stands, and the Mount of Olives, are so close to each other that there would be gloom in the ravine between them, and the rush of the Kedron would be heard before its waters could be distinctly seen. So Jesus and His disciples begin to descend; the gloom of the scene seems to fall upon the Saviour's spirit; something is obviously oppressing Him.

The disciples, though not understanding, participate in His mood, and the little company move on in silence, not a word being spoken amongst them. Presently they cross the bridge that spans the stream, and then ascending the opposite mountain-path, arrive before long at an enclosure surrounded by a high stone wall, and there they make a halt. This enclosure is the Garden of Gethsemane. It is full of large olive-trees, and belongs (we suppose) to some friend or disciple of Jesus. Here Jesus begins by making a separation amongst His disciples. Eight of them He leaves at the gate of the enclosure, and with the remaining three (who are the most capable of sympathising with Him) He advances under the shadow of the olive-trees.

Soon the gloom which has already rested upon Him begins to deepen, and He tells the disciples that His soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. He is sore amazed and very heavily oppressed and appalled. An indescribable horror overwhelms Him, and He feels as if His bodily frame must give way under the strain and pressure of the mental agony. He will go a little way from them. Let them stay within sight—within call—it will be a comfort to Him to feel that they are not so very far off—and let them watch and pray! But He must suffer alone.

And so He leaves them, going to a short distance and kneeling down and pouring out His heart in supplication to God. Soon His anguish becomes so insupportable that He can no longer retain His kneeling posture, but flings Himself prostrate on the ground, and groans out, "O My Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me. Nevertheless, not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

After awhile, there seems to have been a little respite, a lull in the storm of misery, for the agony came upon Him in surges. Rising up from the ground, He moves towards the disciples, but finds them sleeping. He leaves them, and another wave rolls over Him, more terrible, apparently, than the former one, for His bodily frame is racked with strange convulsions, and His sweat, tinged with blood, is forced out from the pores of His sacred body and falls in large drops to the ground; and but that an angel was sent to Him from heaven to strengthen Him, He would have given way altogether, and the tragedy of the cross would have been anticipated in the Garden of Gethsemane.

A third time the sad scene is enacted; a third time with strong crying and tears He appeals to His Heavenly Father, and now—His prayer is heard. The cup is not to pass away. That cannot be—but the will is braced to submit itself to the Divine will, and peace, and calm, and resignation have once more taken possession of the Saviour's soul.

Such, briefly and imperfectly told, is the story of the Saviour's agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. And now we have to consider, as well as we can, what is the meaning of it.

II. We shall, probably, all of us feel that it was not the mere apprehension of death which caused the struggle. Everything that we know about the character of Jesus of Nazareth militates against the supposition; and besides, if it was death that He feared, He might easily have escaped over the mountain, and put Himself, in a few hours, far beyond the reach of the malice of His enemies. That He shrank from dissolution, that He clung to life, as you and I do, may be considered certain enough—He could not have been human, if it had not been so—but a recoil of so marked a character, and on the part of such a one, indicates a peculiarity in the cup of suffering that was put to His lips.

Just consider for a moment. How could Christ have set us an example that we should follow His steps, if it were merely death that He dreaded? If that were really the case, He manifested less nerve, less courage, less resolution, less magnanimity, than thousands and tens of thousands of martyrs—men, women, and children—who have calmly faced the king of terrors in his most appalling forms, and have braved his worst. *The fact was, that what Christ had to encounter was not a mere death, but a sacrifice;* in this lies the explanation of the whole matter. It was a sacrifice that He was about to offer. The Lord Jesus Christ was not a mere individual, but the representative of mankind. He took upon Him their cause, and stood in their place before God;

He was the second and last Adam, in whom were included and involved the fortunes of the human race.

Now this peculiarity of position involved Him in peculiar suffering. In the first place, having identified Himself with mankind, He felt intensely the evil of their wrong-doing and sin. Their shame was, as it were, a shame to Himself; their trangression was, as it were, His transgression.

Do not say that this is a fictitious and unreal feeling. Have you never heard of a family that has felt itself disgraced by the disgrace of one of its members? They have nothing to blame themselves for. The lad was brought up well—he had a good example set him; but, in spite of everything, he took to wild courses, associated himself with worthless and dissolute companions, and went rapidly down the broad road until he arrived at degradation and ruin.

Now, can the family detach themselves from him, and profess themselves to be altogether unconcerned and indifferent? You know that they cannot. In proportion to their own excellence, and nobleness of character, and refinement of feeling, they cannot. Carry this thought then on to Christ. He was the brother of sinful man; He had bound Himself up with them: had become one of them: bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh. And when He *realised*, by close contact, their unworthiness, their hatred of His Heavenly Father, their greed, their cruelty, their malice, their foul passions, their miserable avarice, their bitterness towards one another—His soul was oppressed and troubled within Him, and the burden of human brotherhood pressed heavily upon Him.

But this is not all. Indeed, I think we may say that the feeling just spoken of was not restricted to the time with which we are now concerned, but was experienced, more or less, throughout His whole life. There is something much more important than this to be taken into account. Sin involves us in suffering; but the worst sting of sin is, that it separates between us and God, and compels God, by a necessity of His nature, to turn the full terrific darkness of His frown upon us. The horror of a soul which lies under the shadow of the Divine wrath we can only very imperfectly conceive.

Now it was just this mysterious wrath of God against sin which the Lord Jesus Christ as our representative had to undergo. It was this, which caused the agony in the garden; it was this, which wrung out from Him the bitter cry upon the cross, "My God, my God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" He underwent all this of His own free will; He accepted the cup, but He shrank from it. It was through a struggle, and by Divine help granted in answer to prayer, that He was able to drain the cup to its dregs.

What He underwent, how He underwent it, what was the precise nature of the misery He was called upon to suffer—of course I do not know. I only know that He endured it, not for His own sake, but for us. And this also I seem to know, that by far the worst part of the Saviour's suffering for us was the mysterious suffering of His soul. The physical pain to which He was called upon to submit, the intolerable restlessness, the tension of the strained nerves, the fever, the thirst, and then the humiliation, the shame, the scorn, the maltreatment which He underwent at the hands of men—all this was as nothing, when compared with the agony which fell upon Him in Gethsemane, and with the horror of great darkness which enshrouded Him, as He hung upon the cross.

III. And what shall be our practical conclusions?

First, this (a most comforting and encouraging one) Christ hath made hell impossible for His people. What is hell? Well, a place, if you like. Yes, of course, it must be; for I remember a verse in one of our Lord's parables in which the tares are to be gathered together in bundles, and cast into the fire. And the expression points to a calling-out of the wicked, from all ages, and generations, and peoples, and a bringing them together into one hideous fellowship—apart from the good, and apart from all good influences — shut up among themselves. And probably it means that there are external inflictions of misery to descend upon the wicked. But this seems clear enough that hell, properly understood, is the condition of a soul that clings to its sin and refuses to be separated from sin, and is unchangedly fixed in its antagonism to God, and on which therefore God is compelled to turn the intolerable anguish, the fearful darkness of His wrath and indignation. Now if this be hell, it is obvious enough, that you, who belong to Christ, can never come into it. You may have to undergo pain, loss, distress, suffering, perhaps agony, God alone knows. You will certainly have to suffer if you do wrong. Your discipleship will not except you from the laws which God has laid down for the moral government of the universe. But the horror of Divine wrath against sin you can never know. You may have many and many a cup of suffering to drink; but *that* cup will never be put to your lips. For Christ has been beforehand with you and drained it dry.

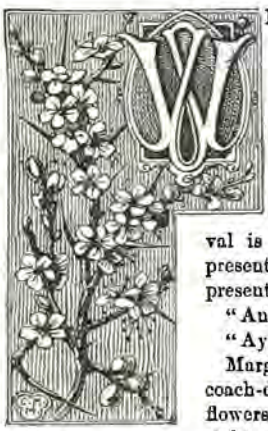
Lastly, let us carry away this thought, that if you and I come, by the teaching of the Spirit, really to understand the meaning of Gethsemane and Calvary, life can never be for us exactly what it is to other people; or, perhaps, what it was to us before. There are many persons, I fear, who gaze on the sad scene with, probably, not an altogether uninterested feeling, with some stirrings of human compassion, and yet much in the same way as that in which they contemplate a tragedy acted on the stage. "Is it nothing to you" (cries the prophet), "is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted Me in the day of His fierce anger!" Yes, to not a few, it is nothing. It is a picture, and nothing more; a thing to be lamented over and reprobated; but nothing more. But if *the inner meaning* has

been revealed to us, and we see at what a tremendous cost our redemption was obtained; if we perceive that the horror and shame of the crucifixion were merely the thin superficial covering of a still profounder horror beneath endured for us—then life will be changed. I do not say that it will be made gloomy. Far from it! The life of the Christian is the only truly noble life! But the shadow of the cross will rest tenderly upon it. And the self-abandonment of the worldly, the self-indulgence, the insatiable thirst for pleasure—the mad pursuit of gain, or place, or fame, or power—will become perfectly impossible things. They will be replaced by self-control, and self-restraint, and we shall pass through this world with a calm, but not a harsh and unkindly superiority to its allurements, because, under the strong constraint of gratitude and love, we are living unto Him, who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

SANTA LUCIA.

A STORY OF CORSICA

CHAPTER III.



HEN Santa Lucia came out of the church with Pietro, she beckoned Margherita to her.

Taking one of the poor woman's thin hands between her own, she caressed it, speaking to her in gentle, loving accents, "The festival is coming, and there will be presents for Margherita, regale, presents!"

"And flowers?" asked Margherita.

"Aye, flowers and fruit."

Margherita's ill-fated lover, the coach-driver, had always brought her flowers or fruit from Ajaccio, and the sight of either delighted the poor girl. Santa Lucia, remembering that she had a spray of orange-blossoms in her hair, removed it, and fastened it to Margherita's dress.

The girl cooed over the fair flowers, singing,

Il bel flor'
Fa ben' al cor!

(The beautiful flower does the heart good.)

But almost immediately after, she broke out into one of her hoarse, frightful laughs.

Santa Lucia, nothing repelled, drew Margherita to her again, stroking gently her wasted hands, and talking to her, until she evoked a smile of confidence and pleasure which made Margherita look quite herself again. Had Santa Lucia's father permitted it, she would have kept Margherita with her at home, for, she perceived clearly that, as a few loving words and acts went so far to calm and soothe the girl, a continuous life of association with one who would be a kind and considerate companion might bring about her complete recovery.

As it was, much of that which her carefulness had wrought in favour of Margherita, was undone by rude boys, and brutal men and women, who jeered at and irritated the girl. And when thus irritated, Margherita would become dangerous; her long thin hands would be clenched in rage; she looked ready for a spring, and her eyes would flash, while she uttered her hideous laugh.

A little way out of the village of Santa Lucia, where the road turns off on the right to Tralonca, and the mule-path winds to the left across the mountain to Corte, there runs, under the overhanging cliff, a crystal stream.

Towards this spot, young Catalan, in a fit of jealousy and bitterness of heart against Pietro and Santa Lucia, had wandered, brooding over the thought that Pietro in his ecclesiastical dress was a young hypocrite, and that likely enough Santa Lucia, with her pretended zeal for religion, was as bad. Somehow an idea had sprung up in his mind that these two understood one another, and it filled him with jealous anger. He was fond of Santa Lucia, and now, because he fancied she was hankering after this other boy, he could have crushed her and him.

Thus cogitating evil and spite, he clambered up the steep, rocky side of the cliff above the stream, and lay down with a stifling sense of resentment and bitterness, which would have been ridiculous, were it not so capable of being murderous. And mixed up with this resentment, was a cruel rage against poor Margherita. Why had she as it were parodied his words? It was as if an evil spirit had entered into him with seven other spirits more evil than itself, to urge him on to a state of preparation for some horrid deed.

While Catalan thus crouching on the rocks mused upon his imagined grievances, Santa Lucia and Pietro hand-in-hand came walking out from the village to the spot beneath him, where the paths separated.

"'That the happiest life is one of the greatest usefulness to the greatest number,' I have always, since I thought seriously, believed. But of late I have concluded that this is not necessarily the exclusive privilege of a religious career. It would be presumption on my part to suppose that you think as I do, but I believe your views will change."

So spake Pietro.

"Our paths," Santa Lucia replied, "lie apart; as these paths before us do, though they both tend to one direction. Padre Rocca says that you will master these thoughts, as other men have done. I hope you will. I have always believed you destined for the church."

While they were still talking, from the rocks above him there came crashing down upon Pietro, before he could realise the danger, a huge boulder. Catalan had watched their approach, and in ungovernable rage, thinking little of any consequences, had detached the stone, and set it rolling. The mass was upon Pietro before he could cross the brook, and he fell heavily forward, insensible.

As he did so, a loud, shrill cry, followed by a hideous laugh, echoed across the ravine, and Margherita bounded down the path towards the spot where Pietro lay.

She saw the blood streaming from his head, and looking up the rock above she saw Catalan, like an evil genius, frowning down upon her. The madness in her awoke. She scarcely saw Santa Lucia. Seizing a huge stick, she began to clamber up the rocks to the ledge where young Catalan stood. A cold shiver came over him. He felt sure she was bent upon attacking him. When she was furious, he knew she could be dangerous too. There she was, scaling the rock nearer and nearer. He could not fly upwards, the rocks above him were almost like a bastion. Should he stand his ground, or try and rush past Margherita? For a moment he wavered, then, as Margherita gained ground, another murderous impulse came

upon him, and again detaching a huge piece of stone from the rocks, he hurled it down upon Margherita. It struck her, and she, losing her balance, rolled down the cliff.

Enrico Catalan saw how his horrible deed had too surely cleared a passage for him, and, frantic and beside himself, he sped down the rocks, leaping like a goat from boulder to boulder, flying onwards down the mule path, and up over the heather, and plunging into and over the fields beyond, until the lights of Corte glimmered in the distance.

Then he halted to wipe his forehead, and his practised ear heard distinctly, on behind, the sound of feet striking on the rocks he had left behind, as if in pursuit.

Fear came upon him! Already the avenger was after him. The Corsican knows what that means. It means to be tracked and hunted down, aye for weeks and months together, until at last the blow is struck, and revenge taken, an eye for an eye, blood for blood.

The Brigand of Corsica is not a thief, or highwayman. The men who are in the mountains, hunted down by gendarmes and spies are not the enemies of society in general. Some one man has wronged another; that other has become his executioner; and having usurped the rights of the law to deal with such cases, has had to flee before the jealousy of the tribunal, and has become an outlaw, menaced as much by the mounted gendarmes as by the reprisals of the relatives of the man whose blood he has taken.

Fear gave fresh vigour and speed to young Catalan, and he soon was far, far ahead of his pursuer. He did not halt once however, till he came to his father's house; he let himself in, took a mantle, filled a havre-sac with provisions and started off again at once out of Corte; nor rested till he had scaled a height overlooking the river where, in a stone hut, he lay down to pass the night.

He wrapped his mantle round him, and began to reflect. He shuddered at all that had happened. The evil spirits that had urged him on to frenzy and crime, seemed now to have abandoned him to despair. Ah! he understood what he had lost for ever by his savage rage; the esteem of his father, of Santa Lucia, of all the better beings he had lived with. And then he began to wonder who his pursuer could be. He felt sure some one was upon his track. But who? Margherita had no brothers, no parents, no one to avenge her, and Pietro had no relations but the priest, and he was an old man.

He ate and drank sparingly, and then lay back to listen to his own heart beating. Sleep he could not.

What was that sound below, at which he started, raising himself on his elbow, holding his breath?

It was the pursuer's footsteps tearing down the hard highway by the river below. He could see the form of a tall, strong-looking man, and the form seemed familiar to him. But, where had he seen it before?

The pursuer passed by the spot where he had climbed up to his hiding-place, and sped onwards. He hoped the man would go very far before discovering that he was on the wrong track. But it was clear to him that he must seek security in flight.

He rose again, cautiously descended the rocks, regained the road to Corte, and under the walls of the old citadel, struck into the path to the Tavignano bridge, and crossing it, fled up the highway to Venaco and Viarreggio.

Half way between these villages, as the morning dawned, he lay down to slumber in another shepherd's hut, high above the road, on a steep cliff where he hoped to be out of danger; and fatigue overpowering him, he fell asleep.

He awoke with a fearful yell of fright. Some one was kneeling on his back, pinioning his hands behind him.

Suddenly he was grasped by the neck, twisted round, and thrown violently against the wall of the stone hut.

A tall man with haggard face, long shaggy hair and beard, and eyes half starting from their sockets, glared at him.

"What did you want to kill her for? I killed her reason, you have killed her outright. She had jilted me; she had done you no wrong. Do you recognise me? It was I that upset the coach! Oh! the years of anguish I have passed since then! Perhaps you too will live to curse yourself for this madness that has made of you what I have been—a murderer!

"Why have I lived all these years? How have I lived? I will tell you why, and how. Why? because I loved Margherita. How? anyhow, by stealing a fowl one day, by trapping a bird, a rabbit; by stealing a loaf, a flagon of wine, a few cheeses; by catching and milking a goat; anyhow. Often I have starved for days together. But, my old friend Beppo has helped to keep me alive.

"Sometimes I have crept down into the village to see Margherita, and twice I have kissed her in her sleep, as she lay on the church steps at night. And now, you have robbed me of my only incentive to life. I could kill you for this; but I will leave you here for to-day, while I return to Santa Lucia. If I find Margherita is dead, I will return and kill you. If she recovers, I shall leave you where you are, to escape if you can."

So saying, the man turned and left Catalan to his fate.

Enrico Catalan tied hand and foot in the stone-hut on the cliffs above the Venaco-road, at first gave way to despair. But hunger and self-preservation prevailed, and aroused him to effort. He dragged himself to his havre-sac, after long trying succeeded in opening it with his teeth, and satisfied his hunger and thirst.

The threat, "I will kill you," was, he felt sure, no idle one, but how was he to escape?

He could not break the thongs that bound him, but could he not get some one to set him free? He had many friends who often passed by on the road below. If but he could hail one of them!

For some hours he lay on the rock at the threshold of the stone-hut looking down on to the highway for some well-known figure to pass. At last, a goatherd, of Corte, whom he knew, passed by.

He gave a loud whistle, familiar to the man, who, on his repeating it, looked up and replied.

Soon he saw him ascending the rocks. He was saved! He would be able to fly. His friend had a mule with him: he would borrow it, and ride off to Ajaccio, and take the first steamer to Tunis or Algiers.

This friend had soon loosened his bonds. To tell him a trumped-up story, to borrow his mule, and ride off to Ajaccio, was easy. Once there he could borrow money from his uncle and escape from all reprisals.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. III.

Reject nine of the words in this figure, and arrange the others to form a saying of the Lord Jesus.

Ye	The	God	Of
For	More	Life	Ever
Kingdom	Fruit	On	Tree
First	Grass	Field	Seek

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

THE MARCH OF ISLAM.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH, M.A.

I.

"IS IT THUS," SAID THE KHALIF OMAR, "THAT YE COME OUT TO MEET ME?"

BUSY men in the hurry of affairs cannot be expected to compass all historical knowledge, and yet there spring up controversies which cannot be determined satisfactorily without acquaintance with special fields of history. This has been pre-eminently the case in recent discussions about Islam. It may, therefore, be helpful, rapidly and lightly to sketch the leading features in the past career of that religious system.

That must have been a mighty force, which within a hundred years from the prophet's death (in A.D. 632), had spread the wings of empire from the river Indus to the Atlantic Ocean, toppling over the old and illustrious kingdom of Persia and planting its standard near by where

once was Carthage, occupying the sacred spots of Palestine and owning the Pyramids of Egypt, revelling in the gardens of Damascus, and shouting its war-cry before the gates of Constantinople.

For though when a hurricane breaks through a forest, as if a park of artillery had opened upon the trees, there will have been decay unperceived at work beforehand, this does not account for the force of the wind. Rottenness was in that Empire of Rome, and in that kingdom of Persia, but there was also in the onrush of the Arabs the combined momentum of strong physique and of a mighty enthusiasm. They had earned their hardihood by the struggle for existence in an inhospitable country, and they were, for the first and last time in history united as one man. Firm belief in a recent revelation had seemed to bring God and destiny very close to them, and this presentment of deity was in the guise of a special Providence directing them to victory.

The problem therefore was, how long could this new development of Arab-life retain its primitive bodily vigour, and how long would this overmastering enthusiasm constrain these Arabs? What we propose to show is the manner in which time and circumstance solved that problem.

Naturally the first objects of attack were those nearest, the neighbouring countries of Persia, Syria and Egypt. The first of these was still independent, the latter were provinces of the mighty Roman Empire, which had then its capital at Constantinople. The battle of Cadesia, A.D. 635, practically settled the fate of Persia. Like the usual Moslem fights it consisted of many onslaughts, for the Arab dashed on with his cavalry and archers, and not with a heavy ponderous mass. The combat was consequently protracted for three days. A whirlwind of dust finally helped the Arabs, and in the triumph, the royal standard of Persia was captured. It was a blacksmith's leather apron, and the fortunes of this homely symbol had betokened the fate of the people. A blacksmith had once delivered them; but this badge of heroic poverty had in course of time become enlarged to the almost incredible dimensions of twenty-two feet in length and fifteen in breadth, and was disguised and almost concealed by a profusion of precious gems.[1] It was like a presentation sword, which has a hilt of gold and jewels but is worthless as a blade. As a useful garment of leather the ensign had been potent, as a regal toy it was only fit for parade, not for the battlefield.

The Arabs were now in their turn the simple, frugal, downright energetic warriors, the men who could dare and do, and who, with 40,000, could rout thrice their number of Persians. Indeed it was with amazingly small armies they won most of their campaigns. With 16,000 troops they subdued Egypt; with 12,000 they overran Spain. They plunged on with the violence of an avalanche, and nothing could resist them.

But victory brings luxury, and the next scene lifts the corner of the curtain upon a stage with the beginning of new manners and fresh ambitions. It is the next year, and at the capitulation of Jerusalem. The patriarch had agreed to terms, but it was felt that the ancient and sacred associations of the place required something more august and striking than the mere entry of a conquering general and his soldiers. So the Khalif Omar was sent for from Mecca, to lead his people in in solemn state. It was an occasion that might tempt to magnificence, and so the army thought, for they paraded to welcome their sovereign with flashing silks and embroideries—the spoil of fallen cities—their beasts also being gorgeously caparisoned.

The aged khalif, who had been a friend of the Prophet, sped him on his journey in a shaggy sheepskin cloak, with coarse, patched, woollen undergarments. Rough saddle-bags were thrown over the back of a single sorrel camel; these had parched grain in one pouch, and dates and dried fruit in the other. At his saddle-bow the khalif had a skin of water, and behind him a wooden platter. One slave attended him, who, at times, rode the camel, whilst the khalif dismounted and walked by the side. At night, he slept indifferently in a little tent of coarse haircloth, or under a tree.

Thus apparelled, and with such regal train, the man who already ruled the second largest empire in the world, and was competing with the first, approached his army, and greeted them with a startling salutation.

Catching sight of their dainty array of silk and bravery, he cried out in disgust—"Is it thus that ye come out to meet me? Have two years effected such a change?"

Then he snatched up handfuls of gravel and flung it in the faces of the astonished generals. But the men were not corrupted yet; they rose to the humour of their sovereign, and they were all the prouder of him for it. It was easy to toss off their gaysome finery, and to bare the stern armour underneath. In an instant every man did this.

"Enough," shouted the khalif, with a smile of delighted approval. "Go forward!"

Yet can we wonder if, in another fifteen years, Arabia had grown too drear and sterile for the rulers of Islam, and the new dynasty of the Ommiades removed their state and pomp to Damascus, the most inviting city of the East? For less than half a century, under Mohammed and his four immediate successors, Arabia held the primacy; thenceforth, until to-day, it has been content with the religious prestige of its two cities, Mecca and Medina, and with the authority upon religious matters of its Mecca doctors. For the following hundred years Damascus was supreme, and then the glory of the Khalifate passed from the Ommiades, under the black flag of the Abassides from Damascus to Bagdad.

This change was achieved in a drenching bath of blood, for every representative of the Ommiade family was slain, except a single individual, who, through a series of the most hairbreadth adventures, escaped to Barbary, and thence to Spain, where the Moors had already established them-

[1] Ockley's "History of the Saracens." Bohn's edition.

selves, and where he, breaking away from the Khalif of Bagdad, erected a separate Moslem kingdom, and became the famous Abd-er-Rah-man I. He had, in his first flight, reached the banks of the River Euphrates, and there he lingered.

One day his little boy ran into the tent in a fright, for the black flag of his enemies was on the horizon. Hastily seizing the lad, he made for the river, accompanied by a young brother and one servant. His pursuers called to him from the bank, offering safety, and the brother, exhausted with swimming, and tempted by this offer returned, only to have his head instantly chopped from his body.

Day and night Abd-er-Rah-man sped on to Africa, and there wandered five years upon its northern sea-board. He was twenty years of age, and of handsome mould, but blind of one eye, and with no sense of smell; a man, however, of high ambition and amazing capacity. Something of a poet, too, for he addressed a poem to a solitary palm which he had transplanted from the land of his ancestors.

"Like me thou art separated from relations and friends; thou didst grow in a different soil, and now thou art far from the land of thy birth."

In this he was a thorough Arab, a compound of sentimental feeling, untamed daring, and ruthless ferocity.

At the supreme moment of his life, when he had been besieged in Carmona, in Spain, and shut up for two months by the Abasside general, he chose seven hundred of the bravest of his followers, kindled a fire, into which he and every man cast the scabbards of their swords, and then, with naked steel, dashed through the circle of his foes. The heads of their leaders he tied up in a bag, with labels in their ears, and forwarded the parcel by a Mecca pilgrim to the khalif, who exclaimed, "Thank God, there is a sea between that man and me."

Four illustrious cities were founded by the Moslem, namely, Kufa, Bassora, Cairo, and Bagdad. Around Bagdad, with all its glamour of "Arabian Nights," the romance of Islam is haloed. Here it was the celebrated Haroun-al-Rashid held his court, and here, for five hundred years, the khalifs lived, in the first days veritably ruling, but in the later years being nothing more than gilded figure-heads, like the Mikado of Japan, or the *rois fainéants* of early France.

It was at Damascus, however, that the style of architecture known as Saracenic first took shape, and that letters began to be cultivated. Walid I., at the beginning of the eighth century, after having built a grand mosque at Cairo, and enlarged the one at Jerusalem, and scandalised the prejudices of Mecca by much alteration and beautification there, finally dispossessed the Christians at Damascus of their ancient Church of St. John the Baptist, and on its site "employed workmen by the thousand in erecting a mosque, in which, by uniting the architecture of Greece and Persia, he laid the foundation of the Saracenic style."[1] But though starting at Damascus it was at Bagdad that the æsthetic pride of the Moslem culminated, unless, indeed, we except Granada, with its famous Alhambra.

This is the pleasant side of the picture, the other is a wretched veining of self-indulgence and intrigue. The Ommiade Khalifs were few of them "teetotallers," and it is said that of all the Abassides there was only one who abstained, namely, Mehdi, the father of Haroun-el-Rashid. Omar II., a Damascus Khalif, died from indigestion. "A Syrian Christian made him a present of two great baskets of eggs and figs, and in his gluttony he ate them both one morning, adding to the mass a large number of grapes from Taif, a quantity of marrow and sugar, a kid, six fowls, and seventy pomegranates." If we discount this narrative ever so much, on the ground of Oriental colouring, there remains a sorry spectacle of degeneration in the nominal head of a religion. His cousin, who preceded him, had also died of a surfeit. Of course there were many great and noble rulers, and these particular instances the other way may be extreme; but they are at least typical of that temptation to which unparalleled power and wealth are exposed, and of the creeping cancer of luxury which is the bane of despotism. The Saracens had speedily advanced far on the route of perilous knowledge and in the taste of forbidden fruit, from that day when, at the taking of Madayn, in Persia, they mistook camphor for salt, and mixed it with their bread, being astonished, when they had done so, at its bitterness. They deserve, at the same time, a full meed of praise for their contributions to science and letters. The Arabic words Algèbra, Alchemy, and Chemistry, to go no further, attest the origin of familiar sciences, and the Arabic numerals are used in Europe to-day.

Yet even here it must not be overlooked that Bagdad owed much to the influence of Persian Traditions, that land of the "Wise Men of the East"; for as Greece in captivity conquered through the arts her own conquerors, so did Persia. In Spain, too, where literary advancement was the highest that it ever reached under the mantle of Islam, there were three co-operating circumstances. First the Jews had assisted the first Arab conquerors, and were consequently always favoured afterwards. The ill-treatment of the Jews under the Roman Catholic sovereigns robbed Spain of the enterprise of this nation, and helped on the degeneration which has marked that kingdom in the last three hundred years. Secondly, commerce conveyed to Andalusia under its Moorish monarchs the refinement and culture of the Greeks; whilst, thirdly, the Moorish kingdom in Spain was by the fact of its rebellious origin in a measure cut off from the remainder of the Mohammedan world, and thrown upon its internal resources. Thus it was brought to be enlightened and tolerant very much by the concurrence of local conditions.

Meanwhile, through the whole course of Mohammedan history, there has been one most remarkable element of power. This has consisted in the wonderful manner in which Mohammedanism has been able to recruit itself

[1] Gilman's 'Saracens,' p. 322, in the "Story of the Nations" series.

from the more robust of Pagan races. Arabs even by marrying extensively in the lands they subjugated could not have multiplied sufficiently to garrison the large extent of the world's surface which they so soon managed to occupy. It was in another way they retained their mastery, remaining themselves the aristocracy in each country. In Africa they converted the Berbers, men of very kindred temper and qualities to their own. The use they made of these ardent neophytes may be judged from what happened in Spain. There, the Arabs possessed themselves of the fairer portions of Andalusia, and pushed forward the Berbers to the front, to be their breakwater against the small but vigilant and invincible remnant of Christian Visigoths, who were in the wild highlands of the Asturias. There these Christians were still holding on very much as the British did in Cornwall and Wales after the Anglo-Saxon invasion of our island. In after years, in Spain, the Moorish monarchs sustained their authority by drilling into a permanent bodyguard and standing army large numbers of Slavs, who, sad to say, were imported and sold to them by Christian (?) merchants. Similarly, in the East, the Turks came forward and propped up the tottering throne of Bagdad, ultimately superseding it. The Mongols also set up the empire of "The Great Mogul" in India. This not merely enlistment, but actual religious absorption of vigorous and strenuous heathen populations, has constituted the vitality of Islam, and is a factor in its influence well deserving to be regarded. We can see the same process repeated in Africa: there fine races, like the Mandingoes and Foulahs, have been captivated. But, nowadays, there does not appear to be much more of this sort of Pagan element left on the earth, this hard quartz out of which gold can be crushed. When therefore this particular material is used up the resources of Mohammedanism will be at an end, and the fires of their ardour will have no remaining fuel to feed upon. For we may rest assured that they will never compete with Christianity, even with that broad nominal Christianity which is at the present moment supreme as an energising and dominating power wherever it moves.

I may hazard a prophecy that, from such date forward, Islam will have finished its allotted task in the earth, and will be numbered amongst the dying systems. Already we can discern signs of this issue. At present there is not in the world a single district of the older ones under Mohammedan government that flourishes. Those new partial civilisations in Africa are of too recent growth, and altogether, as compared with those which we reckon civilisations, too low in scale to be of durable character under the advancing conditions of modern life. Magnificent regions, such as Egypt, Asia Minor, and a portion of Persia, lie more or less waste, impoverished and desolate, partly because of the selfish despotism of the government, and partly because of the sluggish fatalism of the religion. Half-tilled fields, a bankrupt exchequer, and the existence of state-officials, who from highest to lowest are open to bribery, are sure symptoms of political decay. One who has studied the subject closely writes: "Notwithstanding its fair show of outward observance, and its severe legal enactments, there is something in Islam, which strikes at the very root of morals, poisons domestic life, and (in its truest sense) disorganises society. Freedom of judgment is crushed, and a barrier is raised, not merely against the advance of Christianity, but against the progress of civilisation itself. It is impossible to account for this peculiar feature in Mohammedan nations by attributing it to the peculiarities of Oriental races, or other accidental circumstances. The great cause lies in the religious system which they profess, which binds them hand and foot. For everything in religion, in law, in life, and in thought has been measured for all time. Mohammedanism admits of no progress in morals, law, or commerce." [1]

[1] Hughes' 'Notes on Mohammedanism.' Introd. pp. xi., xii.

PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

III.

IT would be a mistake to suppose that Cartwright's power lay wholly in declamation and appeal. He had a firm grasp of the great central doctrines of the Gospel, and had great power in stating and enforcing them upon his hearers. A camp-meeting was held in the Roaring-river Circuit, in a neighbourhood which was at the time infested with Arian teachers, who had shaken the faith of many in our Lord's Deity. Cartwright tells us that at this meeting he for two hours held listening thousands spellbound, while to the best of his abilities he defended the supreme Divinity of Jesus Christ, and "riddled Arianism." At the conclusion of the sermon, he called upon all believers in our Lord's divinity to raise their right hand, and they did so by the thousand. Many Arians recanted, and many sinners sought and found mercy through a Divine Saviour. Cartwright's explanation of the incident is very characteristic:

"It was plain to me the Lord had given marching orders to the legions of little Arian devils to the lake, as He had done to the swine in the days of old; and when these were cast out, it was quite easy for the possessed to come to their right mind."

But, although well able to expound the truth in an orderly and systematic fashion, Cartwright seems generally to have met with most success when he trusted to the inspiration of the moment. He very ingenuously confesses that at one place he completely disappointed the expectations of the people, although he had done, as he thought, his very best. He saw his mistake. "So," says he, "on Sunday night I mounted the stand, took my text, and though I had loaded in a hurry, drew the bow at a venture, and let fly arrows in almost all directions. Some laughed, some cried; some became angry; some ran; some cursed me right out; some shouted; some fell to the earth; and there was a general uproar through the whole encampment. Our meeting lasted all night, and the slain of the Lord were many; and although this discourse was delivered without connection, system, or anything else but exhortation, I redeemed myself, and now it was admitted that I was a great preacher."

In striking contrast with such scenes was an incident Cartwright has put upon record which happened in the course of his journeys. On a dark wet day, he reached a place where he was quite unknown, but where he was appointed to preach. He found only one hearer: however, he preached, and made a deep impression upon his audience. This man spread the preacher's fame abroad, and upon his next visit he found a crowded church, and his labours in that apparently unpromising place issued in a great revival, and in many accessions to the Society.

Many are the instances recorded in which Cartwright displayed marvellous tact and presence of mind, especially in dealing with troublesome and dangerous opponents. A young man, being reproved for behaving ill during the services at a camp-meeting, threatened with many curses to whip the preacher in revenge for the insult. Cartwright invited the young fellow to follow him to the woods and fulfil his threat. It happened that the preacher made a movement with his right hand, which his opponent misinterpreted. "Ah, you are feeling for a dirk, are you?" In a moment Cartwright saw and followed up his advantage, exclaiming, "I'll give you the benefit of all the dirks I have!" he rushed at the young man, who took to his heels and escaped. He was caught by some of the rowdies present, who ducked him in a pond within an inch of his life, so that he was glad to leave the camp.

Such gatherings as those above described, could not take place without occasional disturbances, which called for great wisdom and boldness on the part of the conductors. On one occasion the morning service in the camp was interrupted by two young men with loaded whips, who were known to be supported by a rabble armed with dirks, knives, and clubs. Cartwright was preaching at the time, and requested the disturbers to desist from their annoying conduct. He called upon the magistrates to interfere, and a scuffle took place, in which the preacher threw one of the young men to the ground, and flung down a drunken magistrate who took the part of the disturbers, and then struck on the ear the ringleader of the mob, and felled him to the earth. Order was restored, and the prisoners were secured and put under guard. On the evening of the same day, when the encampment was lighted up and the trumpet blown to call the people together, Cartwright addressed the assembly upon the appropriate text, "The gates of hell shall not prevail." The impression upon the people in their excited state was tremendous: "Not less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle; the air was filled with loud wailings from penitents, and with triumphant shouts from rejoicing Christians." The meeting lasted two days and nights, and as a result, two hundred persons were added to the church.

The difficulties in the way of managing these vast gatherings were not always from without. "Idle professors and idle spectators" sometimes crowded into the spaces set apart for "seekers" and "mourners;" and on one occasion Cartwright was obliged to clear the place of all such persons, and, as he recorded, with the happiest results.

No man ever lived who was better adapted to deal with "rowdies" than was Peter Cartwright. Some of his methods cannot by any means be defended, and can only be excused by the singular state of society which existed, and the very exceptional characters with whom he had occasion to deal.

At a certain camp-meeting the "rowdies" were much enraged because the Methodist leaders had the groggery under guard, and would not allow intoxication. They threatened mischief, but Cartwright defied them, declaring his readiness to "whip the whole regiment." When all had retired to rest, the disturbers approached the camp, barking, howling, hooting, crowing, and, in addition to these annoyances, throwing "chunks" at the tent. Cartwright endured this until daybreak approached; and then determined to put an end to this nuisance. We tell what followed in his own words: "One ring-leader among them came right before the preacher's tent, clapped his hands, crowed, and passed on. I stepped to a fire close by, and gathered a chunk of fire, and threw it, striking him right between the shoulders, and the fire flew all over him. He sprung and bounded like a buck. I cried out, 'Take him; take him!' but I assure you it would have taken a very fleet man to have taken him, for he ran as though the very devil was in him and after him. When I returned to the tent, one of the guard came and told me that they were taking wheels off the waggons and carriages; and, looking through an opening in the tent, I saw one of them busy in loosening my carriage behind the tent, where I had tied it to a sapling for fear they would run it off. I slipped round, gathered a stick in my way, and came up close behind him, and struck at him, not with much intent to hurt, but to scare him. However, the stroke set his

hat on one side of his head; he dashed off in a mighty fright, and, his hat not being adjusted right, it blinded him, and fleeing with all speed, he struck his head against a tree, knocked himself down, bruised his face very much, and lay senseless for several minutes. When he came to himself, he was as tame as a lamb, and his dispensation of mischief was over. This put an end to the trouble of the rowdies, and afterwards all was peace and quiet."

Peter Cartwright was a man well able to put down braggarts. Travelling through a wood one day, he came upon a party of rough fellows, who were abusing Methodist preachers generally, and Cartwright in particular. One of the band avowed his intention of whipping Cartwright the first time he saw him. The dauntless evangelist rode up to the party, saying, "Who is it among you that is going to whip Cartwright?" The man who threatened came forward, and Cartwright, facing him, observed, "Cartwright is known to be much of a man, and it will take a man to whip him, mind you." The preacher added: "I never like to live in dread. My name is Cartwright. If you really intend to whip me, come and do it now!" The braggart professed not to believe him. The whole party entered the ferry-boat to cross the river, when the blaspheming boaster broke out in a fresh volley of curses on Cartwright. "Hereupon," said the preacher, "I said to a gentleman on the boat, 'Here, hold my horse,' and stepping up to this cursing disciple, I said sternly to him, 'Now, sir, you have to whip me as you threatened, or quit cursing me, or I will put you in the river and baptize you in the name of the devil, for surely you belong to him.' This settled him, and, strange to say, the man was ever afterwards my warm and constant friend."

The backwoods preacher could use clever strategy as well as force. Being much annoyed and interrupted in the conduct of a camp-meeting by a turbulent whisky-seller, who went about armed, and who defied the constable, Cartwright took the man in hand himself. Rising in the middle of the night, he stole quietly to the whisky-seller's waggon, and found him sleeping. He took the man's gun and ammunition, struck the waggon bed with the muzzle of the musket, and cried out, "Wake up!" The man sprang to his feet, and felt for his gun. "You are my prisoner," said Cartwright, "and if you resist you are a dead man!" The poor wretch surrendered, begging that his life might be spared, and that he might not be taken before the magistrate. Cartwright made him at once harness his team and start and leave the place, first pouring out the powder, and discharging the gun, that he might be tempted to do no more mischief.

The same adroitness was shown by the backwoods preacher in dealing with a party of Mormons, who were holding a mock camp-meeting in ridicule of Cartwright's services, and one of whom was so foolish as to personate Cartwright himself. In the course of the meeting, Cartwright stole into the Mormonite assembly, and whilst they were profanely carrying on a pretended revival, seized a favourable moment to introduce confusion amongst the multitude. "I fetched," says he, "two or three loud whoops, and said, 'Here! here! here! officers and men, take them! take them! every one of them, tent-holders and all!' and I rushed on them. They broke, and ran pell-mell. Fortunately, five or six little lads were close by, from our encampment, who had been watching me, raised the shout, and rushed with me into their camp. But all the motley crowd fled, tent-holders and all, and the lads and myself had not only peaceable but entire possession of all their whisky, goods, chattels, and some arms, and not a soul to dispute our right of possession. Thus you see a literal fulfilment of Scripture: 'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth;' or, 'One shall chase a thousand'!"

Cartwright well understood the class of people that a Western preacher had to deal with. There were in many places ruffians who hated the truth of God, and who would use any means to silence those whose work it was to preach that truth. The state of society was such that it often happened that there were no magistrates or officers to protect peaceable citizens, and that they were compelled to take the law into their own hands. Cartwright was a tall, stalwart, and fearless man, and on many occasions used his bodily strength for his own protection and for the silencing and confusion of opponents.

The reader of Cartwright's Autobiography cannot but be repeatedly shocked by the record of his employment of physical force. It is only by remembering the very different state of society in which his lot was cast, that we are able to make proper allowance for methods of proceeding which it is not possible always to justify. One of his eulogists, comparing him with Peter the Apostle, quaintly remarked: "Our Peter if he has not cut off, has certainly boxed the ear of many a Malchus."

What he did himself in this matter, Cartwright did not hesitate to recommend to others. A young preacher, a powerful, muscular man, was about to travel in a wild, half-civilised district. Cartwright saw in him just the type of man needed for the work. "If you can't convert them with the Gospel," was his advice to the young evangelist, "do it with your fist!" In this case the advice was taken and acted upon, with quick results. The young man was set upon by four miscreants, who were determined to hinder him from preaching. With great courage he felled two of them with a stout chair which he had time to seize, upon which the other two took to flight. His reputation for boldness and for muscularity rapidly spread through the district, and thenceforward he pursued his work without molestation.

It was not always from men that Cartwright encountered opposition in his ministry for Christ. Now and then he met with a woman violently hostile to the truth. When in the Sangaman district, he made the acquaintance of a good and useful local preacher, who had a wife cursed with a vile temper, and bitterly opposed to religion, and to any religious exercises, whether conducted by her husband or by others. Many Christian

brethren had come to the house, and had tried to overcome her hostility to prayer, but she only raged and cursed at them. Cartwright tried his hand. Being at the house one evening, when she objected, as usual, to family prayers, he expostulated with her, but only aroused her wrath and violent cursing. Cartwright shall tell the sequel.

"I put on a stern countenance, and said to her, 'Madame, if you do not be still and behave yourself, I will put you out of doors.' At this she clenched her fist, and swore she was half alligator, and the other half snapping-turtle, and that it would take a better man than I was to put her out. It was a small cabin we were in, and we were not far from the door, which was then standing open. I caught her by the arm, and swinging her round in a circle, brought her right up to the door and shoved her out. She jumped up, tore her hair, foamed, and swore. The door was very strongly made, to keep out hostile Indians. I shut it tight, barred it, and went to prayer, and I prayed as best I could, and then I started a spiritual song, to drown her voice."

These measures were effectual. The woman had found her master; she asked to be admitted; admitted herself to be a fool; and joined in family worship. A real reformation began, and in six months she was a changed character, and became as bold in the cause of God as she had been in the cause of the Wicked One.

The effect of the evangelist's earnest preaching was sometimes heightened by striking and unexpected events which occurred, and which a superintending Providence overruled for spiritual good. Cartwright and a friend were preaching on one occasion to the inhabitants of a very wicked village. Each evening the congregation increased, and there were mighty displays of the power of God. Still, there were some who mocked and made sport, especially two wicked young men, ringleaders in sin; these interrupted the congregation with their oaths and curses. On their way home from the meeting one evening, these young men raced their horses for a wager. The horse of the most daring and presumptuous of the two swerved from the track, and dashed his rider against a tree, so that he was killed upon the spot. "With all his blasphemous oaths still lingering on his lips, he was suddenly hurried into eternity, totally unprepared to meet his God. The tidings of this awful circumstance ran with lightning speed through the village and country round; an awful panic seized upon the multitude, and there was weeping and wailing among the young man's relatives and the people at large. There was no more persecution during the protracted meeting, which lasted for many days; and it seemed, at one time, after this calamity had fallen upon this young man, that the whole country was in an agony for salvation. Very many professed religion and joined the church."

One of the strangest instances of preaching "out of the season" which have ever occurred, even in backwoods evangelisation, took place in Cartwright's ministry, in a lonely spot among the Cumberland Mountains. He put up for the night at a house of entertainment where was a large company assembled for a friendly dance. He was watching the young people enjoying their amusements, when a young lady politely advanced to him, and invited him out to take a dance with her. Here was a situation for a Methodist preacher! He acted on the impulse of the moment; advanced with his partner to the middle of the floor, and then knelt down and proceeded to pray aloud! General excitement followed; exhortations, hymns, and prayers succeeded one another, and the dance was turned into a religious service. Many were converted, and a Methodist society was the result!

A droll story is told which illustrates the gross ignorance of spiritual things which prevailed amongst the people for whose benefit the early American Methodist preachers lived and laboured. Mr. Wilson Lee was preaching at a certain station in a remote part of Kentucky, and was impressing upon the people the duty of taking up their cross and following Christ. Amongst the congregation were a wicked Dutchman and his wife, who was a notorious ill-tempered scold; this couple, strange to say, were deeply affected by the address, and, being convinced of their sin and need, resolved to act upon the advice of the preacher. After the service, Mr. Lee mounted his horse, and rode to fulfil another appointment for the evening. He soon saw ahead of him a man slowly trudging along, and with effort carrying a woman on his back! Recognising the Dutchman and his wife, Mr. Lee sought an explanation of this strange proceeding. The Dutchman replied that having learned from the preacher that those who would reach heaven must take up their cross, and feeling that his bad wife was the greatest cross he had, he had taken her upon his back and was bearing her, in the hope that thus he might save his soul! A more spiritual explanation of the passage in question was given; and it is recorded that both man and wife were truly converted, so that the woman ceased to scold, and the husband was relieved at all events of this heavy and all but intolerable cross.

No man ever lived who was less a "respecter of persons" than was Peter Cartwright. At a certain conference at Nashville, he was preaching in a Methodist church to a crowded audience, and just as he had announced for his text the question, "What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" General Jackson walked in, and took his stand against one of the columns. An officious brother minister, standing close to Cartwright, pulled his coat, and remarked in a loud whisper, "General Jackson has come in!" "I felt," says Cartwright, "a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as He would a Guinea negro!'" It is satisfactory to know that the General was not offended, but expressed approval of the preacher's independence.

The Home Fireside.

A FIRESIDE TALE.

O! THE ruddy welcome shining
In the firelight's cheerful glow,
When the shadows are declining,
And the weary rest may know.
What care we for outside weather,
Skies of blue, or sullen grey,
When we are at home together
In the ending of the day!
Is bleak winter on the meadows?
Love finds blissful summertide
In the changing lights and shadows
Of the home fireside!

Here the father from his labour
Turns for recompense and rest,
Here, at times, the lonely neighbour
Tarries as a welcome guest;
Here, more precious than all other,
Loving-hearted, strong, serene,
Moves and reigns the gentle mother,
Happy as the homestead queen;
Here the heart's first fond affections
Through all after years abide,
Life's most sacred recollections
Haunt the home fireside.

How the children watch the embers,
Seeing visions none may know,
While the grandmother remembers
Treasures vanished long ago!
As the same light flickers o'er them,
And the one love holds them fast,
These, with life stretched out before them,
Her life story almost past,
Hoary head and tresses golden
Are together glorified,—
Dear the young love and the olden
At the home fireside.

In its happy converse, blending
Youth and age in one sweet bond,
In its prayer and praise ascending
Nightly to the home beyond,
All the great world's strife and evil
For awhile are made to cease,
Life attains a holier level
In this nook of calm and peace;
Oh, the soul's best things are dearest,
And its joys, love-sanctified,
Are to God and heaven brought nearest
At the home fireside!

MARY ROWLES.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXIII.—ROGER'S RETURN.

"PAPA is coming home to-day," announced Mildred in the schoolroom, with an air of some importance. "Mamma got a letter this morning to say so."

Nellie looked up quickly from her nook in the sunny window-seat—almost the only bit of sun she ever enjoyed came in at that window in the early morning.

"Is Roy coming too?"

"I don't think so. He doesn't say a word about him—at least mamma says he doesn't" (the tone implied that Mildred had no particular confidence in her mother's veracity). "Besides, if he were coming now, they would have to get a room ready for him, and that isn't being done. I never believed he would come—nobody would care to stay in a dull house like this. I wonder what it is like living somewhere else," and Mildred stretched herself and looked out of the window, with the longing of a wild bird to burst its cage.

"I guess he'd have to come, whether he liked it or not, if papa said he was to," remarked Dick with a grin of a not altogether amiable character. "He's got to obey him just as much as we have, you know."

"Well, that wouldn't come to much!" was Mildred's somewhat scornful retort. "When do you boys ever do anything you're told, I should like to know?"

"Quite as often as you do, Carrots," returned Archie, taking up the cudgels in his turn. "'Tain't for you to come it over us as a model of propriety. You're none such great shakes yourself, that I can see."

Mildred tossed her ruddy gold locks with her habitual scornful defiance of "the boys." Without troubling to answer Archie's attack, she continued to speak to Nellie:

"The boy is to take the pony-cart and to be at the station at three o'clock. He will come straight home without going to his office."

"I'll go for him!" cried Dick springing up. "I can drive that slug of a pony just as well as Jem. I'll go and meet him myself!"

"No, you won't, my boy!" cried Archie, "for I'm going."

"No you arn't, though," cried Dick flushing up hotly. "I spoke first."

"I'm the eldest."

"I can drive best!"

"You can't!"

"I can! Papa said so!"

"I don't care who said so! You can't! and I shall go this afternoon."

"You shan't, I say! I shall."

"Can't you both go?" asked Nellie timidly, fearing that there was going to be what in schoolroom parlance was familiarly termed "a row."

"There wouldn't be room for both of them and papa," answered Mildred, as the boys took no notice of the question, being otherwise engaged in the squabble, "what a noise you do make to be sure. I wish you'd go somewhere else to fight it out."

For it was almost a fight by this time, not carried on altogether in anger, or with any great show of passion on either side, but with a noisy boisterous spirit of pugnacity that was so common between the brothers as to pass almost without comment. Quarrels, angry words and mimic fights had always been the rule amongst these children, and had never been checked, unless the noise became loud enough to disturb the elders. "Children always do squabble and always will—it is ridiculous to think it can be stopped," had been the expression of Mrs. Edington's feeling on the subject, and, accordingly, there had been perpetual wrangling and disputing in that nursery-schoolroom as long as there had been children there. Nellie, from her feebleness, had joined but little in any kind of warfare, and of late Mildred had held herself slightly more aloof; not from any sense of the evil of perpetual fault-finding, and quarrelling, but because she was growing and developing with some rapidity, and did not feel the same absorbing interest in the trifles that had seemed of so much importance once. She had reached the stage when she began to look forward to the time when she should cease to be a "child," and should be called a "girl" or "young lady." She had decided in her own mind that fifteen was the right age for that metamorphosis to take place, and as she would complete her fourteenth year in six months, she was anxious to show how ready she would be to take upon herself the dignity of her new position. She felt it would be derogatory to that dignity to be constantly at logger-heads with her brothers, and she was making very decided efforts to ignore their personal remarks and home thrusts, and to hold aloof from their games and pursuits. They on their part were very little conscious of the change, and they made up for their sister's defection by a more persistent squabbling between themselves.

The hubbub was interrupted by the entrance of Joan, who came to superintend the daily lesson hours. She had some little difficulty in ascertaining the cause of the dispute, and when it was made out she decided that the matter must be referred to their mother. Lessons then proceeded in their usual half-hearted way, without much zest on the part of either teacher or pupil, until the first dinner bell put an end to the penance on both sides, and released all the captives. Lessons were more than usually distasteful to-day from the sense of excitement that

pervaded all the household; in their very monotonous life, even so small an event as Roger's return seemed a matter of interest and importance.

Curiosity was a good deal baffled, however, and expectation disappointed by his arrival alone, and his way of snubbing all inquiries about Roy. The children retired grumbling, half inclined to believe the very existence of this cousin a myth, and Nellie was more disappointed than she had expected to be at hearing nothing definite about the prospective visit. The airy castle she had built for herself seemed now to melt away. There was no likelihood of her ever finding out now whether the things she read or dreamed about were true, or whether they were as Mildred said, only another kind of "grown up fairy-tale."

Not till he was alone with his wife and Joan (and Joan's presence went for nothing) did Roger speak openly of what he had seen and done.

"I found him all right enough, and managed to let it appear that the meeting was accidental. He invited me home and introduced me to the step-brother who is acting as his guardian at present. The Stratfords are county people and live in great style, and Roy has evidently been brought up to the purple as if he were heir of all. He was friendly enough and easy enough to get on with; but the brother was just the reverse, and as he had heard the whole story of the Edington failure and of the boy's parentage from Alicia, he was imbued with all her prejudices. I could see he distrusted me from the first. He was so reserved that I could get nothing out of him. I did not choose to ask a direct question. Roy himself knows nothing. He believes himself to be Alicia's child, and takes his easy pleasant life for granted, as the most natural thing in the world."

"Was he pleased to see you?"

"Yes, quite at first. I was not quite certain later on whether or not he was not a little infected by young Stratford's doubts."

"But you said nothing about the claim you can make in your father's name?"

"No; I thought it best to keep up the notion that the meeting was accidental. The subject was just alluded to, but it passed without anything definite on either side. It was not to Roy, but to the brother I spoke. He seems fond of the boy, and is evidently quite willing to continue the guardianship Alicia left in his hands. I committed myself to nothing. I merely said we might perhaps like the boy to visit us."

"If he is so ready to act as guardian, most likely it is because it is to his advantage; young men do not generally care for the charge of a ward."

"Exactly what I felt myself, my dear; but, of course, he was very close about it. I could make nothing of him."

Caroline Edington mused awhile.

"The connection might be valuable to us in any case, apart from pecuniary advantage, and the boy's keep would not tell much in our housekeeping. Of course, some provision for his minority would be made; but, in any case, I think it would be well to know him. County people, you say?—moving in good society most likely?"

"The very best. Of course they are living quite quietly now because of Mrs. Stratford's death; but I heard plenty about them and their connections. They are in the tip-top society set, and their name is a passport anywhere."

Mrs. Edington sat looking very thoughtful.

"It would be worth while to get a hold upon him, but it must all be done in a pleasant and friendly way—at any rate, at first. The puzzle is how to get him here. There are few inducements to attract him, or to make him stay when once he does come."

"He would not know that."

"He would soon find out; and, whatever our legal power might be, it would be practically difficult, and perhaps even dangerous, to keep him here against his will. What a pity he and his step-brother are such friends; a quarrel now between them would be so very convenient for us."

"Well, I tried to do something to shake his confidence in Stratford. My own opinion is that there is something odd about the whole business, and I've tried to infect the boy with suspicions too. I don't quite understand why the fellow is so pointedly reserved, nor why he keeps Roy so entirely in the dark about his own prospects and position. I wound him up at last to the point of insisting on an explanation, and he is pledged to let me know what he finds out. If things are fair and square, we shall have the certainty that the game is worth the candle; whilst, if there is any complication or underhand work, it may chance to bring about a quarrel, and we can get in as the champion of the boy's rights. He must come into something, and it will be odd if we cannot, directly or indirectly, make profit out of it."

Caroline Edington made a sign of assent.

"Indirectly, I believe we shall; but you must be content, Roger, that the advantage shall be indirect. It is absurd in these days to think of playing fast and loose with trust money, even if it could be touched. All we can do is to work upon the boy's feelings, and make him understand, in a practical manner, what his father's dishonesty entailed upon us. If Alicia has had the bringing of him up, the rest will follow."

"If he comes here," said Joan, speaking for the first time, "he will learn his lesson in an exceedingly practical form."

Her words were not noticed,—were barely understood. Caroline Edington was listening intently to her husband's detailed description of Roy's present home.

"I could wish it had been less pleasant; but, after all, young people like change and the companionship of their own kindred. He may be willing enough to come, and at least it will be friendly to ask him. We will wait a little while till he writes the promised letter to you."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE LETTER.

THAT promised letter was, however, strangely long in coming. July passed, and the best part

of August, and not a syllable had been heard from Roy. The children, from never hearing his name spoken, began to look upon his very existence as little better than a myth, and ceased to talk or even think of him, whilst Roger and his wife began to feel pretty certain that something had happened which had sufficed to put the lad on his guard against them.

"It is provoking," was Mrs. Edington's remark from time to time, "but it is no use pushing things on too fast: we had better wait quietly and see what happens."

She was glad afterwards that she had given this advice, for at last the long-expected letter came, giving a full explanation of the delay; but August was nearly over before the missive came.

"Dear Mr. Edington (Roy wrote):

"You must have wondered why I never sent you the letter I promised, but the fact is I have been ill for a great many weeks, and not inclined for the trouble of writing letters; though as it is only my foot that is hurt, perhaps I ought to have managed it sooner. You wanted to be sure that I was properly provided for, and that my future was well assured. I told you I was sure it would be, and so it is. Everything is quite right, and I shall have all I want. It is kind of you to feel so much interest in me, but you may be quite satisfied now.

"My brother Marcus is away from home just now, and will not be back, I am afraid, for a few weeks longer. They couldn't get on without him at St. Petersburg, for some diplomatic business there. He belonged to the embassy for a long time, and it seems as if, now they have got him again, they mean to keep him. He has been away since the beginning of the month, and his last letter says that his work is not half done yet. It must be a bore in some ways to be so clever and so useful. He quite hoped when he left, to be back in three weeks; but things had got into a mess during his absence, and he has to stop till they are put right again.

"I have a friend staying with me, so I am not lonely, which is a good thing, as I am still too lame to get about and amuse myself. Unluckily he will not be able to stay much longer, as his ship is almost ready for service again (he is in the Royal Navy, and got an unexpected holiday by his ship's getting knocked about in a heavy gale), and he will have to go, but I dare say I shall be better myself by that time. It is stupid not being able to walk or ride or get about.

"I am afraid this letter is all about myself, but I don't know much news mewed up here. Please remember me kindly to the members of your family, although I have not seen them.

"Yours sincerely.

"ROY EDINGTON."

This letter was read with a good deal of interest both by Roger and his wife.

"It is frank and friendly in tone, but too boyish to tell us much. It's a pity he has been ill so long; he would have gone into greater detail had he written at once."

This was Roger's comment, his wife's was of a different nature.

"It is a very satisfactory letter in every way. Its tone shows that no prejudice exists in his mind with reference to us, which is a very important matter. It tells us as much as there is any need for us to know at present of his future prospects, and it gives you an excellent pretext for paying him another visit."

"A visit. You think I had better go and see him again?"

"I do; and see if you cannot get him to wish to change his own abode, at least for a while, The brother is out of the way and cannot interfere, and the boy is evidently sufficiently dull, and in dread of being quite alone. He is certain to be pleased to see you; and, as after an illness, change of air is likely enough to be recommended for him, you might easily prevail upon him and his friends to let you take him away with you. If sea air is recommended, we are in the direct route to Brighton. He could come here on his way to make our acquaintance, and we could then judge of the desirability of his prosecuting the journey farther. He would be better provided with funds if he were starting for a few weeks at Brighton, and as he is lame and unwell he might not rise all at once to the proposal of paying a visit amongst strangers, even though they are his own people. But if you could get him to leave home with you, and come here on his way to the sea, we might, amongst us, prevail upon him to change his plan and remain with us. The children would be wild for him to stay, and if he is the pleasant, open-hearted sort of lad he seems, he might not be impervious to entreaty. We must make him comfortable as far as we can, at any rate, at first; later on, of course, it may be our duty to tell him the whole truth and explain his true position; but there need be no hurry about that, if he will but be reasonable and submissive."

Roger secretly thought that it would take a stronger nature than Roy's to be rebellious against the power of his wife. He stood a little in awe of her himself, her will had long dominated the whole household. In his business-office at Thorne he ruled supreme; but in his own home his wife was queen regnant. His confidence in her capacity reconciled him to the secondary part he often found himself reduced to play.

This new plan of hers was accepted as a matter of course. Roger had far less reluctance to visit the Hermitage again in the absence of its owner, than he would have felt had Marcus been at home. He had a perception that the young diplomatist would have seen at once through the hollow disguise of his purpose, and would have declined to allow Roy to accompany him, unless a formal intimation from his father were forthcoming, to the effect that he desired to take over the guardianship that had lapsed to him at the death of Roy's so-called mother. And Roger and his wife were not wishful to commit themselves so far. They had not yet made up their minds as to whether they wished to keep Roy with them altogether during his minority; all they wanted at present was a good opportunity for studying his character, and for ascertaining as nearly as possible in a natural and easy way what his exact

prospects were, and how far they were likely to be of advantage to themselves. They had an immense source of influence and power over him, as they very well knew, if only it were rightly used. The ruin and poverty (apparent if not now altogether genuine) entailed upon this family by his father, could not fail to touch Roy nearly, and if he himself were succeeding to affluence and independence it was more than probable that he would feel it incumbent upon him to do something for these cousins of his who might well have looked to be as well off in this world's goods as himself. If Roger felt some vindictiveness towards the son of the man who had brought such trouble and loss upon them, his wife had no personal enmity to indulge. She thought that, as a simple matter of justice, Roy ought to be made to see the true bearings of the case, and to taste something of the ills of poverty and straightened means; but she did not wish him ill, and if she found him amenable to influence and malleable in her hands, she was ready to be kind to him in her own hard, unsympathetic fashion.

As for "the children," as the junior portion of the family were invariably designated, they were quite wild with excitement when they were told that their father had really gone away to fetch Cousin Roy home with him; and when it was explained to them that they must all do as much as they could to make him happy and persuade him to stay, there was no lack of protestations on their part that they would do everything they could, that they "would not let him go."

They not unnaturally looked at him in the light of their own especial visitor. True, he was just eighteen, and that almost made him a man in the estimation of his younger cousins, but then he was much nearer their age than that of their parents, or even of Aunt Joan, and it was quite certain in their minds that he would prefer the schoolroom and their society to that of their mother's so-called drawing-room. The children so disliked being downstairs, or in the presence of their parents, that they felt an absolute certainty of obtaining Roy as a sort of lawful and willing prey.

Joan's feelings on the subject of the impending visit were the most mixed. She looked forward to the change and variety it must make with a good deal of pleasure, but she disliked and distrusted the double and self-seeking motives of her brother and sister-in-law; and she was of opinion that if Roy were in delicate health, a home like this was a very unsuitable place for him to come to. The air might be fine and pure, the living plain and wholesome. Illness was little known amongst the inmates of Windmill House, and a somewhat Spartan severity in the manner of living was often recommended as healthful and bracing. Perhaps it might be for those brought up to it; but Roy was used to something altogether different, and it seemed hardly the right time to introduce him to a new *régime*. Joan, however, was quite helpless in the matter. She could only wait and watch, and hope for the best.

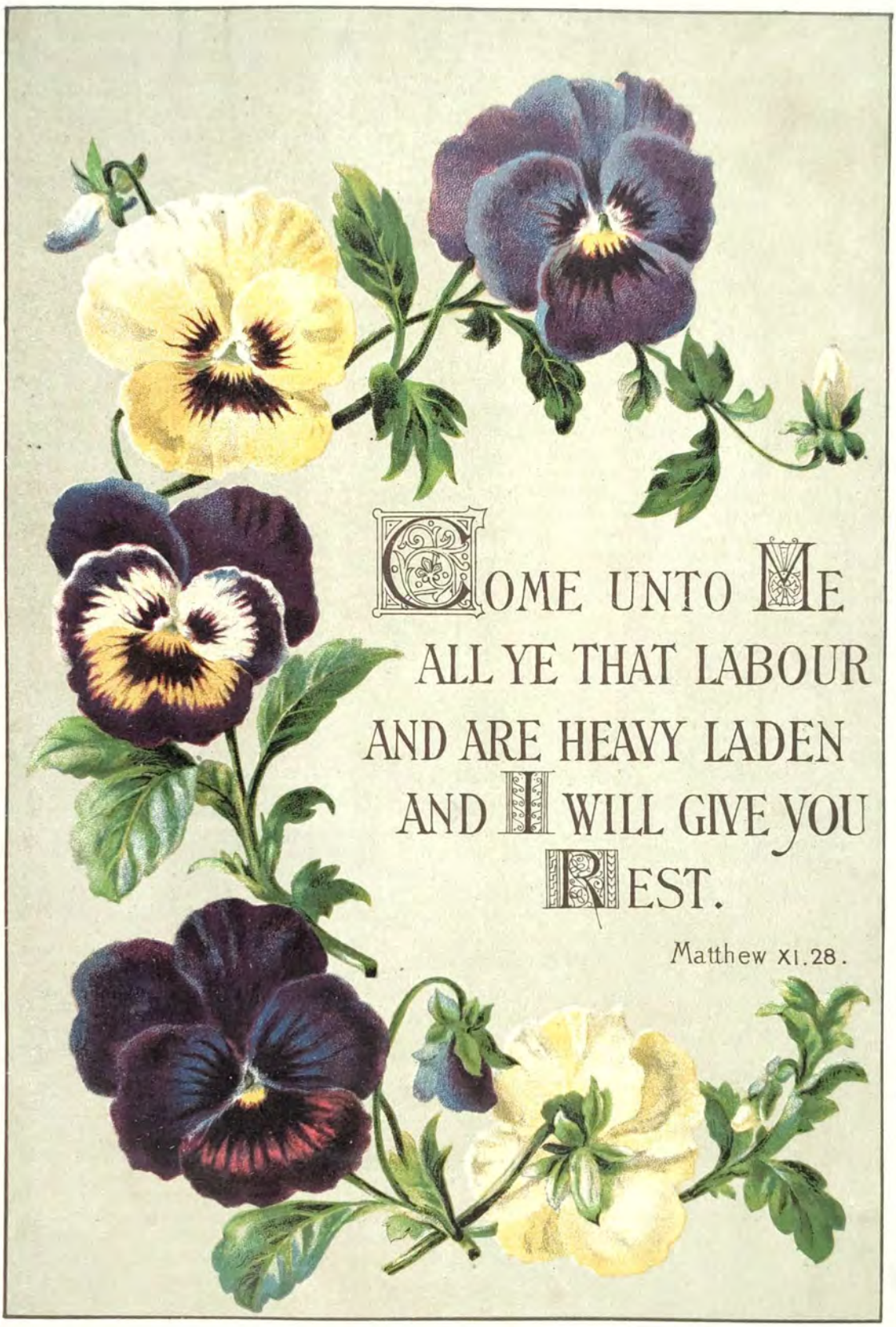
THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

ONE of the most thriving religious movements of late years is that of which Glasgow is the centre, and which, in four years, has grown a hundred-and-sixty-fold. What is this Boys' Brigade, of which so much is heard?

Can it be that we have here, at last, the long-sought secondary school of moral discipline and education which Sunday School managers have desired, and that it has come combined in a quite unexpected manner with a means of strengthening the nation? North of the Tweed there are many who think so, and the spread of the movement in the great cities of the south seems to prove that the Scotch are not alone in their opinion.

Of its origin and aim a very clear account is given by the Brigade Secretary in its "Manual."[1] It originated in October, 1883, in the Woodside Mission Sunday School. On the roll of this school are from 700 to 800 scholars; the number of boys and girls being about equal. One branch of the mission organisation is an admirable Young Men's Club and Institute, with a Fellowship Meeting on Sunday, a Debating Society on a week-night, a capital Library, and comfortable Reading and Recreation Rooms open every night in the week. All these advantages are open to any young man on attaining the age of seventeen (the usual minimum age for young men's societies), and yet the fact remained that out of this great school of nearly 400 boys, hardly any of them ever got the length of the senior organisation, which was almost entirely recruited from outside, and not from the school as it ought to have been. It was felt that there was something wrong here. The managers were face to face with a two-fold difficulty not unusual. Not only did they fail to keep the bulk of the boys in the school until they reached the age of seventeen, but those they did keep were not turning out the sort of young men they desired to see. And so the idea of the Boys' Brigade was conceived, and wrought out with a view to overcome these difficulties; and experience has shown that, wisely conducted, it

[1] The Boys' Brigade: its origin, aims, methods, and results. A Manual for the use of officers. Compiled by William A. Smith, Brigade Secretary, 22 West Nile Street, Glasgow.

COME UNTO ME
ALL YE THAT LABOUR
AND ARE HEAVY LADEN
AND I WILL GIVE YOU
REST.
Matthew XI.28.

is capable of fulfilling the anticipations that had been formed concerning it. It is not only retaining the boys in the Sunday School, but, while doing so, it is being made the means of moulding their lives and characters for Christ, and encouraging them in every way to take their stand on His side as the best and noblest thing a boy can do.

In proceeding to work out the idea of the Brigade, it was thought that nothing could be so attractive to a boy as some organisation of a military nature. Boys are inherently fond of soldiering and drill, and it was decided to take hold of this fact. "We often hear the complaint that so few boys are Christians. Is it not possible that in Christian work among boys, we may have gone too much on the lines of seeking to commend Christianity to them by showing the boy the same side of it as would commend it to the gentler nature of the girl? Christ is the Christ for men and women, for boys and girls, but the aspect of Christ which naturally appeals to a boy's nature is that of His Manliness; that of the Stainless Leader, without fear, and without reproach; the Leader who commands his reverence, and constrains him to aim at being worthy to follow in His train." It was on this idea that the Boys' Brigade was founded. It was determined to try and win the boys for Christ, by presenting to them that view of Christianity to which their natures would most readily respond, being fully conscious how much more there was to show them after they had been won. It was felt that what boys wanted more than anything else in these days, was to be taught habits of reverence, obedience, discipline, and self-respect, all of which would spring naturally from such an organisation as was contemplated; and that these habits would form the best foundation for useful Christian lives. It also seemed that by associating Christianity with all that was most noble and manly in a boy's sight, much would be done to disabuse his mind of the idea that there is anything effeminate or weak about Christianity, an idea that is widespread among boys, as all who have to do with them can testify.

And so was formed the original company, now known as the 1st Glasgow, of the Boys' Brigade. The aim was to create in the company a sentiment that would make the boys proud of their company, jealous of its honour, ashamed to do anything that would disgrace it, and prepared to make any sacrifice rather than be dismissed from it. How heartily the boys took up the work, and how earnestly they entered into it, is shown by the fact that there are to-day boys in the company who have been members for three years, and during that time have never been one minute late for drill, nor once missed the Bible class on Sunday morning.

The idea met with so much approval from gentlemen connected with other Sunday Schools that several other companies on the same lines were soon instituted. In the belief that much might be gained in the way of mutual help and encouragement by forming an association, a meeting took place on the 26th of January, 1885, at which the Boys' Brigade was constituted. The organisation made such rapid progress, however, that it soon became necessary to adapt the constitution to the national scope that the movement was assuming, and accordingly the original constitution was superseded by that now in existence, which was adopted at a meeting of the Council held at Glasgow on the 28th of September, in the same year.

The unit of organisation is the company. As an example let us take this 1st Glasgow Company, which consists of eight squads and four band squads, making 79 rank and file in all. With the rank and file we count the non-commissioned officers, of whom there are twelve—5 sergeants, 3 corporals, and 4 lance-corporals. The first promotions in a company are by examination, held after the boys have had eight or ten drills. The candidates have all to be over fourteen years of age, and are examined one by one in practical drill in such movements as each boy can go through individually. Supposing six non-coms are wanted, the twelve best boys in the practical examination are eligible for the written one, held on a subsequent evening, and mainly made up of questions on drill. Marks are given, and the candidates with most marks get the step, although there is a certain allowance made for general suitability.

The company has its special "Card and Squad List," giving, besides the company rules and other information, the names and addresses of the officers, the names and addresses of the boys arranged in squads, the prize list, the drill card with syllabus of drills from the beginning of the session up to the inspection, the programme of the Bible-class, and particulars as to the company cricket club, football club, gymnastic club, swimming club, recreation and social meetings, and any other agency at work for the good of the boys of that particular company.

The company rules of the 1st Glasgow are: 1. Members must at all times set an example of good conduct to their comrades and other boys. 2. At the company Bible-class there must be quietness and attention, and at all times perfect reverence during prayer. 3. Members must conduct themselves in a quiet and orderly manner when going to or from parade. 4. Members must come on parade in uniform, sharp to the hour, looking smart and clean, and must always bring with them their hymn-cards and membership-cards. 5. Members must give prompt and cheerful obedience to the orders of their officers and non-commissioned officers, and will be held responsible for making themselves acquainted with all the orders posted on the company notice-board. 6. Members must always salute their officers when they meet them or go up to address them, either on or off parade, and must always use "sir" when addressing an officer. 7. During drill there must be no talking in the ranks, except when standing easy. 8. Any member who misses two drills running, without good and satisfactory reason, shall be struck off the roll. 9. Any member changing his address must at once intimate the change in writing to the captain of the company, and the non-commissioned officer of his squad. 10. A company record-book shall be kept, in which

every boy's conduct, good or bad, shall be duly recorded. The record in this book shall count more than anything else either for or against a boy's promotion.

In addition to these rules there are five general instructions, giving the keynote to the whole scheme. These are: "The officers expect every member of the company to be a total abstainer, and neither to smoke nor chew tobacco. To show kindness and politeness to every one, and never to miss a chance of doing any one a good turn. Never to use bad language in any shape or form. Always to prefer duty to either pleasure or inclination. To be true to Christ." That is the important point. As the second article of the constitution lays it down—"The object of the Brigade shall be the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys, and the promotion of habits of reverence, discipline, self-respect, and all that tends towards true Christian manliness."

The success of a company depends very much on the captain. The Brigade is a Christian organisation, and it is absolutely essential that the captain should be in entire sympathy with the Christian side of the work, and prepared to throw himself heart and soul into it. He ought, of course, to be capable of giving the company the necessary military instruction; and in order to assist him in this and not to be taken unawares and fail through indecision, it is part of his duty to have the programme for each evening cut and dry before he appears on parade: but the efficiency in drill is but a means to the end.

The officers having been chosen, the next step in the formation of a company is to obtain the sanction of the church, mission, or school with which it is proposed to work. That having been obtained, the notices of the first meeting are issued, inviting boys, of from twelve to seventeen, to become recruits, and a general explanation given of the character of the duties required.

The first night but a very few boys appear, as a rule; but a good drill, and a short interesting address, send them away with a good report, and at the second meeting there is nearly always a large accession of strength.

Thirty or forty recruits having been secured, the Brigade secretary, or battalion secretary in such towns as a battalion exists, is communicated with, and the necessary forms and cards of membership obtained. These are distributed with some ceremony, and the boys are then formally admitted as members of the Brigade, and reported ready for equipment. A contribution of from half-a-sovereign to a sovereign is expected from each company, towards the Brigade expenses, and this fund is raised, as a rule, by charging a small entrance-fee from each member.

The next outlay is for uniform caps, which are sold at fourpence a-piece by the contractors; the next for belts, which cost elevenpence each. The belts remain the property of the company, and all are numbered, issued and withdrawn each season, as is done with the arms in the Volunteer Service.

When the equipment is complete, the only further expense is for prizes offered for special efficiency, regularity of attendance, essays written for the Bible-class, and musical proficiency among the band-boys, in cases where a band has been formed.

In the 1st Glasgow, the prize-list is a long one. There are four Bible Essay prizes, given to the boys, in order of merit, who gain the highest number of marks for examination papers and essays on the subject of the lesson in the syllabus; and the boys are also qualified to take part in the "Free Church Welfare of Youth" scheme, which has a series of thirteen prizes for Bible knowledge, ranging in value from four pounds to one. There are six prizes for efficiency and attendance given to the boys with the highest number of attendance marks for drill and Bible-class; and there is an inspecting officer's prize for the boy with the best record. There is a Squad Challenge medal, held for one year by the non-commissioned officer whose squad has the highest average attendance of drill and Bible-class. There are three band prizes; and, in addition to all these, each boy who has served three sessions in the company is entitled to wear on the right arm a silver star, which is presented by the company at, and after, the preliminary inspection at the close of the third year.

So much for the rewards; now for the work.

The company Bible-class meets every Sunday morning at half-past nine; and, during the session, a part of one of the Gospels is steadily gone through. At every meeting there is an essay read, or address given, the essayists being the members of the company, the speakers being well-known men, such as the Rev. George Reith and Dr. Morrison, or the captain and lieutenants of the company. A preparation for this Bible-class is insisted on. Every boy has to read the passage for the next lesson carefully and thoughtfully, so as to have something to say about it, or some question to ask about it, the remarks or questions being generally written and handed in before the class begins. To the class the boys bring their Bibles, hymn-books, text-books, and note-books.

The text-book used for the drill is the official "Field Exercises" sold by the military publishers, and if model arms be adopted, "Rifle Exercises" is used in addition to the first and second parts of the Field series. Half an hour before every meeting a squad of the company, on a roster kept for the purpose, comes on "fatigue duty" to clear the hall, and have everything in readiness for the "fall in." As soon as the company is "sized" and formed, caps are lifted, and prayer offered up by one of the officers, or a collect or prayer repeated by the boys. Then the drill begins—a thoroughly efficient soldierly drill, with the band in readiness to help the marching. At the close a suitable hymn, such as "Onward, Christian soldiers," is sung, and there is then a short appropriate address, lasting from five to ten minutes, the speakers being as varied and telling as possible. After the address the Lord's Prayer is repeated, and the National Anthem sung; and then, instead of the usual "break off," the boys are marched out of the hall, in single file, each boy saluting, as he passes, the senior officer.

In the 1st Glasgow, the month of September is

devoted to recruit-drill, on Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 8 P.M. On the 1st of October there is a drill for old members and recruits, ending in the presentation of the new membership cards. Next week the belts are issued, and the Sunday after there is a company Church parade. Thenceforth, the drills go on regularly at 8 P.M. every Thursday, up to the second Thursday in March, when there is a special drill, preparatory to inspection. A week after, the preliminary inspection is held, and the parents and friends are present to hear the announcement of the prize-winners. Next week comes the inspection by some army officer of eminence, concluding with an address from a minister, and the presentation of the prizes. Next week comes the long-looked-forward-to social meeting, with which the session ends.

In addition to this social meeting it is customary for the officers to invite the boys to tea, a squad at a time; the evening being made thoroughly enjoyable with games and music, and always ending with family prayers. "Try and visit every boy in your company at his home," says the Manual. "If a boy is laid up, go and see him as often as you can. In every way let the boys feel that you are always thinking of them. Miss no opportunity of strengthening your hold over them. Give the non-commissioned officers and all the boys as much to do as you can in connection with the company and the school. Trust the boys. There is nothing better for a boy than to have his feelings of honour and responsibility drawn out. The worst boys are often completely transformed by what to many of them is the new revelation that there is some one who trusts them. Never break faith with a boy, even in the most trifling matter. Confidence in their officers is an absolute essential to success; and confidence can only be built up by slow degrees. Hence no chance should be missed, however slight, of strengthening the confidence of the boys in their officers. We cannot overestimate the importance of the Brigade work, the tremendous issues that are bound up in it, or the responsibility that rests upon us, as officers, over these boys. To think of them as we know them, in all the freshness of their boyhood, full of life and energy and vigour, and to think of all that being taken and used for the service of Christ, is surely enough to inspire every one of us, and make us thank God that He has privileged us to take a part, however small, in this great movement."

In addition to the "squad teas" and "social meeting," there is a "camp" held in the summer, and in the spring there is a "march-out and athletic sports." In February there is an annual concert given by the band and the company, the proceeds of which go to swell the funds, and relieve the pockets of the members; and from time to time during the session special instruction and recreation meetings are held.

There are two clubs which are well supported. The swimming club consists of all the members of the company, and has the privilege granted to it by the Magistrates and Council of Glasgow, of using the corporation baths at half rates, the boys being encouraged to take advantage of the winter months to learn swimming, when the baths are not crowded. The cricket club is open to all members of the company on payment of a small annual subscription, the usual presentation bat being given by the president at the close of the season.

By these, and other means, persistent influence is brought to bear on the boys to keep them in the right path in work or play. Every company has its clubs, and as soon as these are formed, information is sent to the battalion secretary, so that matches can be arranged between company and company.

When three or more companies have been started in any town or district, they are encouraged to form themselves into a "battalion." The officers then constitute a "battalion council," with president, secretary, and treasurer, whose duty it is to admit new companies, and do their utmost to promote the object of the Brigade in their immediate district. When the battalion has been formed the companies report to it, instead of reporting direct to the Brigade headquarters. In the Glasgow battalion there are now over seventy companies; and there are battalions at Edinburgh, Beith, Kilmarnock, and Ayr, and others are in course of formation.

There are also new companies at Inverness and Penzance, and in Manchester, Liverpool, and London, and the movement is afoot even in America and the Colonies.

Such is the interest of the boys in the work, and their love for their company, that the difficulty now pressing is not how to keep them in the Brigade, but how to get them to leave it when they reach the age at which they are expected to pass on to the young men's societies connected with the churches and missions.

W. J. GORDON.

SANTA LUCIA.

A STORY OF CORSICA.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT same evening the Italian colporteur, returning late at night to Tralonca from Santa Lucia, was surprised to see a man carrying, what appeared to him a woman's dead body, cross the brook that runs just where the mule-path branches off to Corte, and clamber up the rocks above, with the body in his arms.

The colporteur was astonished at the sight, as no dwelling was visible on the rocks about. True, there might be a herdsman's stone-hut; but women seldom, if ever, lived in such inaccessible dwellings. Long the colporteur stood, wondering, and watching the man, till he reached a ledge, behind which he disappeared.

Almost immediately the man began redescending the rocks. Soon he was by the colporteur's side, and confronted

him: "I have heard you are clever at bleeding. You must come with me; she is in a swoon—she must be bled!"

The colporteur, who was known to have some skill in dressing wounds and burns, and in administering simple remedies, was nothing surprised at the request, and followed the man, who took his bundle from him and carried it for him.

When they came to the spot where the man had seemed to deposit the body, there was none to be seen, but removing from a rock a mass of creepers, the strange man disclosed in the rock a narrow cavity behind, through which both penetrated into a good-sized cavern, where on a bed the body lay.

The colporteur with a lancet performed the operation, administered restoratives, and recommended the strange man to persist in friction of the feet till animation and warmth returned.

"E ma moglie?" he asked.

"E mia figlia!" was the reply.

As the colporteur turned to go, the man asked him eagerly one question—

"Il Signore puo Egli perdonare ogni peccato?"

("Can the Lord forgive every sin?")

The colporteur paused, said a word of hope, and as he left, gave the man a copy of St. John, with the page turned down to chap. viii. and verses 34, 35, 36 underlined:—

"Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin.

"And the servant abideth not in the house for ever: *but* the Son abideth ever.

"If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

Margherita's body had been laid out for burial in the stone-hut which served as the morgue for the village of St. Lucia. Judge of the surprise of the villagers when, on the morrow, it was found that the body was gone. No one could explain the mystery. The colporteur could have done so, but he did not return to the neighbourhood again for some months. When he did so, and made inquiries about the strange man, the mystery was solved. The cavern was visited, and a man was found there almost a skeleton, dying of starvation. He could not speak! Feebly he pointed to a passage in a tiny book he held between his wasted fingers; and then the light in his eyes expired, and his pulse ceased beating.

And there sat by his side and sobbed like a child poor Margherita. Her consciousness had returned, and with it her reason. But she had found herself unable to walk. When she discovered with whom it was that she was shut up in that cavern, her horror had been great, but the immense sorrow and repentance of the poor wretch, the sufferings he had undergone, his humble, suppliant, pitiful demeanour, disarmed her anger and loathing. And when she saw how he starved himself to feed her, how he was at pains to procure her nourishment and bring it to her, at any sacrifice of his own convenience, she pitied him for the misery his crime had brought upon him.

And where all this time was Santa Lucia? She had heard the sound of movement at the first moment Catalan had set the rock rolling, and springing back to see whence it came, had escaped the blow that the same instant crushed her companion. With a wild shriek of mingled pain and despair, she threw herself upon him, lifted him in her arms, and strove to bear him to the bank, but her strength failed her. Then she saw Margherita approach and vanish. The second boulder fell, and not apprehending what had happened, Santa Lucia flew down the path, with a cry for help. Happily she was heard and quickly recognised. The peasants carried news of some disaster to her home. Her uncle hurried, with attendants, to the rescue.

There on the ground lay two bodies. It seemed as if all life had fled from Margherita's. Pietro was groaning, unable to move. Santa Lucia's uncle gently raised him. He groaned more than ever. One of the party ran to fetch the doctor. He came. Other men followed bringing trestles; long poles with stout canvas stretched across. Pietro Rocca was laid on one, and the apparently lifeless form of Margherita on the other, while Santa Lucia followed with such sadness and sorrow in her as she had never known before.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

OBEDIENCE AND DISOBEDIENCE.

1. What feelings were produced in Adam as the result of his sin?
2. What special command did Noah receive from God, and how was his obedience rewarded?
3. What principle supported him in his obedience?
4. Which of Abraham's acts of obedience is the most remarkable, and why?
5. What undertaking did the Israelites venture upon in spite of God's prohibition? And how did they fare?
6. Enumerate some of the curses pronounced on the Israelites in the event of their continued disobedience to God's commands.
7. In what point did Saul transgress God's commandment with respect to the Amalekites?
8. What was Samuel's utterance with regard to this? Quote other passages of Scripture of the same import.
9. Relate the story of the disobedient prophet.
10. Which of the commandments enjoins obedience to parents? What remark does St. Paul make upon it?
11. Find a passage in the Proverbs in which disobedience to parents is strongly denounced.
12. By what subterfuge did the Jews connive at a breach of this commandment?
13. In what language does St. Paul describe our Lord's obedience to the will of God?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. V.—p. 80.—SHIELD AND HELMET.—Eph. vi. 16, 17.

1. S-trengt-*h* . . . . . Psa. viii. 2.
2. H-op-*e* . . . . . Rom. v. 5.
3. I-do-*l* . . . . . 1 Cor. viii. 5.
4. E-stee-*m* . . . . . 1 Thes. v. 13.
5. L-ov-*e* . . . . . Gal. v. 22.
6. D-us-*t* . . . . . Gen. iii. 19.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. II.—p. 96.

1. Psa. lxxiv. 8.
2. Neh. viii. 2; ix. 1; Zech. vii. 5.
3. Matt. xxiv. 6; James ii. 2, 3.
4. Luke viii. 41; Acts xviii. 8–17.
5. Rev. i. 20, etc.
6. Luke iv. 20.
7. Luke vii. 5.
8. Acts xiii. 14; xiv. 1; xvii. 1 and 2, 10; xviii. 4.
9. Psalm cxxxvii. 1; Acts xvi. 13.
10. Luke iv. 17; Acts xiii. 15; xv. 21.
11. Matt. vii. 29; Luke iv. 21; Acts xiii. 15.
12. 2 Kings ii. 3; vi. 1.
13. Acts iii. 1; x. 3, 9.
14. Matt. v. 22; xi. 17; Mark xiv. 12; Luke xii. 11; xxi. 12; Acts ix. 2; xxii. 19, 15; Acts vi. 9.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXV.—VINCENT.

VINCENT THINKS THAT "SUNSHINE WILL CHEER THEM ALL BETTER THAN ANYTHING."

A MONTH of Marcus's absence had already flown by, and Roy showed no signs of having lost ground or suffered in spirits. It would have been rather difficult, indeed, to give way to depression with a companion like Vincent near him; and though undoubtedly Marcus was much missed, a change of faces acted beneficially upon the patient. In the society of his young companions, who came and went almost as freely as if the house were their own, Roy regained some of his old gaiety of spirit, and began to look more "like himself," as his friends phrased it.

Vincent was a capital companion for him—strong and handy and ready of resource. He had a sailor's dexterity and ingenuity of contrivance, as well as a sailor's high spirits and love of fun. He was a regular magnet to his

brothers and sisters, who spent half their day at the Hermitage; and Roy, tired of inaction, and eager to be on his feet again, no longer shrank from exertions that he had been inclined to avoid heretofore. Mr. Lee sanctioned his efforts at getting about, as his general health was suffering from prolonged inactivity; but it was patent to all that it would be some considerable time before the foot would be serviceable again, and it was still painful as well as weak, and would allow no liberties taken with it without resenting them.

However, Roy was satisfied with his advance, and well entertained by his guest. He listened unwearied to Vincent's stories, and built up again the airy castles that he and his friend had so often erected together. Vincent's dreams seemed in a fair way of being realised, for his chosen career was his own, and he seemed likely to rise in his profession; but a haziness hung over Roy's future, and his castle-building was of a vague, indeterminate character, fascinating, perhaps, but hardly satisfactory to a practical mind like Vincent's.

"But what *are* you going to be, Roy?" he asked one evening. "It's all very well to talk about ambassadors and prime ministers and governor-generals, but one can't leap straight away into berths like those. What are you going to settle on, and when are you going to begin your career?"

"Oh, Marcus will settle all that. I expect it will be the diplomatic service. I like all I hear of it, and he has influence there, and could give me introductions, and help me on. But Marcus will settle things. He's the kind of fellow one can trust to do the best by one."

Vincent screwed up his brown face.

"Not so sure of that, old chap. You take things uncommon easy, but most fellows like a voice of their own when it comes to the choice of their whole future, even when they have parents to study their interests. I should never have got to sea if I hadn't made a stand for it myself; and you, with only a step-brother to look to, ought to have a keen eye for your own affairs. Marcus may be a great paragon—by all accounts he seems to be one—but I suppose I've a natural distrust of paragons, for I should like to see you looking out for yourself. Don't you drift along too easily, Roy; it's your nature, you know, to trust too much to wind and tide, and let them take you where they will. You ought to be keeping an outlook ahead, or you'll be running foul of a rock or a quicksand. Why aren't you going to Oxford or Cambridge, as was talked of once? I never hear a word of it now, and Syd looks glum whenever the subject comes up."

Roy flushed up quickly. It was a topic he never quite cared to think about, and never desired to discuss.

"Oh, that's all been given up," he said hastily. "My mother didn't wish it, and Marcus thinks I ought to act according to her wishes. I don't care about it, really; I'm just as well pleased to be here; and if this foot is going to be a bother for some time, and stop my rowing, or playing cricket or football, I might just as well stop at home. Half the fun of the 'Varsity is its games and athletics."

Vincent made no reply. He was just wise enough to see the folly of unsettling Roy's mind when he had made it up to submission; but he privately thought this elder brother, whom he had not seen for half-a-dozen years at least, a terrible tyrant and ogre, and was by no means prepared to endorse the opinions he had heard expressed both by Roy and his own people at home.

"Because he saved Lily's life nobody can see his faults, and they all rave about him," was Vincent's mental comment. "But it's all nonsense to think that because a fellow can do a plucky thing on the spur of the moment, that his whole conduct is beyond criticism. If any of them had knocked about the world as much as I have, they would know better than that. Of course, the fellow has his good points—I'm the last person to deny it; but I don't altogether like the way he's treating Roy, and I shan't pretend I do. He's a fellow that wants shaking up out of his home-bred ways. He'll be no good at all, if he goes idling on in this aimless way much longer. He's got the making of a capital fellow in him, but he'll never be half a man if he isn't sent out to rough it in some sort of a fashion. Why, to my certain knowledge, he has never left the Hermitage all his life, save to go to the seaside or London for a few weeks with his mamma. And he hasn't ever been to school, only read with my father and the boys. I don't know how they expect him to be a man. It wasn't to be expected that his mother would be willing to spare him—a hen with one chick is proverbial; but there is no excuse for Marcus."

Vincent kept these thoughts to himself, however, but, in one of his temperament, silence was a pretty good indication of dissatisfaction; and Roy, who was decidedly sensitive where his brother was concerned, knew in a moment that his explanation was not satisfactory to his companion. It was a wet afternoon—one of those depressing summer days when the closeness of the air, and the perpetual drip and swish of the drenched leaves, make rain more dismal than in winter. Nobody had come across to the Hermitage that day, and the boys had given up expecting visitors now.

For the first time they were feeling a little dull, and Roy was conscious of that inward misgiving and irritation that now and then assailed him with regard to his own ambiguous position. He never felt it when Marcus was by; but he could not help doing so at times in his absence, and although he had written, a day or two back, to Mr. Edington, assuring him that all was right, he could not help entertaining an unwilling misgiving, and felt that he would give much to get rid of the knowledge he had been at such pains to acquire, or else share it with some one who would be able both to sympathise with and to reassure him.

Vincent's good-will and sympathy were perfectly safe; but he would most likely be wrathful towards Marcus, and suggest it was by his underhand influence that so strange a will had been

made. This was just what Roy did not wish to believe—just what would keep forcing itself into his mind; and the boy, though full of high principle and anxiety to do and to think aright, had not yet found that source of strength that enables a man to resist temptation, and to vanquish the evil thoughts and suspicions that so often assail us in weaker moments.

Vincent's words had aroused a sense of the unsatisfactory dependence of his future position. A sort of irritation at the injustice of it filled his mind. For the time being, at least, he felt that his brother had acted the part of supplanter, and deserved little consideration at his hands. Why should he not tell Vincent all? Vincent was his oldest friend—the "chum" of his boyhood, and his main confidant. Temptation half yielded to becomes tenfold more strong; in a few minutes all Roy's scruples were scattered to the winds.

"The long and the short of it, I believe, is this, Vincent. The University is the place for rich men or their sons (poor men want no end of brain to make their way, and that I haven't got), and so I dare say Marcus feels I am better away. I have got my own living to earn, and ought to learn how to do it as early as possible."

Vincent's eye-brows went up.

"Why so? Surely you will come into a tidy little fortune of your own when you come of age? Everybody says so."

"Everybody makes a mistake then. I shall not come into a penny. I have not a penny in the world of my own now."

"You must be making a mistake, Roy. I know your mother had money."

"Yes she had; but she left everything to Marcus. I have seen the will. Nothing at all comes to me."

Vincent uttered a long whistle.

"Marcus says it will make no difference—" began Roy, but was quickly cut short.

"Marcus talks like a fool, then, and acts like a knave. No difference, indeed! You're not such a simpleton as to believe that, Roy! What on earth does it all mean?"

"I don't know. I want to think it all right; but I find the best thing is not to think at all more than I can help. I don't want to be covetous—I don't think I love money for its own sake; but when one has been brought up as I have been, and led to expect that things would always be much the same, it is a little odd to find oneself left dependent upon a fellow who really is no relation at all, and might throw one over any day. I don't mean that Marcus would, you know; but he could, of course, and it isn't a comfortable feeling quite, even though we've always been like brothers, and I have the greatest confidence in him."

"Confidence!" repeated Vincent with a sort of angry snort, "that's the last thing I should have in the man who had supplanted me like that. I should dispute that will, if I were you, Roy, it's a scandal to let it stand."

Roy smiled a little bitterly.

"It takes money to go to law, Vincent; and what chance should I have of winning my case? My mother was in full possession of her senses up to the very end of her life, and very tender and loving to me always. That makes it the harder to understand—only that she loved Marcus almost as much, and had such immense confidence in him."

"And he had great influence over her, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, she would do anything he wished. She thought there was nobody like him."

Vincent's face was very stern and set; he had in a measure infected Roy with his own feelings, though he had not spoken out with his customary frankness. Yet the boy's better nature struggled to assert itself.

"After all, there are other things of more importance in the world than money—mother was always telling me that, always warning me not to place too great love or confidence in riches. It's rather difficult not to feel them of paramount importance sometimes—or, at least, of very great value; but I don't mean to bother myself more than I can help, and don't you bother either, Vincent."

Vincent however was silent, and not with the silence of acquiescence.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A VISITOR FOR ROY.

"It's a horrid shame! I don't think I ever heard anything quite like it in all my life! I don't want to say harsh things of a fellow, especially as he's liked here, and has given us cause to be grateful to him; but, really, I do think it's the greatest swindle I ever heard in my life, and Roy's blindness is simply inconceivable. Actions speak louder than words, and if your paragon had had a spark of right feeling he would have taken care to have stopped such an insane proceeding. He ought to have burnt the will outright, and then Roy would have come in as heir-at-law, or something. My blood boils at the whole business."

This explosion of wrath took place on the following day, in the school-room of Coombe Drayton. It was a wet morning; and Roy, after a bad night, was not astir when Vincent dashed across the fields to see the home party. He felt the need of relieving his pent up feelings, and a good out-pouring of indignation did him good.

"I always did detest paragons, from my youth upwards!" concluded the lad with a sort of triumphant peroration. "I never did quite believe all your laudations of Marcus. My recollection of him was that he was rather a prig. History seems to have revealed him as something worse."

"If that's true what you say about the will, it explains everything," cried Syd, with indignant protest in every tone of his voice. "I never could make out why he wouldn't send him to Oxford: now it's as plain as a pike-staff!"

"Do you mean that he grudged him the money?" asked Joyce quickly.

"What else could it be?"

"Well, I call it all a beastly shame!" burst out Jacko with boyish vehemence. "I wonder Marcus isn't ashamed to look any one in the face again."

"No wonder he tried to hush it all up, and keep Roy in the dark!"

"No wonder there was no reading of the will!"

"I always thought there was something odd in the way Roy was always treated—so like a child—never told anything about anything, just because he was a minor. As if people could not understand things till they were twenty-one!"

"I never quite liked Marcus. His fine gentleman airs were such a bore!"

"It's been twice as jolly at the Hermitage since he left. One never feels at home when he is about."

"Such hypocrisy, to pretend he kept Roy at home because he couldn't bear to part with him! I've no patience with him at all!"

Young people are very like sheep. Where one leads, all will often follow. Vincent had come home in a state of great indignation and irritation, with his account of the transaction, and had found no difficulty in communicating his feelings to the party of brothers and sisters in the schoolroom. Muriel alone had remained silent, but it was not the silence of indifference, as could be seen from the variation of colour in her face, and from the quick glances she flashed from time to time at the speakers. She did not attempt to stem the torrent, although she had an instinotive distaste for hard words and hasty judgments. She had shared, indeed, in the general sense of astonishment and disfavour; but she could not all at once condemn Marcus. After all, it might be no doing of his. He could not be held responsible for all his step-mother did; but yet if not done by his consent, why did he not make reparation?

Little Lilias looked up at her pleadingly.

"Why are they all so angry with Marcus? He has not done anything wrong, has he?"

"I hope not, dear," she answered very low. "Don't trouble about it. You are much too little to understand."

"I understand that they are all angry with Marcus," whispered Lilias, "and it makes me sorry, because I love him very much. You don't think he would do anything wrong and unkind, do you?"

"I hope not, Lilias, but it is very hard to know always what is right. We will go into the greenhouse now and get some flowers for the rooms. Those outside will be too washed with the rain to be any good."

Muriel's departure with the little sister produced a sort of lull.

"She doesn't like to hear us slanging into Marcus," cried Jacko mischievously.

"Marcus has been her hero ever since he rescued Lilias," added Topsy.

They all looked a little grave then, remembering what they owed to the much-abused Marcus, and the twins in particular, who knew that it was their rashness that had so nearly cost the life of their little sister, grew quite quiet. But for Marcus a life-long sorrow and remorse would have been theirs.

"Well," said Vincent, "I must be off again to Roy. The poor old chap is rather down in the mouth; talking his prospects over, shows him that they are not quite so brilliant as he hoped. And then he knows I must be off almost at once, and now I shall have to fix to-morrow as my day, after the letter I've just had. Come over, some of you, this afternoon; and mind you don't say anything to bring all this to his mind. It can't be helped, and the less he thinks about it the better."

And Vincent swung himself down the stairs and dashed across the fields and park, arriving just as the sun struggled out and began to roll away the leaden banks of cloud.

"Sunshine will cheer us all up better than anything," was the boy's mental comment, but when he reached the house he found that Roy had got another kind of consoler. A stranger was sitting with him when Vincent entered, and the boy's face was animated and bright.

"Oh, here you are, Vincent, that's right. Let me introduce a cousin of mine, Mr. Roger Edington. He's been good enough to come thirty miles to see me, because he heard I had been seedy, and thought I might like to see fresh faces. He talks of taking me off somewhere for change of air as you have to go almost directly. Wouldn't that be jolly? Marcus said in his last that if I wanted to go anywhere, and was well enough, I might, if Mr. Lee would let me. I think it would be awfully jolly. I've hardly ever been away from home."

Vincent was shaking hands with the stranger and now sat down with an expression of great satisfaction on his face.

"Well, I'm awfully glad to hear that, old chap, for the fact is, though I didn't quite know how to tell you before, that I really ought to be off at once. I've got some things to get in London or Portsmouth before we go to sea again, and I ought not to be here any longer. I had a letter to-day waiting for me at home which is tantamount to an order to come away, and I shall have to be off to-morrow. If Mr. Edington is here, however, that will matter the less, and I shall be awfully pleased not to leave you quite alone."

"Must you go so soon, Vincent? I am sorry; however, I've kept you longer than we thought at first. Yes, it is a great thing not to be left quite alone. You will be able to stay a few days with me here, will you not, Mr. Edington, before we go away? I should like you to see more of the place my mother lived in—I know it will interest you."

"I shall be most happy to be your guest for a short time," was the ready answer, "as your friend is to leave you so soon. Otherwise I had intended taking up my old quarters at the hotel, where I have deposited my portmanteau."

"I will send for that at once. Ring the bell, please, Vincent. I must have a room got ready for you. It was awfully kind of you to come. You are sure you can spare the time?"

"Yes, I have had not one real holiday this year, and I tell my wife that it is quite due to me. I am not much more fond of solitude than you seem to be; but I cannot take my family about with me wherever I go—it is rather too serious a consideration for a poor man. A single companion will, however, make all the difference. The idea came into my head as I read your letter.

Perhaps I shall be able to tempt you to spend a few nights at my house on our way to or from our ultimate destination. It would be a pleasure to my wife and young folks to be introduced to their new cousin."

"I should like that awfully," answered Roy with boyish eagerness, "I have so few relations," and with the sense of disappointment in Marcus so fresh in his memory, the boy turned with a feeling of rest and relief to the idea of introducing himself to his mother's relations. "Please tell me about my cousins. Would they care to know me, do you think? I wonder if they would like to come here to see me."

The words escaped Roy unthinkingly before he had time to remember that he was in no real sense the master of this house, and that Marcus had not expressed any real wish to make acquaintance with Roger Edington himself. He pulled himself up short, a quick flush rising to his face. His kinsman was sharp enough and shrewd enough to note this change of feature, and set it down to its right cause.

"Never mind," he said, with some kindliness of manner. "Don't trouble yourself about that. It will do quite as well if you come to see them at my house some day."

"He's not half a bad fellow," was Vincent's mental comment, as he listened to the conversation. "I'm glad he has turned up just now."

THE CHRISTIAN ANGAREION.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

"And they compel one Simon a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear His cross."—*St. Mark* xv. 21.

WHEN Cyrus the Persian king conquered Palestine, he introduced into it several of the customs of his own country. One of the most remarkable of these was what might be called the postal service which forwarded the messages of the government to all parts of the land. It was called the *Angareion*, from a Tartar word which means compulsory work without pay. Herodotus gives an interesting account of this custom; from which we learn that in order to transmit messages with the utmost possible speed, relays of men and horses were kept ready at intervals along the principal roads, who handed on the despatches from one to another without pause or interruption, whatever might be the inclemency of the weather, and by night as well as by day. Such mounted couriers were further empowered to press into the service, should it be found necessary, additional men and horses, even if they had to leave their own work in the field for the purpose, and boats, if they had to cross a river or an arm of the sea.

It can easily be imagined that such a system could be used by a government as an engine of oppression; and the people who were compelled to render this gratuitous service, often at very inconvenient times and at great risk and loss to themselves, would doubtless feel very keenly the injustice of it. In Palestine it was greatly disliked, for besides its own inherent evils, it had the additional one of being a foreign custom imposed upon a conquered people. The Tartar or Persian word for this disagreeable labour, having been introduced into the language of the Jews, came to be identified by them with every oppressive service. Our Lord used this peculiar word when He laid down the duty of self-denial and goodwill, even towards those who act oppressively towards us. "And whosoever shall compel thee—" as the mounted courier compels the farmers and labourers along the way to help him in forwarding the despatches of the government—"whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." And here in my text, the word which is employed to denote the action of the Roman soldiers in compelling Simon the Cyrenian to carry the cross of Christ for Him, is the same word which was borrowed from the old postal service of Persia. The Romans, who too readily made their own any instrument of oppression which they found among foreign nations, were familiar with the word, which crept into their own language, and with the custom which it represented.

No more appropriate word could have been used. It gives a most picturesque and at the same time a most touching pathos to the occasion. It links this single act of tyranny with the whole gigantic system. The world has been familiar with forced labour from the earliest days. As far back as we can go in the sorrowful history of our race we find the stronger tribes making slaves and beasts of burden of the weaker and of those whom they conquered in war. The brick-making of the Israelites, under the intolerable cruelty of which they groaned and died, was not by any means the first oppression in Egypt. Ages before that we find proofs of the reckless disregard of human life shown by the Pharaohs, compelling thousands without wages or even food to construct for them those enormous monuments, the ruins of which excite the astonishment of every traveller. Nor can any modern race lift up a stone against those ancient oppressors; for there is no nation that has not been guilty of similar practices. Our own country cannot plead guiltless to the charge. It brought upon America and upon the West Indies the curse of slavery, which could only be removed by a tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure. Within the memory of this generation men have

been carried away from their homes and pursuits and forced into the naval service of our country by the ruthless press-gang. As the cross of Christ represented the sins of the whole world laid upon the Redeemer, it may be said therefore that that cross laid upon the unwilling shoulders of Simon the Cyrenian represented all the oppressive burdens which man has laid upon his fellow-men. It was the *Angareion* of the world.

We know very little about the victim of brutal power who was compelled to take part in the crucifixion of the Saviour. He was in all likelihood a proselyte who had come all the way from Africa to observe the Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem. He had, perhaps, never previously heard of Jesus of Nazareth, and was not thinking of Him at the time when he saw Him on the way to execution. Probably, instead of pitying the sad case of the Sufferer beside him, he was occupied with the hardship of his own case; and filled with resentment on account of the odious service so ruthlessly exacted of him, including even Jesus in his indiscriminate wrath. But forced, in spite of himself, to accompany Christ to Calvary, bearing the hated cross, he was made a witness of all the memorable incidents of the transcendent tragedy that took place there. He saw the Divine meekness and patience of the Sufferer; he heard the wonderful words of love and pardoning mercy that flowed from His lips; he beheld the supernatural darkness gathering round the cross, and felt the ground trembling under his feet; and, dismayed by these awful portents, he heard the loud cry with which Jesus gave up the ghost. And when the darkness cleared away he saw the centurion transfixed with awe before the central cross, glorifying God, and exclaiming, "Truly this was the Son of God." All this could not but have deeply impressed the mind of Simon. He must have learned enough in the brief companionship of a few hours with the Prince of Sufferers—in such unexampled circumstances—to change the current of his whole life. He must have been one of the first who were drawn to Christ when lifted up upon the cross in fulfilment of His own words. Coming to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, he found in the cross of Christ the true fulfilment of the great historical rite; he found in that dying life a perfect example; and in that death an atoning sacrifice.

And not only was he himself converted, but through him his whole family was won for Christ. For St. Mark speaks of his sons, Alexander and Rufus, as if they were well-known disciples of the Lord; and Paul, in his greetings to the Christians at Rome from Corinth, sends special words of love to Rufus and his mother—who had acted in a peculiarly tender and motherly manner to him—"Salute Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother and mine." We read, too, that Simon, surnamed Niger, whom we may identify with the cross-bearer of Christ—for Simeon and Simon are the same name—is noticed with Lucius, of Syrene, as one of the prophets and teachers in the church at Antioch. There he would assume the new name of Christian, which we know originated in that city; and although he and his fellow-disciples could foresee but little of the future glories of that name, they chose it as one that was to them above every name. Well might Simon extol the strange arrangement of providence which brought him to the very place where he should meet Jesus at the very time when they were leading Him out to be crucified. Well might he bless the rough violence of the Roman soldiers who compelled him to bear the cross for his weary and fainting Master. The bondage of man proved to him the liberty of Christ; the shame of earth turned into the glory of heaven. How proud and grateful must he have felt afterwards that he had this high and unique honour; that it was given to him to alleviate in the smallest degree the unparalleled sufferings of his adorable Redeemer—to share with Him the obloquy and the degradation of the cross. When he was afterwards called by the name of Christ at Antioch, he could indeed clothe himself with the shame of the cross as with a royal robe, and say with the great apostle of the Gentiles, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

Simon of Syrene, the cross-bearer of Christ, was the first-fruits of Africa to Christianity. Eighteen centuries of Christian history have passed, and how little has been done to give the light or the liberty that has been won by the cross to the enslaved and benighted continents. But the Christian freedom which Simon found in his degrading bondage may be regarded as the earnest and the guarantee that similar Christian freedom will be enjoyed by all in the dark land, who have been compelled by their fellow-creatures to carry the cross of toil and shame. The transportation of the slave to other countries has often been the means of bringing him within the reach of Christian influences, so that his bondage has proved to him to be no less than life from the dead. In bearing his compulsory cross, he had heard of the Crucified One, and now knows Jesus of Nazareth as his own Redeemer, and the truth has made him free indeed. And so it will go on until there shall be no compulsory labour under the sun, and every oppressed one shall enjoy the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

Christianity has put its own higher meanings and purposes into the common language of men. The wild weeds brought into its garden under the culture of grace display a beauty and fruitfulness before unknown. The use of the *Angareion*, or compulsory service of the Persians, is ennobled in the service of the Christian religion. Like the other Persian word "Paradise," which signified originally a park, or pleasure garden, in which wild beasts are kept and beautiful foreign trees grow, but which our Lord employed to describe the blessed heavenly world into which the dying thief should be immediately translated—"To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise,"—so the original Persian word for "compel" is transformed by being used in connection with the cross-bearing of Christ. In this Divine usage it becomes the vehicle of far higher truth than any which it knew at first, and is divested of all its former disagreeable associations. The inhumanity of man becomes the salvation of Jesus Christ. Blessed are those

who are compelled to bear the cross of Christ, for in so doing they are bearing the instrument of their own redemption; and the following of Christ, that is at first enforced, that is done in pain and shame and toil, ends in walking with Him at liberty, running with enlargement of heart in the way of His commandments!

Many are compelled in this world of wrong and oppression to act the part of Simon. It is an every-day experience. Much of the work of the world is carried on in the way in which the ancient postal service of Persia was carried on, by enforced labour, by the strong oppressing the weak, and the rich the poor. Our Lord, by enacting a law regarding it in His Sermon on the Mount, shows how common it is. He speaks of a man being compelled to go a mile, as if this were a thing which His disciples might expect to be called upon to do at any time. Not, indeed, that the compulsory service might literally take that form at all times. That was only one illustration among many others. The compulsion in question would meet a man in many ways. And our Lord showed how this pressed service was to be performed; what was the law of the heavenly kingdom regarding it. "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." He does not counsel retaliation or revenge, but a spirit of self-denial and love. Love will prove itself stronger than force by voluntarily doing what force cannot do. Law will compel us to go a mile, but love, of its own large-hearted free will, will induce a man to go twain. The law is founded upon the principle of repelling force by force; the essence of the gospel is conquering by submission. Love takes the brother's violence upon itself, and thus by becoming like him causes him to become like it. The man to whom our Lord alluded, who was compelled to go a mile, evidently some farmer or peasant who was called from his own employment, and pressed into the service of the government by some courier, who, after the old Persian method, was passing by, carrying important despatches, might have resisted and refused to go. But the power of the government was greater than his, and he would be forced to go in spite of himself. But hard and oppressive as was the service, if a man, instead of resisting it as he would be naturally disposed to do, meekly and patiently yielded, and did voluntarily in the spirit of freedom and love more than he was compelled to do—go of his own accord with the courier another mile beyond the first to bear his burden, and to cheer him on his way—this graceful act would take away all the evil out of the compulsory service and make it a moral benefit to himself and a means of good to his oppressor. The servile act would be glorified by the spirit of love and gentleness in which it was performed. He would feel that he was doing not the will of an imperious servant, who impressed him, but the higher law of the land, carrying out the important work of the government; and such a thought would redeem the act from its degradation. But, above all, he would feel that he was doing this thing not as unto men but as unto the Lord. Such a man would emancipate himself from the bondage to which he was subjected; and his freeborn spirit, obeying the law of Christ, would rise high above the slavery of the outward obedience. In a similar way Simon could have transfigured the oppressive and hateful burden-bearing of the cross on the way to Calvary, into a crucifixion with Him who was free and yet yielded Himself up unto death, who had all power in heaven and earth, and yet submitted meekly to be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and to be nailed to the accursed tree. In the complete sacrifice of himself he would rise above the condition of an unwilling victim, into the condition of one who made a freewill offering, and who therefore voluntarily yielded what no outward force could compel him to give.

This law of the kingdom is to be carried out in every cross-bearing which we have to endure. If we bear it patiently we rob it of its sting, and convert it from a bane into a blessing. We make the thorn that wounds us to blossom and fruit for our good. We act as the freemen of Christ who are forced by outward circumstances, but who yield their souls a living sacrifice, and whose acts are therefore priceless, free. We are perpetually meeting the Crucified One on the path of life. We are continually impressed into His service. We are compelled to go with Him a mile on the path of duty. We are commanded to deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow Him along the straight and narrow way that leads to Gethsemane and Calvary. We are, it may be, in a situation where those about us are disagreeable, and the circumstances trying, and the duties unpleasant. We are tied down to a work which we loathe, while we are filled with longing for a work which we love; bound to some mechanical inferior employment, while we feel within us faculties and aspirations for higher service. We are placed perhaps in homes which have no attraction or brightness for us, while we have visions of the Eden that might be if our circumstances were different. We are wronged or maligned, or undervalued, or unloved, wrestling with care or sorrow or penury. We come in, as it were, from the country, like Simon the Cyrenian, thinking only of our own selfish pursuits and enjoyments, and at the straight gate of life, in some crisis of our history we encounter the Crucified One, and life puts on to us at once a painful aspect. Our holiday pleasure is spoiled, our plans are thwarted, and henceforth we have to gird ourselves for toilsome effort and patient endurance. The Saviour is thus constantly crossing our path, meeting us as He is said to have met Peter, in the beautiful legend of the Early Church, on the Appian Way, when he was fleeing from the persecution of Nero. "Lord, whither goest Thou?" said the trembling and awe-struck Apostle, as he saw his Master with His face and step steadfastly turned towards Rome. "I go back to Rome to be crucified a second time," was the reply; and the conscience-stricken apostle, ashamed of his cowardice, went back at once to die the martyr's death. Jesus is meeting us bearing His cross, and asking us to take it from Him, to help Him in the form of some hard duty, some painful self-denial, some humbling employment, some patient endurance of suffering or wrong.

Whatever form of cross-bearing is laid upon us, we feel at first that it is a pressed service, a compulsion, which is trying and oppressive. We feel the pain of having to give up our own way and to have our liberty restricted. At first we are filled with resentment against the gospel of Christ for spoiling our plans and pleasures. But, by and by, as God's grace works in us and makes us willing, the service that we most hated we shall learn most to love. The cross that crushed us to the earth will support us and lift us to heaven. The things that seemed against us we shall find working together for our good. The compulsion of painful circumstances that brought us to Christ will issue in richer life and grander liberty; and the constrained service will be changed into a life-long fidelity. How thankful should we be to be brought into Christ's companionship, even if it be by the pressure of the heaviest cross that was ever laid upon human shoulders! How thankful should we be that we may still carry Christ's cross for Him by being crucified in our own souls to the love of sin and the world; by bearing our own sufferings patiently and meekly and thus knowing the fellowship of His sufferings, a fellowship created by memories of Gethsemane and Calvary; by sharing with Him His love for the souls of men and His keen solicitude for their everlasting salvation, undertaking the heavy labours and enduring the trying persecutions connected with it, having great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart because of the ungodly!

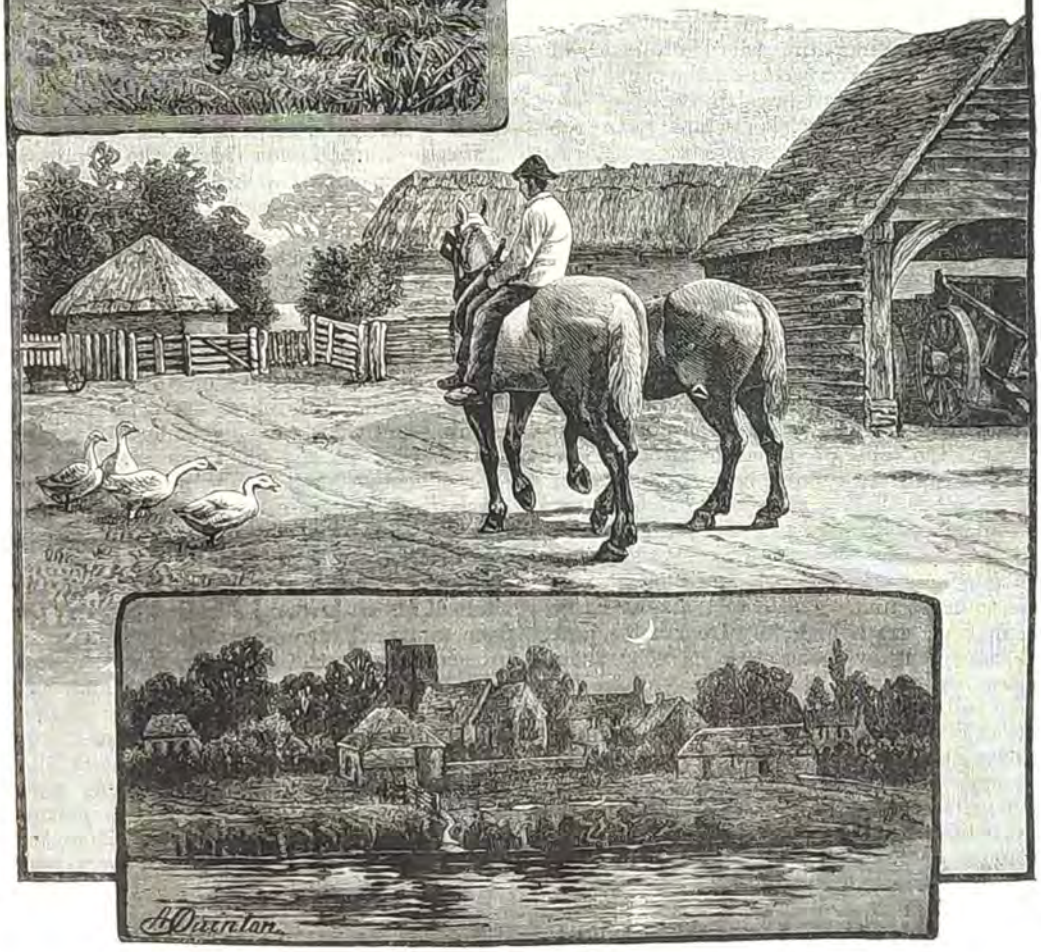
Who talks of compulsion in such a service? "Compel them to come in," was indeed Christ's command to the servant who was sent out to the highways and hedges to collect the outcasts to the feast of joy. We need, it is true, compulsion in regard to the things we are unconsciously longing most for. We need the terrors of the law to arouse our consciences and awaken our fears and drive us to Christ, our only refuge and hope. We need trials and losses and sufferings to show to us the value of eternal things to which we are so lamentably insensible when all goes well with us. And it may be that poor and needy souls may deem themselves unworthy of the invitation—hardly deeming that it can be intended for them—and may therefore require earnest persuasion and a certain constraint to induce them to avail themselves of the rich provision of Zion. But once satisfied with the goodness of Christ—once engaged in His service, once helping Him to carry His cross—the love of Christ, kindling the soul it touches, makes all service a willing service—all sacrifice a living sacrifice. We are obeying the instincts of our own hearts and seeking our own nobler ends in the help we are giving to the Lord. All our service rests on a right the root of which is not law but love. It is like the tender ministries of an affectionate home—like the loving services which father and mother and children and brothers and sisters render to each other—in which no claim on the one side or indebtedness upon the other is urged save love. Who grudges acts of devotion to a mother? What mother would feel the sacrifice of tending a sick child? Love lives on service and sacrifice; and the Lord, by calling upon His children to carry His cross for Him, to do Him some self-denying service, wakens only joyful responses. It is not those upon whom God lays the heaviest burdens who are the saddest, but those who lay burdens on themselves by their follies and sins. God's cross-bearers who share His burden have an inward blessedness which shines upon their faces and upon all their ways, and makes their very presence—the outcome of their brave, patient, faithful spirits—a benediction wherever they go.

We cannot indeed in one sense help Christ to bear His cross. Our sufferings, our merits will not be allowed to compete for a single moment with His infinite atonement. In the sense in which we need Him as our Saviour from sin He stands alone—in an awful supremacy of suffering, and in a glorious supremacy of grace. He has trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there were none with Him. And He might have carried on the work of grace which He thus inaugurated unaided, as He finished the work of creation without help of man or angel. Who are we, and what is our power of service? What are our trivial gifts and petty labours and puny sorrows in the sum of the great forces that are working out the will of God? We are dismayed and disheartened when we think how little we can do in contrast with the magnitude of the work. And yet one of the deepest things in Scripture is the assurance that God has need of us—that He cannot carry on His work of salvation without us. Not more truly did Simon the Cyrenian help Jesus to carry His cross on Calvary than we can help Him still in making that cross efficacious in healing the sins and sorrows of the world. The cross is ours as well as Christ's. There is a Divine necessity laid upon us. We are under Divine compulsion to carry the cross of Christ into the heart of the world's sufferings—to bring its soothing and elevating and healing power to bear upon the case of those who feel life's burdens too wretched to be borne. The love of Christ constrains us. By the depths of that love which even Gethsemane and Calvary left unfathomed, let us help the Lord to bear the burden of the world's misery; and by bearing it, to bear it away and so end it for ever. And assuredly we shall find that such gracious compulsion is our grandest freedom and expansion of soul; and such love-constrained service the highest blessedness of man. And whatever be the cross we ourselves may have to bear—and life for each of us is full of crosses, cross purposes, cross callings, cross relationships, cross necessities, cross circumstances and issues of life—let us seek to carry our cross for the sake and in the spirit of Christ, as the Divine-appointed means by which we are to be crucified with Him to the world and the world to us. And however long it may remain, and however hard it may press, we shall assuredly realise the truth of Christ's own words, "My yoke is easy and My burden is light." If we take up the cross of others our own cross will fall; and if we take up our own cross and follow Christ our sorrow will be turned into joy. The cross will crown us; and our bondage will make us free.

Rest at Nightfall.

WITH the soothing touch of an angel's hand,
Night hushes the world once more,
And those who have striven and wrought and planned
Rejoice that the day is o'er;
After the burden, the toil and heat,
The labourer's rest is sweet.

With the loving touch of a Father's hand
God hushes to rest His own,
When the day is done, and over the land
The shadows of death are thrown;
After the lifework, begun, complete,
The labourer's rest is sweet!



PETER CARTWRIGHT.

THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

IV.

CARTWRIGHT had an intense dislike to coldness, stiffness, and formality when associated with the Christian profession. It is recorded that on one occasion he visited a Congregational village, and that his Methodist fervour was offended by the quiet, calm, and intellectual type of religion there prevalent. He accordingly rode off on his horse into the open country, and when far from human dwellings, raised his voice and sang and shouted the praises of God to his heart's content. A man approached him riding quietly along, and Cartwright recognised in the horseman a deacon of the Congregational church of the village he had just left. The Methodist preacher insisted upon his Congregationalist acquaintance dismounting. Then he prayed with him with great fervour, so that, upon Cartwright's own showing, the frigid professor of religion was actually converted on the spot!

Many were the "hair-breadth escapes" experienced by the backwoods preacher in the course of his long and adventurous career. A merciful Providence watched over him, and often interposed to preserve him from harm. He was one day travelling, with "Brother Walker" as his companion, over some dreary mountains, which were known to be infested by robbers and murderers. They were well mounted, but unarmed. Cartwright saw upon the road before him a pocket pistol, which he picked up, and found to be heavily loaded and freshly primed. "This looks providential," said Cartwright. At sunset they overtook a lame man, limping slowly along with the aid of a large stick. The seemingly crippled wayfarer begged to have a ride, and Brother Walker assented to the request and was about to dismount. "Just then," says Cartwright, "a thought struck me that this fellow's lameness was feigned, and that it was not safe to trust him. I said to Walker, 'Keep your horse; we are a long way from home, and have a long journey before us. Under such circumstances, trust no man.' We trotted on down the hill, and thought we had left our lame man more than a hundred yards behind. Walker was rather ahead of me. All at once my horse made a spring forward. I turned to see what was the matter; and, lo and behold! here was my lame man within a few steps of me, coming as fleet as a deer. I grasped my pistol, which was in my overcoat pocket, cocked it, wheeled about, and rushed toward him. He faced about, and in a few jumps more I should have been on him, but he plunged into the thick brush, and I could not follow him."

In studying the life of Peter Cartwright, we are at no loss in endeavouring to account for his actions or for his success. His character was open, manly, fearless, and steadfast. No subtle analysis is needed to explain the man and his adaptation to his work. Having in boyhood found the Gospel the power of God to his own salvation, he believed it to be capable of renewing and saving all to whom it is published. His reliance was not upon intellectual power or social influence, or honeyed, persuasive eloquence; but upon the plain statement of the righteousness and the love of God in Christ, as the only hope for sinful man. He preached the judgment of God against impenitent sinners, and warned them to flee from the wrath to come. He found by experience that plain, strong speech succeeded where learning and argument were vain.

The sarcastic question was one day addressed to Cartwright by an enemy of the Methodists and their work, "How is it that you have no doctors of divinity in your denomination?" The preacher promptly and wittily replied, "Our divinity is not sick, and needs no doctoring!"

Having himself been denied the advantages of early education and theological training, Cartwright was too disposed to undervalue theological seminaries and professorships. He was acquainted with many most successful preachers who had started in their work as ill-equipped educationally as himself; and he had seen great spiritual results follow from the labours of self-taught men. On the other hand, he had been witness to many failures on the part of young ministers who had relied upon their academic training and their theological lore. He put the matter very plainly in these words:—"However education may be desirable, and however much the progress of this age may demand an improved ministry, especially an improved pulpit eloquence, I would rather have the gift of a devil-dislodging power than all the college lore or Biblical Institute knowledge that can be obtained from mortal man. When God wants great and learned men in the ministry, how easy it is for Him to overtake a learned sinner, and, as Saul of Tarsus, shake him awhile over hell, then knock the scales from his eyes, and without any previous theological training, send him out straightway to preach Jesus and the resurrection! When God calls any man to preach His Gospel, if he will not reason with flesh and blood, but do his duty and live faithful, my experience for it, God will qualify him for the work, if he never saw a college."

It is not surprising that a man of Cartwright's natural powers, determined character, self-denying piety, and remarkable usefulness should have attained a position of extraordinary influence. "The whole West," said a contemporary, "recognises Peter Cartwright's supremacy." He

was the primate of all Prairiedom. Rough as were his features, firmly set his mouth, resolute his expression, there was nevertheless a certain dignity and even urbanity of manner, which commended him to men's favour and confidence. Devoted as he was to Methodism, it was felt that he was still more devoted to the service of the Saviour and to the welfare of the souls of his fellow-man.

Peter Cartwright had the brightest hopes regarding the progress of the Gospel throughout the world. What he himself had witnessed assured him of the invisible power of the truth. He lamented what he thought to be the needless and wasteful expenditure in old settled Christian communities upon the accessories of religion, upon the ornaments of the churches and the musical services. "All this," he exclaimed, "while millions upon millions of our fallen race are dying daily without the Gospel of Christ!" "Scarce as ministers are in some places in our own happy country, yet there are thousands that are ready and willing to go to the utmost verge of this earth, and carry the glad tidings of mercy to those dying millions—if they had the means of support. Would it not the better comport with the obligations of our holy Christianity to refrain from superfluous expenditure, and with a liberal hand and devoted heart to apply or furnish the means to carry the glad tidings of salvation to those that sit in the region and shadow of moral death, than to apply them as is done in many directions in this Christian land?" Rising to a strain of earnest eloquence, Cartwright proceeds: "Say, ye professed lovers of Jesus Christ, are not your responsibilities tremendously fearful? There is wealth enough in the churches, and among the friends of the different Christian denominations in this happy republic, if rightly husbanded and liberally bestowed, to carry the Bible and a living ministry to every nation on the face of the whole earth. And may we be permitted to hail with Christian rapture the rising glory of this liberal spirit, when we shall see it as the apocalyptic angel flying in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to every nation, kindred and tongue! When shall we see this happy day? May the Lord hasten it in His time, and we be co-workers together with Him! Will the Christian world say, 'Amen'?"

When Peter—now Dr. Peter—Cartwright completed fifty years of service as a "presiding elder," which was in the year 1869, a Jubilee celebration was held in Illinois, the state where he had spent the greater part of his ministerial life. At this time he was eighty-four years old, and had travelled and preached for sixty-five years. A very warm and affectionate reception was given to the old soldier of righteousness. In the speech which he delivered on the occasion, he made some interesting statements regarding his ministry. He said that he had not lost six months through illness during his sixty-five years' service; that there had only been three years in which he had received the proper stipend appointed for him by the church; that having been brought up under the "log-cabin dispensation," he had been a preacher several years before he even saw a shingle-roofed house; that when on the Sanganon Circuit he had been so poor that for two years' support for himself, his wife, and six children, he had received only a hundred dollars, i.e., twenty pounds sterling! After enduring toils and hardships to a period exceeding that usually allotted to man, Dr. Cartwright was at that time still able to speak and to preach, though not with his former vehemence.

As he appeared in advanced age before a conference, Dr. Peter Cartwright must have presented a very impressive presence and figure. One who knew him described him as "a large, square-built man, with some native ruggedness, mingled with a good deal of humour, both in his looks and in his speeches. . . He is not lacking in geniality and good-nature; for both his mouth and eyes, as well as the radiant play of the upper part of his cheeks, tell of a kindly and sociable nature. His head is large, and firmly supported between ample and compact shoulders. His brow is broad, and overhung with a mass of iron-grey hair. His eyes are intensely deep in colour, and shine like dark fires beneath his shaggy eyebrows. . . . His complexion is deeply tanned by the sun. His voice when he begins to speak is tremulous, but as he proceeds its old power returns, its rich natural organ-tones are recovered, and he swells and rolls its deep diapason most manfully."

As he drew near to the close of his long and successful ministry, Dr. Cartwright enjoyed the esteem and honour as well as the affection of his brethren and of the whole Methodist community of America. And when he was called to his rest and reward, he left behind him a name which will ever be associated with the evangelisation of the settlers in the backwoods, and a memory which will be an inspiration to many a faithful servant of God who shall be called to endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

J. RADFORD THOMSON, M.A.

THE MARCH OF ISLAM.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM JOSEPH SMITH, M.A.

II.

HAVING thus pointed out some of the indications of that growing luxury and tyranny to which a religion of iron bigotry and yet with a sensuous Paradise has been and always must be exposed, it remains to estimate what amount of cohesive attraction and unifying force this religion has exercised. It is amazing how the zeal of this new creed bound together at first those Arabs who were never at one before or since. And yet nowhere has this union and unity

exhibited itself for long in Mohammedanism. Mohammed himself is reported to have "prophesied that as the Jewish Church had been divided into seventy-one sects! and the Christians into seventy-two! so his followers would be divided into seventy-three sects."[1] According to Abdul Qádir Jilāni there are now at least one hundred and fifty. But we are considering the system more in its political working than in its religious phases, externally rather than internally.

Now it is remarkable that three of Mohammed's four immediate successors met with violent doaths, and also his own grandchildren. For ten days in the first month of every Mohammedan year, the Shiahs in Persia, and those of that sect elsewhere, celebrate the Moharrem in memory of the martyrdom of Hosein, Mohammed's grandson and Ali's son, who was slain, not by infidels, but by rival Moslem. The scenes of the massacre of Hosein and of his friends are represented over again, with such *vraisemblance*, that the actors sometimes actually die in the process, and sometimes the spectators stone those of the actors who are doing the mimic slaughter. The excitement is such that in India our Government always watches the celebration with jealous and careful vigilance. This was one memorable tragedy, but not a score of years after the slaying of Hosein there is the following characteristic incident. Abd el Melih, the then khalif, had entered Kufa, after crushing other claimants. Here, whilst in his palace, the head of one of these competitors, named Musab, was brought to him. He noticed as the head was brought in that one of the bystanders shuddered at the sight, though it was, alas! not an uncommon one. He interrogated the man, and received this reply: "In this place I saw the head of Hosein placed before the governor of Kufa: I saw the governor's head in like manner placed before Moktar; I saw the head of Moktar placed before Musab, and now I see the head of Musab placed before thee." The khalif, horrified at this gruesome recital, had the hall instantly razed to the ground, in order that his own head might not be added to the dismal catalogue.

It would be difficult to parallel the number of bloody pages there are in Moslem story. Men like Moktar at one moment chanted poems, and the next ordered quite calmly the massacre of thousands; and were themselves in turn victims. It would be equally hard in other histories to discover as many examples as here of unblushing treachery. We need but read the life of Haroun el Rashid to discover ample proof of both statements. His name is picked out only as being better known and also one most celebrated as that of a model ruler. This prince had contracted such friendship for Djafar, one of the Barmecide family, that he could never bear him out of his sight. In order therefore to have him always near, he even introduced the nobleman into the guarded enclosure of the royal harem.

To cover this with an air of propriety, the khalif made Djafar go through the marriage ceremony with his (the khalif's) sister Abassah. Then because these two persons thus introduced to such other, fell by-and-by into real love, the sovereign exterminated the whole family of the Barmecides, treacherously seizing and murdering them. Djafar himself was beheaded, and parts of his mutilated body were affixed to the bridge and to the gates of Bagdad. These incidents are mentioned, not because they are picturesque and tragic, but because they are thoroughly in accord with the tenour of Mohammedan history. Indeed one can never determine which was the more perilous to be, the friend or the enemy of a Moslem ruler. Perpetual jealousies existed, and an atmosphere of suspicion spread everywhere. And this has scarcely waned for a thousand years. At the very outset it exhibited itself, for there was Khalid, who had been dubbed the Sword of God, and whose were the first great conquests. He never aspired to be more than an obedient soldier and a brilliant commander. Yet, for pure jealousy, the Khalif Omar dismissed and despoiled him, so that he died in undeserved disgrace, possessed of only his horse, his arms and one slave. Equally unworthy was the fortune of Tarik, the conqueror of Spain, after whom Gibraltar—Jebel Tarik, the mount of Tarik—is named, as also the city of Tarif. This city again gave rise to the term "tariff" which we use for a "duty," because such duty was forcibly levied upon vessels passing through those waters. Tarik was despatched by his superior officer Musa to cross the strait from Africa with 400 infantry and 100 cavalry. His force, though ultimately augmented, never exceeded 12,000. With these he traversed 700 miles of Spanish ground, and subverted the existing governments. From the banks of the Guadalete to the walls of Cordova it was one career of conquest and onward to Toledo. Approaching Cordova a storm of hail muffled the clatter of hoofs, and a shepherd pointed out a breach in the walls. Beneath this there was a fig-tree, which a soldier climbed, and from it could leap into the opening. Then he threw down one end of his turban and drew his comrades up by this extemporised scaling rope. Nor was it the first time in Moslem campaigns that this comical device had been resorted to.

A gigantic slave named Dames had long before stood gymnastically with a human pillar of six men above him, till the topmost clambered to the ramparts of the castle of Aleppo in Syria. Then with ropes of turbans thirty men under the darkness of the night were successively and quietly hauled up to stab the sentinels and secure the citadel.

But Tarik's successes inflamed the envy of Musa, who recalled him. Tarik, like Lord Nelson, did not heed the mandate. Therefore Musa followed, and outside the gates of Toledo they met. It was a singular interview: Musa was old, but vigorous and fiery: a man of the dandy school of soldiers, who always rouged his white beard to make him look young. Tarik came forth in full uniform and ceremony, with his staff of officers to receive his superior officer in all duteous courtesy. Musa was so overcome with wrath that he horsewhipped his lieutenant on the spot, and loading him with vile reproaches packed him off instantly to prison. From this Tarik was released

[1] Hughes' 'Notes on Mohammedanism,' p. 63.

and restored to his rank by the direct intervention of the khalif, and in the whirligig of time it was Musa's turn to suffer the bane of jealousy. On his return to Damascus, laden with booty and captives, he was ignominiously scourged, was made to stand bareheaded a whole day beneath the scorching sun in front of the palace gate, and then was deprived of everything. His son, who was doing good service in Spain, was causelessly executed, and the head brought home and presented to the father. "Do you know this?" they asked him. "I know his features, I assert his innocence, and I imprecate the same, a juster fate, against the authors of his death." The old man died broken-hearted at Mecca.

Nor was this exceptional treatment for great statesmen and generals. The whole record runs red with the number of instances. It may be that they could be paralleled for number and atrocity by like examples under Christian governments in those ages. But the difference is this, that the genius and spirit of Christianity is against such treatment, and that the progress of Christianity has happily lifted Christian nations above such a state of feeling, so that they will never return to it. Islam, unfortunately, is the same as ever. There may have been transient periods of a better disposition; there have been here and there noble lives, but the sad, sad impression left upon one's thought the more one reads the long narrative of Mohammedan annals, is that this is the natural outcome of the religion itself. A tendency towards autocratic tyranny, with its accompanying slavery, a deadening of the more tender feelings towards both man and woman, and a disregard for the sanctity of human life,—these are its direct fruits. The future of Islam will never surpass the high-water mark of its past, and that at best is such as we scarcely could wish the world to see again. We have happily gone beyond it.

There has been, indeed, in Mohammedanism an intense faith in the prime article of their creed, the Unity of God, yet little sense of God's love; there have been glorious gleams of chivalry and magnanimous generosity; there have been splendid intervals of literary attainment and artistic development, yet ruin has always followed these transient periods; there has been legal provision for the poor, since the legal alms is imperative on every Mussulman, and yet there are no lands with more poverty and unmitigated wretchedness; there has been teetotalism, countervailed by other vices; and there has been always glorious courage, but with it a haughty unsympathetic pride. We are alive to all the remarkable qualities which have been from time to time developed in Islam, to the solid contributions it has occasionally added to the world's stock of permanent goods; but the more we reflect, the more are we convinced that it has seen its best days, and that the good it has done has been terribly outweighed by an awful burden of evil. May a better spirit be introduced into it, and all its confessed capacity be utilised for the world's absolute best. But this can only be by such reform as shall make Islam cease to be Mohammedan and become Christian.

SANTA LUCIA.

A STORY OF CORSICA.

CHAPTER V.

PIETRO recovered slowly, though visibly. And his happiness made him completely forget his suffering, when he found himself so tenderly cared for by Santa Lucia. He had often envied poor Margherita when Santa Lucia stroked and caressed her hands. And now it was his emaciated hand that Santa Lucia held in her own. He had been very, very ill, very far gone, but the doctor had declared him out of danger, though it appeared that he was likely to be almost a cripple, if not for life, for a long time, unless a miraculous cure was effected.

Of course, Santa Lucia was not the only nurse by his side. Bianca Mona, a specially trained hospital-nurse, had been brought from Ajaccio.

As it has been said, Pietro was happy at being loved by Santa Lucia, but when he knew how shattered his health was, when he understood what it was to be an invalid, he began to doubt very much whether it would not be very selfish, very unwise, and very imprudent to think of becoming united to Santa Lucia.

It seemed to him that all her tenderness for him was but the outcome of her pity. Bianca had told him that Santa Lucia was in despair until he began to mend, and he had asked the old nurse whether she believed that Santa Lucia really cared for him. Bianca had replied—

"Care for you! Does a hen care for her chickens? Does Padre Rocca care for his church and its altar-cloths, and his chasubles? Ah! you should have seen the tears run down her cheeks when in your feverish wanderings you pronounced her name!"

Yes, it seemed to him that undoubtedly Santa Lucia did care for him. And happiness gave him such a will to get well, that the miracle was effected, and he became again, ere the year was over, the strong healthy youth he had been, and with hopes revived, all obstacles to his marriage with Santa Lucia were soon overcome.

A year went round, and yet another, and there landed one day from the Tunis steamer a young man, in whose sad, dejected countenance and miserable dress and appearance one had difficulty in recognising the gay, handsome young Catalan of two years before.

Slowly he wended his way to the Rue Notre Dame. There he made some inquiries about a Dr. Catalan he had known, about a certain Pietro Rocca, and about one Santa Lucia of a village of that name. And so he learnt that Pietro Rocca had married her whom he had loved. His face grew more savage in its misery, and a desperate hatred of life took possession of him. It was not worth living. He would have done with it.

He wandered on to the Rue de la Porte, and to its far end, where there is a little hostelry called the Bête Noire, a fit name for the last resting-place of a diseased, desperate mind.

There he ate and—drank much and persistently. There was no one to stay his hand, no angel of mercy met him on the shore, to show him love and dispel his gloom; not one face looked into his with tender compassion.

He went to his doom! His determination was to put an end to it all, and none deterred him.

At nightfall he climbed the hill to Alerta, and half way up, near the orange groves, he put a pistol to his temples and drew the trigger! It was all over! All? Aye, for this side of the mysterious journey we all make, whether we will or not. Happy those who meet the angel of mercy at each turning of the way, and who make the journey wisely and well!

The feathery branches of the olive trees waved in the soft breezes. The nightingale ceased singing. The streaks of dawn appeared on the horizon.

The stars disappeared in the vault of heaven as the pale morning light spread, and the twittering of thousands of birds broke forth.

But that pale face looked up to the sky, and gave no response to the invitation to sing the song of life.

Let us all fervidly pray—

"Lead us not into temptation; but
Deliver us from the evil!"

There was one other involved in the tragedy of this southern story. Poor Margherita never wholly recovered that awful time in the mountain, yet the dim consciousness of what had passed lightened her days, and gave a new sense of quiet to her agitated life: but her days were numbered, and she found at last a profounder rest in the grave.

In imitation of the Roman tomb-stones on the Via Appia, you may see in Corsica, bordering many of the chief highways, little railed enclosures round some monument of modern erection, generally with an inscription or bust. The spot chosen is often a pretty one, overlooking a garden, or it is in an orange or olive grove. In such an olive grove, where every year hundreds of men and women gather to pluck the dark green nuts from the dusky olive trees, stands a neat tombstone erected by Pietro and Santa Lucia to the memory of

"MARGHERITA.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. III.

1. This verse closes the description of an interview of great importance.

2. Ten persons are mentioned in the chapter as being present, but the names of six only are given.

3. All were surprised at the result of the interview: one, at least, was not well pleased.

4. With the exception of one all the ten were related.

5. Two are mentioned in the verse as engaged in a brief ceremony.

6. When these two persons met again one was in danger of his life.

7. Both are mentioned in one verse in an epistle.

8. One of them reproved the sin of a priest and of a king.

9. The other was reproved by a prophet because he had "despised the commandment of the Lord."

10. Both had wicked sons.

11. One killed a heathen king in Gilgal.

12. The other, though a servant of God, told a lie to a heathen king at Gath.

13. A town is mentioned in the verse near to Deborah's home.

14. A journey is also indicated and the destination given.

15. One of the characters strongly resembles Joshua, Saul and Samson in one particular.

16. We are told something of the dress of the other in an earlier passage.

17. The chapter in which the verse is found contains mention of music and mourning, of war and peace, of good and evil spirits, of age and youth, of a king and a servant, of four different domestic animals, and of oil, wine and bread.

18. It contains thirty-seven words. L. T.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.

1. He "a mighty man of wealth," yet did wondrous favour show
   To the lowly Moabitess, favour such as few may know.
2. Here we have a noted chief, to whom when Ezra did appeal
   For "ministers for the house of God," sent large numbers with all zeal.
3. A little thing this, yet it helped a wondrous scheme to carry out,
   In which, by clever strategy, an encamped host was put to rout.
4. Lo, a prophetess appears—harken, a triumphant song:
   Awake, arise, the foe is vanquished, unto God doth praise belong.
5. Here another prophetess in the temple we behold,
   A widow of great piety the world's redemption then foretold.
6. This the only entrance is to the fold, as to the heart,
   Climb not up, but enter in, wisely choose the "better part."

The initials and the finals give the names of two persons who deemed themselves exceeding wise.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS—p. 62.

1. To the fact that God rested on that day from the work of creation.—*Gen.* ii. 2, 3.

2. On the seventh day there was no manna to gather.—*Exod.* xvi. 26, 27.

3. No fire was to be kindled on that day.—*Exod.* xxxv. 3.

4. A Sabbath-breaker was stoned.—*Num.* xv. 32-36.

5. A day of rest was secured for slaves and cattle.—*Deut.* v. 14, 15.

6. Fires were kindled for the sacrifices.—*Matt.* xii. 5.

7. *Luke* xiv.

8. They objected to the disciples plucking ears of corn on the Sabbath.—*Luke* vi. 2. A ruler was angry because Jesus healed on the Sabbath.—*Luke* xiii. 14. The cripple when healed was forbidden to carry his bed.—*John* v. 10.

9. *Mark* ii. 27, 28.

10. *Isa.* lviii. 13, 14; *Jer.* xvii. 21-27.

11. *Neh.* x. 31; xiii. 15-22.

12. *Luke* iv. 16; xiii. 10; *Acts* xiii. 14, 27.

13. Because our Saviour rose from the dead on that day, they looked upon it as a day for joy and thanksgiving.

14. They probably observed the seventh day, at least as long as their temple existed; but gradually began to give greater honour to the first day.

15. *Acts* xx. 7; *Rev.* i. 10.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. II.—p. 144.—Acts vii. 55.

"But he being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up steadfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God."

1. Acts vii. 55; 2. "Full of the Holy Ghost," vi. 5; 3. vii. 1, 2-53; 4. 55, 56; 5. 20, vi. 15; 6. 60; 7. 2, 52; 8. 55; 9. 56; 10. 55.

Monthly Religious Record.

NO attempt has yet been made to complete a religious census of London, which has not been the occasion of controversy, and open at some points to the charge of inaccuracy. The "British Weekly," in an effort to deal comprehensively with the Mission Halls of London, has not escaped criticism, but, despite some inaccuracies and the danger of drawing absolute conclusions from its figures, has collected an array of facts of great value. According to its summary of statistics, the approximate accommodation of all the Mission Halls reaches a total of 251,980. It is worth noting that those marked "undenominational" supply 67,813, while next comes the Church of England, with 40,516. But comparison on such lines, even if expedient, would be delusive as regards the "missionary" influence of particular bodies, seeing that some regularly constituted churches and chapels are in themselves a power of evangelisation more aggressive and successful than any external agency. The evening attendance at these various halls is given at 127,037, which is four times as many as at the morning services—a difference due in part to the necessities and in part to the habits of the people from whom the audiences are drawn. If it be asked, what is the vital force of all these "missionary" efforts combined against the heathendom of London, it must be remembered that preaching is but one portion of the work attempted at these stations, and in some instances the least important. There are "halls" which are the centre of manifold activities, by which faith and charity find powerful expression in places where no evangelist's voice can penetrate. Meanwhile, the "Record" has been taking stock of South London, with its 800,000 souls, and after an elaborate report, which includes account of both Nonconformist and Romanist centres, comes to the conclusion that *Christianity is not in possession.* "Heathen indifference, the result of hopeless penury, is settling down more and more into the hearts of the people, and is making religious work harder and harder." The riverside dwellers from Battersea to Greenwich are of the poorest class; those nearest to the water's edge in the lowest depths of poverty, those behind them but a little better off. The whole district is decadent, for the drift of the wealthier classes is every year further southward. This division of classes here and elsewhere creates serious difficulties. The social question is serious, the spiritual need is urgent. How can these changing conditions best be met?

MR. ARCHIBALD BROWN, whose work in the east of London is well known, points out that "a very weak point in mission enterprise is the multiplication of halls in close proximity." As the purpose of mission work is purely evangelistic, "there is," he urges, "no excuse for such competition. I know, however, one district in which there are four halls within three minutes' walk of one another, and two of them are next door but one." A casual correspondent of the "Record," on the other hand, objects that "working men are not necessarily heathen because they do not go to church." "They have been disgusted with deeper views through the inconsistencies and injustice towards them of the church-going rich." And he pleads strongly that religious people ought not to acquiesce in the ever-growing local separation of classes.

THE new reredos in St. Paul's Cathedral is on a scale proportioned to the noble pile of which it is now the most ornamental part. The sculpture is of elaborate design, and includes many figures. The central subject is the Crucifixion. A tabernacle placed upon the summit of the structure contains the figure of the Virgin, and on either side are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul—on an equality forbidding the supremacy of Peter—while above all is the figure of the ascending Christ. The representative facts of the great history are thus presented from the miraculous birth to the burial and resurrection. It is plain that we are far removed from the age of the iconoclasts; there has been a recoil in many directions. Opinions, however, are not unanimous as to this reredos; whatever may be said as to the services which art may render to religion, there are not a few within the Church of England who hold that the use made of it, in this instance, is a violation of the existing law, and dangerous in its tendency.

FULL particulars have now come to hand respecting the deportation of the Rev. J. Jones from Mare. It appears that he was sitting in the schoolroom, engaged in revising the Mare Scriptures, on the morning of December 9th, when a French war steamer arrived off the coast. A boat came ashore, bringing the captain of the Noumea gendarmerie, who informed Mr. Jones that he must consider himself under arrest, and gave him half an hour to pack what was required for his immediate wants. He was then taken on board the steamer, where he was treated with due consideration, and afterwards carried to Noumea, where he was told he was free to go ashore when he liked. He landed, and then lodged a formal protest with the British Consul. Subsequently he proceeded to Sydney, where he placed his papers in the hands of the Governor of New South Wales, with a view to bringing the matter before the home Government. The despatch from the Governor of New Caledonia, which authorised the act, makes reference to a "ministerial despatch of October 5th, 1887," and decrees the expulsion on the ground that "the acts of Pastor Jones of foreign nationality are of a nature to compromise the public order and tranquillity of the Loyalty Islands."

THE American Board for Foreign Missions reports that the quiet settlement of German authority in the Gilbert and Marshall Islands has turned out to the furtherance of the Gospel. Not so the assignment of the Caroline group to Spain. The Rev. E. J. Doane, the missionary of the Board at Ponape, after arrest and imprisonment, has been exiled. Yet the thirty-five years of Protestant labour in these islands have wrought great results. Nearly fifty churches have been gathered, with 5300 members; six "high schools" have been established for the training of native preachers and teachers, and forty common schools, with more than 2800 scholars. Thus the people have been transformed "from naked and warlike savages, to orderly, peaceful, and industrious communities." The latest tidings speak of a revolt of the natives against Spain. Meanwhile an appeal has been made to the United States Government to secure protection for the missionaries.

THE Church Missionary Society recently devoted a day to prayer and the consideration of the spiritual aspects of its work. At the morning meeting, Archdeacon Richardson and the Rev. Handley C. G. Moule spoke on "Spiritual Shortcomings"; in the afternoon, the Rev. Canon Hoare and the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe on "Spiritual Possibilities"; and in the evening, the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe and Sir S. Arthur Blackwood on "Spiritual Determinations." The great object of these devotional gatherings was the increase of spiritual power. Great stress was laid on the fact that the constraining love of Christ is the true spring of missionary efforts, and the best argument for those who plead the cause of the heathen. Canon Hoare, in speaking of possibilities, warned his hearers against impatience. "Men had toiled and died one after another, and their wives had died. From 1804 till 1816 there was in Africa not one single baptism, and then the fountain was opened. So it was in New Zealand. They had toiled on without success from 1814 till 1825—eleven long years—without a baptism, in the midst of cannibalism, and people taunting them with the folly and the madness of persevering in such a work. So it had been at Foo-chow. They had gone on for eleven years toiling without one baptism, till there was a great discussion whether or not the mission should not be abandoned; and one young man—he remembered him well as a Scripture-reader at Margate, and he had afterwards gone out—when every one said it was to be given up, had said, 'You may give up the mission, but I will remain.' He did remain. That very year baptisms began, and a shower was poured forth from God." Often the richest blessing followed on years of quiet work.

THE Bishop of Jamaica, replying to some of Canon Taylor's recent references, makes the satisfactory statement that the negroes of that island are not lapsing into Obeism, but "developing in general knowledge and in all those qualities, attainments, and beliefs which go to make up an intelligent, industrious, progressive Christian community."

THE past year has been one of general prosperity for the missions of the American Board in the Turkish Empire. So runs their report. The opposition of the Government and the increasing poverty of the people are still obstacles. "Certain sections of the country have been visited by special calamities which have brought with them very great suffering and distress. Only a few years since Zeitoon was destroyed by fire, and during the past year it has been destroyed again in the same manner. The famine in Cilicia is a fact well known to all who are interested in the eastern world. There is little encouragement in that country for any one to plant or to build; and it is almost impossible for the common people to accumulate property for old age, sickness, or for their children. Yet these people, poor as they are, contribute nobly towards the support of their own churches. The growth, in respect to theological seminaries, colleges, higher schools for boys and girls, industrial schools, preaching and evangelistic work, and in respect to Christian literature, is a steady growth." We observe also that the American Presbyterian Church reports greater prosperity in its work in Syria than ever before, and the same is true of Persia.

THE Universities' Mission to Central Africa has suffered from a disastrous fire at Magila, the chief station in U-Samhara. The loss of property is great, and the hindrances to work serious.

THE Moravian missionaries, whose fame is in all the churches, say that contact with the heathen—that is, in the stricter sense, as wild tribes utterly ignorant of the Gospel—is less frequent than formerly. Of their work in general it is stated that the nucleus of old and faithful members is more or less on the decrease in most of the congregations—that among the young people there is but little desire for the Word of God—and that indifference and sloth, drunkenness and immorality are increasingly prevalent; yet there is happily a brighter side, the Word of Life has not lost its power, nor is it unfruitful, and they are "continually able to report of awakened souls." Many interesting facts are embedded in the last annual report. Thus, from the borders of Thibet, we hear that "the lamas and headmen at Kyelang are growing hostile to the preaching of the Gospel. Formerly they thought that the labours of the missionary would prove fruitless, but as they cannot any more shut their eyes to the fact that our scholars surpass many of the lamas in knowledge, they are afraid of losing their influence. Their intrigues have been principally directed against the schools. They have also endeavoured to strengthen their own position. Lately they procured from Thibet, at an expense of more than 100*l.*, a religious work consisting of a hundred volumes (a twelve-horse load), which has been deposited in the Kyelang monastery. A kushog, or incarnation of Buddha, from Great Thibet had also made a progress through the country." But the missionary still found people willing to receive the Scriptures.

THE China Inland Mission has received communications from several of its missionaries who have been eye-witnesses of the devastation wrought by the floods in Ho-nan. Thus Mr. Slimmon writes from Chau-kia-k'eo: "The damage done by the water is greater than my worst imagination had pictured. . . . The water came on so slowly that the people would not believe there was any danger, and stayed till the water was up to their loins, when they could no longer carry off their effects. So they climbed up trees, and got on to the roofs of their houses, which are built either of mud or of sun-dried bricks, so the walls soon gave way, and the people on the roofs perished. Those in the trees were many of them rescued in boats, but others in lonely situations, or those who could not hold out till help came, fell into the water and were drowned. Numbers of bodies have been found, some of them showing that piteous efforts to escape had been made. In one case, a string of men was found tied hand to hand; in another, a father and child were found tied together." In another letter he says:—"Just fancy a vast plain, about half the size of Scotland, thickly populated, suddenly turned into a raging sea! This is what has taken place here. Misery reigns supreme in this place just now. Out of fifty-six streets in our portion of the town only five are not flooded. Hundreds have escaped with their bare lives; their little all has been lost. They are huddled together in straw huts, with scarcely enough to cover them, and the nights are getting bitterly cold. I am living in the midst of it, able to do little or nothing for want of money. The distress will continue for many months to come; cruel winter will soon be on us, and hundreds will perish from cold." Beside the millions who have perished in the waters, it is now estimated that two million people have been reduced to absolute destitution.

THE Bishop of Durham speaking recently at a conference on Foreign Missions, referred to recent controversies, and said, "that if there was any truth in the allegations made as to modern missions they should set to work and ascertain it, and review and revise their methods." It struck him that there were three things needed. They ought first to send out bands of preachers and not isolated individuals, and those bands should be partly clerical and partly lay. Secondly, they must allow greater liberty in the matter of public worship. The negroes had their "revivals." It was not the highest form of worship, but it revealed the negro character, and they must have respect for this character if they would influence the negro. They must allow a more demonstrative form of worship than that which seemed quite right and sober to the ordinary steady-going English Churchman. Thirdly, they must avoid all dogmatic subtleties. Creeds were of the highest value, but in an early stage of Christianity the simplest truths of the Gospel were most effective. Wherever Mohammedanism took the place of the idolatry and fetish worship they ought to rejoice, for it was an enormous step in advance; but as an ultimate and fundamental religion they could have nothing to say for it. In civilised nations Mohammedanism had been the very reverse of a success. In classical times Asia Minor was one of the most civilised parts of the world, but Mohammedanism had made it a scene of desolation.

ALL such questions will no doubt be fully discussed at the general Conference on Foreign Missions to be held in London next June, the preparations for which are satisfactorily advancing. All denominations are combining for it, and America and the Continent will also send delegates.

FROM South India come representative facts full of encouragements. Writing from Cuddapah, the Rev. W. Howard Campbell, M.A., B.D., says: "I have spent most of my time this year in camp, and have visited most parts of the district. In the hot season I spent a month in Rayachati and Kadiri talugs. The villages in these talugs are small and numerous, and by dividing our forces we were able to visit and preach in five or six villages each day. Everywhere we were well received. In a village called Wandadi the people literally pressed on us to hear the Gospel. During the three days I was there my tent was never empty. People kept coming and going, and some of them would sit for hours listening to what we said, and questioning us as to the way of life. . . . At the earnest request of the people, I left a catechist with them for a couple of months. I was much interested by the work that is going on in Pulivendla talug. In a number of places there are earnest inquirers after the truth, and some who are, I believe, secret disciples of Christ. We spent a day in a village called Gorlagudur, where a large number of people are inclined to embrace Christianity. Four men desired baptism. These people seem, like the Christians of Bukapatnam, to have been led to Christ by their own study of the Bible. They told me their story. Four years ago a man belonging to another village brought a large Telugu Bible from Madras. Shortly afterwards he died, and his wife, thinking his death due to his Bible-reading, threw the dangerous book out of doors. These people took it, they told me, to their own village, and read it carefully. In reading it, the light dawned upon them; they saw that Jesus is indeed their Saviour, and gave their hearts to Him."

CONGREGATIONALISM has lost one of its most generous supporters in the late Mr. James Spicer, of Woodford. The superintendent of a Sunday-school when but twenty-two years of age, he maintained his interest in religious work throughout a long and active career; and a large gathering of representative men at his funeral attested the regard in which he was held.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

BY EVELYN E. GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—A PROPOSED VISIT.

MILDRED THINKS IT A MAKE-BELIEVE.

AS Mr. Lee was approaching the Hermitage the following morning, he was musing to himself something after this fashion.

"That fellow does not pick up as I should like to see him, and he will run down directly he is alone. Even a few hours of solitude tell upon him. It shows he is not in the state one would like to see. I wish I could devise some means of getting change of air and scene for him. Sea-bathing would do him a power of good. I shall be sorry if Stratford comes back to find him still an invalid. I must see what can be done."

When the doctor was shown up to his patient, however, he found that Roy was not alone. He was in the company of the kinsman of his whom Mr. Lee had once met at dinner at the Hermitage.

Mr. Edington had not struck him with particular favour on that occasion, but he was pleased to see him at this juncture, the more so as Roy looked bright and animated.

"Good-morning, Frank," cried the boy, "you are just the man we wanted. Mr. Edington has been propounding a scheme to me, and we want your sanction for it."

"I was suggesting to Roy that a change might do him good," explained Mr. Edington quietly, "that is, if we can gain your approbation for the scheme. He tells me his brother cannot be back for some few weeks still, and that he finds home dull all alone. I thought if he could be entrusted to my care, we might go away somewhere together. Mr. Stratford, I hear, gave him full liberty to make his own arrangements during the weeks he was to be alone."

"And you would like to go, Roy, would you?" asked the young surgeon.

"I think I should," was the ready response, "as my cousin is kind enough to wish it, and does not mind the trouble of me. I haven't been away for a long while, and September is a capital month for the sea."

"And where do you propose going?" asked Frank Lee, turning to the elder man.

"I thought of Brighton, as a pleasant, cheerful place and not over-crowded yet. But we can hardly be said to have made any definite plans so far. I only came yesterday to ask after Roy, and he kindly insisted on my staying the night. Seeing him still so pale and weak, it naturally occurred to me that change of air might be beneficial. I have a little spare time of my own on hand as it happens, and I could as well take him away to the sea as do anything else."

"Well, if Roy would like to go, and you are prepared to take him, I have no objection to sanction the plan," said Mr. Lee. "Only you must be careful of your charge and not let him walk much or overdo himself. He must keep his foot up a good many hours each day, and you must feed him up well. I dare say the sea air will give him a better appetite than he has here. When do you propose going?"

"As soon as you will let me move," cried Roy, who was beginning to look excited at the prospect. "I should like to go to-day."

"No, not quite so fast as that," smiled Frank, who was examining the foot, and felt that the boy winced beneath his touch. "Not to-day, nor to-morrow either: but I think the day after you might try to make a move. It's well to take the fine weather whilst it lasts. And when you get to the sea, try what salt water will do for this unruly member; and I almost advise not attempting the whole journey in one day, but calling a halt at some half-way house. You're not up to very much fatigue or exertion yet."

"That will be easily managed," said Mr. Edington. "My own house lies on the road, and it will be a great pleasure to my wife to receive him there. They will all be delighted to put us up for a night or two. If Roy will trust himself to me, I do not think he will repent it."

"I'm sure I shan't," was the eager answer. "I'm quite in the humour to see new people and places, and especially relations; and I want to come back to Marcus as strong as a horse. I'm awfully pleased you came when you did. We shall just have time for a nice little jaunt before I have to come home to receive Marcus. I'm so glad you approve, Frank."

Mr. Lee did approve, though he would have preferred a companion for Roy about whom he knew a little more. The man, however, though somewhat under-bred and under-educated, seemed respectable enough, and really solicitous as to Roy's well-being. He was a relative of his, too, and one who had been to the house as Marcus Stratford's guest. It would be uncalled-for on his part to take exception to the man, simply because he was unprepossessing, especially when Roy was obviously pining for some kind of change.

"You must be careful of that boy," he said, on his last visit, as Mr. Edington accompanied him out of the room. "He had an attack on the lungs this summer, and he will very likely be susceptible to cold for some little time to come. He's not been quite himself ever since his mother's death several months back, and this accident has told upon him considerably. He wants care and watching and generous living. I believe sea air will pick him up faster than anything; but if you are not satisfied let me know, and I'll run down and see him. By-the-bye, where will you be?"

"I shall leave that very much to the boy; I will take him first to my own house, which lies in the direct route to the coast. We shall see then how he stands travelling and act accordingly. We have fine moorland air at our place, which stands right in the middle of miles of heath, and the sea is at no very prohibitive distance. He can go on there as soon as he chooses. He will be the one to settle that point."

Roy was much pleased to be going to visit his cousins the Edingtons, and though he by no means abandoned the idea of the Brighton visit, he began to wonder if he might not manage to get all the cousins to accompany him there. He gathered from many little things that they were not rich, and he thought it would be a very pleasant thing to contrive a holiday for them all. He had plenty of money just now, having spent nothing of his liberal allowance during the past months, and when he applied to the family solicitor, as Marcus had directed him to do, should he have a fancy for leaving home to try what change of air would do, he found himself supplied with funds in so liberal a fashion that he felt like a miniature Crœsus. He said nothing of this to Mr. Edington, however, fearing to offend his sense of delicacy, but he built up many schemes of his own, and enjoyed them very much.

Vincent was able to say farewell in a much more happy frame of mind than he had anticipated, and he left Roy looking bright and gay in the anticipation of pleasure to come.

It was one of Roy's marked characteristics, his ability to banish disagreeable thoughts, and live in the enjoyment of the present whenever it was

sufficiently engrossing; and despite the troubled thoughts that had assailed him of late, he was as full of merriment and boyish high spirit as he had ever been in his life. If he had not conquered his sense of injury, at least he had pushed it into the background of his thoughts, and with so many reminders of his brother's liberality and consideration towards him it would be hard to cherish unkind or distrustful thoughts.

The proposed visit to his cousin's house filled his mind to the exclusion of all else, and no one was more eager to face the fatigue and possible discomfort of the journey than the boy himself. He was only afraid he might give trouble to his hosts, but Roger Edington reassured him on that point.

"We are rather rough-and-ready people, Roy; Windmill House is not at all like the Hermitage, you must understand, and our ways will not be much like anything you have been accustomed to here; but there will be a warm welcome waiting for you, and you need not be afraid of giving trouble. You will have four very willing slaves in your cousins from the first. The more you keep them running about in your service the better they will be pleased."

And Roy, who had all the instinctive love of variety natural to youth, fancied that he should enjoy a thorough change in his manner of life more than anything else. He saw everything *couleur de rose*, and was all aglow with excitement and delight when once he found himself *en route* for Windmill House.

"I wonder how long it will last," was the somewhat grim unspoken thought of Roger Edington.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—INTRODUCTIONS.

Roy found travelling more trying than he had expected, and was very glad that the railway journey was quickly over. Although he could hobble about pretty well by means of a stick, the jarring of wheels was excessively disagreeable to him, and he was much relieved when the train drew up at the insignificant station of Thorne.

A lumbering fly seemed the only conveyance to be had, and although Roy had not expected his kinsman to keep a carriage, he found it in his heart to wish that the three miles that lay between the station and Windmill House could be shortened, or that some better vehicle could be obtained. However, he would not hurt his host's feelings by a single word of complaint, and resigned himself to the inevitable with praiseworthy resolution. Things were better than he had expected; the fly was easier than he had ventured to hope, the horse took his time, and the road was fairly smooth. What gave him most uneasiness was the change of manner that had gradually come over Roger Edington. His former geniality seemed to have vanished. He was silent and gloomy, and took but the barest notice of his companion. In reality it was but an involuntary relapse into his ordinary self, but to Roy, who had always known him different, it appeared as if some unconscious affront must have been put upon his kinsman. He racked his brain to try and find out what he could have said or done to vex him, and was resolved that he would atone for the blunder by every possible means in his power.

He had hardly thought to spare for the strange character of the country through which they were passing—strange, at least, to eyes used to the well-wooded pastoral regions in which Roy's home lay; but when at length the fly turned off from the main road into a less well-used track, he did begin to look about him with surprise at the desolate waste, until the stoppage of the vehicle before the large, plain stone house caused him to realise that his destination was already arrived at.

At once, as it seemed to him, a strange sort of tumult arose, similar to, and yet somehow altogether different from, anything he had witnessed before, even at the noisiest receptions he had ever received from the Kynaston household. Two big lads rushed down the steps and tore open the door of the fly, both talking at the top of their voices, contradicting each other, hustling Roy about in a fashion most unpleasant to him just then, and pouring upon him such a torrent of questions and information that to attempt to speak was utterly out of the range of possibility. He could only smile, try to feel pleased at this boisterous style of welcome, and mount the steps to the top, where two girls stood watching him with unrestrained, wild-eyed curiosity.

"You are our cousin, Roy, I suppose," said the elder of the two, holding out her hand and speaking rather bluntly. "We are very glad you have come. We are Mildred, and Nellie—perhaps papa has told you that."

Roy shook hands with them both, and said it was very nice to have so many new cousins; but Roger's voice from behind, speaking in loud and rather angry tones to his children, caused the girls to shrink back, half sullenly, half timidly, whilst the boys began hauling the luggage into the house with a great deal of unnecessary noise and rough horse-play.

Roy was growing bewildered by a scene so utterly unlike anything he had ever witnessed before; the bare, untidy hall, the uncarpeted stone stairs, the plain, poverty-stricken look of the girls' serge dresses, and the rough aspect of the boys—all these things struck him as very strange, and even more strange still was the rough manner of the father, and the utter absence of any kind of greeting between him and the children, whom he had not seen for several days. They took no notice of one another as it seemed, all the interest being centred on the new-comer; but if the children did not love their father, neither did they obey him, for his curt command to them all to go upstairs was entirely disregarded; they only drew back a little into the inner part of the hall, and continued to gaze at Roy with a steadfastness that was not ill-bred, only because it was so entirely spontaneous and childish. It seemed as if their eyes were altogether fascinated and riveted.

"You had better come and see my wife and sister," said Roger Edington, when Roy was fairly

inside the door. "I suppose they are in the drawing-room, girls?"

Roy would certainly not have guessed, had he not been told before, that the bare, untidy room into which he was now ushered could be dignified by that name; but he had only time for a hasty look round him before he was called upon to go through introductions of a somewhat more formal character than those with his new cousins; not that there was any particular ceremony in the manner of his elder hosts.

"This is the boy, Caroline," said his kinsman, in the blunt abrupt way that seemed to have come over him under the influence of the surroundings of his own home. "Roy, let me introduce you to my wife, Mrs. Edington, and to my sister Joan," and Roger moved away, watching and listening without attempting to join farther in the scene. Nobody, however, seemed to want him.

"How do you do, Roy?" said Caroline Edington, with as much of cordiality as her naturally cold manner could assume. "We are very glad to make your acquaintance at last, and to welcome you to Windmill House. I hope we shall be able to persuade you to pay us a visit here, though I am bound to admit we have not many attractions to tempt you with. I hope you are feeling better again? We were sorry to hear of your illness. You are not looking very strong yet."

"I am quite well, thank you, except my foot; and change of air is sure to be the best kind of medicine, they say. It is very kind of you to take me in, Mrs. Edington. It is pleasant to make acquaintance with one's relations. Is this another cousin?" and he turned to Joan, who was standing silently by, and gave her his hand with a kindling smile. Her cold quiet face attracted him, he hardly knew why; he felt instinctively that she was to be trusted.

"I am your cousin Joan," she said, "I remember you when you were a tiny little boy, Roy."

"Do you?" he asked with interest, adding laughingly, "I'm afraid I don't remember you, Cousin Joan."

"Perhaps you will like to see your room now," said Caroline Edington, after a few more commonplace remarks had been exchanged—conversation would not flow easily, somehow, though she was anxious to please, and Roy to be pleased. "You will be sure to find some of the children outside eager to show it you. They have been wild with excitement about this visit. I hope you will be comfortable; but we can't do things here in the way you have been used to."

Roy coloured quickly.

"I am sure I shall be quite comfortable," he answered. "It is very kind of you to take me in at all."

He moved to the door as he spoke, and was at once seized upon by the quartet outside.

"Come along! What an age you've been!"

"Whatever could you find to talk about to them?"

"Come and see your room and ours. We'll show you everything!"

"What makes you so lame? Can't you get on without a stick?" This more quietly from Mildred.

"Not very easily," answered Roy, who had lost no time in gaining possession of his trusty staff, which he had left in the hall. He had already been walking and standing about much more than he had done on any one day since his accident, and he was a little surprised, after having heard Frank Lee's many cautions to Mr. Edington, to find that he was not expected to play the invalid at all here. In some ways, perhaps, it was something of a relief to feel that there was no likelihood of "fuss" on his account, but he could not quite make this indifference tally with his host's protestations of care and watchfulness made only four-and-twenty hours ago.

Nellie looked at him with a sort of shy sympathy in her blue eyes.

"I'm lame, too," she said timidly. "I've always been lame, I think."

He smiled kindly, and held out his hand to her.

"Then we must help each other along. We'll take things more leisurely than those two young monkeys up there."

For Archie and Dick had already precipitated themselves up the staircase, and were hanging grimacing over the rails like a veritable pair of monkeys.

"I wish you boys would either behave yourselves decently, or else go away," said Mildred sharply. She had been struck by the air of refinement and good-breeding in Roy, and was painfully conscious of the contrast presented by all of them, and particularly by the boys. Mildred was very observant, though she could not have defined the impressions her eyes took in.

The boys paid no heed to her words, save by an increase of noisy tumult. No one paid much heed to them or their antics, and the little procession reached in time the room allotted to Roy.

The girls had been very busy over it for days, and were immensely proud of their handiwork. They thought that for a bed-room it was quite luxurious in its appointments; for there was a carpet on the floor, a faded rug before the hearth, some old moreen curtains to the window and a cloth upon the table in the middle of the room. They had none of these things in their bare rooms, for they had been brought up with the most Spartan-like simplicity; but to Roy's eyes the place looked altogether poor and sordid. The servants at the Hermitage were more sumptuously lodged than that.

However, he was far too well-bred to show the least sign of dismay; indeed, his regret was not personal, for, as he mentally said, it mattered little enough for him; he was only sorry to see signs of such poverty about his relative's house, and wished there was anything he could do to help him.

The boys were too noisy and volatile to stay any length of time; but the girls were so anxious to make friends and be useful that at last he let them unfasten his portmanteaus and unpack his things for him, whilst he sat still in what Nelly called the "easy chair," and amused himself very much over their curiosity and surprise at the character of his wardrobe, and the novelty or

costliness of its little appointments, which to him were matters-of-course. They exclaimed, and admired and questioned unceasingly, as they lifted out the things and arranged them in the places according to his direction; but when he once said something about "not wanting that till he went to Brighton," they both turned round and began a simultaneous entreaty.

"Oh, don't go to Brighton, Roy! Do stay here. We never have anybody to talk to or play with, and we want you to stay with us as long as ever you can! Do say you will! It's horrid here, I know, but you can't be sick of it like us. Do stay! It is so much nicer when you are here!" and Nellie's hand was laid pleadingly on his.

Roy laughed; it was early days, he thought, to have made so favourable an impression; but he was rather flattered by it, nevertheless, and drawn towards this pair of odd-looking girls, who seemed to have lived so dull and colourless a life. At least it seemed very friendly of them to be so eager for his society.

"It's awfully kind of you to want me," he said. "I shall be very pleased to stop here for a bit; but I can't arrange exactly without consulting your father. I think he wants a holiday himself somewhere at the sea. We said we were to take it together, you know."

Mildred stared. "That's all a make-believe," she said decidedly. "He never goes away like that."

"He said he'd had more holiday this year than he'd ever had before, already," added Nellie, "I heard him tell grandpapa so."

"Does your grandfather live here, too? Your mother's father?"

"No, he's papa's father; yes, he lives here; but he always stays in his own room. Aunt Joan looks after him."

"Why, he must be my great-uncle then!" cried Roy. "I wonder your father never told me. I should like to go and see him."

"But you mustn't," said Mildred quickly.

"Why not? Is he ill?"

"No, not ill—he isn't very well ever, I believe; but he won't have you go and see him. I heard Aunt Joan say so the other day."

Roy sat very still: he was beginning to feel exceedingly perplexed.

THE BISHOP OF DERRY AND MRS. ALEXANDER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS B. WILLSON, M.A.

THE church in Ireland was, until a short time since, fortunate in the possession of two bishops whose names may fairly claim a place amongst the poets of our century. Not, indeed, it may be, in the foremost rank, but yet of the numbers of those sweet singers whose verses men will not "willingly let die." One, the late Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. R. C. Trench), now rests in the stately Abbey of Westminster, of which he was once Dean; the other, William Alexander, Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, still lives to adorn the church of which he is one of the chief pastors.

It is not a little remarkable that in the Bishop of Derry's case his wife's fame in the field of poetry exceeds in some ways his own, for she must always be classed amongst the very first of our modern hymn-writers, having placed all those "who profess and call themselves Christians" under a deep debt of gratitude for the many gems with which she has enriched our collections of sacred song.

The Bishop of Derry is the eldest son of the late Reverend Robert Alexander, Rector of Aghadoey, and Canon of Derry Cathedral; his mother was Dorothea, daughter of Henry McClintock, Esq., of Rathdonnell, county Louth. It was in the historic city of Derry, so full of heroic memories of the past, that the future bishop was born on the 13th of April, 1824. He was educated in England at Tonbridge School, and afterwards proceeded to the University of Oxford. He commenced his university career at Exeter College, but subsequently he went to Brasenose, from which college he graduated in 1847. The

BISHOP ALEXANDER.
(*Photo. Alexander Ayton, Londonderry.*)

same year he returned to Ireland, and was ordained deacon, serving as curate of Templemore, the principal parish in the city of Derry; the church of which (St. Columb's) is the cathedral of the diocese. During this time he did not,

however, abandon his studies, for we find that in 1850 he obtained the Denyer prize at Oxford for a theological essay, the subject of which was "The Divinity of our Lord"—this essay has since been republished. In 1860 his poetic gifts gained him a prize of considerable value, given every three years for the best poem on a sacred subject. That which he selected was "The Waters of Babylon;" it may now be found in the volume recently published of collected poems, entitled "St. Augustine's Holiday," to which we shall allude further on.

During these years his advancement in the church was rapid. He was successively presented to the parishes of Termonamongan, Fahan, and Camus-juxta-Mourne, to which last he was nominated in 1860. The Deanery of Emly became vacant in 1863, and it was offered to, and accepted by Dr. Alexander. In the year 1867, on the death of Dr. Higgins, he became Bishop of Derry, and from that to the present day he has ruled over the united dioceses of Derry and Raphoe, with which he was so long connected, both by family and personal ties.

We must not forget to mention, that in the same year in which he was consecrated Bishop of Derry, he had been a candidate for the Chair of the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, then vacant by the resignation of Mr. Matthew Arnold; but he failed to secure the coveted prize, which fell to Sir Francis Doyle. His *alma mater* of course conferred the degree of D.D. upon her distinguished son on his accession to the episcopal bench.

The period of Dr. Alexander's appointment to the see of Derry was naturally an agitated one for the Irish Church, on account of the famous disestablishment resolutions carried in the House of Commons by Mr. Gladstone in 1868, and brought into effect next year (after the General Election) by the Irish Church Act of 1869.

As a preacher and speaker the bishop is well known. There are few occupants of the bench who surpass him in glowing eloquence and poetic fire; he is a favourite preacher at the opening services of the Church Congress, and there are few of those who have listened to him, who have not felt the charm of his "fervid heart and speech." In the university pulpits Dr. Alexander is often heard, and few of the select preachers at Oxford or Cambridge are more popular. In 1876 he was Bampton lecturer, and chose for his subject "The Witness of the Psalms to Christ and Christianity"; these discourses, when published, became widely known, and have passed through several editions. His lectures on literary and social subjects, as well as printed sermons, are too numerous to mention here, and embrace a very wide field of secular and theological learning. Of his power in less ephemeral literature he has given ample proof in contributions to "The Speaker's Commentary." The portions assigned to him were the Epistles to the Colossians and Thessalonians, the Epistle to Philemon, and the Epistles of St. John. This shows that as an exegetical writer the bishop may claim a high place, besides being an eloquent preacher and poet. In 1876 he was presented with the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, in company with other distinguished men.

As a bishop, Dr. Alexander is much esteemed in his diocese; his kindliness of disposition has made him much loved by all his people, and he has entered fully into the historic associations of his birthplace. The cathedral which has been immortalised, for its share in the heroic defence of the city in 1688–9, by the genius of Lord Macaulay, has recently been restored and enlarged, a result due in a great measure to the zeal of the bishop. His liberality to the see of Derry has been very marked, and deserves to be recorded, for he has permanently endowed it with £2000 a year, which makes it, we believe, the richest of the suffragan sees in the disestablished and disendowed church. For this act he received the thanks of the synods of his diocese; a mark of their gratitude for "his large sacrifice of income."

The bishop's gifted wife, whose name as a writer of sacred song will probably live as long

MRS. ALEXANDER.
(Photograph by A. Ayton.)

as hymns are sung, is Cecil Frances, the second daughter of John Humphries, Esq., of Milltown House, county Tyrone, to whom he was married in 1849. It is doubtful if any woman has ever excelled Mrs. Alexander in her own special branch of poetry. There is a delicacy of expression, and depth of religious feeling, along with the truest poetic genius, not often to be met with, and one must hope that the writer of "There is a green hill far away," may long be spared to give to the church many more of her beautiful hymns. Her early published collections are "Hymns for Children," issued in 1855, "Poems on subjects in the Old Testament" (in which we find the well known and very striking "Burial of Moses"), and "The Legend of the Golden Prayer," 1859. For the selection and arrangement of the "Sunday Book of Poetry" in the "Golden Treasury Series," 1864, we are also indebted to Mrs. Alexander. As a translator she is associated with her husband in some most powerful translations from the French of Victor Hugo.

We have already alluded to the Bishop of Derry's recently published collection of poems, entitled "St. Augustine's Holiday," and with a notice of this work we shall conclude. The volume contains verse of no mean order, "full," as a recent reviewer says, "of a certain splendour as well as power." The collection derives its name from the first of three longer poems which are placed at the commencement, "St. Augustine's Holiday," "An Old Volume of Sermons" (St. Bernard on the Song of Songs) and "The New Atlantis;" these are succeeded by poems sacred and reflective. The second part consists of Characters, Inscriptions, etc.; followed by "Withered Laurel Leaves," chiefly Oxford poems; some sonnets, and the very fine translations from Victor Hugo.

To this volume the bishop has prefixed a few very characteristic words. "Here I gather together," he says, "fragments mostly which (with three or four exceptions) I have had no sufficient time either to conceive deeply or to finish even after the measure of my own poor powers. Some, I already know, care for the things such as they are, and think them not altogether worthy of death. Perhaps God may enable me to say in the sweeter dialect dear to me long ago some things which I have failed to say in prose. If so, I shall thank Him from my heart. If not, the church and the world will suffer no great wrong from me; and, for myself, I do not much fear a whiff of sarcasm and the painless punishment of oblivion."

The first poem in the book refers to an interesting period in the life of the great Latin Father, mentioned by him in Book X. of his immortal "Confessions." It was when he had finally resolved to abandon the profession of Rhetoric, and to receive baptism, that he joyfully accepted the offer from his friend Verecundus of a retreat at his country house, at Cassiciacum, where he might spend a short time in rest and meditation. "So Augustine went on holiday to that green banishment." "It was a little company of ten," and included his mother Monica, the poet Licentius and Augustine's youthful son Adeodatus. In this happy country home they passed a pleasant time with—

> Sweet liberty for prayer or for the word,
> Or for discourses grave, or readings made
> From a page chequered by the chesnut shade.

Their varied studies are described, and Augustine's great love of light and of the sea are noted. The stories of the notary of Uzala and Gennadius are also introduced. The poet Licentius read Virgil aloud; and in such ways, reading, meditation, pleasant converse and prayer, the happy days of what Augustine ever afterwards called "My one Holiday," slipped by until—

> The holiday is o'er—the rest is done,
> Cassiciácum lies in sunny mist;
> They turn toward it, praying every one,
> "To Verecundus do thou give, O Christ!
> For that sweet rest beneath the happy skies
> The fadeless greenery of Thy Paradise.
> Never was yet to-day whose incompleteness
> Fail'd not in somewhat of the bliss it brought,
> Till it inherited the dim faint sweetness,
> The immaculate azure of the sky of thought:
> Till we baptized the dead hours far away
> By the ethereal name of yesterday."

The poem entitled "An Old Volume of Sermons," though it starts with a comparison between St. Bernard's and M. Renan's treatment of "The Song of Songs," consists rather of a series of sketches of the life of the great founder of Clairvaux, including the visits paid to him there by St. Malachy, the Primate of Ireland, and Pope Innocent II. It abounds with many fine passages, of which we may perhaps quote one, in which St. Bernard, speaking to the soul of his brother who had passed away, says—

> God's life is to have mercy and forgive;
> One spirit with Him, thou, my Girard, art;
> Wherefore thro' that great life which thou dost live
> There is unsuffering sympathy in thy heart.
> Thou carest, though no care can pass thy gate,
> And passioning not art still compassionate.

The other poems in this first part of the volume are chiefly sacred, and contain many noble thoughts. We quote the closing verses of "The Chamber Peace":

> Another chamber yet—
> The curtain is of grass, and closely drawn;
> But the pale pilgrim, in its portal set,
> Looketh toward the dawn.
>
> Oftimes red roses lie
> On the green curtain of that chamber low,
> And blossoms like the deep blue summer sky,
> Or like the winter snow.
>
> And when the eves are calmest,
> Up in the incense-laden aisles of lime,
> Some sweet bird meditateth like a psalmist
> His poesy sublime.
>
> So lay the pilgrim down—
> Set thou his feet, and face, and closed eyes,
> Where they may meet the golden raying crown
> Of Christ's august sunrise.
>
> So let him rest, unheard
> Thy faithless mourning; let thy murmur cease;
> Translate the grave into a gentler word,
> Call it the "Chamber Peace."

There is an epitaph on Agnes Jones, one of the founders of hospital nursing, who is buried in Fahan churchyard in the bishop's diocese, and whose beautiful monument is placed in the chapel of the Liverpool Infirmary, which we may quote—

> Alone with Christ in this sequester'd place,
> Thy sweet soul learn'd its quietude of grace.
> On sufferers waiting in this vale of ours,
> Thy gifted touch was trained to higher powers;
> Therefore, when death, O Agnes! came to thee—
> Not on the cool breath of our lake-like sea,
> But in the workhouse hospital's hot ward,
> A gentle helper with the gentle Lord—
> Proudly as men heroic ashes claim,
> We ask'd to have thy fever-stricken frame,
> And lay it in our grass beside our foam,
> Till Christ the Healer call His healers home.

Here is another—

"On R. H. in Derry Cathedral."

Down through our crowded lanes, and closer air,
O friend, how beautiful thy footsteps were;
When through the fever's waves of fire they trod,
A form was with thee like the Son of God.
'Twas but one step for those victorious feet,
From their day's walk unto the Golden Street;
And they who watched that walk, so bright and brief,
Have marked this marble with their hope and grief.

Those who read the Bishop of Derry's poems, will, we are sure, lay them down with the feeling that there is in them the true spirit of poetry; and that in spite of the many labours and cares laid upon him, yet he is truly, what he long ago hoped to be, "one of the brethren who prophesy with harps, and are instructed in the songs of the Lord."

THE HOLDEN EYES.

"And it came to pass, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him."—*Luke* xxiv. 15, 16.

IN the new activity of the Resurrection life, our Lord appeared to His disciples no less than five times on the first day. Here we have the record of the fourth of these appearances.

In its soberness and reticence it bears satisfactory evidences of the veracity of the historian: —in its tenderness and grandeur it bears satisfying evidences of the truth of the history.

We are told how on the evening of the first day, two men, who had been scholars of Christ, left Jerusalem for Emmaus, a village some eight miles distant. As they walked, they talked. Nature surrounded them with shadows, set before them her dying sunset colours in the western sky. Their own gloomy experiences by degrees took a darker hue. Suddenly a stranger joined them. He stepped, as it were, from some mountain path or roadside coppice. Coming to their sides, He walked with them, talked with them, and presently showed Himself to them. It was the Christ, who three days since was crucified, but now risen, living, victorious.

1. Observe, the death of individual faith in the doctrines of Scripture, is a very different thing to the death of the doctrines themselves; and especially of the truths that underlie the doctrines.

Cleopas and his companion say sadly enough at the end of their story, "We trusted this had been He who should redeem Israel!" But He was dead, and three days have gone and no sign. Some women, indeed—eager, fond enthusiasts—had been early at the tomb, and had seen a vision of angels who said He was alive. And some of the men had then gone also, and saw the empty grave, "but Him they saw not."

And so faith had failed. And yet—and yet—there He was Himself, close to them! "But their eyes were holden that they knew Him not."

Some people to-day may say sorrowfully, "I have lost faith in the Resurrection." It is only the sensual and fiendish, that could say such a thing scoffingly. But it does not follow that the Resurrection is lost, or that there was no resurrection. A stone pillar stands at your house door. Round it twines the clematis or the honeysuckle. But, alas! the tender climber has been smitten by frost or blight. It is dying. It is dead. Yes; but the pillar still remains, solid, stable, invulnerable to frost or fire.

In every man who walks by our side—a changed man in his life, because of faith in Christ—we have a proof of the Resurrection. In the slow leavening of the world with a new spirit of love, and the slow heightening of human standards of goodness, which are round us every day, we have a proof of the Resurrection of Christ. In all changes, private or public, from folly to wisdom, from pride to humility, from hate to love, which have come to pass through faith in Him—these are evidences of the Resurrection of Christ.

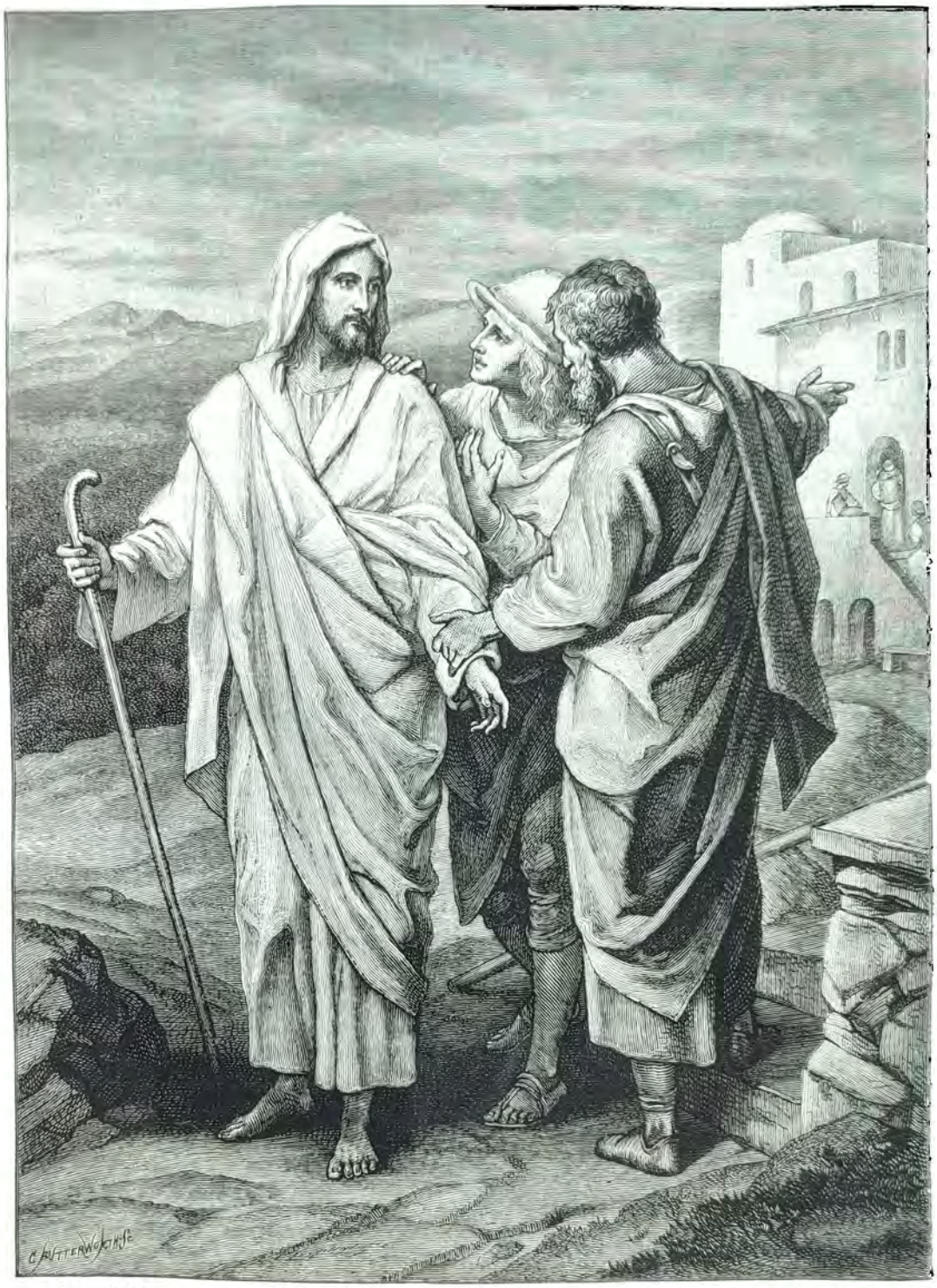
"Out of nothing comes nothing." These people could not change themselves. It is only because our eyes are holden, that we do not know Him in them. The delay is nothing. Three days—three years—thirty centuries. It matters not. He is still working in us. He is still walking with us. The risen Christ! "Our eyes are holden that we know Him not."

2. There is a reason worth remembering as to why our faith in the supernatural side of our Lord's life may become feeble and even die.

After Cleopas and his companion had told their sorrows and fears, how were they met? By condolence and sympathy? Not so. They were met by reproof and instruction. "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken:" "And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Himself."

Why is it that some of us are losing hold of this and other doctrines? We forget the unreliability of the faculties with which we work. There is much native foolishness in our intellect, much native indolence in our affections. Our proofs seem to fail; but that is really because our faculties for discovering proofs—and weighing them after discovered—are not wholly trustworthy.

We forget to allow in our observings for that "personal equation," which is so familiar and



By permission] [*After Heinrich Hofmann.*

EMMAUS.

necessary to the scientist in his search for material truth. We admit in lesser things, that we must accept the authority of teachers. In architecture, agriculture, chemistry, we compare and rectify our crude ideas, by their matured observation and prolonged experience. But when we deal with the greater things of religion and theology; when we consider the supernatural side of the life of God, and of His Christ, we act as if our own faculties were equal to the task. But the reverse is the case—untrained and unaided, they are not equal to the task. We have no strong stretch or grasp of faith, because our spiritual natures are too feeble, and, alas! too perverse. In the denial of the Resurrection, it is often as if one afflicted with ophthalmia, declared the sun had vanished—as if one afflicted with ague, affirmed that the house shook. The reason of doubting or denying the Resurrection, is more deeply often in ourselves than in our evidence. More deeply than we care or even dare to look.

3. There is one abiding life principle set before us here by Christ.

The Crucifixion prepared for the Resurrection. The experience of suffering was the preface to glory. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and entered into His glory?"

It was the one destined and appropriate course for the Redeemer. And as it was for Him, so it must be also for us. Those who die with Christ to sin now, will even now also live with Christ in righteousness. And presently will live yet more; following Him in His Resurrection, His Ascension, His unshown and inconceivable Glory of the invisible world.

"Thou sayest 'Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow Me;'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow Thee.

Comes faint and far Thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades—
How can we follow Thee?

Oh, sense-bound heart and blind!
In nought but what we see
Can time undo what once was true?
Can we not follow Thee?

Within our heart of hearts,
In nearest nearness be.
Set up Thy Throne within Thine own—
Go, Lord: we follow Thee."

We may also take to ourselves those minor lessons.

1. We must be satisfied with fleeting glimpses of His greater supernatural glory; even if we are ever permitted to have them.

Cleopas and his comrade invited Him into the house. He came and sat and ate with them. Instead of guest, He became suddenly host. "Then their eyes were opened and they knew Him. And He vanished out of their sight." There are times for some when Christ is very real, His presence very sure. Those times pass and they lose Him. But He has not lost them. Real once, and real for ever, is He. Present with them once, and present always, is the risen Christ.

2. In the house and at the table—although unseen and unfelt—He still sanctifies common things and common actions.

They knew Him in the breaking and sharing of bread. "It came to pass as He sat at meat with them, He took the loaf and blessed it and brake, and gave to them." There was something divine in His air and gesture. There was a gratitude, a reverence, an unselfishness, a Majesty, which only One could show. And they knew Him there. Thus He rebukes that pride of possession and production that ignores God as the Giver of all. Thus all frowardness and ostentation and gluttony are dismissed by the Risen Christ.

3. As regards companions and conversations He gives us our still necessary example.

He chose two sorrowful travellers, making their way by foot along a country road. He joined them and by-and-by made them glad. We may well sometimes seek obscure places and sorrowful people as our best companions. There it is that we may give, if we do not get, help that is very precious. Not always in public streets and amid clamorous throngs do we find those who most need our sympathy and our companionship.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting," said the wise Hebrew. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the widows and orphans in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

4. Then as regards conversations.

They talked about human hopes and disappointments, about Christ and His crucifixion, about the sacred books and their witnessing to truth. It would be well if we talked to one another often on these things. We talk enough on art, science, manufacture. Why not talk a little more on religion, and the morality and high endeavour that the religion of a risen Christ makes possible to us and incumbent on us?

Two men walked together, like Cleopas and his companion, over the mountains of Ireland. They were brothers, sons of a farmer. And the farm was too small to support the family. So it was decided that one of the sons should cross the sea to America. And the farewell had been said at home; and the younger brother went to see the elder brother on his way. He was a truly pious man. And, in the quietude of the fields and the solemnity of the parting, he began to speak to his brother for the first time on religious things. He urged him to give his heart to God and his hands to work for God. And, after talking awhile, they knelt together upon the grass and the younger prayed earnestly for the salvation of the elder.

To that circumstance, in after years, the emigrant brother traced his first spiritual experience; and he gradually ripened in a career of great usefulness.

And so it is, that although perhaps we know it not, on the common roads as we travel to and fro among common houses the risen Christ draws near and goes with us; giving us His Spirit and using us in His work. ALFRED NORRIS.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

THE EDINBURGH INDUSTRIAL BRIGADE.

THERE is in Grove Street, Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, one of the most excellent institutions in Scotland. The problem it deals with is not an easy one, but in a quiet, modest way it solves it successfully. The problem is—What is to be done with a homeless boy after he leaves school? He is then turned adrift in the world on his own account; his earnings are small, and the better the trade he starts in the smaller is at first his pay. Where is he to find a home? What is he to do with himself in his leisure? If school has been irksome to him and he has been taught to look forward to the time when he "will have done with book-learning," he will, for a time, at least, throw away books, and run wild in his liberty. He is neither boy nor man. He has ended his boyhood; he has begun his manhood. What is to be his pattern on the tablet of life, for the marks he makes are ineffaceable? An important question this as to what we are to do with our young men when they shake off their leading strings. It meets us in every class. We have seen how Glasgow tries to deal with it in certain strata; here, in Edinburgh, is the way in which the problem is attacked among the lowliest.

It was twenty years ago, on the 4th of last October, that the Edinburgh Industrial Brigade came into existence. At the first meeting the chair was taken by Sheriff Watson, the pioneer of ragged schools in Scotland; and Mr. David Harris, in a pithy and persuasive speech, referred to the condition of the lads he sought to reach, and indicated generally the organisation and working of the institution he wished to establish. In a month the scheme was fairly afloat, and to Cockburn Street, on the 4th of November, the boys of Edinburgh were invited. Fifty-seven appeared, tempted by the "tea and cookies" promised on the bills. All the lads were miserably clad, most of them in rags, and covered with filth and vermin, and all of them were extraordinarily hungry. The way in which the tea and cookies disappeared on the opening night is told in the Home to this day. A few hymns were sung—in which the boys joined vociferously—a short prayer was offered, and a few words of encouragement and welfare spoken. Then the names and addresses of those present were taken, and of the fifty-seven, fifteen were induced to take up their abode in the Home.

"To wean the boys from their arab life in the streets," says the official account, "it was deemed advisable as a first step to employ some as shoeblacks, and accordingly a number were comfortably clad, and fully equipped with blacking, box, and brushes. Others who were found suitable, were sent to learn agricultural work on Lord Polwarth's farm, at Humbie, and a few were apprenticed to trades or employed as message boys. The first year was an eventful one, the wild natures, ungoverned passions, and roving dispositions of the lads causing scenes at once serious and comical. Cases of boys absconding with their wages and selling their clothes, staying out all night, and being hauled in by their chums with the aid of blankets let down from the windows, were not uncommon. On one occasion their blacking-boxes were piled up against the entrance door of the Home, so that when the superintendent opened it, instead of admitting the boys, he received a shower of blacking-boxes about his ears. On another occasion the superintendent unfortunately left a large barrel of coals in the lobby. The boys, taking advantage of this, kept firing volley after volley of coals at the door, and it was not until eight o'clock, when their ammunition was well-nigh reduced to dross, that the siege was raised and the superintendent effected his escape. This was no easy matter. Armed with the barrel lid as a shield, he at last succeeded in running the gauntlet. The boys beat a hasty retreat, singing at the pitch of their voices, 'Scots wha hae.' One day our young friends decamped in a body to Glasgow, leaving the Home empty!"

It was agreed to look on this experience as experimental, to remove the Home to other quarters, and to start fresh. From Cockburn Street a move was therefore made to Leith Street Terrace, and the work proper of the Brigade begun. Afterwards a move was made to the present premises at Fountainbridge. There is a vast difference between the tone of conduct now and what it was in the old days, but there is a good deal of healthy fun going on, as a visitor soon finds when he takes a stroll through the building in the evening, when the lads are at home. The Brigade is not a reformatory, for reformatories only exist for such lads as have brought themselves under the law; it is not an industrial school, for industrial schools are only for children under fourteen years of age, who work on the school premises; it is not a ragged school, for ragged schools only provide for children up to thirteen years of age. It is a home for destitute lads willing to work; where they are fed, clothed, lodged, and educated; where every boy is apprenticed to a trade of his own choice, and works on his master's premises; where he has an opportunity during his apprenticeship of qualifying himself in every branch of his trade, is placed on the same footing as other boys living in their own homes, and in the end is in a position to take his place as a skilled artisan. While in the Home he is removed from evil influences and those surroundings which render it impossible for him to raise himself to a position of honest independence and tend to drag him down to crime. He is not labelled as a charity-boy; he wears no uniform or distinctive

dress, but can choose within certain limits his own patterned clothes; everything is done to make him feel and look as other boys; he comes to work with them, and leaves work with them, and it is only his address which tells his employer that he is one of the Brigade.

Any boy that is destitute has only to apply to be admitted. No canvassing is necessary; the first vacant bed is given to the first needy applicant, and the fact that a lad is helpless and destitute, and of suitable age, constitutes in itself a claim entitling him to admission, if there is room. If the father or mother brings the boy, an agreement has to be entered into pledging the parents not to interfere with the boy as long as he remains in the Brigade, to give every assistance to the directors in their efforts on the boy's behalf, and not to remove him without paying what has been spent on his board and clothing, after deducting such wages as may have been earned by him. The boy signs a promise to be cleanly, kind to the other boys, obedient and respectful to the masters, and at all times careful to maintain the good character of the Brigade.

The boy can choose his own trade. He is recommended to choose one of the more reputable, which means as a rule an apprenticeship during which his earnings are nominal. Among the hundred and thirty boys in the Brigade last year, there were joiners, brass-finishers, tailors, lithographers, saddle-makers, blacksmiths, printers, glaziers, plumbers, bookbinders, tinsmiths, wire-workers, draftsmen, and so on, trades of all sorts in fact. Some of the boys go for sailors, some after a time for soldiers, some go to the colonies. One of the pleasant features at Grove Street is the collection of photographs sent by old boys doing well in all parts of the world, some of them as farmers, some of them even as missionaries and ministers, for the sorting out that soon takes place as the boys advance in manhood is wonderful. With the photographs, and exceeding them far in numbers, are the letters, for the correspondence is often kept up for years with the old home. And in the office is a small museum of odds and ends sent from many a distant land, in sign that the kindness of the superintendent had not been forgotten—snowshoes from Winnipeg side by side with seashells from Sumatra.

Every Saturday the boy hands over his week's wages to the superintendent, who returns him a small allowance for pocket money. A huge ledger is kept with eighty-five lines on a page—one of the largest books obtainable—in which every boy has an account. All the money the boy hands in is credited to him, and all that is spent on his account is charged against him, for, in order to teach the lad the value of money, he is, by a fiction, supposed to buy his own clothes, &c. We say by a fiction, for merely nominal charges are made, such as five shillings for a coat, and two shillings for a pair of trousers, the said coat and trousers being of good strong Scotch tweed of which there is a large choice of patterns. It is a significant fact that since the establishment of the institution the boys have earned for themselves, and paid towards their maintenance over 20,000*l.*, or over forty per cent. of the entire sum needed to carry on the work. The keynote of the management is to help them who try to help themselves. There is nothing to compel a lad to stay a day longer than he chooses. Sometimes a lad leaves dissatisfied, but many of these come back having learned a bitter lesson of the world's difficulties. On an average the lads leave when they are about nineteen, when they have become self-supporting.

The Home contains a large dining-hall, three spacious dormitories, with forty beds in each, and a smaller dormitory with twenty beds. Off the dining-hall are the kitchen and store-rooms, and a school-room, a meeting-room seated for 150, with platform, harmonium, desk, and blackboard. There are, besides, gymnasium and band-room, and a large-sized swimming bath, got at, strange to say, through the windows of the school-room. The bath is a great institution among the boys, nearly all of whom become good swimmers, and many of whom win prizes at the swimming competitions in the district.

The rules under which the Home is managed are worth quoting in full:—

1. Every boy on entering the Brigade shall have the admission line read over to him, and shall be made to understand its import, and shall then sign it—the "admission line" being an amplified version of the agreement.

2. Every boy shall treat the superintendent with respect, and give implicit obedience to his orders, and shall also behave in a proper and kindly manner to the other inmates.

3. The boys shall be called in time to get ready for their work; and when called they shall immediately rise, wash and dress, and neatly make up their beds.

4. All the boys shall attend the week-day evening classes, unless when prevented by out-door employment, or specially excused by the superintendent; or unless they are exempt by having passed the standard of education required by the directors.

5. No boy shall be excused for leaving his employment without having previously informed the superintendent, and given a satisfactory reason for his intention to do so.

6. Every boy must return to the Home immediately on leaving his work, and at all times give a faithful account of his earnings.

7. The greatest propriety of conduct shall be required in the Home, especially at meals, in the school, and during Divine worship—all being made clearly to understand that it is only by such conduct that there can be either real usefulness or happiness in the establishment.

8. Every boy shall be present at family worship, unless when excused by the superintendent. Every boy shall attend the Brigade Sunday school at 9.30 A.M., and the Brigade Sunday evening service at 7, and also a place of public worship on Sunday forenoon. Attendance is optional at the Home service in the afternoon at 2 o'clock.

9. Any boy staying out all night may be dismissed; and any boy leaving the Home without leave asked and given, shall not be re-admitted without the consent of the superintendent.

10. Any boy who is guilty of the wilful breach of any of the above rules, and continues to offend after being warned by the superintendent, shall be brought before the Home Committee, for admonition or dismissal.

11. Any boy who has been admonished and again offends in the like manner may be dismissed.

12. Any boy who commits any criminal offence shall be conveyed before the sitting magistrate, with the view of commitment for five years to a Reformatory.

13. Subject to the foregoing rules, the superintendent is authorised generally to punish, in any way he may see fit, any boy who disobeys an order, or behaves in a riotous and disorderly manner.

The daily routine is hinted at pretty clearly in these rules—up at four, five or six, according to the hour for commencing work; breakfast, after morning prayers, at eight for those boys not at work earlier; dinner at one; supper at seven, when every boy must appear with face and hands washed; school from half-past seven to nine, after which evening worship, conducted by the superintendent or one of the directors, or friends who may happen to be present; bed about half-past nine. In charge of each dormitory is a superintendent who reads aloud to the boys from some "interesting and instructive book after they are in bed," and when all are asleep from the effects of the volume thus used as a soporific, the charge is transferred to the night watchman, who exercises a strict supervision of all the dormitories and awakens the boys in the morning.

There are clubs for out-door sports, such as cricket and football; and books and magazines are provided by friends for the boys who care for reading. Everything is done to make the place like home. If the visitor to Edinburgh finds his way to Grove Street any evening from 5 to 6.30—and it is well worth his while to do so—he will find no elaborate building with silent inmates and appalling spread of whitewash, but a house like the rest in the street, with all its flats occupied as we have told, wherein a lot of particularly healthy-looking big boys are amusing themselves in a rational way, with a certain amount of vigour, and an absence of humbug that says much for the genuineness of the training. Let him ask Mr. Rattray, who has rendered whole-hearted service to the Brigade since its commencement, to show him the photographs and letters from those who have passed out into the world, and he will find a look and tone of Christian manliness, which is as rare as it is desirable among institutions of the class. The limit of the Brigade's valuable work is the limit of its means, which could well bear a tenfold increase. It gives a boy a better chance amongst boys in his own rank of life than most institutions, for it treats him as an individual and not as a machine. It does not force a boy into a trade whether he is fitted for it or not; it gives him a chance of choosing that which he is best fitted to do. It practically provides him with capital on which to live while he is learning a solid means of obtaining a steady livelihood in the future. The importance of this help cannot be over-estimated, for it is one of the curses of our modern life that our precarious occupations offer the best immediate advantages, so that skilled trades are despised, and a boy with greedy short-sighted friends is often forced to enter on some comparatively highly paid employment dependent on luxury, from which there is no chance of advance, which lasts but for an irregular period, and from which a change of season or of fashion may turn him out for months to loiter round a gin-palace or figure in Trafalgar Square.

W. J. GORDON.

Things New and Old.

THE HARDENING OF PHARAOH'S HEART.—There are two ways of describing certain human actions and mental conditions, which at first sight may seem contradictory, but are in fact harmonious and identical. Thus, it is said that "Pharaoh hardened his heart," and it is also said that "God hardened his heart." Both are true, and are not inconsistent. Here is what Mr. Gladstone says, in an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, speaking of Homeric accounts of Olympian deities interfering in human affairs, especially in setting "divinely interposed bars to the repentance of offenders." "The hardening of Pharaoh's heart is predicted in Exodus iv. 21, but nothing of the kind takes place, until a solemn demand has been made upon him in the name of God (Exod. v. 1) and contumeliously refused. From this point down to ix. 34, we have two forms of statement intermixed; the one, that the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, and the other, that he hardened His own heart (see viii. 13; viii. 15, 22; ix. 12, 34). From this stage onward Pharaoh seems to have fallen into an incurable obstinacy; and we are told (in Exod. x. 1, 20, 27) only that God hardened his heart. And so it is that *would not* ever passes into *could not*; that, under the stern law of mental habits grounded in nature, the evil we have chosen takes deeper and deeper root, and at last passes beyond our choice to recall. There are gradations of impenitence marked; an opportunity of free pardon is offered; and lighter punishments foreshadow the greater. When it is said that Pharaoh hardened his heart, we are viewing the voluntary and human side; when it is said that God hardened his heart, we see the judicial and penal side."

THE BUSH NEGROES OF SURINAM.—In our Christian negro congregations the remnants and traditions of heathenism have not been altogether exterminated. Sorcery or obeahism is still practised in secrecy, though it seldom comes to light. But gross and open idolatry is universal among these Juka negroes. The entrance to every camp is indicated by branches of palm trees hung up in some conspicuous place, and to the right and left are generally suspended two small idols, supposed to guard the entrance. Follow the road leading to the camp, and about midway you come upon the principal idol of the place, standing beneath a somewhat scanty roof of leaves resting on four poles. It is nothing more than a rough upright clump of wood, about a yard high and about six inches thick. Sometimes the upper end is carved into a rough head, not unfrequently that member is simply a piece of earthenware thrust on the top of the pole. Eyes, nose and mouth are represented by pieces of charred wood; for arms and legs there appears to be no necessity. This local deity is supposed to bring luck to the inhabitants of the camp, in house, field and forest. The idol temple, to be found more in the centre of the village, is small and low-roofed; in fact to effect an entrance it is

almost necessary to crawl on one's hands and knees. Although access is forbidden to all except the priest, our missionaries were not prevented from entering some of these shrines and minutely examining their contents. The idols to be found within are of a ruder construction than even the main local deities already described. A few dirty dishes and bowls lie about, wooden lances or long sticks lean against the walls, and the floor is strewn with the teeth of animals, the skeletons of fish and similar refuse. Nearly everything is plastered with white clay. One significant and probably recent addition to the objects of worship is now invariably found in these temples, namely, *a brandy bottle with a glass.* In the more remote negro villages one may see a table in the open air, and by its side a stick planted in the ground with a bright-coloured strip of stuff as a flag. On this table stands a bottle, ready to supply refreshment for any passing god. In most cases, however, the bottle contains nothing more than dirty rain-water.—*Moravian Periodical Accounts.*

Peace.

"Peace be unto you."—*John* xx. 19.

THEY cowered within that upper room,
With closèd doors, at eventide,
And One stood with them in the gloom,
And showed His wounded hands and side.
Their fears were calmed, their doubts were dead;
"Peace be to you," the Master said.

O Thou, before Whose awful throne
All powers and glories bow the knee,
Thou dost not leave Thy sheep alone,
But joinest yet the two or three;
When helpers fail and foes increase,
Thou drawest near to whisper "Peace."

O while our prayers go forth to-night
In loud appeal or contrite sigh,
Dear Lord, unviewed by mortal sight,
A healing presence be Thou nigh;
Let every lightened spirit know
A peace the world may not bestow.

And wheresoe'er a heart perplexed
Is rent by thoughts at war within;
And wheresoe'er a heart is vexed,
Or grieved and weary with its sin;
Bid doubt, and pain, and striving cease,
And breathe like balm Thy word of peace.

Sweet Saviour, at Thy blessèd birth,
When angels chorussed overhead,
Their anthem told of peace on earth—
O let it alway wax and spread!
Thy kingdom come from pole to pole,
Thy peace bedew each longing soul.

For peace our spirit yearns and cries—
We need it more each hour we live;
The world has many a golden prize,
But peace is only Thine to give.
From earth and self, O grant release!
Lord, keep our souls in perfect peace.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

I.

THE painter sat alone in his studio. He had been sitting lost in thought for some minutes. All at once he looked up and glanced round the large picturesque room. As his eye rested upon several canvases in various stages of progress, he smiled as if the sight of them gave him great satisfaction—he stroked his long black beard complacently.

"Yes," he said. "I have worked hard and I have produced much good work." Another mood seized him. "But have I done anything great? I fear not."

His thoughts went back to earlier years, and the determination of his youth to excel. Those early thoughts perhaps were not all wise. Fame is a poor ambition, but the resolve to produce good work in every department is a worthier motive. He sighed as he reflected how far off he was still from the goal which he had set himself.

"But life is not over yet. I am hardly in my prime. I will do something worth the doing before I die. What shall it be? Oh to find the subject!"

He got up and went to a window. "How late it is," he muttered. "I must go out at once, or I shall lose the view of the sunset from the terrace. It will be grand to-night, I fancy."

He put on his hat and went out. He went by the back way and walked through the small garden, passing two splendid oleanders covered with large rose-like blooms. He closed the massive iron gate behind him, and went up the steep road opposite, which presently turned abruptly to the right and then led straight to the high part of the town.

Fellowes had now been in Italy for about three years, but the country and all its wonderful and varied effects of colour had still as great a charm for him as ever.

The sun was sinking fast as he walked along, and when he reached the platform at the top of the hill a magnificent sight burst upon him.

Before him, some twelve or thirteen miles distant, on the other side of the Tiber, lay Assisi; the valley itself was one continuous garden of vines, olives, and fig-trees, made fertile by the hidden river; and the beautiful grey town nestled snugly against the bold round-shaped mass of the hill of Subasio.

Fellowes turned to look at another side of the landscape. This was equally beautiful in its way. On all sides the circling and interlacing Apennines met his view. Every instant they changed from one lovely tint to another. He looked again towards Assisi. He cried out with delight and wonder. He could hardly believe that what he saw was real. Subasio was one blaze of a light-hued purple glory; the rays of the setting sun had just caught the mountain, and had turned its usual sombre brown tint into a perfectly marvellous colour.

Fellowes stood rapt gazing on the full beauty of an Italian after-glow. But almost before he was able to take in its loveliness it paled, faded into a delicate hue of greenish-grey, and night came swiftly on.

"I smiled just now as I looked round at my canvases," Fellowes thought, "but if only I could worthily paint a

scene like this I should be truly great. But no, it is impossible—I could not represent it—it is too fleeting."

He knitted his brows. He felt an idea for a picture was coming to him, but at present it was dim and hazy.

Lost in thought, he slowly retraced his steps, and went indoors to supper. He went to bed early, but he could not sleep. The indistinct idea of his picture haunted him, though it would not take definite shape. At last he could not stay in bed any longer, and shortly before dawn he got up. He opened the outside shutters of a window and looked out. The pale purplish-blue of the sky was rapidly growing lighter, the air was filled with sweet sounds and perfumes, the cries of the cicalas, the grasshoppers, and the bellfrogs, softened by distance, made delightful melody. Suddenly a cock began to crow, giving warning that day was at hand. The sky grew still more delicate in tint; soon the sun started up gloriously; and gradually, as it rose, the pale blue of the sky darkened, and became deeper and deeper in colour.

"If I could but paint this," thought Fellowes.

All at once the idea with which he had been struggling came more clearly to him. He went on musing.

"Why should I not paint dawn figuratively? To me dawn brings the idea of purity, innocence, and brightness. Why not paint a beautiful child, and call it 'Dawn'? Then afterwards I might paint a companion picture of a man, to convey the idea of darkness, night, and the evil passions fully developed, as suggested by last evening's effect and call it 'Sunset.' I could personify the fleeting beauties of the skies in this manner. But first I must find the models—to begin with, a perfectly beautiful child. I will begin to look about at once—to-day."

He dressed quickly and went out. He walked about the quaint rambling streets of the old hill city, but it was too early for many people to be stirring. After breakfast he went out again, but he could not see any child at all coming up to his ideal. He spent many days in fruitless search. He began to fear that he must give up his idea.

One Sunday he went to the Cathedral. It was a festival, and the fine old church was crowded. Many peasants had come in from the country for the service. But Fellowes did not look about him. He was absorbed.

The service over, he came out with the crowd. Close by him in the doorway, he noticed a peasant woman and her boy of about nine years old.

When they got into the clear light of the piazza he looked more closely at the boy.

The artist with difficulty restrained a cry of delight. He had never in his life seen such a beautiful child.

"He is the very model I have been hunting for," he said to himself.

He went up to the mother and began to talk to her. He asked her if she came from a distance.

"Yes, signor," she answered. "Andrea and I have made a long journey to San Lorenzo to-day, and it is hot and tiring."

As Fellowes looked again at the boy he thought he would be still more beautiful if he were not so tired. At any cost he must secure this boy to sit to him. He went on talking to Andrea's mother; presently he said, "I am an artist, and for some time I have been trying to find a boy of Andrea's age to paint from. Do you think you could spare him for a time? He could sleep in my house and I would take great care of him."

The woman looked troubled. Andrea was her dearest possession on earth. She had recently lost her husband; her boy was all she had left, and he was delicate. But she was poor, and this offer seemed to give her an opportunity of making a little money to help her to keep body and soul together. She hesitated.

"Of course, I would pay him," added Fellowes.

Still the poor woman did not answer; she was struggling between her love and her poverty.

"Come to my house," said Fellowes, "and you will see how well Andrea will be cared for."

The woman assented, and they all three walked on until they came to the tall iron gates. Fellowes pulled one of them open, and went in; Andrea and his mother followed through the little bit of garden, past the beautiful oleanders, and into the spacious house.

The poor woman and her boy were overwhelmed with astonishment at all they saw. Never before had they been in such a handsome house. The mother's last scruples were vanishing fast. She felt that she would be injuring her boy's prospects, if she refused Fellowes' offer.

"Well," said he, "will you agree to let Andrea remain with me? It will only be for a time."

"Yes, yes, signor," the woman said, "let it be so. I am sure you will take good care of him."

"No fear about that," said Fellowes heartily. "I promise he shall be well looked after, and here is something on account of his salary," he said, as he slipped ten liras into the woman's hand.

She thanked him effusively, and invoked all sorts of blessings upon his head. He gave her some refreshment: then, after finding out from her where she lived, he bid her good-bye, telling her that she might come and see Andrea whenever she liked. And the poor woman, after many tears, and much hugging of her child, went away, and left the artist and Andrea alone.

II.

THE picture went on slowly; Fellowes could not at all satisfy himself. The wonderful beauty of the boy's eyes baffled him, and he could not render the perfect look of innocence in the child's face.

Fellowes began to think that to paint this boy successfully would be almost as impossible a task as to reproduce on canvas the fleeting beauties of dawn. But he persevered.

"I will not be beaten," he said; "I am determined to make something of this subject."

It was not long before Andrea's mother came over to see her boy. She found him in good health and spirits, and overjoyed to see her.

"Will the portrait take much longer, signor?" she said to Fellowes. "I don't know what to do without my Andrea."

Fellowes smiled.

"You must not be in such a hurry, my good woman," he said; "I have hardly done anything yet. A good portrait is not painted in an hour or two. But your boy is happy here; he is very good, and he makes a capital model."

Andrea's mother sighed, and returned disconsolately to her poor home.

Fellowes often talked to Andrea, and found him intelligent and amiable. The only thing he did not quite like was that the boy seemed to be a little vain of his good looks. Several times Fellowes came into the studio unexpectedly, and found Andrea studying himself in the looking-glass.

One day Fellowes took the boy to task about this. Andrea said—

"I was only looking, signor, to see if I was tidy enough to sit to you," and Fellowes thought no more about the matter.

After several months of study Fellowes began to have hope of his picture.

"I think it is coming all right now," he said joyfully. But it was nearly a year before he was prepared to let Andrea go home to his mother.

The last time Andrea's mother had come, it struck her that her boy was altered, and she began to fear the effect that taking him back to her poor home might have upon him. She said something about this to Fellowes.

"I will think over it," he said, "and when you come to take Andrea home, I will tell you what I advise you to do."

At last Andrea's mother came to take him home. It was some time since Fellowes had allowed her to see the picture. Now he showed it to her.

"Santissima Maria!" cried the poor woman. "But it is wonderful. The signor is a magician to have made such a marvellous likeness."

The portrait was indeed wonderfully like the boy; and the painter had thrown so much energy into the work that it almost seemed to breathe. It represented Andrea sitting in a chair, with one hand on an arm of the chair, and the other by his side. The head was slightly thrown back, and he looked intently before him. It was truly a beautiful face of perfect innocence and purity: the large dark eyes, encircled by long sweeping lashes, the delicate classical nose, the rich full lips, half parted; the whole surrounded by a mass of light brown hair, which fell down in splendid clusters on to the shoulders. It was like the face of an angel, or some being of a higher sphere.

Presently Fellowes said to Andrea's mother—

"I have been thinking about Andrea's future, and it has occurred to me that if you could part with him, he might make a living by sitting as a model in one of the great art-centres, such as Florence, or Venice. I will write about it to a friend of mine in Florence, and, when I hear from him, I will let you know. Meanwhile, you must make the most of Andrea, for, if he goes to Florence, you may not see him again for a long time."

The poor woman looked miserable, but she knew it was a great thing for her boy to be befriended by Fellowes, and she did not like to raise any objection to the plan. Such a life is not the noblest which a man can follow, and has many temptations connected with it, but she saw only the prospect of a living. She thanked Fellowes most gratefully for all his kindness, and went off with Andrea.

Fellowes sent the picture to Florence to be shown in the studio of one of his friends. Its success was immediate, and people came flocking to see it.

At last, a wealthy Englishman offered a large sum of money for it. Fellowes accepted the offer, and began to think that his fame and fortune were made.

Meanwhile, many painters in Florence were eager to get Andrea to sit to them, and in a short time Fellowes wrote to Andrea's mother to say that he had better go without delay.

In little more than a week the artist took Andrea to Florence, and left him in the charge of a friend.

Fellowes himself determined to make a tour of Europe, for the purpose of further study. Months, then years, slipped away. Fellowes, from time to time, painted a few portraits to replenish his purse; but his great success had been bad for him, and idly he let slip his idea of painting a figurative picture of Sunset, as a companion to his picture of Dawn.

At last, after more than ten years of travel, he resolved to visit once more the old hill city in Umbria. He felt a longing to see the restful old place again; he was tired of constantly moving about.

After travelling rapidly from England he reached Locarno, on the Lago Maggiore, one evening towards the end of summer. The next afternoon he went on by boat. He was thinking intently of the old hill city, and wondering whether he would find many changes.

As he neared Arona the sun sank low on the horizon, and the sky rapidly became suffused with crimson. This deepened in tint each instant until sky, lake, hills, and distant snow-capped mountains, were flooded with the crimson glory, and the whole scene seemed as if it were on fire. Quickly the crimson melted into orange, striped with bars of purple giving a fierce and angry appearance to the sky. Then these glowing colours rapidly faded into dulness, gloom, and night.

Suddenly Fellowes remembered his forgotten idea of painting a picture to typify Evil. This magnificent sunset revived his ambition in full strength, and he deplored the many comparatively idle years that he had spent. He vowed he would at once begin to hunt for a model for "Sunset."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IX.

Who asked these questions? tell them one by one,
And set initials down when all are done.
They form two words found on Isaiah's page
Re-echoed in the apostolic age,
When Paul the Church calls forth from darkest night—
"Awake!" he cries, "and Christ shall give thee light."

What manner of man was he which came up to meet you?
The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?
Lord, how long?
Who art Thou, Lord?
Wouldest thou be spoken for to the king?
Wherefore then didst thou not obey the voice of the Lord?
Is thy servant a dog?
How is it that thou hast found it so quickly, my son?
How can these things be?
Should we again break Thy commandments?

L. T.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. IV.

Reject eleven of the words in this figure, and so arrange the others as to form a text, showing David's trust in God.

God	For	Cast	Satan
Help	Behold	Wicked	Heaven
Mine	Earth	Pass	Lord
Till	The	Helper	Is

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VII.—p. 160.—DORCAS AND HANNAH.—Acts ix. 36-39; 1 Sam. ii. 18, 19.

D-elila-*h* . . . Judges xvi. 4, 18-21.
O-she-*a* . . . Ex. xvii. 9; Num. xiii. 8; xiv. 6.
R-immo-*n* . . . 2 Kings v. 1, 18.
C-horazi-*n* . . . Matt. xi. 21.
A-ry-*a* . . . 1 Kings xvi. 8-10, 13.
S-hilo-*h* . . . 1 Sam. iii. 1, 21.

ANSWERS TO HIDDEN TEXTS.

NO. II.—p. 160.

Preserve me, O God: for in Thee do I put my trust.—*Psa.* xvi. 1.

NO. III.—p. 176.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—*Matt.* vi. 33.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

A SAIL THROUGH THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.

BY MRS. MURRAY MITCHELL.

II.—NAGASAKI.

BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT NAGASAKI.

AFTER we had rounded the picturesque little island of Pappenberg, steamed through a deep narrow creek, and entered a natural portal among the rocks, we found to our surprise that we had arrived in a noble harbour full of stately ships, with a grand environment of hills, and the city spread out on the slopes before us.

Nagasaki, which has played so interesting and important a part in the later history of Japan, is situated on the large island of Kiu-Siu, and has one of the finest harbours in Japan. Before the visit of the United States Expedition, little more than thirty years ago, during the dark period as we may call it, between the great persecution and the signing of the famous treaty, Nagasaki was the only port in the empire which was open to European vessels, and these were rigidly restricted to those bearing the Dutch flag. It was only here that a Japanese was permitted to buy or sell, or have any commercial dealings with foreigners,—unless we except the Chinese, and with them only to a very limited extent. What a contrast now! The harbour, though not very wide, extends a long way inland, is very deep, and affords an abundance of safe anchorage. It was filled with an amazing number of foreign ships, those of Russia greatly preponderating, and also with picturesque junks, sampans, and native craft to any extent. We cast anchor in the

midst of these, and but for the presence of the ships and the stir they caused, might have fancied ourselves far enough from great ocean-ways and the busy tracks of commerce, so exquisite was the peace and beauty of the scene around us.

It was a perfect evening, glowing with rich light and colour, and yet so still that there was not the faintest ripple on the water; and the pennons hung drooping and straight from the mast-heads. The water was of a deep violet tint, but so clear and calm that the reflections were wonderfully perfect. The graceful spars and masts, catching the golden rays of the sinking sun, shone double "*mast* and shadow." The encircling hills rose all around, sending their brown and green shadows also far into the clear depths. Close along the shore on one hand stretched the handsome houses, Consulates, Banks and offices of "the Concession," or building-ground allotted to the foreign community. A little higher, to the left, lay the native city, a compact mass of low grey roofs, while away up on the slopes, among the maples and evergreens, bungalows and churches and temples stood at every elevation. There was one temple nobly placed on a lovely plateau surrounded with wood. The usual strangely-shaped ponderous roof gave a massive look to the structure, which was approached by a handsome flight of stone steps, at the top of which was the *torei*, or sacred gateway, also of stone, leading to the shrine. The Japanese plant their sacred places "on every high hill and under every green tree." If there is a spot prettier than another, there they rear their temples, always on a slope or hill, and generally surrounded with lovely wood. Now the gilding and abundant colour on the roof caught the slanting sun-rays, and gleamed with gorgeous brilliance, adding to the striking beauty of the scene. Further up still, fine summits reared their noble heads, a glorious background. Some of the nearer high-lands were broken into fissures and ravines and filled with the abounding foliage; while others were cultivated into little terraced fields.

As we were kindly rowed to the shore by two gentlemen of the place, fellow-passengers from Kôbe, I eagerly asked where Deshima lay, the famous small island where, in their devotion to trade, the poor Dutch merchants had lived their melancholy lives in the dark days, as I have called them, not so very long gone by. Deshima came next in interest with me, I think, to Pappenberg. They pointed it out—a tiny, half artificial island lying close down by the harbour, happily now having a new interest wholly apart from its sordid traditions.

In the days of its seclusion and isolation from other nations, Japan, as I have said, permitted a sort of restricted commerce with Holland. The Dutch had somehow managed to retain a sort of footing in the empire, when the Portuguese, root and branch, were driven from the islands. They had not much to boast of, however, for the merchants were confined to this little island, which is about 600 feet in length and 250 in breadth. Here the "factory" and dwelling-places of the prisoners stood—for prisoners in every sense of the word they were. A quaint old stone bridge spans the hand-breadth of water which divides it from the town. This bridge, during the Dutch occupation, was closed by a gate and flanked by a guard-house filled with soldiers, while the entire small holding was surrounded by a fence topped by iron spikes. Insult was added to injury in every possible way. For instance, the unhappy men were obliged to pay the soldiers and policemen, and the numerous spies employed to watch their every movement. If they wanted to go out for a walk in town or country, which they were only permitted to do once or twice in the year, they had to ask permission of the Government twenty-four hours before; they were attended by a guard, and any number of spies, and had to be safe back within the iron-spiky environment before dark. All the *employés* of the factory had to report themselves at the guard-house every night. The head man of the factory had to go on a yearly deputation to Yeddo to offer homage to the Emperor, or rather Shogun, to make him handsome presents —in other words, to pay tribute. Then, worse than this, no word from home was allowed to reach them, save once in the whole year. No message of comfort or cheer, no breath from the Fatherland, no cup of cold water, however consuming the heart-thirst might be—nothing but this once-a-year ship! How they must have strained their eyes to look toward the far horizon for the longed-for sail! Only this one might enter the Nagasaki bay, once in the slow, long, revolving twelve months; and it would not have been allowed to come, but that the Japanese wanted the rich cargo of silks and furs and other goodly merchandise which it brought.

But worse still than all this, these men had a yet higher price to pay for their toleration and their gains. They had to renounce their religion. They dared not avow themselves Christian, nor perform any act whatever of Christian worship. An iron cross lay imbedded in the road across the bridge, this being an ingenious way of obliging the Christians to offer indignity to their own sacred symbol. As the bridge was the only connecting link between the island and the shore, all who went and came had to pass over it, thus, as it were, treading it under foot.

Such was the bitter hatred of the Japanese to the religion and very name of Christ, and *so* strong was their determination to stamp the very remembrance of the "vile Jesus doctrine" from their land. The wonderful thing was that the gallant Hollanders submitted so meekly and so long to these indignities, and a hundred more; but then, Japanese gold filled the scale on the other side, and, I suppose, outweighed all else. So the Government held to its hatred and dread of all foreigners, and their religion, and carried out its policy of isolation. Japan would have nothing to do with the outside world, except in so far as it was represented by the little colony at Deshima. It is curious to see the laws and regulations within which she fenced herself. If an unfortunate junk brought any foreigner to her shores, not only was the bold stranger seized

at once and killed, but the whole crew were put to death! No Japanese might quit his country on any pretext; but if he did, and ventured to return, then he too was put to death. These are specimens of the thorough-going laws which were thought needful to protect the empire from being swallowed up by other powers,—to save her from any conquering force who had never been conquered in all her history. And the laws promulgated against any who dared to profess "the accursed religion" (namely, Christianity) were quite as stringent. All through the country edicts were posted up along every thoroughfare, proclaiming death to any follower or preacher of Christ.

Strange to tell, this state of things lasted for nearly two centuries and a half. But then the time of her emancipation came, and Japan was shaken from her exclusiveness and terror. The more enlightened of the people began to get tired, I suppose, of being so entirely left out in the commerce of nations. Some, no doubt, had longings after more knowledge—more light; for even poor Deshima, with its small European community and its yearly ship, was of some use as a connecting-link with a living, progressing, outer world. At all events, the long sleep was ended, the night was over, the dawn was near. The Empire was prepared for its awaking, and it did awake with a great start of surprise, I dare say, when the United States squadron, under Commodore Perry, suddenly appeared on the coast, and boldly steered into the bay of Yeddo. This grand event, so fraught with important results to Japan, occurred in 1853. There was a tremendous commotion, of course, but enlightened councils in the government prevailed. The following year the famous treaty was signed, and Japan, through five of her ports, was opened to commerce with the rest of the world. This was the beginning of the new day in this interesting land—the first of a series of great moral earthquakes which shook the nation to its foundations, "overturning, overturning, overturning," until old things have passed away, and all things are becoming new.

JAPANESE BRONZE STATUE OF BUDDHA.

I am glad to say Deshima has shared in the beneficent and sweeping reforms which have taken place. In place of the factory and huts and guard-house and fence and the imprisoned merchants, we found a pretty little mission-church and schools and mission-house, with peace, quiet, toleration, liberty, and light. The day is indeed breaking; the shadows of night have fled away.

As we rowed to the shore we had noticed one or two church steeples rising on the slopes amid the lovely foliage. One of these we were told belonged to a mission-church of the Church Missionary Society. To it we directed our steps, being armed with notes of introduction to the missionaries from our friend the Rev. Mr. Evington, of Ôsaka. We slowly climbed the ascent, arrested every moment by the exquisite and ever-changing beauty of the scene. The sun was now near his setting, filling the western sky with radiance, and sending gleams of vivid light across to the higher summits on the other side. These were flooded with glory, the serried rocks and the forest-topped heights alike flaming with the rich carmine, all the while that the lower slopes and the calm lake-like water below were in deepest, stillest shadow, and wearing an aspect of sublime peace—a kind of heavenly repose which well fitted the evening of the day of rest.

We easily found the mission-house, which was close to the church. Mr. Maundrell, the missionary, was absent on duty, his wife was ill in bed; but before we had time for regrets a lady rushed into the room with extended hands, saying, "Can it be? Are you really my old friends?"

We were indeed old friends, and had met the last time years and years ago in dear old Poona. It was strange now thus unexpectedly to meet in Japan. This was Mrs. Goodall, wife of a chaplain in India, who had died there. But her missionary spirit did not die. Hearing of the spiritual need of Japan, and an opening occurring in connection with the mission of the Church of England at Nagasaki, she came out at her own cost, and for five years now had worked in connection with the mission. She first mastered the Japanese language, and has now a boarding-school for girls, classes for women and also for lads, and receives no salary, nor remuneration of any sort except the pleasure and blessing she feels she has in connection with her Christ-like, self-denying work.

She at once took possession of us, and carried us down to Deshima, to be introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, also missionaries of the Church Missionary Society. We were just in time for evening service in the pretty little church, which was well filled by a respectable native Christian audience. Mr. Andrews read prayers, a Japanese pastor preached, Mrs. Goodall played the harmonium, and with her school-girls conducted the singing. One of the hymns sung was, "Jesu wasi wo aisu" ("Jesus loves me"—a very favourite hymn in Japan), and "Wari taru, iwa ya" ("Rock of ages, cleft for me").

The whole service was of course in Japanese, one word of which we could not understand; but we had ample food for observation and thought. How curiously altered, for example, were the conditions in this little island, and within so short a period! And little Deshima was a type only of the entire Empire. What had God already wrought! and ought not faith to be equal to large expectations for the time that was to come?

After the service we had an interesting talk with the pastor and some students who knew English. We then had tea with our friends, united in family prayer, and after a delightful and refreshing evening returned to the ship to sleep.

At nine o'clock next morning, just as we had finished breakfast, Mr. Andrews kindly came off for us. We hailed one of the numerous sampans about, and were soon on shore, crossed the quaint old stone bridge, and were again among the missionary colony who have wondrously and worthily supplanted the poor old Dutchmen. Mrs. Goodall joined us here, and took us to her house, and to see her schools, and boys' class. I was greatly pleased with her boarding-school girls, who were exceedingly intelligent, bright in manner, and even graceful. They talked to us quite readily in English, which they can also read, and were not in the least shy. They all shook hands with us, and bowed in the lowest, politest way. They seemed greatly to enjoy the questions my husband put to them, answering very readily. Some of them played a little, both on the harmonium and piano, and sang more sweetly than any we had yet heard, for the Japanese often have harsh, discordant voices. We also visited the pastor *Kô San*, and his pleasing wife *O Suza San*, the "O" and the "San" both being titles, and as universally used as our titles Mr. and Mrs. The school-girls were by no means of the class of charity-school girls. They all belonged to respectable parents, who desired that their daughters should receive a good education and training from this Christian lady. Some of them had already confessed Christ and been baptized.

After we had spent some time in the schools and among the nice gentle people associated with the missionaries in their work, Mrs. Goodall took us a charming jinricsha-ride through the quaint, curious old city. After this we wandered through lovely groves of maple, and cypress, and camphor-wood, and visited the handsome temple we had observed the evening before as we came up the hill. It is most picturesquely situated, and commands superb views of the harbour and shipping and town lying below, with the grand surrounding of mountains behind.

This temple has no images, as it belongs to the *Shinto* sect. The two recognised religions of Japan are Shintoism and Buddhism; but the former is much the most ancient, Buddhism having only come in about the sixth century after Christ. Both these faiths are decaying fast, even among the common people.

The Buddhist temples often have the most grotesque and hideous images inside and out, though the Buddha himself is always represented sitting cross-legged with folded arms, in an

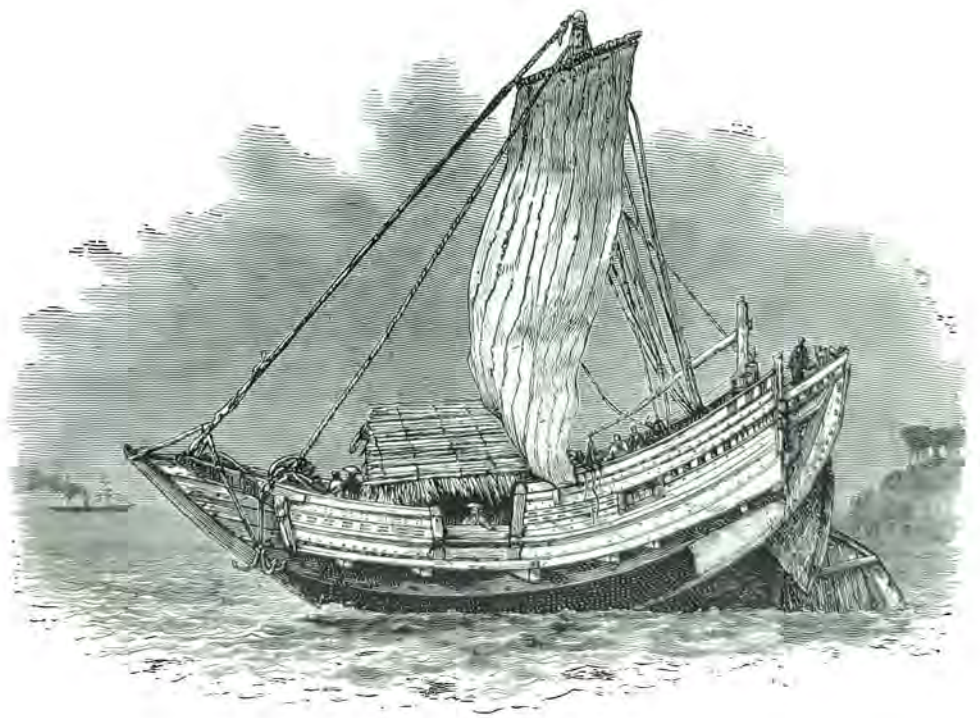
attitude of repose, his countenance wearing an expression of calm, gentle benevolence and peace. Here, however, in this Shinto shrine, were no idols, but plenty of beautiful decoration, and the usual mirror, gong, and flowers. The carving and lacquer were specially good, with much gilding and colour, the latter usually being a dull red. We next visited a tea-house, most strikingly perched upon a small plateau, with the usual comical little fairy-like garden behind. These miniature gardens are very pretty, each being a *multum in parvo* of rockeries, rustic bridge, lakelet, evergreens, flowers, and fountain, and all within a very handbreadth of space, generally in a hollow. Here we saw a dwarf maple-tree in the tiniest pot, covered with leaf in all the rich colouring of autumn, and a row of some half-dozen magnificent chrysanthemums, each plant having only one flower.

Finally, while Mr Andrews took my husband to see the mission college, which had been founded three years before, Mrs. Goodall and I paid a most charming visit to the curio-shops. The drawback was that as we sat pursuing our investigations on the little raised lacquer platform under the eaves of the low projecting roof, we were terribly stared at and mobbed. The people were polite enough; but they crowded round, determined to see the white-faced strangers, until at last the kind shopkeeper took us within to a kind of inner den.

This proved a most fortunate chance for us, as here we found hid away the most beautiful real old bronzes, and old lacquer with Daimios' crests, and porcelain, china, and all manner of quaint and queer things. It was the most fascinating collection I had seen. The man seemed greatly pleased with our enthusiasm, and took a great deal of trouble to satisfy our curiosity, which was very good of him, as we made no pretence of buying. A tour like this is to some people, of necessity, an education in self-denial. When we have seen good things and real (which are expensive), the common and the cheap have certainly no charm.

Our day at Nagasaki was one not to be forgotten. We lunched with our friends, called on the Consul, and on the American missionaries; and at half-past four were once more on board. Among many kind adieus we slowly got under weigh, passed round the little Pappenberg rock, and were *en route* for Shanghai.

We must, however, linger a little over Pappenberg, and hear the touching tale it has to tell.



A JAPANESE JUNK.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXIX.—NEW EXPERIENCES.

ROY'S experiences during the next two or three days were so exceedingly novel as to be a source of continual surprise to him; but the dreariness of the state of things thus revealed was almost unheeded for a brief while in the perpetual sense of astonishment, not entirely unmixed with dismay, that was constantly present with him.

Personally he felt that he had no reasonable complaint to make; he was treated to a good deal of consideration. He was often really embarrassed and distressed at meal-times to find himself expected to consume delicacies (at least, they might be called so by courtesy in that house), which had been made expressly for him, and of which nobody but he partook; and he had at length to petition seriously that he might share and share alike with the rest of the family, and forthwith took his oatmeal porridge at breakfast and thick bread-and-butter at tea, with all the gusto he could command, wondering what Frank Lee or Marcus would think if they could but see him, yet half enjoying the change and the new experiences.

But there were other things that he did not by any means enjoy: the angry words exchanged between the children, the quarrels, recriminations and chronic warfare, which his presence soon failed to hold in check; the cold indifference displayed towards them by their parents, and the want of anything like that atmosphere of loving sympathy that he had always been used unconsciously to breathe. Another and stranger thing too was the entire absence (as it seemed to him) of any kind of religion in that house. There was no family prayer of any kind, no reading or study of the Bible, so far as he could see, by any member of the household, and he gathered that even church-going was altogether an uncertain thing, and depended more upon mood and convenience than anything else. Mildred casually remarked once that "Papa and the boys never went—sometimes mamma did, but not very often. Aunt Joan went oftenest; but she (Mildred) didn't see any fun in it. She generally stayed at home."

Another element of discomfort in Roy's mind arose from a conversation he had held with Mrs. Edington. He had chanced to say in her hearing that he must write to Marcus soon and tell him where he was. Roy was at no time a very good correspondent, and of late he had not known exactly where to address letters to his brother, whose movements had been somewhat uncertain.

"Perhaps he may not be best pleased to find out where you are," Mrs. Edington had said, and Roy had looked at her in surprise.

"Why should he mind? He suggested himself, that as he couldn't get back to take me, I might like to go somewhere on my own account and get a change. You are my relations—he could not mind my coming to you."

"That is the point. It seems to me that he has been careful to keep you as far as possible out of the reach of your relations. My husband did not meet a very cordial reception at his hands."

Roy coloured painfully.

"He didn't mean anything."

"Well, I hope not; but we have not been quite pleased at the way you have been alienated from us, Roy. We understood it in your mother's time—there had been a little coolness, a little estrangement, which is all past and forgotten now; but I do not understand Mr. Stratford's determination to keep you so entirely in his own hands and in his own power. There is an odd look about it all that we have not quite approved."

"Perhaps he did not know about you," began the boy, but he was stopped at once.

"He did know, begging your pardon; my husband elicited that much; but he showed a great determination to keep all your affairs a perfect secret. Seeing that my husband is your nearest kinsman, whilst Mr. Stratford is no real relation at all, it seemed odd and uncalled for, and I confess we did not quite like it."

"Why not?" asked Roy, in an odd muffled voice.

"Well, I do not wish to say anything that sounds unreasonable or far-fetched. Of course, everything may be perfectly right; but the impression my husband got was that you were being kept altogether too much in subjection—too dependent upon your step-brother; and that your own relations, who are your natural champions and protectors, were being held purposely at a distance. Most men have some motive for their conduct, and we feel very doubtful of Mr. Stratford's. Is he acting for your benefit or from motives of self-interest?"

Roy made no reply; but the words rankled nevertheless. He could not entirely forget or ignore them; his letter to Marcus was not written that day, nor for several days, and when it did go it was unusually brief, containing little more information than the fact that he was staying with his cousins, the Edingtons, who were exceedingly kind to him, and that he was enjoying himself very much. This was something of a stretch of the truth, for Roy's enjoyment was of a rather fitful and doubtful kind; but, at least, in his present mood he felt no disposition to return to the Hermitage; the visit to Brighton seemed in some odd way to have been entirely abandoned, and the only alternative course was to remain where he was.

The first Sunday seemed to pass most strangely to Roy. It was a gusty day, with heavy rain

showers at intervals, but by no means so bad a day as to prohibit church-going, had any one been disposed to go. But nobody seemed to entertain the idea for a moment, and Roy was too lame to attempt the walk himself. Mr. Edington sat down to his newspaper and his accounts, his wife busied herself about a variety of domestic duties, not generally admitted into the routine of Sunday employment; whilst the boys romped about and quarrelled, and the girls dawdled and teased one another, as if there was nothing to be done or thought of but to get through the long hours with as little *ennui* as possible.

"Sunday is always so dull!" grumbled Mildred. "I don't quite know why, but it is. Cousin Roy, will you read some more of that book to us? That would be jolly!"

Roy had been amusing himself and his cousins on dull evenings sometimes by reading aloud one of Dickens's novels to them. It was different from any story they had ever come across, and with Roy's explanations and judicious skips it was very much to their liking. If he would beguile the dulness of Sunday by more reading, it would be a capital way of passing the time. They did not notice his slight hesitation and glance towards their mother. They hurried him upstairs to the school-room, and Mildred prepared to dash off to fetch the book.

"No, let me go," said Roy; "I think I shall read another to-day."

"Oh, finish the one we've begun first! It is such fun! I want to know more about Captain Cuttle."

"And little Paul," added Nellie. "I like him best—and Florence."

But when Roy joined them in the school-room they saw that he had not brought the book they had asked for, but another that "didn't look half as interesting" Mildred thought.

It was an old copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" that had accidentally got into Roy's portmanteau with the few books he had selected to take away with him. He was glad enough now of the chance that had brought it there, for although his ideas upon religious exercises were somewhat vague and unformed, there was a great deal of reverence and devotional feeling in his nature. He had been brought up to keep the Sabbath day "holy" as far as he was able to do so, and it went greatly against the grain of his nature to see it observed (or rather ignored) in so careless and godless a fashion. He could not have brought himself to read Dickens to his little cousins on Sunday, but he was glad enough to read them the immortal story of the pilgrim, and they listened with great attention, for any new story-book was a treat to them, although he doubted very much whether they heeded anything beyond the simple narrative part of the story. He did not attempt any explanation of the parable. He was but a lad himself, and it would have been a difficult task to open up such a subject; then too he began to be doubtful if his cousins were acquainted with even the rudiments of teaching that had been familiar to him from childhood.

That evening however, the sunny beauty of which had tempted Roger and Caroline Edington out to take a walk, whilst Mildred had suddenly decided to go to church with her aunt Joan, was to bring Roy face to face with one or two questions that he had never heard put quite so pointedly before. He was sitting alone in one of the big, deserted rooms, turning over in his mind the odd turn taken by affairs, when he was aware of soft, timid footfalls behind him, and little Nellie appeared with an open book in her hand.

"Cousin Roy," she said, "I wanted to find you when you were quite alone because Mildred would laugh and the boys would tease and take my book away. Do tell me if it's true what it says here? I've wanted to ask you ever so long. Is there another country somewhere else? and can people get to it anyway?"

He looked down at the open page, and saw that it was a little battered Testament the child held, open at some place in the Revelation.

"Everything in that book is true, Nellie; you may be quite sure of that."

Her face became illuminated.

"Oh, I'm so glad. Milly said it was only a grown-up people's sort of fairy tale. Are you sure, Roy—quite, quite sure?"

Was Roy quite sure? In theory, perhaps, he had never experienced any real doubt; but had his life been as practical a testimony to the truth as it should have been if he was as sure as that simple child wished him to be? His face glowed for a moment, partly at his own thought, partly at the novelty of the position; it was so strange to be looked up to as an oracle of truth, especially on themes like these; but he thought of Muriel, and the answer she would make to such a question, and he did not keep Nellie waiting long.

"Yes, I am quite sure; it is all true."

"All about the golden city, and the gates of pearl, and the harps, and crowns, and everything? Oh, Roy, how I should like to see it! How do people get there?"

Roy's face still burned, but he had to find an answer for his earnest little questioner.

"Why, by being good, Nellie," he said, though not quite satisfied that that was the right reply.

The child sighed, and looked somewhat damped.

"I should think one would have to be very good indeed to get in there. I don't think any of us will; we are always being naughty. You will, Roy, I should think; you are quite different from us."

Roy felt a little desperate.

"No, Nellie, it isn't quite like that; only I don't know how to explain it properly. People don't get in for being good; they get in because God takes them in, and He takes everybody in who will love Him and take Him at His word. You had better read the first part of your book—about Jesus, and what He did and said when He lived here long ago. It was His doing that we can ever get in there. You'll understand it better when you've read all that. Only, you know, people have to die first before they can go to Him there. You know that, I suppose?"

"I don't think I know anything," answered Nellie humbly, looking half perplexed, half mystified. "But I shouldn't think anybody would mind dying if they could get into a place like that, not if they'd only lived before in a place like Windmill House."

CHAPTER XXX.—MAKING FRIENDS.

After the experience of a week or ten days spent at Windmill House, Roy began to get a more definite idea respecting its different inhabitants than had been possible just at first.

He was forced to come to the conclusion that whatever Roger might be abroad, he was an unpleasant man in the bosom of his family; and it puzzled the boy sometimes to guess why he had troubled to make the effort to ingratiate himself with him, and to make so great a point of bringing him as a guest to his house. True, his children seemed greatly pleased with their cousin's visit, and in their odd, rough way made a regular hero of Roy; but Roger hardly seemed the kind of father to put himself about to gratify his children, and, for his own part, he behaved with scant courtesy to his young kinsman. His wife was more complaisant, and seemed wishful to secure his comfort and good-will; but Roy was unable to take to her. She did not seem to him to ring true, and she often embarrassed him greatly by allusions to their poverty, and by bringing into prominent notice little bits of needful domestic economy that would have been more gracefully passed over in silence.

Roy was really distressed by little evidences of the straitened circumstances of this family that were constantly coming before his eyes, and he would have given much to have made over then and there to his hosts the well-stocked pocket-book that was to have furnished funds for his expenses to Brighton. He was almost glad now that the proposed trip had been abandoned, for he hoped he might find a way of benefiting his cousin's household without offending their pride or their delicacy, and of leaving some substantial good behind him when he left. He sometimes thought that if he could only get the chance, he would try to open the subject with his cousin Joan. Little as he had so far seen of her, she attracted him more than any one in the house, and in a very quiet, unostentatious way she showed him more consideration than all the rest put together.

For Roy was in reality barely fit for the sort of life he was leading. Had he been in his usual health, a plainer, coarser diet, and an absence of the luxuries with which he had always been surrounded would have done him no harm, might, indeed, have been rather good for him than otherwise; but just now, when not entirely recovered from a rather severe illness, he was not in a condition to stand experiments like these with impunity, and his foot also suffered, and grew worse rather than better, owing to the amount of walking and standing that seemed unavoidable in this house. It was Joan, however, who appeared to notice this, and laid an embargo on the walks that the children were always proposing to him; it was she who noted if his appetite (capricious since his illness) was unable to manage the rather coarsely-cooked viands that appeared at Mrs. Edington's table, and she would herself prepare him some little trifle more suited to his taste, and bring it quietly to him, or send it by little Nellie, without letting it be generally known that such attention was necessary.

If a little embarrassed by her acts of considerate thoughtfulness, Roy was very grateful, and at last his chance came for speaking to her with more of confidence and unreserve than had been possible before.

One night he had gone to bed rather early, feeling unusually tired, and with an incipent cold hanging about him which had given warning of its approach by sundry fits of coughing and shivering; but he had not heeded it much himself, and he was proportionately surprised when, after he had been a short time in bed, the door opened to admit Joan, who came in with a steaming basin in her hands.

"I think you want something hot in bed, Roy," she explained quietly, "to take your cold away. If you will drink this, and stay in bed to breakfast to-morrow, I dare say you will be all right again."

Roy laughed as he sat up and thanked her, but he was grateful for her thoughtful kindness, and as she seemed disposed, after accomplishing her errand, to go away again, he interposed quickly, and said—

"Do sit down, cousin Joan, and have a chat. I hardly ever see you by yourself, and I often want to talk to you. Can't you stop and have one now?"

Joan sat down in the armchair. She was in no haste to go. She had felt much drawn towards Roy since he had become an inmate of the house, but she was so unused to expressing her feelings in words that her good will had only been evinced by little acts of consideration.

"Cousin Joan," he began rather abruptly, "do you never have any regular pleasure or amusement here? Do you never go away and enjoy yourselves, and get a rest and a change?"

An odd sort of smile crossed Joan's face.

"Well, no, Roy, that sort of thing is not much in our line."

"But, why not? Is it—is it——"

"Want of money? I suppose perhaps it is; but I know very little about our affairs."

"Because, you know," said Roy eagerly, "that I have enough with me here to take us all away for a week's holiday to some place; I dare say, if we were economical, it would keep us longer. I can't bear to hear Mildred and Nellie asking about 'other places,' and showing that they know nothing of the world beyond the immediate limits of home; and one can see that they have never known any real enjoyment—or what we should call enjoyment—all their lives. It makes me so sorry, Joan. If I were to give Mrs. Edington the money that was given to me for Brighton—I know Marcus would not mind—and ask her to take us all there for a little

CONVALESCENT.

"SEE the wretch, that long has tossed,
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe, and walk again.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,—
The common sun, the air, the skies,—
To him are opening Paradise."

—*Gray.*

while, and let the children have a real good time, do you think she would?"

"No, Roy, I don't; I'm quite sure she wouldn't."

"But why not?"

"She would think it a waste. She would never spend it like that; and Roger wouldn't allow it either. They would think it dreadful."

Roy looked sorry and perplexed.

"But I can't offer it to them in any other way, can I? I thought that might be a nice way of doing it. I should like to do something for them all, but I can't offer them money."

An odd look passed across Joan's face, but she could not explain to Roy that he need have no diffidence on that point, that there would be no real difficulty in the disposition of that fund.

"What can I do?" he asked.

"Wait and see. You will understand better by-and-by."

"What shall I understand?"

"A great many things, I dare say," was the rather vague answer. "Roy, how long are you going to stay here?"

He laughed a little, colouring up slightly.

"I don't know, Cousin Joan. I should like to talk to you about that. I want to do what is most agreeable. I'm in no hurry to go home, and Marcus is not back yet." A vague shadow fell over the boy's face, for the thought of his brother brought with it a certain amount of painful doubt. "But I don't quite like to be a burden on my cousin, and I am not certain that he wishes me to stay, though the children do, I am sure."

"I believe we all want you to stay," answered Joan, with more warmth than before; "but I begin to doubt if you ought to do so. I don't think our life agrees with you."

"Oh, yes, it does," was the quick reply. "Don't think me quite a milksop, Cousin Joan. I can put up with what other people do, and be none the worse. If I may stay on, I think I would rather. I like the girls very much, and I don't care quite so much about going home as you would think. There are things there that bother me rather; here I forget them."

Joan made no reply. She was of opinion that he would pretty soon find things to bother him here, but as she knew it was intended that he should remain at least for a time, she was glad that he could be content to do so. She only wondered how things would look to him when he knew his true position, his true relationship to them all.

His next question, however, startled her a little.

"Joan, when may I go and see my great-uncle? I should so like to."

She shook her head; her face was quite inscrutable.

"Not yet, Roy. He is an old man, and peculiar. He hardly sees anybody but me. None of the children are allowed in the study, and even Roger and Caroline do not go there often."

"I should like to see him, though. Let me know if ever I may. Did he know my mother too?"

"Oh, yes, long ago. We all knew her."

"When was that? You were not living here then, were you?"

"Oh, no; in London. I never saw her after we came here."

"And what made you come here? Isn't it a very odd, out-of-the-way place?"

"Yes; but it belongs to father, and Roger got an opening in Thorne. We had lost all our money; we had to do what we could."

"Then you were not always poor?"

"No, not always."

Roy looked sympathetic and interested, but Joan's manner was peculiar, and did not invite further questioning.

"I wish I could do something for them all," was Roy's thought, as he composed himself to sleep that night. Perhaps he had never felt so much as he did at this moment the loss of the fortune that he had naturally expected would come to him.

THE LESSON OF THE SPRING FLOWERS.

ONE must have experienced hunger and thirst before one can rightly appreciate the true delights of gratifying the appetite; one must have known loneliness of heart before one learns to crave for love; one must fight through sickness to death before the exquisite joy of returning health can be tasted.

Sorrow must endure through the night, before joy cometh with the morning; winter be bleak and bare and bitter, before we can revel in the tender beauties of spring.

Weeks and weeks had she spent on a sick bed, haunted by feverish dreams, feverish longings, feverish cravings for the wide open sea; the country common, bedecked with clumps of gorse; the woods and fields, which were as impossible to reach as heaven itself, when the bed on which she lay was in a back-room of a town house, in a small street.

The deadly weariness of the walls and curtains, whence grotesque faces peer forth from the patterns and folds; the deadly weariness of the long winter nights, when the fire was packed, only emitting a dull glow; and the night-light flickered, burning low for so many hours. She did not know whether to be more disgusted and sickened with the dreary, foggy, dismal day of sleet and rain, of tempest and snow; or with the sun streaming in to put out the fire, to make the room look dusty and faded and shabby; to make

the atmosphere close and hot and stuffy; to create longings, impossible to gratify, for dewy grass, for the scent of a sweet-briar hedge after rain; for the chequered sunshine and shade of a forest dell, where the bluebells carpet the ground, and the wood anemone hangs its fragile purple-streaked head.

"She is better," said the doctor. "You may get her into the country as soon as you can."

Welcome hearing, though the attainable country be but a quiet homely place among very simple people.

But to leave behind her the incessant noise, the rattle of the streets, the dismal cries of "Want grit," and "Do ye want chea-e-eps?"—the dust, the dirt, the soot-laden air, the dull shadows cast by the houses opposite. To open her eyes upon a wide sweep of sunlit azure, softened by hazy distances, flecked by snowy streaks of cloud. To hear the lark singing madly overhead; the throstle whistling a mellow note from the laurel bush; the ploughman calling in the far-off meadow to the horses that guide the plough in turning the glistening furrow.

A robin sat upon a bare branch of a tree outside the window, singing his short sweet note to his mate who had her nest in the holly-bush below; and, oh! how the sunshine caught and was reflected from the leaves of that holly-bush, from the rhododendrons and the ivy upon the wall!

She hastened to go out, though yet able but to creep up and down the gravelled path. But to see nearer the almond-tree, with its roseate branches; the tiny crimson tassels hanging beneath each baby leaf on the ribes; the lilac bushes pushing out their green buds; the hawthorns besprinkled with tiny emerald dots; the peonies coming up, red among the tender hue of springing bulbs; the ferns pushing out thick coils of silvery, mossy balls from the centre of dark-hued fronds, battered and browned by winter's storms.

How resplendent the crocuses must have been a week since! Their clumps were gay with gorgeousness of colour even yet; and how busy the little brown bees about them! Listen to their humming, as they hover over honey-filled cup after cup!

Ah! the primroses! Why does one love the primrose so dearly? Wide-spread, pale-hued stars among their richly-crumpled leaves, looking up from out of the neglected corner where the rotting autumn foliage of last year still lay thickly. The polyanthus is fair and handsome, its colours varied and gay, but it can never rival its simpler cousin, the primrose, in our hearts.

Here was a border of white double daisies, such quaint, little, fat, cushion-like balls; how prettily they edged the thickly-clustered, blue-starch hyacinth, prim and dainty! Beneath the window was *Pyrus japonica*, hardly open yet, but covered with gay knots of scarlet bud that would soon replace the yellow leafless jessamine that had already shed its best flowers.

Each day something fresh was to be seen here; but her strength increased, and she could wander further.

Across the running stream, dancing in the sun, and clear to its pebbly bottom here; cool and dim with brown shadows there, where the flat stone crossed it like a bridge, and where the bush of gorse hung over it, bedecked with an early spray or two of blossom, emitting slight but rare fragrance; over a rustic style beside the five-barred gate, and into a daisy-strewn meadow. In the ditch beneath the hedge was marsh-mallow, putting out its thick round leaves, yet beneath the water, and forget-me-not springing from the mud, which it would soon bespread with beauty. Dandelions flaunted upon the bank above, and downy catkins covered the willows over.

Now the ditch widened and led into a great horse-pond in a corner of the field, where she emerged into the lane again, over a plank with a hand-rail. Ducks revelled in this place, standing on the brink, preening their feathers, or turning upside down in the water from exquisite enjoyment of the splash, and wobbling foolish tails alone out of it in ecstacy.

A huge frog, sprawling with leg and arm, lay on the edges; and, startled by her approach, made a sudden spring, and swam across to a safe harbourage beneath the roots of the willow-tree that stretched its boughs above the spot.

But what brilliance was it which lay beyond? An orchard, with gnarled branches still bare, spreading, hoary with age, above gooseberry bushes, dropped all over with tender green tufts like jewels. Beneath were daffodils; bunches of them, clusters of them, patches of them, dancing gaily in the light breeze, down to the very water's edge. How gay, how golden, how happy they seemed, how fresh, how careless, how ignorant of sorrow, of pain.

She breathed an envious sigh; and, crossing the little bridge, round the orchard hedge, came to a low long whitewashed cottage, with thatched roof, and a long border of spring flowers on either hand of the flagged path, to the half-hatched door. Tufts of primroses, pale and pink; double ones too, lilac and crimson; gold-laced polyanthuses, orange-spotted cowslips, and wallflowers, dark blood-red wallflowers, dashed with yellow, and, oh! so sweet!

Bright milk-pans were ranged in a row upon a bench by the door; and, against the lintel, leaned a lovely two years' old child, in a pink pinafore, and cotton bonnet hanging down its little back, only caught by its strings round its chubby neck, and serving as a plaything for the kitten held tightly in the round fat arms, but stretching soft paws over the baby shoulders to sport with its toy.

We almost pity those to whom such sights are matters of so common and every-day occurrence that they have ceased to yield the keen pleasure, the memorable delight which she took in each one separately, after her famine from nature's food.

But, had there not been that famine, could there have been the same satisfaction in fulness?

Had there been no craving, would there have been the keen relish? Had there been no pain, could there have been half the pleasure? Had there been no winter, could she have had the joyousness of spring? Were there no cross, should we ever wear the crown?

MARGUERITE LEROY.

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A FRENCH PASTOR.

ONE hot summer day I was engaged in my usual round of visiting. It was a part of the town the most distant from my church: near the harbour—a district chiefly inhabited by sailors, lightermen, quay-porters, and others connected with shipping, a rough set mostly, but hard working and industrious. Some of them were regular attendants at my church, and I was not altogether a stranger and unknown in the district. I had turned down a street leading straight to the quays, and had crossed to the side where there was shelter from the sun's fierce rays.

Just after passing a house, the door of which was open—a wooden cabin chiefly constructed from old ships' planks—I heard a voice calling me to stop. On turning round I saw a sailor-looking man—one of the quay-porters, not very tidily dressed—standing at the door. In fact, he was an ill-clad and ill-looking fellow, dirty and unshaven, and with features bearing unmistakable marks of a coarse intemperate life.

"Oh, you have stopped, have you?" speaking in a careless, almost insolent tone, and then, pointing to the steeple of a church which was in sight, added, "Is it you who are the captain of that frigate down there?"

"Do you wish to speak with me, my friend?" I said quietly, taking no notice of his rude way of accosting me, or his disrespectful manner, when, under the guise of nautical speech, he plainly sought to show his contempt for my pastoral office.

"Not exactly," he replied, with an air of indifference. "It's my old woman in here who wants to have a word with you. She thinks she is soon starting on her last voyage, and wanted a minister to see if her papers are all in order."

"Do you speak of your wife?" I said, looking at him with mingled indignation and pity.

"Yes, my wife, if you like it better. She is very near the end, and has been bothering me to go to fetch you, though this is too hot a day for a Christian to go out, except driven to it. Just then I saw you in the street, and hailed you."

"A Christian? Are you then a Christian, sir?" I said to him, in a tone and with a look which seemed to take him a little aback.

"Oh! I don't expect to pass for that exactly," he replied. "What are your Christians?" resuming his careless manner: "people who bore you with their sermons. The world would be better with less preaching and more business."

I made no reply, but, passing by, I entered the poor dwelling. The sick woman lay on a miserable palliasse, in a recess in the side of the room, something like the lower berths in a ship's cabin. She fixed her eyes on me, and, holding my hand, she said, "Thank God for this favour."

I could see by her haggard look and her feeble voice that she had not long to live. From the first sight of the rough husband, I expected to see one of the ordinary types of vulgar women, such as one is accustomed to meet in the low streets and slums of a seaport town. What was my surprise when I found in the dying woman an intelligence, a gentleness, and sweetness singularly unlike the sad surroundings. She seemed about thirty years of age, at least about ten years younger than her husband. I felt curious to know by what mysterious causes a nature so tender and apparently refined had become united by the closest of all bonds to a being so rough and brutal.

On seeing her more closely, I recognised a stranger whom I had on several occasions recently observed at my church. She had joined with us at our last Communion, and I then intended to speak to her after the service, and ask her name and address; but she had hastened to go out, without exchanging words with any one.

"Sir," she said, as I drew near her couch, "I have greatly desired to see you ever since this illness came upon me, which I know is unto death. God has heard the desire of my heart. Sir, I beseech you to pray for my husband."

She turned her eyes towards him, as he stood in the doorway, gazing out with seeming indifference, but having his ears keenly listening to what was passing inside.

"Marguerite," he said, turning his head, "if you wished to see the minister in order to ask him to pray for me, you give yourself needless trouble. If any prayers are offered for me, sir," he added, looking at me with a glance of defiant insolence, "you had better address them to the devil."

The poor woman closed her eyes, and her lips moved as she lifted to God a silent supplication. On her countenance there was an expression of patient resignation, which told how far her heart and her pious experience had been disciplined to endure the constant hostility of her worthless husband.

"I want none of your religion," he continued, accompanying the words by an oath.

"Are you a man?" I said to him, with firm and serious voice.

"Well, I don't think I am a dog," he rejoined in a sneering tone.

"You have, then, need of religion in everything that belongs to you as a man, if you are one. There are in the universe only two orders of creatures, apart from man—spirits good or bad, and the brutes that perish. The good angels have not sinned, and therefore have no need of a Saviour, and the brutes have not got souls to make better or to be saved. But man, who has sinned, and who has a soul to save, has need of all that the Christian religion can give. Since you say that you have no need of religion, it must be that you are either better or worse

than man; if you are better, you are an angel, if you are less, then you are a brute."

The man listened, and surveyed me with a malignant look.

"You speak words, sir, which are hard for any one to understand."

"You recognise, then, that you are a man," I replied, bearing with calmness the defiant stare of his grey eyes. "The language which you say is hard to be understood is only that of the word of God, which says that man without God and without religion is like the brutes that perish."

I saw the man clench his fists as if he intended to strike me in his rage.

"Jacques," cried his wife, "don't strike."

"No, no, Marguerite, don't fear; I shall never fight about a saying of the Bible. But one might draw it a little more mildly, in flinging stones at a fellow's head. It is hard to be called a brute outright."

"Pardon, sir; I called you nothing of the kind. You drew the conclusion from my words. I simply meant that man has need of a Saviour, and that only angels or brutes could do without."

He made no answer, but, turning his back, began to pace to and fro in the room. He appeared to be digesting the ideas suggested by words that caused him embarrassment rather than anger. His wife looked at him, and then, turning to me, said, "May God bless you, sir, for having spoken so frankly. He was, and would have been, a good husband to me, but for drink and evil companions. Oh, sir, when I am gone, think of him, he has a soul to save. Christ died for sinners. His sins are not too great to prevent him having part in the Saviour's atonement. Once he was good and gentle, but the drink, the terrible drink, has changed him. He is not a bit like what he was when we were married."

"I promise you," was my reply, "never to forget the charge you lay upon me as a Christian pastor."

"Thank you, sir; a thousand thanks."

As this moment the emotion which filled her heart choked her words. I saw that the exertion had enfeebled her, and again the shadow of death overclouded her countenance, which had been lighted with a gleam of life when she was speaking. I knelt beside the couch, and offering a short but fervent prayer, I commended her spirit to the Saviour. Her face was brightened, and a smile was on her features, as she said, in accents full of fervour and of faith, "'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' and 'I shall see Him.' Jacques, my husband, come near me. I am going to leave you. Let me say Adieu."

The poor fellow, who had stood still while I was praying, then came to the bedside of his wife, and there he stood, with folded arms, still affecting an air of callous indifference.

"Jacques, come near me," she said gently; "look at me. Give me your hand."

He came, with a bad grace, and gave his rough hand. Yet I could perceive that he was touched more than he cared to show. The anxious countenance of his wife made a chord vibrate in his long-hardened heart. It was not a brute but a man that I now saw; a man, in whose soul a life of sin and drunkenness had not wholly defaced the image of his Creator. It is not on earth but only in hell that the work of the Creator is irrecoverably destroyed. On this side the tomb, and up to the last moment, there is hope for the vilest sinner, and the most hardened blasphemer. The man said nothing, but remained with his eyes fixed on his dying wife, who continued to speak to him.

"Jacques," she said, "farewell, I am soon to leave you. I am going to dwell in that place the hope of which has sustained me in the vale of tears. I am going to be with Jesus, my Saviour. I am going where there shall be no more sin, nor sorrow, nor pain, nor death. The joys of that world shall be eternal as the life of those who enter it. And, now, O my husband, listen to my solemn declaration. At this moment, with death at hand, I am supported by the glorious hopes and promises of the gospel, the reading of which has caused so much bitterness against me. But I forgive all, and reproach you not. Embrace me, my husband."

To my astonishment he was on his knees in an instant, and bending over her to hear her words, and to kiss her forehead. She sighed, and putting her hand on his head she prayed, "Father, glorify Thyself by making my husband a Christian indeed, nothing is too hard for Thee." The rough man even now showed little visible emotion. Perhaps my presence caused him to restrain himself. But the very effort to appear unconcerned, and the fixing of the muscles of his face, revealed the conflict in his mind. He kept hold of the hand of his wife, and remained kneeling, as if under a kind of fascination. Marguerite's last moments were drawing near, but she had strength and presence of mind to say to me: "I wish also, sir, to say to you Farewell. May we meet in heaven! I thank you for the instruction and for the consolation which I have received from you in your church, and for your presence here to-day."

Then, addressing her husband again, she said, "Jacques, my dear husband, adieu. I can return to you no more, but you can rejoin me. Oh may we be found on the right hand of the throne, on that day, when we appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. Adieu!"

The gravity and the tenderness of Marguerite's words, joined to the solemnity of the death which was now too plainly drawing near, deeply touched the husband. He fairly broke down, and I could see the convulsive heaving of his chest, although the compressed lips seemed to show an attempt to keep down the emotion that agitated his mind.

When his wife's voice ceased to be heard, and her hand no longer felt his touch, the efforts at self restraint which my presence had probably prolonged, were at an end. He burst at once into tears and sobbed like a child. The anguish of his spirit was the more extreme from the long suppression of his emotion.

We were both gazing on the countenance of the dying woman. We were alone with her, for the manifest absence of any vital power made

it useless to seek medical or other help in the extreme moment. We then saw what has been sometimes described as being witnessed in the dying. The countenance became, as it were, transfigured, and radiant with an unearthly light. It was like the after-glow that is seen to glorify the tops of the mountains after the valleys are in darkness. The husband also saw it through his tears, and it caused a fresh outburst of passionate grief. He knelt to kiss that face, but the eyes were now closed, and the pallor of death was increasing.

Before this last scene, a few words passed which I almost forgot to record. When the tears first fell and the fountain of that sealed and seared heart were broken up, Marguerite said, "These tears give me joy. They show that you love me. Oh may God grant that you may come where I am going! Will you promise me to try to go to heaven?"

"Yes, Marguerite, I promise it. May God help me." He could say no more. But I heard him muttering to himself: "I am miserable. I am indeed a brute. I am not worthy of approaching a creature so nigh to God! God help me. God forgive me."

He was kneeling all this time at the side of the couch. When all was over, and he had risen, I said to him, "You have seen, my friend, how a Christian dies."

"Yes, sir," he replied, striving to check his tears, "and I have for a long time seen how a Christian lives. This woman was an angel sent from God to me. I see, I understand all now. She bore my brutal usage, thanks to her piety, which I called her weakness. Sir, I am indeed a brute. I have persecuted her, and she never spoke a bitter or cross word to me. Her lips never opened but to speak words of love, and gentleness, and truth. I hated her because of her goodness. The holiness of her life was a perpetual reproach to me, a living testimony against me and my bad life."

He hurried out of the room after uttering these words of contrition, and I heard him pacing to and fro in the little court behind the house. I also went out, to seek for some neighbour to take charge of the corpse; and I committed to charitable hands the duties pertaining to the burial.

On the second day after the coffin was borne to the church. The husband was there, calm, serious, and deeply impressed by the mortuary service. When the body was carried to the cemetery, and the first handful of earth resounded on the coffin, the tears, the remorse, the passionate grief of the poor husband broke out anew. Burying his face in his hands, he went to lean on an adjoining tombstone, and every one could see, with sympathy and pity, the tears which flowed from his eyes, and hear the sobs and groans that escaped from his heaving breast. There were many of the neighbours from the harbour, where Jacques Leroy had only been known as the most wicked man of all that quarter. The respectable appearance of the mourners at the funeral of his wife, and the behaviour of the husband, excited the surprise and the remarks of the neighbours, who were ignorant of the scene witnessed at the death of Marguerite.

From that time a work of grace, the operation of the Holy Spirit, began in the heart of Jacques Leroy. His eyes were opened to see the hideous nature of his sins; his heart felt the misery of the bondage under which it had kept him, and he knew the danger of dying without Christ and salvation. He had learned from the life of Marguerite that there was peace that passeth understanding, a peace of which one could partake only from a sense of pardon, and from the love of God shed abroad in the heart. I need not follow his history further, except to say that Jacques Leroy, once the most degraded of the men of that place, became as remarkable as a model of what a Christian should be in his words and ways and whole life. Let us magnify the grace of God as shown in him, and bless that love of the compassionate Saviour who is ever ready to receive the guilty, and to restore the lost. Yes, truly He is able to save to the uttermost all who come to God by Him!

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"E. C." puts the questions: "What are we to understand when we repeat in the Apostles' Creed, 'He descended into hell?' From what part of Scripture are these words taken?"

IT is unnecessary, perhaps, to say that the words are not taken directly from Scripture; and therefore the question what was originally meant by them is of secondary importance. Most Christian believers who now repeat the Creed understand them to affirm that our Lord descended to Hades (Hebrew, Sheol), the unseen world, the place of departed souls. So, in Ephesians iv. 9, it is said: "He descended into the lower parts of the earth;" according to the popular conception of the invisible realm. The Creed thus makes two statements: "He was buried," as to His *body*; "He descended into Hades," as to His *soul*. With reference again to this descent, He is described as adopting the language of the Psalmist: "Thou wilt not leave My soul in Hades, neither wilt Thou give Thy Holy One to see corruption," Acts ii. 27. Then seeing that He said to the dying robber: "To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise," it plainly follows that Paradise also is a part of that unseen world.[1]

But the meaning of those who added this clause to the Creed,[2] and of many who have used it in succeeding ages, was probably somewhat different from this. In fact, their interpretations have been many. Bishop Pearson, in his Treatise *On the Apostles' Creed*, enters into long details into which it would be now unnecessary to follow him;

[1] The reader who may wish to pursue this subject, may consult Dr. Campbell's 'Dissertation' appended to his well-known "Commentary on the Gospels."

[2] The clause was not found in the Creed as originally framed, and appears to have been first added in the Latin Church. "Descendit in inferna" are the words.

showing that only a minority of the early fathers held in substance the opinion to which we have referred; that Hades, Hell, or *Inferna*, was "the common receptacle of the souls of all men, both the just and the unjust; and that the soul of Christ descended unto those which departed in the true faith and fear of God, the souls of the patriarchs and the prophets, and the people of God;" to proclaim to those who had waited for Him that His redeeming work was accomplished, and their deliverance assured. But there He did not remain. The "intermediate state" was no place for His soul, any more than the grave was for His body. In His Resurrection He gloriously quitted both, leaving His redeemed ones still to wait for Him against that day.[1] But the greater number seem to have believed that He actually descended to the abode of the lost, either to proclaim to them the Gospel (misinterpreting St. Peter's words, "He preached to the spirits in prison"[2]), or else to announce Himself even there as triumphant. In the words of Pearson, who adopts this view with one modification: "He went into those regions of darkness, that our souls might never come into those torments which are there. By His descent He freed us from our fears, as by His ascension He secured us of our hopes. He passed to those habitations where Satan hath taken up possession and exerciseth his dominion, that having no power over Him, we might be assured that he should never exercise any over our souls departed, as belonging unto Him. 'Through death He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil,' and by His actual descent into the dominions of him so destroyed, secured all which have an interest in Him of the same freedom which He had." Historically, these opinions must be taken into account; but we are convinced that there is no passage of Scripture, rightly understood, which countenances the supposition that our Lord descended to the regions of the lost, even for the completion of His redeeming work.

"E. P." wishes for an explanation of "the apparent contradiction between Ezekiel xviii. 20, and Exodus xx. 5. In the former passage it is stated, 'The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son'; in the latter, it is written: 'For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children.'"

Both statements are true. That in Exodus declares the course of Divine Providence, that in Ezekiel sets forth the higher law of God's eternal justice. The two may seem, in life, as in Scripture, to contradict each other, but all will be right in the end. That the iniquities of the father are visited on the children is a fact of every-day experience. If I am drunken and dissolute, my children will probably inherit the seeds of disease; if I am a spendthrift, they are likely to come to want; if I am a scoffer or a hypocrite, they are almost certain to be irreligious. It may be said that all this is by way of natural consequence. True, but the course of nature is the ordinance of God. Again, there were instances in the Hebrew history of children suffering directly for their parents' crimes. The case of Achan may be cited, to go no further (Joshua vii. 24). In such cases, we may conclude that the whole family needed to be cut off like a gangrened limb from the Israelitish body. But it was easy to misapply this general law, and to draw conclusions adverse to the Divine equity; as in the popular proverb: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge" (Ezekiel xviii. 2). In opposition to this it was necessary to assert the Divine righteousness, and to vindicate individual responsibility. Such punishment of the children for the parents' crimes leaves no sting in the child's conscience, and argues no actual Divine displeasure. The soul that sinneth it shall die; and no one is judged finally and eternally for another's sin, but only for his own.

[1] But some held that our Lord delivered these captive souls from Hades, and made them at once partakers of His triumph and His glory. See quotations in Pearson from Eusebius, Cyril, Ambrose, and Jerome.

[2] On 1 Peter iii. 19, see SUNDAY AT HOME, 1887, p. 511. [To this paper our correspondent "R. C." is referred for an answer to her query.]

THE PAINTER'S MODEL.

III.

FELLOWES had been in the old hill city for several days, and he was gradually settling down in his old abode into his former habits. He had looked out diligently for a model in the towns through which he had passed after leaving Arona, but he had not been able to see any one at all suitable. He had also taken several walks in the old hill-city and the neighbouring country, keenly looking about him, but he could not meet with a face that would help him. He was very despondent, and he feared that he would have to abandon the picture as hopeless.

"I have made one success," he thought. "I can hardly expect to make another. I had better have continued my rambling life, and then I should have been free from these worrying thoughts."

One morning he walked out into his garden through a side door. Just outside the door stood two small acacia-trees, their tender green leaves making a delightful contrast with the brilliant blue of the sky. Round the trunks of the acacias, and up amongst the leaves, beautiful convolvuluses flung themselves; the trees almost touched the door and formed a covered bower for fifteen or twenty yards, which was a pleasant shelter from the hot sun. As he looked to the bottom of the garden he had a lovely view of the Apennines framed in by the trees. In the garden itself there were vines loaded with white and purple grapes, fig-trees with fast ripening fruit, and great fresh-looking shiny leaves; and near to these were gorgeous sunflowers, and some tomatoes bent down with clusters of scarlet fruit.

Fellowes for a time wandered disconsolately about the

garden. Then he went out into the road and walked along until he came to the church of San Pietro. In an absent frame of mind he went into the church and looked at the pictures. While he was looking at them the sacristan, Fra Antonio, came up to him and began to talk.

Fra Antonio questioned Fellowes about his travels, and they strolled on through the church until they came to the east end. Here Fra Antonio opened two beautifully inlaid doors and invited Fellowes to go through. He walked out of the dim light of the church, and in a moment he found himself in a small balcony overhanging the walls of the town. Directly opposite was a glorious view of the surrounding Apennines, embracing Subasio with Assisi at its foot, while close by the silvery olive-trees made a delicate foreground. Although Fellowes had often been here in old days, he had forgotten how beautiful the view was. He gazed for some time in silent delight.

"Who are those men working in that field in such a half-hearted, miserable way?" he said at last to his companion.

"Those," said Fra Antonio, "are the convicts: they are generally to be seen working there at this time of day."

"Can one speak to them?" said Fellowes idly.

"Oh, yes," said the sacristan, "but they are an ill-conditioned lot."

Presently Fellowes took leave of Fra Antonio, and strolled round to look at the convicts. As he got near them he saw that they were indeed a villainous-looking gang.

But he noticed that there was one who seemed to keep himself apart from the rest, and to be intent upon his work. Fellowes, without knowing why, felt curious to see this man's face.

Just as Fellowes came close to him, the man looked up, and his eyes met those of the artist. The latter started when he saw the convict's face. Formerly, it must have been a noble face, regular and beautiful in feature; but now, although the traces of its former beauty could still be seen, it was sadly disfigured by indulgence in vice and infamy, yet the eyes still retained great fire and brilliancy, and seemed to say that this man was much younger than he looked.

Fellowes spoke to him, but he only made a surly answer, and went on with his work.

The artist felt excited and eager.

"Here is the face I want, the ideal of my dreams," for "Sunset," he thought; but the sun was hot and he restrained himself and walked leisurely home. The same afternoon he applied to the governor of the prison, and, after some difficulty, obtained leave to paint the convict.

The next day Fellowes set to work. As he painted, he had a strong feeling that he had met this man before. When, or where, he could not say, but the impression grew upon him. After some days he asked the man directly whether they had ever met.

"Well, signor," said the convict, "since you ask me, I will tell you. Do you remember one Sunday, years ago, seeing a little boy and his mother coming out of San Lorenzo, they went back with you to your house, and you engaged the boy to sit to you as a model; afterwards you took him to a friend of yours in Florence?"

"I remember all this perfectly," said Fellowes; "but what has it to do with you?"

"I am coming to that," said the convict. "The boy you befriended was for a time very happy in Florence; the artists were kind to him, and made much of him, they gave him a good deal of money. The boy—his name, perhaps you remember, was Andrea—was naturally inclined to be vain, and all this attention and notoriety had a bad effect upon him. As he grew older, he became more and more conceited; he would only sit to those artists he liked, and even from them he asked a large price. At first, he used to write regularly to his mother, and he sent her most of his earnings—Ah, that poor old mother, you remember her, signor?—but gradually he forgot all about her and her poverty-stricken home, and he spent all the money he made upon himself. After a while he went to Venice, and from there to Paris. As the years passed, his character slowly deteriorated, and he went from bad to worse, until he was put into prison for stealing. When he came out of prison, instead of mending his ways, he sank still lower: he took to drinking, and other vices; again he was found guilty of robbery—this time with violence—and he was imprisoned once more."

"And where is he now?" Fellowes broke in eagerly.

"Here," said Andrea, throwing himself on his knees before Fellowes. "And wretch though he is, he will always be grateful to you for your kindness to him as a boy."

The telling of this sad tale had moved Andrea greatly. His pale cheeks flushed, his eyes flashed, and, for a time, the old beauty of his face almost seemed to return. But the excitement soon passed off, leaving him more pale and haggard than before, and he coughed in a dry hacking way that shook his whole frame.

Fellowes worked steadily at the picture, but, as he made progress, Andrea grew weaker and weaker.

Meanwhile, Fellowes talked earnestly to him, and exhorted him to amend his life, so that when his term of imprisonment was over he might start afresh.

Andrea appeared to be deeply sorry for his past evil ways, and he protested that when once he was free again he would make an effort to lead an honourable life.

But he grew paler and thinner; and one morning, when Fellowes went to the prison to put some finishing touches to the picture, he was told that Andrea was down with a raging fever, and that he could not see any one.

Before the week was over Andrea died.

Fellowes was greatly shocked and distressed at this premature death, for he could not help thinking that much of Andrea's sad history was owing to the first encouragement he had unwittingly given to the boy's vanity.

The artist finished "Sunset" from memory, and sent it to Florence. The success of this painting was even greater than that of the companion picture of Dawn, and it sold for a very large sum.

But the painter felt ill at ease, it seemed to him that his success had been gained at terrible cost to Andrea; that he had in a way been the means of throwing the boy into temptation by taking him out of his sphere of life, and that he had been careless what became of him. New thoughts came to him from that time, and new resolutions. But the terrible lesson of that sad experience hung like a shadow over his life. Dawn and Sunset! what symbols of hope and glory! Yet the day that begins brightly may end in the blackness of despair. Mournful fact though it be, let youth remember it.

G. S. M.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. I.

1. He was not an Israelite, though a servant of a Hebrew king.

2. An accident put him in possession of a secret.

3. He used his knowledge to curry favour with his master.

4. His master wished to take revenge on innocent persons.

5. He ventured on a bloody deed which every one else shrank from.

6. One of David's Psalms is written against him.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE NEWS BROKEN.

ROY DID NOT HEED HER APPROACH.

ROY'S cold was sufficiently bad to confine him for some days to his own room. The weather had turned cold and damp, the house was full of draughts; and the result of his attempting to ignore premonitions and go about as usual was followed by such an increase of cough, that he was forced to give way to Joan's authority and remain a prisoner upstairs.

On the whole, he was very fairly comfortable in his own room, and it was a distinct benefit to his foot when he was no longer obliged to be going perpetually up and downstairs. Joan insisted on keeping a small fire burning in the grate in defiance of Roger's scornful remonstrance, and the children made a regular practice of sitting with him, so that he was very seldom alone. The boys soon tired of the dulness of the room, and took themselves off, not much regretted by the rest; but Mildred and Nellie found in Roy's room a regular haven of refuge, and were never tired of sitting with him, listening to his stories of his past life, or the romances of fiction retailed

for their benefit, playing games with dominoes or letters, or being inducted into the deeper mysteries of chess. For Roy had contrived to get some little commissions executed for him in Thorne, and the result was a most welcome addition to the children's scanty library, and to their yet scantier stock of games. No wonder he was a popular cousin, and he certainly received almost as much pleasure as he gave.

On the whole, Roy did very well upstairs. He got Mildred to help him to sweep and dust his room, and polish up the windows to his own liking. He was very tidy in all his ways, and it was a relief when his eyes were no longer offended by the litter and untidiness that prevailed in the house generally. He saw and heard nothing of the discord and lovelessness that grated continually upon him when brought into contact with the domestic relations of the household. He was amused by the chatter of Mildred and the more quiet pleasure of little Nellie, and he quite enjoyed helping them with their morning lessons and beguiling the afternoons with reading or play. It was almost pathetic, he thought, when Nellie, with a great sigh of contentment, would look up to tell him how "very, very nice everything was now that he had come," and Mildred chimed in with her fixed determination never to let him go any more. If his presence made such a difference to these two children, what could their life have been like before?

He was, however, a little vexed at this time by the tone of a letter received from Marcus in answer to his written from Windmill House. It was very plain to him that his brother did not approve of the way in which he had been "carried off" by his cousin, "under something very like false pretences." He did not think Roger Edington's conduct had been altogether straightforward in the matter. Why had he professed so much about Brighton if he had no intention of going there at all? It was the sea that Frank Lee had so strongly recommended for Roy; it was quite an open question whether he would have sanctioned a visit merely to Windmill House, of whose resources Marcus evidently held a very poor opinion. Evidently Frank Lee had written to Marcus before Roy had done so himself, and the former was manifestly annoyed to gather that his brother had settled down in his present quarters without caring to move. He expressed it very plainly as his wish that the seaside visit should even now be prosecuted and that immediately. Roy had the necessary funds, and they had better be at once applied to that purpose. Marcus spoke of joining Roy at Brighton shortly and bringing him home himself. He hoped to get his business speedily wound up, and then he should lose no time in joining his brother in England.

Somehow, in his present mood, this letter irritated Roy quite unreasonably. He might not like his cousins very much, or admire their ways, but he resented any implied strictures upon them. The Edingtons were, after all, his own flesh and blood, and he felt angry with Marcus for setting himself up against them and trying to interfere with the friendship that Roy wished to form. Other people had commented upon this conduct as strange and suspicious, and Roy knew well that if his acquaintances were to know the whole truth about the relative positions of the two brothers their strictures would be far more severe than they already were. Roy could not, however, bring himself to say anything that could tend to lower Marcus in his cousins' estimation; but he wrote off immediately upon the receipt of this letter a somewhat cool and defiant answer, to the effect that he must consult his relatives' wishes and convenience in the matter of the Brighton visit, and that he was in no hurry to change his present quarters. He was very happy and very well cared for, and he claimed to have a right to visit his own relations if he chose.

Impulsive people who act upon the spur of the moment often say more than they really mean; and Roy's letter was hardly out of his own power before he was half sorry he had sent it. He remembered how kind Marcus had always been to him, how solicitous for his welfare, and he admitted that he had a distinct and undoubted claim to a voice in his affairs. Since he had become a member of a household of relations of his own name and kindred, he had grown unconsciously to lean a little less upon the brother who had until lately seemed all in all to him; but despite all surface fluctuations of feeling, his affection for Marcus was deep and true, and he began at once to wonder whether it might not be his duty to try and follow his plainly expressed wishes in this matter.

So when Mrs. Edington came up to see him after the girls had gone out for a walk, he told her that he had heard from his brother, who was very insistent on his getting some sea air, and he ventured somewhat diffidently to propound the scheme he had had so long in his head, about taking all of them to Brighton for a short time; but though Mrs. Edington smiled and said nothing definite, he was convinced that she did not intend to profit by this offer of his, and he broke off short, half afraid of giving offence, adding as a sort of apology:

"You see it would be so much pleasanter for me if there were a party of us; and I suppose I am almost bound to go, for my brother is my guardian too, and I have to do as he wishes."

Mrs. Edington's smile was a little peculiar.

"Well, Roy, we will see what can be done. I will speak to my husband when he comes in. You can arrange matters with him. No doubt we shall find some way of settling things satisfactorily. You are hardly fit for the sea in such weather, according to my ideas."

When Roger Edington came home that evening he was informed by his wife of what had occurred. It was the first intimation Joan had had of anything likely to bring matters to a crisis, and she listened with intent interest to all that passed.

"I suppose I had better have a talk with him and explain all to him in full," said Roger with a species of gloomy malevolence. "As well now as any other time. You've made up your mind that he is worth the bother you are all giving yourselves!"

"For the present, certainly, I have no intention of letting slip our claim upon him; and as it evidently will now become a question of legal power—Mr. Stratford plainly intends keeping him away from us if he can—it is about time to put things on a proper basis. The boy is not a bad-hearted lad at all, and when he knows all, I have no doubt that he will act and feel properly. I cannot see any good in keeping up the farce any longer. You must tell him the story from beginning to end, and then he will understand the true bearings of affairs."

"I will do so," said Roger with a dark look upon his face: and he strode rapidly from the room. He did not observe that his sister followed him silently, nobody had noticed her presence or observed the strange expression in her eyes, the slight paling of her cheek. In that house Joan was little more than a kind of animated machine. Nobody thought of her as being much concerned about anything.

School-room tea was going on, so that Roger found Roy alone. He sat down opposite to him, and said: "I hear that you have had a letter from your brother." Roy was puzzled by the emphasis laid on the two last words. "Will you show it to me?"

Roy coloured up quickly.

"I cannot very well do that; but I will tell you what he says: he wishes me to go to the sea with as little delay as may be."

"Does he assign any reason for this wish?"

"He thinks it would be better for me. He says it is the doctor's wish. You know Mr. Lee did seem anxious about it, only when I got here I did not care to move. You must not think I am tired of Windmill House, if you are not tired of having me. Only I feel as if I ought to do what my brother wishes."

"And he wishes to separate you from us?"

Roy flushed to his temples.

"He wishes me to go to the sea."

"Practically that is the same thing. And what is your wish in the matter?"

"Well, I don't know that that much matters, does it? You see I am an unlucky minor, and bound to do what my guardian wishes."

"Just so; and your guardian wishes you to remain here for the present."

Roy looked up astonished; he could not understand Roger's strange manner, nor the look upon his face—cold, crafty, almost cruel.

"Marcus said——"

"It is not of the least consequence what Marcus said. Marcus is no guardian of yours. Your guardian is my father, Andrew Edington."

Much astonished, Roy shook his head.

"Excuse me, you are mistaken there. My mother appointed as my guardian my step-brother, Marcus Stratford."

"Excuse me, Roy Edington; your parents both died when you were an infant, leaving you to the guardianship of my father. The aunt who adopted you was not your mother at all. Marcus Stratford is no kind of relative of yours, barely a connection. You are the son of Hubert Edington—a speculator, a swindler, and a suicide!"

CHAPTER XXXII.—JOAN'S COMFORTING.

ROGER was shut up for a long time in Roy's room. Joan had concealed herself behind the half-open door of an adjoining apartment, and waited with quiet patience for him to come out. She heard the even tones of his hard voice speaking on and on without interruption of any kind. She could guess how harshly, how almost brutally, he would tell the defenceless boy all the truth about his past: what cruel names he would give to the last deeds of his distracted and unhappy father, and with what terrible crashing weight the news would fall upon Roy's head, all the more heavily from the brightness of his past, and the sunshine which had hitherto surrounded his lot. Joan was not imaginative; but she had heard a good deal of late about his past home, the Hermitage, and the life there, and she could picture a little what his existence had been like, brought up with such tender care, and surrounded by every luxury. She had never before been drawn quite so much towards any one as she had towards Roy, fascinated by the pictures of the past that he drew, as well as by his bright spirits and flow of even happiness, so different from anything she had known before. She almost hated her brother for making a revelation that must so damp or destroy this happiness, and she would have given all she possessed to have kept the secret from passing his lips. But she knew her own powerlessness. She could only wait and try to soften the blow after it had fallen.

At length the door opened, and Roger came out. She saw his face full for a moment, saw its look of mingled triumph and hatred, and felt that this interview had not softened him one whit towards his victim. More she could not divine, for he was gone at once with hasty strides that seemed to betoken some inward irritation, and Joan remained standing quite still listening intently for some sound from Roy's room.

But all was quite still there, so very, very still that presently she grew a little uneasy. She knew that the boy was not well, for he still looked delicate, and often rendered her a little uneasy by his fluctuating colour and the severity of his cough at times. Perhaps he needed help and could not summon it. Little as she knew of illness, she might be of some help to him. She could but try if she could do anything for him.

Her knock at his door evoked no response. She opened it softly and looked in. Roy sat before the table, his arms crossed upon it, and his head resting on his arms. His face was hidden, and he did not move as Joan came in. He did not appear to heed her approach. She came and stood beside him, and by-and-by put her hand upon his head. The touch roused him, and he looked up, raising himself slowly and pressing his hand to his brow as if in pain or bewilderment.

The boy's face was very white, and there was a look upon it that Joan did not like to see. She did not know what it betokened, but it seemed

as if the hope and youth had been, at least for the moment, crushed out of it. There was a strange expression in the eyes that met hers. It hurt her, she hardly knew why.

"Is it you, Joan?" he asked in a very low voice.

"Yes, it is I, Roy. Can I do anything for you?"

"You were kind to me before. Will you be kind again? Will you tell me if it is all true?"

"What?" asked Joan, fencing with the question as if to gain time.

"What he has been telling me? Roger Edington—your brother? Is it true, or is he deceiving me about it?"

"I'm afraid it is all true," answered Joan, "but I would not give way, Roy. After all, what does it matter? You are the same."

"Am I?" he asked wearily.

"It must have come hardly upon you, I dare say. I know you thought yourself Cousin Alicia's child, and did not know anything about the family trouble and disgrace. But, after all, it has been forgotten long ago by everybody but ourselves. It was no doing of yours, and I don't see why you should take it so to heart."

Roy's face was hidden between his hands.

"I cannot think to-night," he said, in the same weary way. "It all seems like a horrid dream. I don't understand it. What does it all mean? Why was I never told before?"

"I don't know. I suppose our cousin Alicia when she adopted you did not want you ever to know you were not her child. She did not like us—at least she did not care for Roger and his wife much—and they were glad to be rid of the charge of you. I suppose she thought you would be happier not knowing anything about it, and it was almost the same as if you were her own son. If she had lived it would have been all right, but when she died Roger said you ought to come here—that you had no claim on Marcus Stratford, or he on you; but don't be so wretched about it, Roy. Roger is very bitter whenever he talks of the past, because he loves money better than anything else in the world, and because he lost his through that crash. But we don't think like that—the rest of us—and we like having you here. The children, in fact, don't know anything about it."

But it was difficult for Roy to take comfort; the blow had been severe, and had been none too gently dealt.

"Then I have no real home anywhere," he said dejectedly. "Marcus is neither my guardian nor my step-brother, and I have no claim upon him; and your brother does not like me, and only has me here from a sense of duty. I wonder how much Marcus knows about all this."

"Roger thinks he knows everything," said Joan; "and you know *he* wants you to make his house your home. Everybody is fond of you, Roy, I think. He wants you, and we want you. It seems to me that you have two homes instead of one. I wish you would not be so wretched. You will make yourself worse; and things are not really a bit different because you know the truth. You are the same, and we are the same; and, after all, what does anything matter so very much?"

Half kindly, half sadly the words were spoken, and Joan laid her hand lightly on Roy's bowed head. Something in the unwonted feel of a caress made him look up, and he tried to smile, though his face was wan and his eyes were dim.

"You are very good to me, Joan," he said. "I wonder you don't all hate me."

"Why should we hate you?"

"Because—because—oh, you know, what my father did. If it hadn't been for him you would have been living so differently from this."

Joan made no reply, and presently the boy continued, with subdued vehemence:

"And to think how I have been living all my life—with everything I want—more than I knew what to do with—and you like this. I hate to think of it. I shall always be thinking of it now. And it was all my father's doing, yet you suffered for it, and I did not; I suppose really I profited by it, for I could not have been happier than I was as her son." The last words were almost a sob.

"I wish you wouldn't take it so to heart, Roy. It had nothing to do with you, and I always think Roger makes the worst out of it. Why didn't he look after things himself?"

But Roy was hard to comfort.

"He was deceived—he said so—and by my father. He lost everything, and you have had to suffer for it."

"He lost a great deal of money, I know," was Joan's calm, deliberate answer; "but is it only money that makes the happiness of life, Roy? You ought to know; you have had experience."

The question was quite simply put. It was no moral reflection on Joan's lips, as it might have been in the mouth of another; she was simply pondering to herself, and the question was the outcome of her thought. It struck another chord in Roy's heart, however, bracing him up, and bringing something of the light back to his eyes. How many times had his mother talked to him on this very point, as if in anticipation of such an hour.

"No, Joan, I believe not; I don't think money makes happiness."

"I thought not," was the quiet answer. "I often think that if Roger and Caroline had all the gold of India, they would not really be any happier, or we either."

"But you would live differently; things would be pleasanter."

"Perhaps so; I am not sure."

"If only I could make it up in any way."

Joan looked at him half sadly, half curiously; she could not bring herself to tell him that it was with the idea that he might directly or indirectly do something towards making it up to them that he had been brought here. He might just as well think that his guardian had claimed him because he felt it his duty to do so. Presently he looked up at her.

"Is it because I am his son that your father will not see me?"

"I think it has something to do with it, perhaps," answered Joan truthfully; "but he

never sees anybody now. Perhaps some day I will take you in; but you must let me choose my own time, and not say a word about the past unless he does.

"I shall not want to, you may be sure," was Roy's answer; then, rising slowly, the boy went to a drawer, and took from it a pocket-book, which he placed in Joan's hands. "Will you please give this to Mrs. Edington? I think now she will let me give it. It is all I can do yet, and I think I ought to be allowed to place it in her hands. I know Marcus would let me, under the circumstances, and some of it is really mine. Please take it away; I never want to see it again, or to hear about it. Sometimes one wishes there was no such thing as money in the world."

"I have often wished that," answered Joan, with an odd little smile. "Well, Roy, I will do as you wish, but I don't believe it will do any good to anybody. It always seems that we are just as poor, whether we have money or whether we have none. Keep your eyes open; perhaps you may learn some useful lessons here before you go back to the old life."

Roy heaved a weary sigh.

"I do not suppose I ever shall go back to that now, and I don't think I deserve to, either."

ON LEAVING BEHIND.

THE panoramic effect of life increases upon all of us as we grow in years. We are never quite so vividly aware of the changes in ourselves, as of the changes about us, for the former are always going on gradually, while the latter are generally forced upon us by some special crisis. We note how swiftly the years are passing, because we find we have so much to remember. We discover that we are old because we find we are living in an utterly different world from that we used to know. We revisit a familiar town after an absence of a few years, and we cannot see the well-known names, and the picturesque corner house is pulled down, and the pleasant easy-going green is railed into a prim square, and nobody knows us in the streets! And there comes upon our heart a sick sense of the irrevocably gone! The past had not seemed wholly passed till then, it was but "yesterday" —that "only the other day" with which a dear old minister and philanthropist was slily accused of being caught still prefacing stories that his hearers had heard for the first time before they went abroad and made their fortunes! But suddenly, we realise that now "yesterday" was ten years ago! A leaf of life is turned down for ever.

In middle age, we get accustomed to such warnings of the transitoriness of earthly things. But for most, if not for all of us, they begin, in one way or another, in early youth. For into the best established and securest home, Death will come, with his stern Never again. There is an empty chair at the fireside; we may stand it back against the wall, and efface its gap by drawing our circle closer, but the evenings when grandmamma told us stories of her own girlhood are over, or we cannot sing together as we used, because the sister who led our voices has been taken; or what heart have we for the familiar games when we have lost the brother who was their life and soul? Henceforth, the psalm of our life has in it a minor key. The shadow of possible loss falls across all our remaining treasures. We know what sorrow is, and that knowledge enters into all our love, and all our joy. But it may be there only to consecrate and purify: to increase patience and tenderness. I remember once being struck by the remark of a wise and thoughtful woman, that she was always sorry for those who did not early make acquaintance with Death, because they lived through so much of life without knowing what life really meant.

But sometimes change comes to us in early days, yet in a somewhat less pathetic garb—change in which the young folks of a household have little active share, and yet in which they are often very real, though passive sufferers. The old home is broken up; in pursuit of fortune, or under the pressure of dire necessity, the household must remove to another city, perhaps to another country. The new home may be larger or smaller, drearier or brighter than the old one, but the old life can never quite go on in it. Perhaps the change is from the country to town, the household cat will be taken, perhaps the dog, but the dear old cow must be parted from, and there will be no more watchings of her milking at gloaming time. The pony will be sold; we shall sit no more in the old pew at church, where we know the very lights and shadows which the sunbeams cast across the floor. Regular habits are suspended, never to be resumed, because the conditions of life are all new. Familiar playmates are left behind, all sorts of little schemes and projects are only too ruthlessly snapped asunder. I remember a gentleman, who, amid his professional pursuits, retained a bitter regret that an unexpected family migration had caused him, as a schoolboy, to break an appointment made with a little schoolfellow. They had parted at noon, having arranged for an evening ramble, and then, very literally the one was taken, and the other was left. He had heard afterwards that his companion had come up according to promise, and had stood lonely, at the door of the deserted house, weeping for his missing friend.

The two lads never met again. Certainly they had a somewhat sharp experience of the uncertainty of human arrangements, a decided proof that

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley.

But at any rate, into all lives sooner or later, comes the first real going away from home—the going to service, or to study which shall lead, not back to the old house, but out into the world, or to the exchange of a father's roof for a husband's. The young birds must fly away from the nest. The movement may be voluntary, nay, sometimes looked forward to with great eagerness and pride and joy. Only, a few months before, "the departing day" may have seemed to impatient young hearts as if it would never come, as if time, "which brings up all we hope as well as all we fear," was, for once, leaden-footed. Yet somehow, at the very last, days and hours seem to fly too quickly. Even the bride

> Can see among her golden wedding gifts
> Ghosts of her broken toys.

While others who are going forth to new labour and new trials, not yet assured of new love, begin to realise a desperate clinging to the old associations so soon to be broken up. They discover a charm about old scenes and old neighbours which they never noticed before: why did they not recognise their value earlier? Ah, why not? It is an old copy book adage that

> Blessings brighten as they take their flight.

But let them be consoled with the reflection that some, at least, of this charm, could have never been developed but for this parting hour. Very hard faces soften to say "Good-bye." Hearts which have been allowed to grow dry as summer dust, are refreshed and softened by old memories awakened by the departing footsteps. Life-secrets are sometimes revealed to him who is going away, which shrink from the ever-present sympathy of those who remain. Such seasons are nature's own basis for those "love days," which the ancient church appointed for the settlement of feuds, the adjustment of differences, and the reconciliation of enemies. In those tender emotions of the last hours together, even fathers and mothers draw nearer than ever before. The father tells the whole story of the difficulties and embarrassments which beset him on those occasions when he had seemed to his son so stern in his denials, and so rigid in his economies. The mother explains some sorrowful experience of her own, which had made her guardianship of her daughter seem to the girl too strict and exacting.

But the last day at home comes. The farewells are all said; there is an awful half hour in the docks or the railway station, a half hour which is terribly short, and yet, somehow, seems longer than all the years which went before. Then the ship or the train moves on, and some go drearily homeward—and one goes out alone.

It is true that the empty seat—and the one blank where all else remains unchanged—is the special aching pain of those who are left behind; but the pain is not all with them. The very change of scene which it seems to them must lighten the traveller's sorrow, seems to him an added woe. He feels as if his whole world had come to an end, and he was projected, an utter stranger, on a new planet. I remember reading the first letter written by a young girl, after her going out for a long journey across the seas. It was not "a home letter," for she had no home, having been an orphan from babyhood; but it was written to those who, in the phrase of the old Scotch ballad,

> Had been kind till her.

"As the train moved off," she wrote, "and your faces were lost to sight, then I knew I was looking my last on the dear old river and our own silver sea, and the familiar green fields stretching away to the hills; and I felt so strange—I think it must have been like dying!"

And when the outward journey comes to an end, who shall tell the history of the first lonely hours under a strange roof? Perhaps the restless young spirit had chafed against the little rules and regulations of home, but now it learns—

> Better be fed by mother's hand
> Than eat alone at will.

For the first time the heart realises how it has been hitherto surrounded by love—how the little comforts and privileges which seemed to grow of themselves were but the outcome of a ceaseless ministry of tenderness. A gifted American clergyman has a pathetic record of this moment of revelation.

"I knew not a mortal in the whole extent of that city. I went to church; the sound of the old liturgy—a few alterations, of course—carried my thoughts across the seas to the old home. I began to be a little homesick; I knew my poor mother was thinking of me. . . I went home and wrote a letter to her. . . Next morning, as I was getting ready to go out, the idea struck me, what am I to do for clean clothes? Just then a woman knocked, and reported herself as the washer-woman. For the first time in my life, I counted out and made a list of clothes to be washed. When the woman went out, I sat down on my trunk and had one of the heartiest cries in my life. That trunk had been packed by my mother, it was now fairly unpacked, and as one little thing after another came out to tell me of her love and care, all my love for her came back to me; not only so, but the idea pressed upon me that I had now no home. I was where money alone was of any account."

It has often seemed to us that such a moment would be a beautiful opportunity for the "finding," folded among the fresh garments, or tucked in the home-knit stockings, of a letter full of a mother's heart, or a transcript of texts or sayings which she has selected, such as she would whisper in her child's ear if she could reach him in that hour of lonely agony! Such would be a fit service for

> Thoughtful love,
> Through constant watching wise.

What comfort and peace would the discovery of such a treasure bring to the poor young heart that has suddenly begun to yearn with a thousand pathetic regrets over careless words spoken, and little kindnesses left undone—regrets which are ever the most poignant in those who have been the most affectionate and dutiful.

"Blue are the hills which are far away," says the sweet Gaelic proverb, and we all know

> The past doth always gain
> A glory from its being far.

A very common story is told in the simple verses:

> 'Twas a summer eve when I went away,
> More than twenty years ago,
> The sunshine had slept upon hill and vale,—
> And I had remembered them so!
>
> And often, afar on the stormy seas,
> Or in dusky Hindoo town,
> I'd yearned for those trees with their greeny gold,
> And the calm sun sinking down,
>
> And I'd sometimes dreamed of my mother's tone,
> As she prayed by the ingle side—
> But I had not remembered the rainy days
> Nor the voices that used to chide!

Cheer up, poor young heart! It may well seem to you now that there were no shadows on your past, save those thrown by your own wilfulness and folly. Doubtless they did their full share! But those at home do not remember these; they think only that perhaps they were not so wise and patient as they should have been, and watch and wait in trembling hopes that your well-doing and well-being shall justify (or at least excuse) their methods, whether of discipline or of mercy. You, poor children, wish now that you had acted more thoughtfully, more considerately—you long to be in your old place again, to unsay the sharp words, or to confess anew the disobedience or the far sadder deception. But that can never be. What is done cannot be undone, though be sure it is forgiven utterly, and that it will be surely utterly forgotten too, if you are careful to add no new item to the old account, but to act and utter, henceforth, as you wish you had done from the beginning. If you have left any wounds behind you—and which of us does not feel that we have?—you will not heal them by sending back moans of pining homesickness. Rather, take the poet's counsel.

> Look, look up, in starry passion,
> To the throne above the spheres:
> Learn, the spirit's gravitation
> Still must differ from the tears'.
> Hope; with all the strength thou usest
> In embracing thy despair.
>
> Love: the earthly love thou losest
> Shall return to thee more fair.
> Work; make clear the forest tangles
> Of the wildest stranger land.
> Trust: the blessed deathly angels
> Whisper, "Sabbath hours at hand!"

Do not let your home-letters convey a sense of your complete desolation and misery. These are not the best proofs of the love you bear to those you have left behind you. Rather let them hear of your contented and cheerful endeavours, be careful to let them know of wishes of theirs which you remember and carry out now, though perhaps you did not once respect them. Do not forget the home anniversaries, and write your letters or send your gifts to be in time for them, so that their presence may create a joy—rather than their default leave a doubt or a fear.

Tender remorse and regret are very beautiful things. It is a touching picture, that of Dr. Samuel Johnson, middle-aged and renowned, standing bare-headed in the market-place of Lichfield, where he had once refused to stand at his father's book-stall. Such a yearning was possible only to a noble and devoted nature, and yet the great lexicographer's truest atonement for his early impatience and impertinence was to be found, not so, but in his pitiful patience with the whims and ill-tempers of the suffering old folks to whom he gave shelter in his house in Bolt Court. Only by the wiser action of to-day, can we touch the mistake of yesterday.

In reality all life is but a leaving behind. To-day turns into yesterday, while we sleep. And one of our most weird experiences is that we so seldom know when we do anything, or see anybody, for the last time. But it would not be good for us if this possibility was too much present to us. Nature has not meant it to be so. We are immortal beings, and there is a wholesome unconscious sense of eternity upon us, which makes us ignore the transient possibilities of time, except when our mere mortality feels their pang. There are few of us who would be strong enough to utter an unpalateable reproof or to pass a justly severe judgment on a beloved one, aye, or even on any fellow creature, if we lived in a perpetual realisation that this might be the last passage of words between us. It remains our clear duty to seek out the true, to consider the right, and to study the law of kindness, but not to weaken our hearts by any sentimental dwelling on chances that are not in our hands. The unkind sneer, the insolent remark, cannot be made right, cannot be really unsaid, though every day for years afterwards we meet again those on whom we inflicted them. The firm refusal, the earnest warning, will not be made wrong though those to whom we uttered them be snatched away in the next hour.

Only let youth always remember that it is making the memories which will be the world of its old age. Idle listless days, wasted opportunities, foolish frivolities, forfeited friendships, ill-regulated passions, are not the sort of memories which gladden such a sweet picture as a simple Scottish poet has drawn for us where

> The auld folks sit by the fire,
> When the winter nichts are chill,
> The auld wife she plies her wire,
> The auld man he quaffs his gill:
> An' meikle and long they speak,
> O' their youthfu' days gone by,
> When the rose it was on the cheek
> An' the pearl it was on the eye.

They talk of their bairnie's bairns,
  They talk o' the brave an' free,
They talk o' their mountain cairns,
  An' they talk o' the rolling sea.
An meikle and long they speak,
  O' their youthfu' days gone by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
  An' the pearl was on the eye.

They talk o' their friends lang gane,
  An' the tear draps blin' their e'e;
They talk o' the cauld kirk stane,
  Where sune they baith maun be.
Yet each has had their half
  O' the joys o' this fitfûl sphere,
So whiles the auld folk laugh,
  An' whiles they drap a tear!

And above all, nothing but a resolute pursuance of daily duty, a brave submission which has discovered the peace that lies in accepted sorrows, and a cheerful faith, which mounting upon a grave finds but a wider horizon, nothing but all of these can work that blessed state of mind in which the aged saint can say:

I often think of the days that are gone
  And of all I joyed in then;
But the brightest that ever arose on me,
  I have never wished back again.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

A CALM SUNDAY IN THE NORTH SEA.

ON the Saturday afternoon, a light breeze wandered fitfully over the level water; the dainty Brixham cutters with their flesh-coloured sails, flitted around like pretty butterflies; the gorgeous orange of the Lowestoft vessels' great mainsails, shone in rich splendour as the sun sank, and the whole scene amid the Short Blue fleet was quaint, and peaceful, and lovely to the last degree. The smacks manœuvred hither and thither, and they seemed to glide like graceful dancers in the maze of a crowded ball-room. How perfectly those men know their business. Distances are calculated to the fraction of a yard, and the skill of the man at the tiller seems to be exercised automatically. Many callers jumped on board of our Mission Smack, and the business of shaking hands assumed the proportions of a stirring gymnastic exercise. I liked the soft-spoken Brixham men very much. Two out of every three fishermen in the pretty old town that nestles on the rocky shore of Torbay are now teetotallers and abstainers, yet I remember the day when the place was a nest of unscrupulous roughs. What a work!

When the sun sank, the wind died away, and the gorgeous water was shot over with bewildering colours that twinkled and changed like the iris on the burnished neck of a dove. What wonder that the fishermen take eagerly to religion when they are wisely taught. Every sight and sound that strikes their nerves is fitted to rouse thoughts of awe to reverence. Ah! that immortal sunset; it will colour my blood till I die.

Our men must of course have a meeting, and, as the evening chill descended and the dew fell clammily on the decks, the strong chorus of their hymns sounded nobly. Night on the water. Oh! magnetic, nourishing night; night of the moaning zephyrs, night of the large few stars. All round us the floating city throbs with life, and mysterious noises travel over the quiet water. All on board feel certain that we shall have a rare service to-morrow, and we settle in the midnight gloom with glad hearts.

Morning broke in magnificence, and after the tossing scarlet plumes of the early clouds had passed away, there was not a fleck of vapour left to vary the brilliant blue of the sky. The crowds of vessels lay on the shining mirror of the sea, and the boats had an easy journey when they came to us.

The converted fisherman is insatiable in his desire for religious exercises, and, before nine o'clock, a cheerful company lounged on our decks. The joyous morning seemed to make the men even more joyous than usual, and their healthy silver laughter was very good to hear. No foul word could be heard in that gallant assembly; no loutish action was seen. Some of the lads were not very smart in bearing, or very clean, but their behaviour made up for all, and I liked their rude modesty. Boat after boat drew up alongside of us, until at last I counted no less than twenty-four lying astern. The decks were crowded with superb specimens of manhood, and the hoarse murmur of talk went gaily on. As the sun gained power, I wondered how the men supported their marvellous clothing. The heavy boots, the obtrusive flannels, the vast baggy trousers, seemed strange garments for a sweltering summer day, but our friends bore calmly a mass of clothes that would have smothered me.

When the word was given to go below, I confess to having felt certain terrors. Every square inch of the floor was packed with men, and the most obscure corners of the hold had occupants. These fellows are most uncompromising worshippers, and the delightful good humour which they showed in that seething hold was enough to give useful lessons to fastidious persons of any sort. Of course, they must sing—indeed there were spasmodic outbursts of rough melody long before we came down—so a self-constituted precentor broke off into a hymn, and the roll of many voices filled the air. Marvellous it was to watch the expressions of the men's faces: rude, gnarled visages seemed to be transfigured by sheer ecstasy, and a curious spiritual change beautified some features that were coarse and common. The prim formalities of genteel religion are not known among the North Sea men: they vent all their passion in their utterances, whether they sing or pray, or encourage some eloquent brother, and any attempt to drill them into trimness and sedateness would be about as useful as to plant an oak in a teacup. Years ago I was used to attend the services among the

A SUNDAY MORNING ON THE NORTH SEA.

Primitive Methodist fishers in Northumberland, and now I observe that the manners and customs of my old friends are reproduced among the men of the deep sea fleets. The same passion, the same moaning self-humiliation, the same pathetic pleading for strength and pity, the same simplicity mark the modes of worship among all those good souls on the coast, and no wise men will seek to effect a change, save by very cautious steps. The chill, restrained religious expression of a more cultured or luxurious gathering are totally unfit for these powerful, virile sailors, and the Deep Sea Mission has gained its chief success by judiciously following the men as well as by leading them.

The prayers offered are more than pathetic; few of the worshippers have learned to take that pride in their own eloquence which is so fatal to true devotion, and their appeals to their Master are like the trusting cries of children. It is beautiful and moving to see how they pray for this mission which has so changed the current of their bleak and cheerless lives. By the way, I may here transcribe a letter which I took down from the lips of a huge rough fellow who could not write. He was telling his experiences, and he said, "Ah! if I could only see the director of this here mission, I would tell him what he has done for me. I can't write a word, or I'd set it down in a letter." It seemed a pity that the brave man should be prevented from sending his message, so I said, "If you like I can take down your letter. Come to the after cabin and we can finish very soon." He said, "You know how to begin with it," but the mystery of short-hand appalled him, and he fancied, I believe, that there was magic in the process. When he went back among his mates he observed, "Well, here's a masterpiece, that gentleman can write faster than any one can talk." I give the letter exactly as it was uttered.

"Dear Sir,

"I came on board the *Edward Auriol* two years ago, and found the blessing of Almighty God, and since then I have rejoiced in my Saviour. I should much like to have seen you and bid you be of good cheer, for I have found great peace in believin' for it kep me from drink and evil. I have my children well cladded and had a happy home ever since. On the first night of my going home after I found help, my children knew there was a great change taken place, because they found I was quiet, and because they all bid me goodnight—and I never remember my children bidden me goodnight in my life before. Now I go home and praise God for the blessings He bestowed on me, and I mean to go on by the help of God, because I feel happy all day long, and may God bless all Mr. Mather's commerades and himself. I think what a great blessing it was when I'd received and praised my God because He told me to come on to Him, and He would give me rest, and I have realised His presence every day as I have passed troo life, and that I mane to continue goin' on that I may have that crown which He have promised for me."

This is verbatim, and if any one can read it without being touched he is of harder fibre than I am. Well, men of this sort kept up the service for a long time, and I was touched by the sight of the patience with which they knelt on in that blinding heat. The preacher entered, and at once put himself on free terms with the congregation by, saying:

"Now do any of you mind my preaching in my shirt-sleeves?"

The sermon was like a confidential talk, and as lucid and simple as words could be. Not a man moved; but I instinctively knew that they did not miss a single point. It is useless to speak of abstract doctrines to them; nothing but simplicity, earnestness, and perhaps a spice of homely humour will serve.

The mid-day halt was called, and the lusty band of men smoked and exchanged their peculiarly humorous remarks with charming kindliness and ease. Then came the afternoon service, but the cruel heat forced us on deck, and our great congregation sat in the open; they were spell-bound, and most of them seemed to be in a kind of happy trance. Vessels glided lazily past at the will of the tide, pretty white butterflies flitted delicately round—poor little wanderers they made me think that stray thoughts of God were being sent to us—the fierce sun blazed, and the lingering sea shone; but our men sat on heedless of all, and all their faculties were bent on reverence and adoration.

Then once more came the splendour of ended day, and the wild beauty of sunset made my heart tremble. But our devotees would not disperse. As the creeping shadows stole up from the sea to the arch of the sky some one began a hymn. A huge extempore choir was organised and the thunder of manly music rolled over the waters. All round us the vessels lay as if asleep, and the men on board came to gaze on us. In the stillness of the trance-like night the rush of prayerful harmony must have been heard for miles, pealing the news of happiness. How many hundreds were impressed I know not, but I do know that not a soul jeered at us, and when we came to part and the boats sank into the shadows on the solemn sea, many a score of good fellows cried, "God bless you!" I was bewildered and yet happy, and I mused long under the silent sky, as our vessel stole away gently into the loneliness of the mystic north. What a Mission for good! [1]

R.

[1] This mission to Deep Sea Fishermen has now nine vessels at work among the nineteen trawling fleets. Every month brings fresh testimony as to its usefulness. The latest project is to send out a cruising hospital ship which, with her Majesty's sanction, will be called the "Queen Victoria." Last year no fewer than 3900 sick and injured smacksmen received help from the mission ships which act also as dispensaries; but in many cases more effectual aid is required. The idea is that this mission-ship of the future shall be all that the existing ships are plus the cots and the doctor. About 2200*l.* has been received out of the 3500*l.* needed to carry out the scheme. A full account of the origin and progress of the mission, and many details of great interest, will be found in Mr. Mather's volume, 'Nor'ard of the Dogger.' (Nisbet.)

KIRK-BRADDAN AND ITS VICAR.

ALL visitors to Douglas, the fair capital of the picturesque little bit of rock and valley lying somewhere between Liverpool and Belfast, and known as the Isle of Man, must be familiar with Kirk-Braddan. Perhaps the most favourite walk about Douglas is through the famed nunnery grounds to Kirk-Braddan, which is the original parish church of Douglas. On a Sunday crowds come there to worship—not in the old church, for that is a ruin, but in the new one, which was erected very recently, and can accommodate 1000 people. It was a sight in the summer time to see the old vicar lead his people out of the church, as he was compelled to do for want of room, and preach to them in the open air.

The churchyard is crowded at all times, for there the dead of many generations lie, and few are the Manxmen who have not a relative buried there. Amongst the attractions of the place are two Runic crosses, which were erected by the early Scandinavian Christians of the ninth or tenth centuries, or perhaps earlier, but the Runic stones here are all old,—one of them decorated with scroll work and fighting dragons, states that Thorlaf Neaki erected this cross to the memory of Fjak his son, brother's son and Jahr. What a long time that takes us back, and how redolent of the fierce rovers of the sea, whom we still remember as Vikings.

Inside the church there are few monuments calling for special notice. A slab records the memory of the Rev. John Kelly, LL.D., J.P., rector of Copford, near Colchester, and compiler of a polyglot dictionary on the Manx, Gaelic and Erse languages. Whilst conveying the manuscript of this laborious work to England, he was wrecked between Ramsey and Whitehaven, but with great fortitude he supported himself in the sea, holding the manuscript at arm's length above the waters for the space of five hours. It is to be hoped future ages will appreciate the care which saved so great a work for the benefit of posterity.

Kirk-Braddan may claim to have made Episcopalianism popular in the Isle of Man, in spite of the Wesleyan tendencies of the great body of the people. I once had the honour of driving with a distinguished party of local M.Ps., that is members of the House of Keys, and found most of them local preachers. As to the old church, which was built as far back as 1291, it had nothing remarkable about it, except that the bells are hung in the open air and exposed to the fury of the elements. In the memoirs of the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, recently published by Mr. Caine, M.P., we have a striking picture of the state of ruin in which the old church was, and of the utter dreariness of the service carried on there when his father, who seems to have been but a half-hearted churchman, was the incumbent. The Isle of Man bishops seem to have been rather backward themselves in discharge of their episcopalian duties; of only one of them, Bishop Wilson, does the memory still survive. One of them in the "good old times" seems to have acquired no little success as a pirate. Bishop Wilson's tomb is at Kirk Michael churchyard, and it bears the following inscription: "Sleeping in Jesus, here lieth the body of Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of this Isle, who died March 7th, 1755, aged 93, in the fifty-eighth year of his consecration. This monument was erected by his son, Thomas Wilson, D.D., a native of this parish, who, in obedience to the express commands of his worthy father, declines giving him the character he so justly deserves. Let this Island speak the rest."

The Island perhaps never had a greater benefactor. He repaired the episcopal residence, which when he came there, was in ruins having been unoccupied five years. The avenue of elm trees to the north of the palace, is said to have been planted with his own hands. His coffin was made out of the trunk of a tree which he had set on his first coming to his sacred office. The Act of Settlement of 1708, which has been termed the Manx Magna Charta, was granted mainly through his interest with the Earl of Derby, to whom the Island then belonged. Perhaps he carried his benevolence to a fault.

On one occasion, having ordered a cloak to be made by his tailor, he gave him directions that it should be made plain, with merely a button and a loop to fasten it. "But, my lord," said the tailor, "what would become of the poor button-makers and their families if every one thought that way, they would be starved outright." "Do you say so, John," replied the bishop, "then button it all over."

At Court, even Bishop Wilson was held in due honour. In 1735, when attending a levee of Queen Caroline, where several prelates were in attendance, the queen turned round, and said, "See here, my lords, is a bishop who does not come for translation." "No, indeed," replied the bishop, "I will not leave my wife in my old age, because she is poor." He had previously refused English bishoprics at the hands of Queen Anne and George I.

Once upon a time the bishop appears to have got into jail, at Castle Rushen. They show you a small dark and wretched apartment, quite unfitted for any human creature to live in; yet there the good bishop was closely confined for two months, in 1722, for the non-payment of a fine of 50*l*., imposed upon him by the governor. It appears the bishop had suspended an archdeacon who was the governor's chaplain, for a serious breach of ecclesiastical discipline. The archdeacon appealed to his friend the governor, who thus unwisely interfered on his behalf. The Manxmen in a rage gathered outside the governor's house and threatened to pull it down. It was only by the personal appeal of the bishop who spoke to the people through the grated window of his cell—that this catastrophe was averted. On appeal to the king the governor's proceedings were reversed, and the bishop and his

vicars-general who were imprisoned with him were released, but the expenses of the trial were so great that the bishop was permanently impoverished, while, from the closeness of his confinement and the dampnesss of his cell, he contracted a disorder in his right hand which partially disabled it for the rest of his life.

Coming back to Kirk-Braddan, we are reminded that its popular vicar, the late Rev. Mr. Drury, would have been bishop of the diocese years ago, had the choice been in the hands of the Manx men themselves. In the cemetery close by, is a stone bearing the inscription: "Of your charity, pray for the soul of Sarah, wife of Patrick Fisher," whereupon writes the editor of one of the local guide books: "It may appear strange to Protestants that such a stone should have place in a parochial burial ground, but in Man all sects agree to differ, and Churchmen, Catholic and Protestant Dissenter all lie buried in the same consecrated ground, whether churchyard or cemetery." Baptists alone seem to find no footing in the Isle of Man. Episcopalian churches abound in Douglas, they are strong there—as are all the denominations, except the Baptist.

In September they buried the good old parson Drury at the ripe age of eighty. But years will have to pass ere his name can be forgotten. Thousands wept over his grave, and in all the great cities of the north, such as Manchester, and Sheffield, and Liverpool, and Leeds, many of whose inhabitants had been benefited by his earnest ministry on their summer trips to the Island, there was deep sorrow when it was known he was dead. Only this last summer he was active as ever, reading the lessons in the church, and then going outside to preach the Gospel in the open air.

There was no one in the island better known or harder worked. He was a Manxman—it is not all the clergy in the Isle of Man are that. He loved the island, and spoke its native language to the last. In stature he was a son of Anak, and his strength and gospel zeal were in proportion to his size. At one time he might be always seen preaching, or rather exhorting, at Douglas Pier on a Sunday afternoon, and many were the listeners who came to laugh, and remained to pray. At the conclusion Mr. Drury would kneel upon the stones and pray, repeating the prayer in Manx. His Sundays were indeed working days, commencing often with a funeral in the morning at a village four miles away. At half-past ten there would be service at Kirk-Braddan, without the assistance of a curate. After that, there would be funerals in the cemetery till three, when Divine service in Kirk-Braddan had again to be held. After that, there were christenings or late funerals till it was time for him to go down to Douglas Pier-head. After chatty and pleasant words to the poor old women around, he would stride away to the evening service at Tromside School Room, miles away, and all this would be done with little refreshment, save a packet of sweetmeats which he invariably carried in his pocket. No wonder the new Bishop Bardsley delivered one of his first addresses in his new diocese at his grave; that the Wesleyan Methodists in conclave passed a resolution of regret saying that all the Island mourned his loss.

Many are the stories told of him, and all to his credit. In many ways he was distinguished. As an athlete he was far-famed. One day when he was with some friends enjoying a picnic in the neighbourhood of Port Erin, they saw a sea-bird, known as a diver, a little distance from the shore. The vicar, who was then about sixty years of age, said: "Watch me catch that bird." And, without taking off any of his clothes, he rushed to the edge of the rocks, and made a quick dive into the water. The bird dived as well, but the vicar caught him nevertheless.

Few are there who ever heard him can forget with what emotion he read the church lessons. As a preacher he was practical and hortatory—often talking in a free and easy conversational style. Whatever he did he did with all his might, and troubled himself little about church themes and conventional observances. It is told how on one occasion he had to preside at a missionary meeting in Douglas, but was detained longer than he had anticipated at the bedside of one of his sick parishioners. He had with him a clean shirt which he had intended to put on at his clerk's as he was on his way home; but there was no time for that, and he resolved to change his shirt in the dark whilst riding to Douglas. Accordingly, off went his coat and vest, and, laying them on the neck of his horse, he exchanged the shirt he was wearing for a clean one, and in a few minutes he was quite ready to preside at the Douglas meeting.

On another occasion when the cemetery was to be consecrated by the Bishop of the diocese, in the presence of all the local clergy arrayed in spotless surplices, Mr. Drury was late, but, equal to the emergency, he pulled his well-worn surplice out of his pocket and proceeded coolly to fall in with his brethren.

He was ever ready with his word in season. A would-be sceptic trusting to confute him came up to him after church one day, asking him the name of Cain's wife. Looking earnestly at his questioner, the vicar took him by the hand, led him into the church and, kneeling down, prayed for him, not only that he might be enlightened and instructed, but given what he needed most, a clean and new heart. In all his conversations Mr. Drury always gave the talk, when possible, a spiritual bearing, but this was not done in any objectionable or professional manner. He spoke out of his heart—no man more so. One of his favourite hymns was, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." His one aim was to be, in season and out of season, a good minister of Jesus Christ—at the service of the poor as well as of the rich, of the sick as well as the sound. He realised more than most that he was not his own—that he lived not unto himself. Of bigotry in any shape he had no taint.

Dissenters are numerous in the island, as we have said. By the Burials Act of recent times they have power to be interred by their own ministers in any churchyard or cemetery. As a matter of fact, however, they were quite content

to let the Kirk-Braddan parson consign their loved ones to the tomb. A correspondent writes: "We heard him occupying his fifteen or twenty minutes in commending to his hearers—and we saw amongst them several persons of considerable wealth and influence from England—a little prayer like that written by Miss Marsh for her navvies at Beckenham: 'Almighty God, pardon all my past sins; they are very many, and only Christ's blood can wash them away. Turn me by the power of Thy Holy Spirit from all my evil ways. Give me a new heart. Guide and direct me in the right way, and help me to live a new and holy life. I ask these things in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.'" Ah, if we could all pray like that we might be happier men and live better lives.

J. EWING RITCHIE.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"E. A. C." writes: "Will you kindly explain Matt. xii. 5: 'The priests in the temple profane the Sabbath, and are blameless'?"

TO "profane" anything sacred is to turn it to common uses: to profane the Sabbath is to employ its hours in work. Now the priests were compelled to do this, in offering double sacrifices and all the duties therewith connected, also in placing freshly-baked bread on the table in the sanctuary. See Numbers xxviii. 9, 10; Leviticus xxiv. 8. The service of God was a higher claim than that of Sabbath rest.

Our Lord applies the argument from sacred *times* to sacred *things*, and from the service of God to the service of man. For the sake of obeying the ritual of worship, the priests made the Sabbath a day of work; for the sake of feeding the hungry, Ahimelech gave the consecrated bread, like common loaves, to David's company; and all ritual observances in like manner must give way to the dictates of piety and charity.

A correspondent asks how the announcement, so often found in the Apocalypse, of Christ's *speedy* advent, is to be understood.

"Behold I come quickly." Such is the burden of the message to every one of the Seven Churches. To Ephesus, it is said "I will come unto thee quickly" (ii. 5); to Smyrna, "thou shalt have tribulation ten days" (ii. 10); to Pergamos, "I will come unto thee quickly" (ii. 16); to Thyatira, "Hold fast till I come" (ii. 25); to Sardis, "I will come on thee as a thief" (iii. 3); to Laodicea, "Behold I stand at the door and knock" (iii. 20). "It is impossible," adds the author of 'Parousia,' "to conceive that these urgent warnings had no special meaning to those to whom they were addressed; that they meant no more to them than they do to us; that they refer to a consummation which has never yet taken place. This would be to deprive the words of all significance" (p. 385). 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. This "coming," again, was typical of His future "appearing."

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

Our correspondent E. R. R., in further reference to the parable of the hidden treasure (see p. 221, April, 1887) remarks, "How came the man to be digging the ground which did not belong to him?" and suggests as a solution that it was his own patrimonial estate, which had passed from his hands, but which he had now an opportunity of redeeming should he find it worth while. In this case "the treasure" might have been hidden by one of his forefathers, and he had an equitable right to it. The conjecture is interesting, but unsupported. Some instance of a discovered treasure had possibly, as our correspondent remarks, occurred in our Lord's time, and the whole would be well understood by His hearers. The application of the incident would no doubt gain force if "the treasure" had been the forfeited inheritance of an ancestor. So *our* forefathers forfeited the treasure which it is our joy, through Christ, to regain.

"A. N." asks an explanation of Psalm cxxvi. 4: "Turn again our captivity, as the streams in the South."

The usual explanation is no doubt correct. "The South" (Negeb) was the great undulating plain between the hill country of Judah and the desert. This was intersected by water-courses which, during the summer, were arid, stony channels, but which the early and the latter rains filled again with rushing fertilising streams. So the Psalmist prays that the flow of the returning exiles to their land may replenish it and renew its prosperity, like brooks refilling their channels.

It should be added that the word "captivity" does not refer to the state of exile, but to the exiles themselves. So, in verse 1, "The Lord turned again the captivity of Zion," *i.e.* "brought back Zion's captives." So, Psalm lxviii. 18, "Thou hast led captivity captive," *i.e.* "hast led captives captive." (This sense the R. V. makes clearer by inserting the italic *Thy*: "hast led *Thy* captivity captive). The change of abstract into concrete is in accord with the law of most languages. [The Hebrew scholar will observe that the words for "captivity" are not precisely the same in these different passages; but they are from the same root, and for practical purposes identical.]

Our correspondent offers the conjecture that the "turning" may possibly allude to the rush of the Euphrates upwards at the flow of the tide, which to the Jews, accustomed to the tideless Mediterranean, would be a phenomenon to strike the imagination. But no Jew would speak of the district where the Great River enters the Persian Gulf as "the South," nor would the word for "streams" be applied to the Euphrates. It means properly "valley-brooks, or channels." It is the word used in Psalm xlii. 1: "As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks."

THE FLYING FAY.

"LISTEN! THAT IS A WOODLARK'S NOTE."

ONE morning in that pleasant time of year when gardens look their gayest, and banks are bright with blossoms, and wild roses and honeysuckle twine together in the hedgerows, and fill the air with fragrance, Nellie Burton and her twin sister, Maud, started for a ramble through the woods.

"We will bring back heaps of your favourite foxglove and fern, mother darling!" cried Nell gaily, as they tripped through the open French window of their pretty breakfast-room.

And "mother," wheeling her invalid chair a little forward, and gazing fondly after her two winsom lasses, decided in her own mind that the sweet summer morning itself was not more fresh and fair than they.

Twins though they were, there was but slight resemblance between them. They were of equal height, and wore simple white frocks of much the same pattern and material, but Nell's face was brown as a berry, and her dark hair rippled far below her shoulders; while Maud had a fair complexion, and the short curls that clustered in little rings round her head, shone like gold in the sunlight. And this was why, I suppose, many of their friends called the two girls Night and Morning.

Well, Night and Morning, hand in hand, sauntered slowly down the lane which led to the pine wood. They meant to go round the prettiest way, and to cross the rustic bridge over the river.

"It is just the day for a walk," remarked Maud, stopping as she spoke to gather some wild strawberries.

"Yes," said Nell; but she evidently was not thinking of the beauty of the day at that moment, for she added suddenly—"Maudie, it must be very pleasant to be able to do good in the world, mustn't it?"

"Very! What made you think of it now?" asked Maud, admiring a particularly fine berry before she popped it into her mouth.

"The book we have been reading."

"Oh, yes! 'The Heiress of Lowood.' But she was rich, you know."

"Mother says the people who are not rich can do almost as much good as the people who are, if they take care not to miss opportunities," said Nell, musingly.

"We must take special care then," laughed Maudie, "for I am afraid, Nell, we shall never be rich; not that I think we could be much happier if we were."

"Of course we couldn't—not a bit, with such a dear darling mother as we have!" declared Nell stoutly. "And,

oh! Maudie, isn't it glorious that in a week she will be able to go to the seaside, and we can begin the riding lessons she has promised us! Do you know I could hardly sleep last night for wondering whether it will be best to have a blue habit, or a brown. I like blue myself, but—" and here Nell's brow grew puckered with anxiety—"Clara Wright says brown is more fashionable."

"It seems to me," said practical Maud, "that so long as we have them neat and well-made, the less we spend on the habits the better. Then we shall have more money for the rides, don't you see?"

By this time they had gained the bridge, and Nell was bending over the rustic railing to watch the fish gliding to and fro in their watery home.

In answer to her sister's question she nodded her head so energetically that her light straw hat fell, not into the river, but where it was equally out of reach; for it lodged on that part of the bridge projecting beyond the bottom of the fence, and as the trellis work of the latter was too close to permit the passage of a hand, the hat, for all the use it was to its owner, might as well have taken flight to Kamtschatka.

"We must go back," said Maud, ruefully.

"Oh, no, we needn't!" replied Nell. "We are close to the wood, and once there it is so shady that it will be rather pleasant than not to be without a hat."

"But you will get dreadfully burnt."

"Bah! what can that matter to a gipsy like me?" laughed Nell; "now if I had your pink and white skin it would be different."

So the sisters went on; and soon they were beneath the shadow of the pines, and too busily occupied searching for woodland treasures to think any more of their little mishap.

By-and-by they stood in a certain nook, which Nell not inaptly called a "perfect nest of beauty." From a carpet of daintiest moss sprang many kinds of graceful fern; and above these rose the clustering speckled bells of the stately foxglove, gleaming redly against the rough brown stems of the pine-trees. Their baskets were already laden with flowers and roots, so Maud set to work and filled her apron.

"Listen!" said she, as they turned away, "that is a woodlark's note."

But the woodlark's song was drowned by another voice which suddenly rang out. A human voice this time, and one more shrill than sweet.

"I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me!"

announced the owner of the voice; and Nell and Maudie saw coming towards them a girl about their own age, but dressed more like a child of nine or ten, in a very short, tawdry-looking dress of red velveteen. This shabby garment being further embellished with plenty of common lace (rather dirty—to tell the truth) at the throat and wrists gave its wearer a peculiar appearance; but what first struck Nell was the fact that her lost hat was perched jauntily on the head of the new comer, who swung by the string another and much more showy arrangement of velvet and artificial flowers; she having apparently deposed her own headgear in favour of Nell's property.

Now Nell was a fastidious little body, and the stranger's rough hair did not betoken a very intimate acquaintance with either brush or comb. She therefore began angrily—

"How dare you wear my hat?"

"Your hat!" retorted the girl in the red frock. "I like that! My hat, if you please."

"How on earth did you get it?" said Maud, her curiosity mastering her indignation.

"Paid six-and-ninepence halfpenny for it up Camden Road way, if you must know," was the unexpected rejoinder.

"You wicked girl, how can you tell such a story?" broke in impetuous Nell.

"Hush!" said Maud, rather alarmed at the wrathful look with which this outburst was received. "Listen, Nell, you could not use the hat now, you know; so let us say it shall be hers if she will tell us how she contrived to get it."

"We shall not hear the truth, I expect," murmured Nell. "But to be sure," looking regretfully at her pretty hat, "it is no good to me now."

And so she consented to this arrangement.

When the strange girl was told of the proposed gift, and the condition attached to it, she looked mightily pleased.

"Mine! Honour bright! Well, now, that's handsome. Tell you how I got it? Of course I will, and welcome. I saw it when I came to the bridge, a-dangling right over the water; so I climbed the railing and slipped down hand over hand, and directly I was near enough, I took it in my mouth by the brim, and came up again hand over hand, and swung myself over the railing as right as a trivet!"

"I knew she wouldn't tell the truth," whispered Nell disdainfully.

For to her this account seemed quite incredible.

"Oh, you don't believe me?" cried the strange girl "Well, then, just you look here."

And the words were hardly out of her mouth before she was climbing a tree with cat-like agility, and, grasping a branch in both hands, swung backward and forward, and over and under it, until the pair below fairly gasped for breath.

"There!" said the climber, descending. "You couldn't do that, I guess. But then, you see, you ain't the Flying Fay."

"Is that your name?" asked Maud.

"That's my professional name," returned the Flying Fay with dignity. "My private one is Polly Muggins. We're acting just now at the fair in the village; and I tell you what, as you've acted so handsome about the hat, I'll get Brown, our doorkeeper, to pass you two into the pit for nothing."

"You are very kind," said Maud, smiling, "but we shall not be able to come."

"Ah, you're a cut above the pit, I suppose," observed Polly Muggins, calmly surveying the sisters. "Well, get your friends to treat you to the boxes; it's only eighteenpence. And there's something worth seeing to-night, for I've got a new trick. A regular teaser it's been, and awful dangerous; but I'm to have my pay raised if it goes all right, and so," continued the girl with a laugh, "who cares?"

Somehow or other that reckless laugh touched Nell's tender little heart. She raised her soft dark eyes to the bolder ones of her new acquaintance, and said gently:

"I don't think you should talk like that. And, Polly, when you wear my hat, do let it remind you not to tell stories."

"Who's a-telling 'em?" began the Flying Fay fiercely.

"Why, just now, you know, about the Camden Road," said Nell, putting it as delicately as she could.

But Polly did not seem at all abashed.

"That was nothing but a 'little cram,'" she laughingly remarked, adding, however, more graciously, "I'll remember, though. I heard a parson say once God hates liars. He talked so nice and kind that I wished I could ask him more about it; but we're always on the move, and

I lost the chance. Well, good-bye. Mind you come to-night. Pit a shilling, boxes eighteenpence." And here the Flying Fay departed as she came, singing at the top of her voice:

"I care for nobody—no, not I,
And nobody cares for me."

The next day the doctor came to see Mrs. Burton. Not that she was worse, or in special need of advice; but he every now and then paid her a friendly visit, and, if he had a little time to spare, enjoyed a chat with his patient. On this occasion he spoke of a sad accident which had happened the previous evening at one of the shows at the fair. A poor girl, set to perform some stupid and perilous feat by means of hanging ropes and bars, had fallen to the ground and broken her leg in two places.

Nell and Maud listened with breathless interest, and the same question sprang to the lips of both.

"Was it—could it be the Flying Fay?"

"Yes, I believe that was what they called her. Pray is she an acquaintance of yours, young ladies?" asked the doctor, fixing quizzical eyes on the sisters.

Of course, after this, he had to hear all about yesterday's adventure, and to answer plenty of questions as to poor Polly's condition.

"Will she be able to perform again?" said Mrs. Burton.

"Never—at least, not in the same way. And a very good thing too," added the worthy doctor, "for it is a shocking life for a young girl."

"Oh, mother," said Nell, "could we go and see her? I really think she would be pleased. And—perhaps we might do her some good."

Mrs. Burton at first shook her head doubtfully, but the doctor giving it as his opinion that if they went at once, while the fair was comparatively quiet, they need fear no annoyance, she consented. To the great joy of the twins, the pony-carriage was ordered, and cook having supplied them with a nice milk pudding for the sufferer, they immediately set out on their charitable errand.

They found the Flying Fay in one of the fair carts. At any other time Nellie and Maud would have been greatly interested in her surroundings—the funny little room on wheels, with its tiny window draperies of white muslin, and bows of smart pink ribbon. But now their whole attention was centred on the poor child, whom they had seen only yesterday so active and so careless, and who now lay pale and helpless on a small bed, wedged tightly in the farthest corner by the rest of the furniture. Tears came into Nell's eyes as she saw her straw hat on the patched quilt, just where its new owner could see it and stroke it proudly with her little brown hand.

Poor Flying Fay, she was very, very sad. The pitiful smile which welcomed her visitors soon died away, and she was sobbing out her troubles to kind Mrs. Burton. She would never be able to act again—never! And Maria, who had taken charge of her since her mother died, said she would only be a drag and a burden on everybody now; and she would have to sit still, and make dresses and mend clothes for the other performers, while they—— Oh, it was too hard! How should she ever bear it?

And here Maria, a great coarse-looking person, drew near, and told her to "shut up," and not make matters worse by crying, speaking so unkindly that the sisters grew quite hot with indignation, and Mrs. Burton drew the angry woman aside, and tried to enlist her pity for the suffering girl. Altogether, it was a sad scene; and Nellie owned the same evening, as they sat at their cosy tea-table, that she could not get it out of her head.

"Cannot we do something for Polly, mother, dear?" said she. "The people she is with would be only too glad to get rid of her now, that's certain. And I'm sure Mrs. Lane, in the village, would take her in and nurse her, and charge very little."

"That is true, darling," replied Mrs. Burton: "and the best thing that could happen to the poor child would be to take her from her present life, and put her in the way of earning her living in service, or some such respectable employment. If we could have tided her over her illness, too, it would be easy to get her admitted to an institution where they train young girls for domestic work; but unluckily I cannot afford to maintain her until she is well, especially just now, when our expenses at the seaside will be heavier than usual."

The sisters looked at each other, and the same thought crossed the minds of both. Was it possible to give up those long-anticipated, long-promised rides?

They talked it over together by-and-by, strolling up and down the garden paths. Never had the pleasure they proposed to forego seemed more tempting. And yet—and yet—would the delight of cantering over the downs, or trotting briskly up and down the parade, be equal to the joy of rescuing a poor girl from a life of misery, and teaching her to be useful and happy? The roses, gleaming in the setting sun, whispered of the "Rose of Sharon." So did the spotless lilies, emblems of the gentle, self-denying Jesus. Was it well that those who professed to be His followers should shirk a little sacrifice for His sake? Half unconsciously Maudie murmured His gracious saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

I do not think you will be greatly surprised to hear that when the Burtons went to the seaside, Nellie's mind was no longer troubled by the question whether to order a blue habit or a brown one, for that article of attire would not be needed in her wardrobe. She and Maud had agreed to give up their riding lessons, and to devote the money thus saved to the benefit of Polly Muggins, whom they left comfortably installed in Mrs. Lane's cottage, with many injunctions to do her very best to get well and strong against their return. Polly was wonderfully softened by her misfortune, and very grateful. She was too shrewd not to compare the true kindness of her benefactors with the selfishness of her own people, who were only anxious to be rid of her now that she was not likely to prove an attraction to the show. The day that Nellie and Maud, looking bonnier than ever, came home from their trip, which they declared all the rides in the world could not have made more enjoyable, she met them with such genuine delight that the twins felt amply repaid for their sacrifice. Soon afterwards Mrs. Burton was able to get the young waif admitted to a capital training-home for servants, and there she lived for several years, well cared for and happy.

And where is Polly now? Well, if you go to the village where Nellie and Maud spent their childhood, you will find that time has wrought some changes. For instance, those two damsels are married and settled in homes of their own, not far, however, from the parent nest, where Mrs. Burton, always more or less of an invalid, still lives, attended by a faithful maid. Although the latter walks with a slight limp, she is strong and well formed, and you may often see her carefully supporting her mistress round the garden, or down the green lane famous for wild strawberries. And few people would recognise in the pleasant, comely young woman, looking so neat and trim in her close-fitting gown, and snowy collar and cap, the loud-voiced, romping girl who was once proud to call herself the Flying Fay.

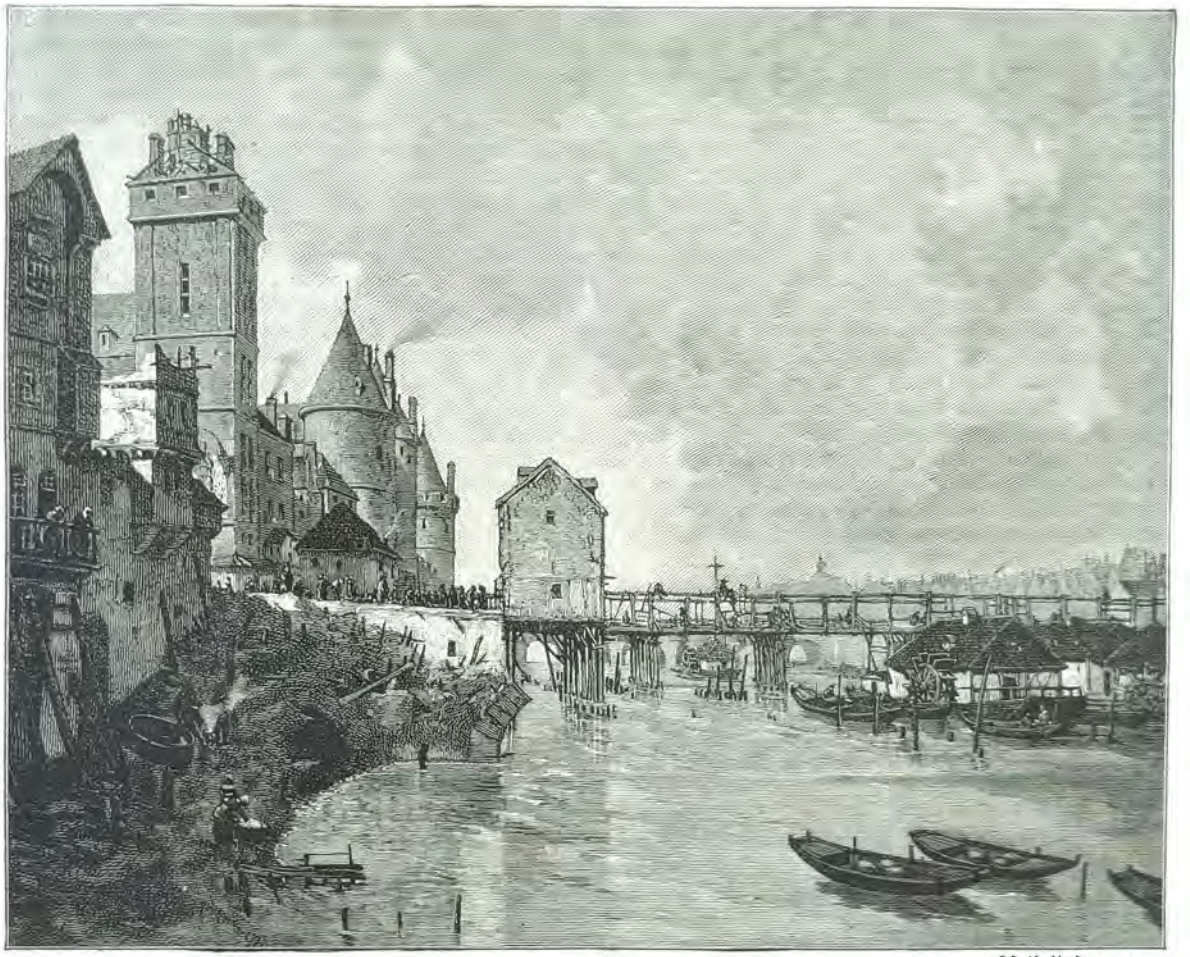
SYDNEY GREY.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

PARIS AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

IV.



[*J. H. Hoffbauer.*

PARIS EARLY IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. LA TOUR D'HORLOGE AND THE ABBEY.

THE Bible is the best model in writing history. When it portrays the chosen people it softens no ugly lines, nor ever implies that they were in the least degree better in themselves than the heathen round about them. Yet they have all the sympathy of the sacred historian, and why? Because they represent the cause of God in the world: the cause of justice and truth. So it was with the Huguenots; they carried God's banner in France, they represented His cause, and this being the case, we have no need to hide their defects.

What a tragic history is that of the reformed church in Paris, from the death of Henri II. to the accession of Henry IV. It were better to have lived under Nero than under the Valois.

Nevertheless, the reformers did not doubt God was on their side, and one of their number, Pierre la Place, in his book, 'De l'estat de la Religion et Republique,' relates that, in 1557, a letter was sent to the king detailing the miseries that had befallen several of their persecutors, who had been cut off suddenly in the midst of their sin, or had suffered anguish, mostly in the form of internal fire.

What rendered the existence of the reformers

so difficult, making it well-nigh impossible to maintain equanimity, was the fact that at one moment they were encouraged to act with the utmost boldness, at the next they found themselves treated as criminals, and the objects of every injustice. And this was ever their fate.

At the beginning of the reign of Francis II. an edict was issued pardoning all those accused of heresy, whereupon the Reformed had the temerity to hold two assemblies in the Palais de Justice. The first, numbering one hundred and thirty persons, took place in the very chamber of the *chancellerie;* the second, held in the square tower, was discovered, and they had to fly. Of course the explanation is that they had friends in high places, often ambitious people, who used them simply as tools. In October, 1561, the Chapter of Paris sent a deputation to the Governor of Paris, the Prince de la Roche-sur-Yonne, to ask him to prevent the preachings and the conventicles. The governor demurred to the word "conventicle," as applied to assemblies of the Reformed, reminding the Chapter that it had itself complained that, on November 1st and 2nd, 1560, assemblies had been held, numbering as many as two or three thousand persons.

This shows how many persons there were in Paris at this time who wished for a reform in religion, and it is not surprising that, after such a period as the Guise tyranny, they began to rely on their own power to combine and defend themselves.

The fall of the Guises and the regency of Catherine de Medici envenomed the more turbulent among the Catholics, and their attacks on the Reformed became more frequent. In April, 1561, a house in the Pré-aux-clercs, during the holding of an assembly, was besieged by a mob. The owner, Michel Gaillard, Sieur de Longjumeau, defended his dwelling, and a man was killed. In the same year, 1561, the Reformed began to hold religious meetings on the other side of the city, in a place called the Cherry orchard. They were accustomed to return by various gates, and in small groups. On one occasion, some of them found the gates closed, and guarded by citizens. The Huguenot gentlemen forced them to open, and in the skirmish wounds were given and received, and one of the Reformed being left for dead, his body was thrown into the common sewer. Next day, his friends returning to bury him, found him still breathing. He recovered, and afterwards became a superintendent or elder of the church.

These troubles were so frequent and so violent, that the government of Catherine de Medici tried to stop them, by compelling all the Parisians to give up their fire-arms, and by exercising a strict watch over the armourers. This not proving enough, gallows were erected in various parts of Paris, with the significant legend, "*For the seditious.*" This would seem to have been under the government of Michel l'Hôpital, the only honest ruler of the time.

The year of the Colloquy at Poissy, 1561, the Protestants of Paris were a recognised religious body. Beza was, in France, almost in the character of ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the reformed churches of France and Geneva. The queen-mother and the court went to hear Beza preach, and he met the Cardinal of Lorraine, and all the great dignitaries on equal terms.

But when the Colloquy shipwrecked, the reaction set in, l'Hôpital being unable to stem the tide. The Reformed had two important places of worship just outside the walls of Paris. One was at the Porte St. Marceau, the other at Popincourt, outside the Porte St. Antoine. The former was a house which had once belonged to two of the oriental patriarchs and was then in possession of an Italian Protestant who had taken it for a meeting-house. It went by the name of the *Maison des Patriarches*, a name still preserved in the *Marché aux Patriarches*, where a number of kind-hearted old women sell to-day admirable dairy and farm produce. The pastors of Paris and other distinguished preachers spoke here: Le Maçon and l'Estaing, Malot and Viret. The new service attracted large crowds. The day after Christmas, Jean Malot preached here at three o'clock in the afternoon. During the sermon, the bells of St. Medard, the presbytery of which was contiguous to the *Maison des Patriarches*, began to ring so loudly that the preacher could not be heard. A psalm was sung, but the ringing continuing, two persons were sent to beg the curé to desist. They were beaten, and one was mortally wounded, whereupon the congregation growing furious, rose up and rushed into the church of St. Medard. The priests barricaded themselves in the belfry and showered stones on the invaders. The tocsin of the neighbouring churches rang the alarm, and the mob gathered. Meanwhile the Huguenots, finding the dead body of their messenger, revenged themselves on the altars and images, and were about to fire the belfry when the police arrived. About thirty-six persons were arrested, priests as well as others, and taken to the Châtelet.

Next morning the clergy had their revenge: a great crowd invaded the *Temple aux Patriarches*, burnt the pulpit and the seats, and demolished the garden. The whole building, in fact, would have been consumed, had not some Huguenot gentlemen arrived, who, sword in hand, drove the mob away.

In the sequel, the Parliament liberated the Catholic prisoners, and hung three of the Protestants before the church of St. Medard. Later on, four more were hanged inside the Temple aux Patriarches, having previously had their hands chopped off. To add to this iniquity, the Parliament also put to death, for having too loyally done his duty, the head of the police—Gabaston. Immediately after his execution, the other place of worship at Popincourt was destroyed by a troop of soldiers, under the command of Coligny's uncle, the Constable Montmorency, who personally saw this great work done, and thereby earned the sobriquet of Captain Burn-benches.

Probably these atrocities were due to the panic caused by an explosion in Paris on the 28th of January, 1562. The Arsenal was blown up, and without a shadow of proof, the Huguenots were

accused of doing it. Such was the fury of the populace, that it was only enough to cry "Huguenaud" after a man in the street, and into the river he went. The rage was almost incredible; two officers who had permitted preaching in their districts were seized by the mob and hanged, their decapitated corpses being rolled in the mud and then burnt.

In June of this same year, 1562, an edict was promulgated ordering all who were notoriously known to be of the new religion to quit the city in twenty-four hours; while those who were only suspected were to go before the bishop and his vicars and make a confession of faith. The same edict gave the people the right to attack and break up any gathering of the Reformed. As to justice, it had been for some time denied the Huguenots. If any one came to ask it of the Constable, he only replied, "Let them cease to be rogues."

And yet it was not six months since persons in authority among the Reformed in Paris had gone publicly to the preaching in their official costume. Moreover, they were by this time a completely organised body: their consistory fully constituted, and a regular bureau being established for the relief of the poor, composed of eight of their principal members, assisted by four superintendents, and any number of deacons required. Twelve boxes were held at the close of every preaching, and as much as five sols or sous, and even as much as a crown-piece, was given to each poor person. As to the Lord's Supper, the greatest care was taken to prevent occasion for scandal. It was administered publicly, and only those allowed to partake who had applied beforehand to the superintendents.

This terrible year ended by the execution of the Huguenot, Poltrot, on the Place de Grève, where he was torn to pieces by horses. His crime was the assassination of the Duke de Guise.

The following years went on much in the same manner. In 1563, twenty Huguenots, being arrested, were massacred in the street on their way to prison. Nevertheless, on the slightest appearance of security, 4000 Huguenots collected at one assembly, and on Christmas Day, 1565, the second National Synod of France was held at Paris.

French Protestantism never dreamt until the present century of being something distinct from the state. The reform it sought was entire, and covered the whole life of man and society. This, amongst other considerations, explains its being a political party. Of course, in this way, it got mixed up with the worst elements of the world, ambitious men and adventurers. The thing was unavoidable, and a party must be judged as a man, not by a circumstance of its life, but by its persistent aims.

In 1568, Paris was surrounded by a Protestant army. Fifty years earlier the reformers in France were a little group of students. Now, they not only besieged Paris, but actually beat the army at St. Denis, sent out under the Constable to drive them away. Amongst the slain was Montmorency himself. Of course the Reformed in Paris had a bad time of it. Those who could, left during the siege; in fact, all were ordered to do so. After the peace they were advised to keep within doors if they did not want to be killed. During the next six months, probably 10,000 Huguenots were slain in France.

In 1569 came the Protestant defeats at Mon-

MONTFAUCON—THE PARIS CALVARY. HERE THE CORPSE OF COLIGNY WAS EXPOSED ON A GIBBET.

contour and Jarnac, and Coligny was hanged in effigy at Montfaucon. This childish ceremonial was a true bit of the middle ages. The real criminal not being procurable, a wax effigy was made and dressed in costume. Thus a lawyer would wear an advocate's robe; in the case of Coligny, they did not forget the toothpick. This lay figure was treated exactly as if it were a living man. Placed in the tumbril, it was solemnly jolted up to Montfaucon, where it was left hanging amongst the mouldering remains of the real corpses suspended there on a great and horrible gibbet.

In 1570, this same Coligny rode a living man by the side of the king into Paris. As they passed the corner of the rue de l'Arguillerie, in face of the rue des Lombards, they came upon a stone pyramid. It was the monument of a great crime. On that spot had stood the house of an old merchant of high character. Accused of allowing the Lord's Supper to be celebrated at his house, he, his son, and his brother-in-law, were all hanged on the Place de la Grève. Another son was sent to the galleys, and the third banished for life. Their house was razed, their goods seized by the king, except a small dole allowed the widows. Finally, a pyramid was set up as a warning to all like malefactors. Coligny demanded its removal, in accordance with a treaty just signed at St. Germain-en-Laye. It was done in the night, nevertheless the mob rose in fury and pillaged some houses inhabited by Huguenots on the Pont Notre-Dame.

This bridge was one of the sights of old Paris, and would, indeed, have been a famous thing to-day. Destroyed by an accident in 1499, the Pont Notre-Dame was rebuilt in 1500 from designs by Jean Jocunda. The last houses were finished in 1510, there were sixty-eight, and all of the same design. Each house had a shop with its number written in letters of gold, and a text of Scripture over the number. At the back there was a balcony looking over the river, and no part of Paris was more agreeable to live in. When Charles IX. made his entry into Paris in 1571, the Pont Notre-Dame was splendidly decorated with triumphal arches, Bernard Palissy being almost certainly employed in the work. On this handsome bridge several of the houses were occupied by Protestants: proof that reform had found many adherents among the wealthier citizens of Paris.

RICHARD HEATH.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE:

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—ROY'S RESOLVE.

MILDRED and Nellie were both quite certain that "something had happened," as they called it, with reference to Roy, for Aunt Joan would not let them go into his room all that day nor for a good part of the next. She said he was not so well, and did not care to be troubled with them; but the little girls felt sure that he would not have kept them away of his own accord. They were shrewd enough to see and suspect that there had been a domestic storm, and they had had pretty considerable experience of these disturbances of household peace.

"Everybody is so disagreeable to-day," grumbled Mildred, as they returned to the school-room after the early dinner. "Wet days are horrid at the best of times. I want to go and see Roy, and make him read to us or play with us. He must be as dull as anything all alone."

"Aunt Joan said we weren't to go till she gave us leave," answered Nellie. "He has a bad headache to-day. Perhaps he'll get better and want us by-and-by. I do hope he will."

And in effect about dusk came a message from Roy, asking the little cousins to come and pay him a visit, and drink tea in his room. They repaired thither in a state of considerable elation, only a little damped by finding Roy considerably changed since the previous day. Nellie supposed it was his headache that made him look so pale and grave, and had brought a different look into his eyes from anything she had seen there before, whilst Mildred, who generally managed to get a general sort of idea as to what was going on in the house, attributed his changed looks to the interview he had had the previous day with their father. "Papa has been saying horrid things to him," she said to herself indignantly, "and Roy doesn't understand being talked to like that—he worries over it," and presently she said aloud in her quick, abrupt way,—

"You won't go away and leave us, will you, Roy?"

"No, Milly, I think I'm quite a fixture here for the present, unless your father and mother want to get rid of me. Why do you ask?"

"I thought papa had been cross to you. I was afraid perhaps you'd go. I know I should pretty soon run away from here if I were like you, and had another home to go to. This is a hateful place!"

Roy smiled a little, wistfully and sadly.

"If you were like me, Milly, you would find you hadn't much run left in you. Oh, no; there's no hope of getting rid of me quite so easily. I'm located here, I fancy, for a good spell."

Nellie's eyes fairly beamed with delight, whilst Mildred clapped her hands.

"Oh, Roy, we are so glad!" they both cried in a breath. "We don't want you ever to go away."

"That is very kind of you both," answered Roy, a little flush of pleasure stealing into his pale cheek. "We must manage to cheer each other up if we get dull, and make the winter days pass as pleasantly as we can. I shall have a lot of books sent to me here when Marcus gets back, for I must study hard so as to be fit for some calling or other when I am old enough to follow it. I will get him to send all my old story books and lesson-books too, for you, and some other things that you will like. He will be sure to do that, even though ——" Roy stopped short. His face grew suddenly very sad, but his listeners were too eagerly excited to heed it.

"Oh, Roy, you are nice! Oh, Roy, what fine times we shall have! It is so nice that you aren't going away! I hope you'll stay for ever and ever!"

Roy needed the consolation and pleasure communicated by the unrestrained delight of the little girls; for in truth the following days were sufficiently sad and dreary for him—all the drearier for the loss of physical strength which followed the shock of discovery, and for the want of the buoyancy of spirit that usually carried him over all troubles.

It seemed to him as if his former life had been utterly and entirely plucked up by the roots—that he himself had been suddenly transplanted into new and uncongenial soil, and that weak and bruised and battered, he was left to struggle with the elements, and to live or die as best he might, unaided and alone.

Yet, perhaps, this very sense of utter isolation was good for him; perhaps the very knowledge, at the time so inexpressibly bitter, was just the tonic he needed most to give to his easy, pliant nature that firmness and independence that hitherto it had undoubtedly lacked. Roy was much alone during the days that followed, for he was very unwell in himself, and Joan, who had constituted him as her special charge, insisted on his keeping quiet and not allowing the children to be perpetually about him, worrying him with their constant chatter and demands. Perhaps the boy had never had so much leisure for quiet thought and meditation in his life before, and perhaps he had never needed it so much. Gradually the sad dejected look passed away from his eyes, and his face, if graver and older in expression, was no longer very sorrowful. Joan noted the change with satisfaction if with surprise; and as his spirits improved so did his health, and she began to suggest to him that he need not keep himself quite so close a prisoner. He looked up with an odd smile.

"I do not consider myself a prisoner in any sense of the word. I have found the secret of perfect liberty, I think."

Joan was not certain if she understood him.

"Would you like to come out into the garden?" she asked. "It is warmer out of doors than in the house to-day when the sun shines."

"I should like a little walk very much," answered Roy, "especially if I can have my stick, and if you will come with me."

"Your stick is somewhere about. I'll get it for you," answered Joan, with alacrity; "and of course I'll come, if you like."

It was a new thing to feel herself wanted in any capacity save that of household drudge. There was something of brightness on her face, and of elasticity in her step, when at length she and her companion left the shadows of the desolate house and stepped out into the October sunshine.

Roy's progress was not rapid, as walking was evidently not easy to him; but he talked with cheerfulness as they wandered through the little enclosure graced by the name of garden, and only when they reached the low stone wall that divided it from the wide moorland beyond did silence fall upon him, as he stood bareheaded in the sunshine, lifting his face to meet the breeze as it blew across the trackless waste. Joan, glancing at him, saw something in his eyes that stirred her more than she liked. Anger, hatred, rebellion, she would have understood, but that sort of quietly-repressed sadness, blended with so much strength and resolution, perplexed and almost worried her. She felt that Roy's standpoint was one she could not reach, that he had thoughts and feelings beyond her ken. She wanted to know the secret of his resignation and endurance, and she knew not even how to frame the question.

Presently he aroused himself from his reverie, and sat down upon the low wall, looking round him with a sort of curiosity.

"And so you always live here, Cousin Joan?"

"Always now; ever since——"

"Ever since the ruin entailed upon your house by my father," concluded Roy quietly. "Yes, I know it was different before that. It must have been a strange hard life for you. Do you never go anywhere for a change or a rest?"

"Oh, no, I don't want those things. I'm not like—like other women—those I see in Thorne sometimes. I've plenty to do at home. I'm not dull; I'm used to it."

He looked at her, yet hardly as if he saw her.

"Always here, in this strange, lonely place? Cousin Joan, are you happy in your life?"

"Is any one happy?" she asked, not in any spirit of philosophical cynicism, but as the natural and literal expression of her feeling.

"Some people are," he said.

"Ah, well, perhaps so; I do not think I have ever seen them. Yet Cousin Alicia was; she seemed to have a secret of her own. I wonder what it was. Do you know, Roy?"

Roy had flushed at the sound of his mother's name (she would always be mother to him, despite the story he had heard), and he looked full at Joan, his hazel eyes lighting strangely.

"Cousin Joan," he said, with curious earnestness that was almost vehemence, "if you had asked me that question five months ago, I could not have answered you in the least; if you had asked it five weeks ago, I might have answered with my lips, but not with my understanding: even five days ago I could not have answered as I can to-day. But now I think—I believe that I do understand—that I do know her secret."

Joan looked at him with an uneasy sense of

not comprehending or entering into his feelings. She longed to ask him more, yet knew not how to frame the question. A sort of unsatisfied yearning to which she had hitherto been a stranger took possession of her now. To rid herself of it she turned to another topic.

"How long are you going to stay here, Roy?"

"I do not know. So long, I suppose, as my guardian wishes."

"And do you mean to submit?" she asked, in a good deal of surprise.

"I do," he answered, resolutely.

She took a few paces away from him and then came back. She spoke with her abrupt vehemence.

"But, Roy, you must hate the life here; and it must be very bad for you too. You are as pale as a shadow and as thin. And you want to be with Marcus Stratford. We all know from your own lips how fond you are of one another, and what a lovely home you have. You must long to go back."

The mention of his brother's name brought a quiver to Roy's face, and a wistful sadness into his eyes. The truth was spoken almost before he knew it.

"Indeed—indeed I do!—sometimes."

She approached a step nearer—

"Then why don't you?"

He smiled a little half-sadly.

"I am not much in cue to meditate escape; and besides, law is law, and my guardian's control will not cease till I am of age."

"Three years of the life here will about kill you," said Joan, concisely. "You haven't been brought up to it, and you don't know what it is really like yet. You are not strong, and our cold winter months will be bad for you."

He looked her full in the face with a smile that expressed a good deal.

"What you have put up with all these years, Cousin Joan, I am surely able to stand for a much shorter time, if necessary. My father's act entailed this life upon you; is it for me to complain if your father wishes me to share it for awhile?"

Joan was silent a moment; she had used this argument herself sometimes, and had heard it used by others; yet from Roy's lips it seemed to sound different, to acquire a new significance. She looked away as she made reply—

"I don't see that that has really anything to do with it, and if you made up your mind to go, I don't believe they'd be able to keep you. People can't be too tyrannical in these days they say; and your brother would help you."

"I believe he would, if I asked him," answered Roy, quickly; "but I do not intend to do so. I am not his brother really in any sense of the word; and of late I have behaved very ill to him—more ill than he knows. I understand things better now than I did—I can see a great many points that puzzled me sadly before; but that only makes me feel more ashamed of myself for feeling and acting as I have done—feeling what I hate to think of now. I have no claim upon Marcus, and it may be good for me to be away from him for a time. I think perhaps—if it is not conceited to say so—that I am wanted here. After all, Cousin Joan, it is true what I have heard both my mother and Marcus say, that it is not where we are but what we are that constitutes our happiness or misery. I mean to stay at Windmill House and to be happy here—and I shall tell Marcus so, that he may not be troubled about me."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

So Roy settled down with brave resolution to the curious life led by his new relations. Roger Edington he hardly ever saw, and Roger's father never; but the mistress of the house was very fairly friendly towards him, was quite gracious to him when he tried to hint as delicately as he could that he hoped to have power in the future to do something towards counteracting the effects of the evil his father had done. She thought that he took the knowledge of the situation in the right way, and might very likely prove himself useful in time to come.

It never occurred to Roy that these relations of his looked upon him as a rich man—prospectively. He fancied they had known all about his mother's will from the hints they had dropped about Marcus; and although Roy thought he understood now his mother's motive in leaving her wealth away from him, it was not a subject he cared to discuss with others, and he did not care to think about it more than he could help; too many painful associations were connected with the matter. He was grateful for the good-will he received from his kinsmen, and was far from suspecting any motives of self-interest as actuating them. If there were some things in the past he did not quite understand, he did not trouble his head over them. It was only gradually he grew to understand that he was living amongst those whose main-spring of action was a greed of gold—a covetous desire for wealth, not for the sake of a wider sphere of usefulness, or even of power and social distinction, but a love of it for its own sake—a love that the boy had heard of, but never seen before. And he watched its development with a kind of subtle horror, impossible to describe; for he felt that there had been moments when this strange eagerness for wealth had taken possession of him—when he had felt that it was the great power of the world, and had experienced an intense longing for its possession. He recoiled now before some of the thoughts that once he had half-unconsciously harboured. He began to understand some of the teaching that had fallen once on somewhat heedless ears. He was learning and developing fast, and at the same time unconsciously helping others too. Even Mrs. Edington, who was slow to observe and slower to praise, could not but notice the improvement that was coming over the manner of her two daughters. Mildred actually and consciously studied and copied Roy, greatly admiring his manner and bearing as well as his gentle way of speaking, whilst Nellie, taking courage from his kindness to her, began to throw off the awkwardness that had resulted from excessive timidity.

Nellie was perhaps Roy's most constant companion, for her lameness prevented her getting about, very much as it did him, and she had a

link of common interest with him that so far was not shared by Mildred. Nellie had taken Roy's advice, and had studied her Testament with great zeal and interest; but there was a very great deal in it that she did not understand, and often, if she could find Roy alone, she would ask him to explain these knotty points, and listen with close attention to his words, thinking all the time how very wise and good he was, and little dreaming that this simple examination and explanation of primary truths was doing almost as much for him as it was for her.

Nellie began to be very happy in these days. Life at Windmill House was changed for her even in the present, and with the wonderful future to look forward to, of the golden city, and the pearly gates, and the Lamb that is the light thereof, she felt that she never could be really miserable again.

She wondered if Aunt Joan knew about this too, but the child was too timid and felt too ignorant to open the subject herself. She thought it probable that Roy had talks himself with Aunt Joan just as he did with her, for those two were visibly growing friendly, and it was she who took most care of their guest.

Joan indeed felt that Roy needed her care, and she fought his battle vigorously. She insisted that he should be better cared for than her hardier cousins, and often contrived that he should have a fire in his room on cold nights, though it was an unheard-of luxury in that house. Roy, however, made something of a parlour of his bed-room, as he found getting up and downstairs a decided difficulty, and here he was often to be found on wet, cold evenings, sitting over a little fire with one or both of his cousins; and here Joan found him one stormy Sunday evening, very much engrossed in explaining to Nellie the pictures in an old Bible. She had been much moved of late out of her ordinary self, and now a sudden rush of feeling came over her that she found it difficult to master.

When Nellie had at last grown sleepy, and reluctantly gone to bed, she turned suddenly to Roy, and said: "Your mother used to teach me like that; but it has all gone now. Shall I ever be able to learn it again?"

"Oh, yes, Joan! It is never too late to learn that, as I have been finding out lately."

"Lately! But you must have known it always."

"Did I? It seems to me that I have only learned it since I came here."

"I don't see how that can possibly be, Roy. We couldn't have taught you anything."

"Something else has then," he answered with rather an odd smile. "I think I shall always be fond now of Windmill House."

"But are you not unhappy?"

"No, not now—not often," he answered quickly. "I was once for a time—after I had heard that story; but that is past now."

"I wish you would tell me what you mean," said Joan, in a very low voice.

"I don't know if I can; it would sound like cant I'm afraid."

"What does that matter? Tell me!"

"I'm not sure if you would understand. You have not lived as I have done, with everything you can wish for; love, health, happiness, all reasonable indulgences, a mother's tender care, friendship with comrades of your own age, everything that makes life easy and happy. That is the way I was brought up; and when my mother talked of sorrow and its discipline, I did not understand—I did not heed the lessons she tried to teach. Her death was my first trouble; but it did not do for me what sorrow does for some. I had lost her; but I had Marcus left, and I turned to him for what I had lost in her. I don't know if you will understand me, Joan, when I tell you that I have never been able to do without some one to lean on—some one to love and trust in, to go to for advice and help. I don't know if you have ever felt afraid of being left alone—not afraid physically, but morally. I have often; and after my mother died, I felt it more, because I let unworthy, ungenerous thoughts take possession of me, and I was afraid of them, afraid that they would prove too strong for me at last."

He paused a moment, and then went on rapidly: "I need not trouble you with all that, Joan. I see things clearly enough now. What I mean is that all these years I had never learned where to look for help and strength; I trusted in those about me, and never looked higher. It was not exactly that I did not know—you remember my mother; you know that she would teach me right—but I never took it home to myself; I was in no fear or difficulty. I did not think I should ever fall, or be afraid. I knew, but I would not learn; I turned from the higher to the lower until I deserved that He should turn from me. But He did not, Joan. He never does, I do believe, or why was not my careless neglect visited upon me? When everything and everybody seemed taken away, and I was left quite alone in my misery, and there was nothing left to me in all the world, then I turned to Him, and He heard. He has been with me ever since, I think; and that is why I am not unhappy, and why I can bear it, if He wishes it. I want to do His will now, if I can see it clearly—not my own any longer."

The boy's voice had sunk very low. Joan listened to him with a sort of awe that was not all comprehension.

"Who? Whose? What are you speaking of?" she asked. "Whose will are you going to do?"

"God's," he answered very softly, "if I can. If it is His wish that I should bear some small share of the cross Christ carried for us, He will help us with it, and I shall try to carry it gladly, for His sake."

"Oh, Roy, Roy!" cried Joan in sudden agitation and feeling; "teach me about that too! I do want to learn, I do, indeed; and it has all gone away. I am no better than a heathen."

"Perhaps we have been brought together that we may help and teach one another," said Roy, his voice quivering a very little. "It would make us both much happier, Joan, to think that."

THE RECENT EXPLOSION AT AMOY.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

A CATASTROPHE, probably unparalleled in the annals of destruction wrought by explosives, occurred on the 19th of November, on the island of Amoy (which forms part of the Fuh-Kien Province, on the South-West Coast of China). The city of Amoy has from early days been an important trading-centre, and was one of the first ports of commercial contact between China and the rest of the world. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Portuguese, and then the Dutch, obtained a footing here, and after the war with China in 1841, Amoy was proclaimed a treaty port, and French and British subjects obtained the right to settle on the Island of Kulang-su, which is only separated from Amoy by a narrow strait.

Any one who has ever been in a vast crowded Chinese city can understand what an advantage to the foreign inhabitants is the isolation secured by that narrow strip of blue sea. On the one side are upwards of 100,000 Chinamen, closely packed within the confines of a walled city. On the other are the large luxurious homes of the foreign residents, scattered in the most pleasing manner amongst huge madder-coloured boulders and rock-masses, shaded by clumps of feathery bamboo, and the flowers and foliage of well-cultivated gardens in a semi-tropical climate. Naturally, in the scorching summer droughts, the land does acquire a sickly yellow tone; but in the cooler winter season, the island is comparatively green, and here and there a vividly verdant hillside shows where diligent husbandmen have laid out their terraced rice-fields.

Carriages and horses would be superfluous luxuries on the isle, or indeed, on the mainland. Since no carriage roads exist, and in a country where there are so many mouths to feed, it would be considered that horses were taking the bread of the strong patient coolies who are so ready and willing to carry the sedan chairs, which in China take the place of carriages. So on the isle every lady has her own chair and her bearers, and for those who have work in the great city, boats are ever in readiness to carry them and their chairs and bearers across the harbour.

Besides the foreigners who are here engaged in mercantile work, there are a considerable number of representatives of three great missionary societies—the London Mission, the English Presbyterian, and the American Methodist Episcopal, who find this city a convenient centre for work in the surrounding district; the island of Amoy being about ten miles in diameter, and dotted all over with little towns and villages, making up a population of about 250,000. This port having been one of the first to tolerate foreigners, early offered possibilities for commencing Christian work; but for some years, with such small result, that thirty years ago, the Amoy Missions could only reckon twenty converts. But, as is invariably the case in China, though the good seed sown seems to have died, some does eventually bear fruit an hundredfold, and each Chinaman who becomes a Christian (in the face of much persecution and contempt), invariably contrives to influence others to follow his good example, and so Amoy now numbers three thousand communicants, besides a much larger number who are receiving Christian teaching. I mention this because it must surely increase our interest in any place, to know that it is the home of so many of our fellow Christians.

As seen from the foreign settlement, the main isle is very picturesque. The city rises all up the side of a steep hill, and is encircled by a mighty wall, so broad that its summit affords a good paved roadway, by which one may walk round and obtain a fine general view of the densely crowded city. Walks, such as these, are a distinctive feature of most Chinese towns of any importance. Within them lies a labyrinth of dirty streets and markets, with bewildering crowds for ever hurrying to and fro; even the main streets are so narrow that it is a mystery how the traffic can be carried on without ceaseless collisions. But even the poorest people are so polite to one another, and so careful in their movements, that such accidents scarcely ever happen.

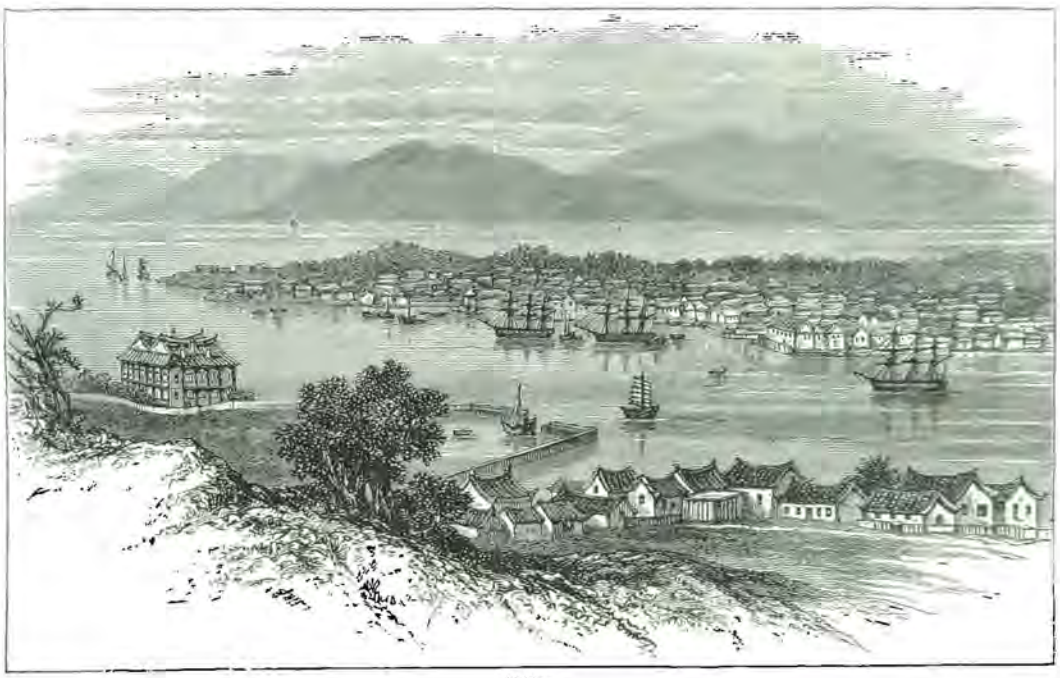
To a foreigner, each shop in a Chinese street presents some point of interest, were it only the extraordinarily gaudy tall sign-boards of all the little open shops, in which the patient shopkeepers sit awaiting custom. One of the special industries of Amoy is the manufacture of pretty little ornaments in bright coloured silk crape for ladies' heads. They are suggestive of birds or flowers, but entirely fanciful. Even the poorest women generally contrive to procure one or two of these to adorn their glossy black hair, which shines in the sunlight. One branch of this trade is the manufacture of artificial flowers for the family of the Emperor, not for their own adornment, but to offer at the tombs of the Imperial dead. Strange to say, our pretty custom of scattering flowers over graves, is in China a privilege reserved for the Imperial family, and they prefer artificial flowers to real ones. Every one else, from the highest noble to the poorest coolie, must be content to offer ornaments of red and white paper.

One thing which must strike the most casual observer in Amoy is the excellence of the fish-supply. Both river and sea-fish, salt and fresh, are conspicuous by their abundance, as is also the supply of bamboo oysters, so-called because they are artificially bred on this coast, where bamboo oyster-fields are prepared more carefully than any hop-field. Holes are bored in old oyster shells, which are then stuck into pieces of split bamboo, about two feet in length. These are planted

close together on sand-flats between high and low water-mark, where strong tidal currents are said to bring the oyster-spat. Certainly the said spat is soon found adhering to the old shells, which in due time are covered with tiny oysters. The bamboos are then transplanted and set several inches apart; and within six months from the date when they were first planted, they yield a crop of well-grown oysters ready for the market. Not even the shells are wasted, for though Chinamen have learned to appreciate the luxury of transparent glass, a large number of oyster-shells are still scraped down till they are so thin as to be translucent, when, neatly fitted together (like the diamond-shaped panes in the casements of our ancestors), they form the ornamental windows in the inner courts of rich men's houses.

population is about the most decent and cleanly section of society in all Chinese towns.

Of course, the Citadel is a point of special interest, though to the foreigners its brave defenders are chiefly suggestive of burlesques and pantomimes, as they lounge about in picturesque groups, some armed with bows and arrows, some with spears, while others only carry small ornamental banners on tall flag-staffs. Some, indeed, carry rifles remarkable for their length; but the majority of the firearms seem to consist of old flint-lock guns, more likely to damage the bearer than his opponent. This is peculiar, as China has of late years purchased and manufactured enormous stores of first-rate arms of all sorts, and it is strange that her soldiers should not be provided with these.



AMOY.

The island itself seems built up of successive ranges of barren hills, strewn in every direction with huge boulders of dark-red rock, and a ridge of the same crests the sky-line. Nowhere else have I ever seen so many boulders—they really look as if they must have dropped from the clouds! All along the shore and up the hill-sides they lie, overshadowing small temples and shrines, and nameless graves and fine old trees. In some places they have fallen together so as to form caves, which are furnished with stone seats and tables, all ready for Chinese picnic parties.

One great ridge divides the town itself, and is strongly fortified (according to Chinese views of fortifications), many big guns commanding the harbour, which is crowded with quaint native junks, wonderful both in form and colour, and also with an incredible number of small boats, each of which is the only home of its proprietor with his wife and children, and probably his parents also. Strange to say, this great boat

Alas! these poor soldiers have learnt from terrible experience to what danger they are exposed from the stores of ammunition which their rulers have so diligently accumulated at various ports, ready to resist possible invaders. All unknown to the British residents on Kulang-su, a great powder magazine had been established just across the harbour, and therein were stored four hundred tons of gunpowder. On the 21st of November, just after luncheon, while all were going about their peaceful avocations in the calm sunny afternoon, suddenly an appalling and deafening roar rent the air; the isle rocked as if shaken by an earthquake, and almost every house was more or less damaged; some fell in ruins, and few escaped shattered doors and windows, and fallen ceilings. The wife of the English Consul writes that her first consciousness of the disaster was that immediately after the terrific report she was conscious that her hair and dress were covered with powdered glass, and then she

realised that every pane of glass in the Consulate was shivered, the very window-frames being blown in, and every ceiling fallen.

Running out to learn the cause of the catastrophe, she saw dense volumes of thick smoke rising from the farther shore; then the wind blew the smoke towards the foreign settlement, darkening the heavens, and showering pieces of charred timber in every direction. This was the first intimation which residents in the Foreign Concession received of the fact that since the scare consequent on the bombardment of Foochow by the French, the Chinese had established a powder magazine just opposite to Kulang-su, and had there accumulated vast stores of ammunition. Happily the intervening strait greatly lessened the damage which would otherwise have been inevitable; but for that narrow strip of water, not a house would have remained standing in the Foreign Settlement.

The noise was followed by the momentary stillness of a people stunned and stupefied—and then there arose from the city the cries of maimed and terrified human beings in extremity of torture, or wildly wailing for the dead. How the calamity was caused can never be certainly known, for as the four hundred tons of gunpowder exploded they blew to atoms the forty-eight soldiers and the mandarin in charge of the magazine—besides killing or grievously injuring a multitude of peaceful people. There can be little doubt however that the aforesaid mandarin was the culprit, as he appears to have been in the habit of smoking while on duty in the magazine. On the day of the explosion he was superintending his men who were engaged in drying damp gunpowder, and current report affirms that even then his pipe was as usual alight.

In truth, one cannot but be struck by the pitiful lack of ordinary prudence in everything connected with this business, and especially in the selection of the site in this populous suburb of a great city. When this was chosen, four years ago by the The-tok (who unites the duties of Admiral and General at Amoy), the inhabitants ventured on strenuous remonstrances, but these were totally ignored; no wonder that when, after the explosion, this official visited the scene of the disaster, he was stoned by the survivors, and that his residence was mobbed by the homeless people.

Hundreds were more or less seriously wounded, either by the concussion, the falling of houses, or the bursting of shells, filled with four-pronged spikes of iron destined for invaders. These inflicted horrible laceration. As to the luckless soldiers, coolies were employed to go about with baskets collecting their arms and legs and other fragments.

As usual, one catastrophe leads to another, and the houses in falling scattered fire, which broke out simultaneously in several places, and fanned by a sharp breeze, spread rapidly, raging for nine hours; the conflagration extending over fully one-fourth of the city. All the Christian Missions have sustained more or less damage. One reports that the sun shines through the roof of its church. The Presbyterian chapel had the roof damaged and all the doors and windows driven in, but these seem trifles in its wonderful preservation from total destruction, as some houses near it were set on fire by a rocket, and almost all buildings in the neighbourhood were burned. Happily when destruction seemed most imminent, the wind blew the flames towards the sea, and the chapel was spared. The house of the London Mission in the Foreign Concession suffered severely, all its doors and windows having been torn from their hinges and hurled into the rooms, while ceilings fell in with a crash. Happily no lives were lost in the foreign settlement, but the damage and the loss of life in the city were very terrible.

HYMNS ON THE NEW JERUSALEM.

REFERENCE has already been made in recent papers[1] to the many hymns founded upon the closing chapters of the Apocalypse, and describing the heavenly state under the figure of the New Jerusalem. That this is not the only, or even the primary intention of the inspired prophetic delineation, we have also attempted to show; yet the application has many points of truth, and is endeared to the heart of Christendom. In mediæval times the image of heaven as a celestial city appears in more than one famous hymn, the chief of which is attributed by the late Archbishop Trench to the eighth or ninth century; entitled *Hymnus in Dedicatione Ecclesiæ*, consisting of eight three-lined stanzas, and a doxology, the first stanza beginning:

Urbs beata Hierusalem, dicta pacis visio,
Quæ construitur in cælis vivis ex lapidibus[1]
Et angelis coornata ut sponsata comite.

(Blessed city, Jerusalem, called "Vision of Peace," reared in the heavens of living stones, and adorned by angels as a betrothed with her spouse.)

The hymn in an altered form was introduced into the Roman Breviary; and metrical translations, or rather imitations of it, by Dr. Neale and by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, appear in several hymnals, each beginning:

Blessed city, heavenly Salem:

Dr. Benson's version having been composed for the dedication of Wellington College, in 1863. The Latin hymn itself, as we have seen, purports to have been written "for the dedication of a

[1] See SUNDAY AT HOME, July, 1887, p. 525.

[1] The whole hymn may be found in Daniel's *Thesaurus Hymnologicus*, vol. i., p. 239; see also vol. iv., p. 193.

church;" at any rate, it is applied to such an occasion in its two concluding stanzas, descending from the thought of the spiritual city to that of the earthly temple.

How far the "Rhythm" of Bernard of Cluny in the twelfth century, from which we have Dr. Neale's "Jerusalem the Golden," was derived from the same source, it is impossible to say. The main intention of the two Latin poems is altogether different, Bernard's great theme being the contrast of this world's transitoriness and evil with the permanence and glory of the heavenly state.

Our own hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," comes to us from the *Urbs beata*, as imitated by a poet of the Elizabethan age, whose rugged but striking verses are given below. They are found in a MS. volume, in the British Museum (No. 15,225, "additional MSS."), small 4to, 124 pp., labelled "Songs MSS., Temp. Eliz.," without title, but with fly-leaf inscribed "Purchased at Bright's sale, 18 June, 1844. Lot 188." The volume contains thirty-six ballads and sacred poems, of a very miscellaneous description.[1] Among them is Sir E. Dyer's well-known poem:

My mind to me a kingdom is,

with some variations from the current text.[2] Another poem is headed, "A dittie most excellent for every man to reade, that doth intend for to repent and to amend with spede. To the tune of a rich merchantman, or John come kiss me now." The longest piece in the volume is entitled "The Parliament of Devils"—a quaint, satirical production. There are no dates in the book, but it may be confidently assigned to the time of Queen Elizabeth or James I., two, at least, of the ballads ending with allusions to "the King;" and one of them mentioning "James" by name.

That the collection was made by some Romanist is tolerably clear. Two of the poems are connected with the name of John Thewlis, a Roman Catholic priest, put to death at Lancaster in 1616. Another places the mystery of transubstantiation among miracles to be believed. Yet, in general, among the devotional pieces there is no very pronounced doctrinal bias. The thought of the New Jerusalem is evidently one dear to the writer's mind, as, besides the poem which we quote *in extenso*, there are two upon the same theme, one of which is expressly entitled "A Prisoner's Song." We give a brief specimen:

The walls of jasper stone be built
Most rich and fair that ever was;
The streets and houses paved and gilt
With gold more clene than crystal glass:
Her gates in equal distance be,
And each a glistening margarite;
Which comers-in far off may see—
A gladsome and a glorious sight!

But the following is by far the most considerable poem on the subject. It occupies pp. 72–74 of the MS., and is headed "A Song, made by F. B. P., to the tune of Diana." The initials have been variously interpreted; but it seems most probable that they stand for "Francis Baker Porter," a Roman Catholic priest and author, who was imprisoned in the Tower in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.[1]

The hymn, in the form now given, remained long unknown, but a paraphrase of it by David Dickson, a distinguished Scottish minister and professor in the seventeenth century (*d.* 1663), became popular, being often printed in Scotland as a broadside. This version expands F. B. P.'s twenty-six stanzas into sixty-two, much of the quaint beauty of the hymn evaporating in the process. Dickson altered the first line to

O mother dear, Jerusalem.

Dr. Horatius Bonar has printed the whole, with some interesting notes, in a little book entitled *The New Jerusalem: a Hymn of the Olden Time.*[2]

For the shorter version of the hymn, as contained in our hymn-books, we are probably indebted to the Rev. James Boden, of Eckington, near Chesterfield, at the beginning of the present century. At least, the earliest hymnal to which it can be traced is that made by Dr. Williams, of Homerton, and Mr. Boden, in 1801, as a supplement to Dr. Watts, in which this hymn is attributed to "The Eckington Collection," of which, however, nothing else is known. Burkitt, the Commentator, in 1693, had added to an abridged form of Dickson's hymn a verse which some hymnals still contain in a modified form:

Reach down, reach down thine arm of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up.
And sabbaths have no end.

We now give the hymn as it appears in the British Museum MS., with the anomalies in its antique spelling:

A Song mad by F. B. P. to the Tune of Diana.

Hierusalem, my happie home!
When shall I come to thee!
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joyes when shall I see?

O happie harbour of the saints!
O sweete and pleasant soyle!
In thee noe sorrow may be founde,
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

In thee noe sickenesse may be seene,
Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore;
There is noe Death, nor uglie Devill,
There is life for evermore.

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
Noe could, no darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
There God himselfe gives light.

There lust and lukar cannot dwell,
There envie beares noe sway;
There is noe hunger, heate, nor coulde,
But pleasure everie way.

[1] See Leisure Hour, March 20, 1862, p. 189: "A Scrap-book of the Olden Time."

[2] See Ward's *English Poets*, vol. i., p. 377.

[1] This is the view of the late Mr. D. Sedgwick, the well-known hymnologist. Others construe the initials "Francis Baker, Priest." See *Anglican Hymnology*, by the Rev. James King, M.A., p. 87

[2] See also Sunday at Home, Nov. 28, 1861, p. 763: "Songs of the New Jerusalem."

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!
God grant I once may see
Thy endlesse joyes; and of the same
Partaker aye to bee.

Thy wales are made of pretious stones,
Thy bulwarkes Diamondes square;
Thy gates are of right Orient pearle,
Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy terrettes and thy pinacles
With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verie streets are paved with gould,
Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of Ivorie,
Thy windoes cristale cleare,
Thy tyles are mad of beaten gould,
O God! that I were there.

Within thy gates nothinge doeth come
That is not passinge cleane,
Noe spider's web, noe durt, noe dust,
Noe filthe may there be seene.

Ah! my sweete home, Hierusaleme,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see.

Thy saints are crownd with glorie great,
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoyce,
Most happie is their case.

Wee that are heere in banishment,
Continuallie doe mourne;
We sighe and sobbe, we weepe and weale,
Perpetually we groane.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
Our pleasure is but paine;
Our joyes scarce last the lookeing on,
Our sorrowes still remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
Doth seeme as yeaster day.

Thy viniardes and thy orchardes are
Most beutifull and faire;
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
Most wonderfull and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
Continually are greene;
There groes such sweete and pleasant flowers
As no where else are seene.

There is nectar and ambrosia made,
There is muske and civette sweete;
There manie a faire and daintie Drugge
Are troden under feete.

There cinomon, there sugar groes,
There narde and balme abound;
What tounge can tell, or hart containe,
The joyes that there are found?

Quyt through the streetes with silver sound,
The flood of life doe flowe;
Upon whose bankes on everie syde,
The wood of life doth growe.

There trees for evermore beare fruite,
And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore doe singe.

There David stands with harpe in hand,
As master of the Quoere;
Tenne thousand times that man were blest
That might this musique heare.

Our Ladie singes magnificat.
With tune surpassinge sweete,
And all the virginns beare their parts
Siting above her feete.

Te Deum doth sant Ambrose singe,
Saint Augustine dothe the like;
Ould Simeon and Zacharie
Have not their songes to seeke.

There Magdalene hath left her mone,
And cheerefullie doth singe
With blessed saints, whose harmonie
In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem, my happie home!
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joyes that I might see!

Finis. *Finis.*

We cannot conclude this paper without referring to another hymn on the same fruitful theme, which may also have been suggested by F. B. P. and David Dickson, but which has some pathetic touches of its own. Samuel Crossman, the author, was prebendary of Bristol (*d.* 1683). His hymn, in parts, is found in many modern collections; Lord Selborne seems to have first drawn attention to it in an address at York 1866, when the hymn was sung by the choir with great effect. We give a few of the less familiar verses:

The stranger homeward bends,
And fighteth for his rest:
Heaven is my home, my friends
Lodge there in Abraham's breast.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

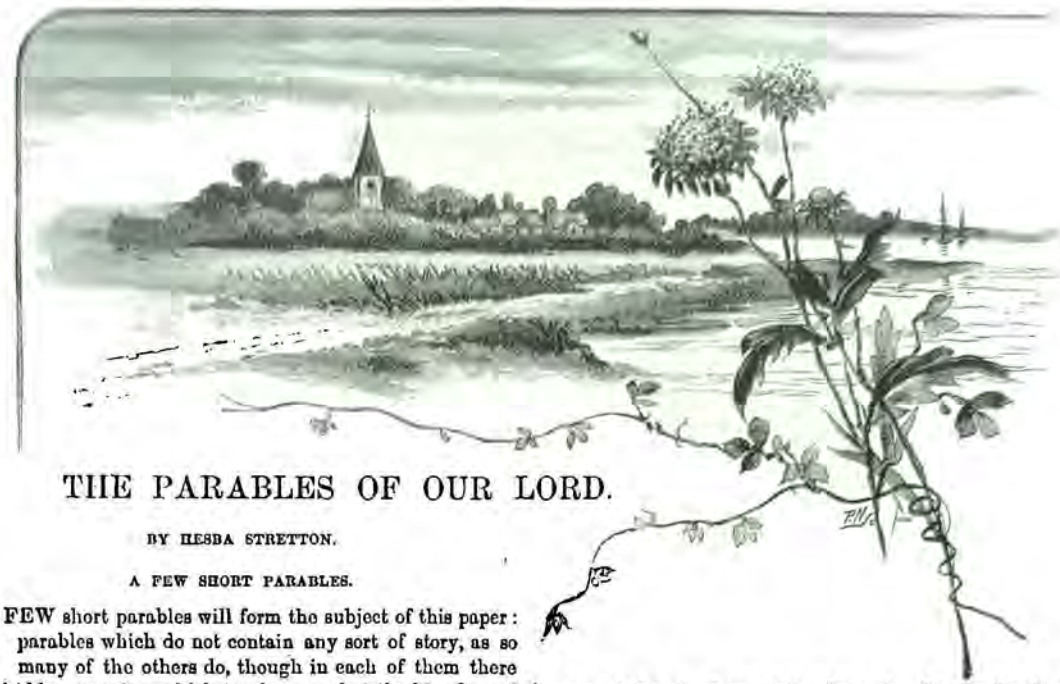
Earth's but a sorry tent
Pitched for a few frail days,
A short-leased tenement:
Heaven's still my song, my praise.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

No tears from any eyes
Drop in that holy choir;
But Death itself there dies,
And sighs themselves expire.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

There should temptations cease,
My frailties there should end;
There should I rest in peace
In the arms of my best Friend.
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

Jerusalem on high!
My song and city is,
My home whene'er I die,
The centre of my bliss:
O happy place! when shall I be,
My God, with Thee, to see Thy face?

MEDITATION. [*After Robert Beyschlag.*



THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

A FEW SHORT PARABLES.

A FEW short parables will form the subject of this paper: parables which do not contain any sort of story, as so many of the others do, though in each of them there is a hidden meaning, which teaches us what the kingdom of God is like. Where a king reigns he makes laws for his kingdom; and these short parables contain some of God's laws for His kingdom, both in the world and in our own hearts.

The parable of the Mustard-seed we find in Matt. xiii. 31, placed there as if our Lord spoke it immediately after the parable of the Tares. But in Luke xiii. 18, it seems as if He had spoken it in one of the synagogues on a Sabbath day, after He had healed a poor woman, who for eighteen years had been bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself. The ruler of the synagogue was filled with indignation, and reproached the people for coming to be healed on the Sabbath day; whereupon our Lord rebuked him so sharply that he and all the other adversaries were ashamed; and the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by Jesus Christ.

It is quite likely that our Lord uttered many of His parables more than once, when different people were listening to His teaching; but both in Matthew and Luke this parable of the Mustard-seed, and the next parable of the Leaven, seem to be spoken more to His foes than to His friends. They are a prophecy of how great the kingdom of God would become, though, when He spoke, it was like a grain of mustard-seed, and a little lump of leaven.

"As small as a grain of mustard-seed" was a common proverb among the Jews, and meant that it was so little as to be next to nothing. It was the smallest of all the seeds that men took the trouble to sow; nothing more trifling was worth their care. Yet, from this tiny, insignificant seed, there sprang a herb that sometimes grew as tall as one of the lower kinds of trees; it became the greatest among all herbs, with branches that could bear the weight of the birds that came to feed on its clusters of seed. Even when growing wild this mustard-plant attains the height of ten feet; but if planted in cultivated ground, such as a garden of herbs, it might be expected to grow into a "great tree," and shoot forth large branches.

The special point of this similitude to the kingdom of God is the exceeding smallness of the seed, and the greatness of the plant springing from it. Our Lord's disciples were probably disheartened by the parables they had just heard. In the parable of the Sower only a quarter of the good seed sown had brought forth fruit; and in the parable of the Tares they heard of a cunning and diligent enemy, busily sowing poisonous seeds in the same ground as the good seed. The constant opposition of the scribes and Pharisees to their Master discouraged them; and now He Himself had spoken parables which seemed to damp their hopes. But this parable was full of certain triumph.

One grain of mustard-seed a man took—not a handful: one grain which he could hardly see or grasp, and sowed it in his garden; and this tiny, almost invisible, grain sprang up into a "great tree." In his garden he planted it—not a field which is ploughed, and sown, and then harrowed, and left, till the harvest is ripe—but in a garden, where men walk to and fro daily, watching the growth of their herbs and fruits, and guarding them against blight and injury. The kingdom of God was like this.

So, when the hour came when our Lord should be crucified, it was like the single grain being sown in the garden of the world. His crucifixion seemed so trivial and insignificant an event that none of the great people of the earth took notice of it; it was similar to the death of thousands upon thousands of other men. But from that single death has sprung the great all-embracing religion of Christianity, which will some day draw every man under the shadow of its branches, where he will be safe from all tyranny and evil. In the meanwhile God watches the growth of this kingdom, as a man watches the growth of the plants in his garden.

Our own souls, also, may be likened to the garden of the Lord; each of them may be a "little spot of heavenly ground." One seed planted by God's hand there will become a great tree, and will bear fruit, which will satisfy all our hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A tiny seed of patience will grow into great long-suffering; the smallest seed of love will spring up into a far-reaching lovingkindness, which will care for all living beings. Nor shall we finish all our growth here. Through all the

endless ages which lie before us, we shall make new discoveries of fresh fruit on the tree of life. "To him that overcometh," says our Lord, "will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God."

THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN.

VERY similar to the insignificant, common-place act of a man sowing seed in his garden is the everyday household duty of a woman making bread. Our Lord often saw His mother and her neighbours making bread for their families. He and His family were poor people, and kept no servants. The corn had first to be ground into flour between two large and heavy stones, and only women and slaves were ever employed in this hard work, which was considered too menial for men. But I like to think that He Who took upon Himself the form of a bond-servant, or slave, did often share His mother's hard and tedious labours.

When the corn was ground the flour and water were first mixed together into a thick paste; and then a lump of old dough from the last baking, in a high state of fermentation, was hidden in the midst of it. The flour and water could be baked into unleavened cakes, but when once the leaven had penetrated into the paste, it was absolutely impossible to separate it again. It was a slow process, and the mass of kneaded flour and water, with the lump of leaven in the midst, was usually left to work during the night.

The thought of a kingdom of God upon earth was not a new one; it was common among the Jews from their earliest history. Christ took it, as the woman took the old piece of dough, and hid it in the great unleavened mass of the heathen world. He gave to the world the idea of a kingdom of righteousness, which should be in the heart, not in outer forms of worship: hidden, not seen, until it has so leavened the whole nature that righteousness cannot be separated from it. This process is extremely slow, but it is going on, and there is a desire for a universal reign of righteousness and peace. We are still in the darkness of the night, but the morning must come when all the world will be the kingdom of God.

The three measures of meal have by some been referred to the three continents then known to man—Europe, Asia, and Africa, or Libya, over which the Romans had extended their victories. All these countries were heathen, the Jewish nation alone possessing a knowledge of the true God. From that little land of Palestine, where our Lord lived and died, the doctrines of Christianity have spread, and are still spreading throughout the world. The customs and maxims of every nation are influenced by Christianity; and, in proportion as the power of the Gospel is felt, they become altogether purer, and higher, and better, just as leavened bread is lighter, more pleasant, and more wholesome than unleavened bread.

But in the three measures of meal we may also see the deeper and more personal meaning of the body, mind, and spirit of man. Christ may hide the leaven of His life and His Spirit in our hearts; and it will work within us until every thought and feeling of our spirits, every thought of our minds, and every action of our bodies, are brought into harmony with the will of God.

"The kingdom of God is within you," says our Lord. No outward forms, no mere worship in words, are of any avail; they will not satisfy either God or ourselves. The leaven must be hidden in our inmost natures, and must work through to the outward and visible signs of our characters. Only in this are we different from the mass of unleavened dough into which the woman put the leaven: we may resist having the leaven hidden in our hearts. It is necessary for us to yield ourselves to the influence of God's Holy Spirit.

Many a man who had listened to the parable of the Mustard-seed would think of it as he walked to and fro in his garden in the cool of evening, wondering what the Teacher meant when He spoke it. Many a poor toil-worn woman, as she kneaded the bread for her household, would remember what the Master had said in her hearing about the leaven hidden in the meal; and, though she might not understand its meaning, the very thought of Jesus Christ and of the kingdom of God would do her good, and make her work seem lighter. The kingdom of God was like unto these simple, common, everyday things, and suited to working-people; it was no far-off, great, and splendid kingdom, with which only the learned, and the rich, and the noble had to do.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. IV.—THE TABERNACLE.

1. How would you describe the tabernacle?

2. What were the chief objects in it?

3. Various names are used in speaking of it. Find texts as follows:—

   a. Two in which it is called a *house.*
   b. Two in the Revised Version, where it is called a *tent.*
   c. Two in the Old Testament, and one in the New, where it is called a *sanctuary.*
   d. Two in which the word *temple* is used to describe it.

4. Find two passages where it is called the *tabernacle of witness*, and give the reason why it should be so called.

5. Which of the early Christians refers to it under this name?

6. On one occasion Moses called it the *tabernacle of the congregation.* What word has the R.V. substituted for *congregation*, and why is it more appropriate?

7. Where was the tabernacle set up after the people entered Canaan?

8. Whose early life was spent mostly in the service of the tabernacle?

9. Whither was it removed afterwards, and by whom?

10. What saying of David's refers to the tabernacle, and what purpose of his does it indicate?

11. Why was he not allowed to carry out his purpose?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. III.—p. 206.—1 Sam. xvi. 13.

"Then Samuel took the horn of oil, and anointed him (David) in the midst of his brethren: and the Spirit of the Lord came upon David from that day forward. So Samuel rose up and went to Ramah."

(1) 1 Sam. xvi. 4-13; (2) 8-13; (3) xvii. 28; (4) xvi. 10, 11; (5) 13; (6) xix. 18; (7) Heb. xi. 32; (8) 1 Sam. iii. 13, 18; xv. 19; (9) 2 Sam. xii. 7-9; (10) 1 Sam. viii. 3; 2 Sam. xv. 6, 10; (11) 1 Sam. xv. 33; (12) xxvii. 8-12; (13) Judges iv. 5; (14) 1 Sam. xvi. 13; (15) Num. xxvii. 18; 1 Sam. x. 10; Judges xiii. 25; (16) 1 Sam. ii. 18, 19; (17) xvi. 23, 1, 18, 4, 13, 14, 4, 11, 1, 18, 2, 19, 20, 13, 20; (18) xvi. 13.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Sunday Recreations of the Rich were the subject of a memorial recently presented to the Upper House of Convocation by the Lord's Day Observance Society. When the subject came up for discussion the Bishop of London said he thought the allegation of the memorial was true—that there had been of late a very marked increase in the employment, by the upper classes of society, of the afternoon and evening of the day for amusements of various kinds; but that this change had been quietly taking place over a number of years, and was more conspicuous in London than elsewhere, only by reason of the facilities afforded, and the concentration of gaieties within the brief summer season. The Bishop of Exeter believed there were a good many earnest people who continued to keep the English Sabbath, but said there was especial danger in the present day of "not giving sufficient quietness and thought to the higher concerns of life." The Bishop of Winchester said that as regarded the working classes, the large immigration of foreigners had tended to diminish the popular respect for the day. After some further discussion, the following resolution was adopted: "The attention of the Upper House of Convocation having been directed to the discontinuance of Sunday observation, which appears to have increased of late years, even amongst those who have fullest leisure on other days, and with a consequent increase of Sunday labour, the House deems it to be its duty to appeal to the clergy, to all instructors of the young, and to all who exercise influence over their fellow men, not to suffer the church and the country to lose the priceless benefits of the rest and sanctity of the Lord's Day. Its reasonable and religious observation is for the physical and moral health of all ranks of the population, and to it our national well-being has been largely due." As to the actual state of things, the "Standard," as a secular newspaper, may perhaps be accepted as an authority. "Theatrical performances, comic recitations, exhibitions of jugglery, lawn tennis, and carpet dances are all ways of spending Sunday afternoon or evening which, in a preceding generation, would have shocked even those amongst us who were not considered exceptionally straight-laced. The spectacle now to be witnessed at Maidenhead Bridge on a Sunday afternoon in summer would never have been tolerated thirty years ago. And only people of very doubtful reputation would have ventured in the brilliant four-in-hands which, covered with elegantly-dressed ladies, can now be seen, Sunday after Sunday, driving down to some suburban resort. The change is certainly not for the better. Whether there are persons to be found who can share in these Sunday gaieties without violence to the sentiments of the day, or any forgetfulness of the duties of which it is meant to be a reminder, we will not undertake to pronounce, though we have a strong opinion on the subject. But thus much may be said, at all events, without fear of contradiction, that if such pleasure-seekers do not injure themselves by the practices to which we refer, they most indisputably cause harm to other people. Such amusements cannot be enjoyed without compelling servants, hotel-keepers, tradespeople, artists, and a host of others to take part, whether they like it or not, in these very equivocal entertainments." The causes of this change may be easily suggested; the consequences that must follow any general movement in this direction are not less apparent. But similar practices have prevailed before, and were checked by the revival of spiritual religion; and this is still the surest weapon against every kind of worldliness.

"THE Dictionary and Grammar of the Congo Language, as spoken at San Salvador," compiled and prepared for the Baptist Mission by the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, must be ranked among the missionary achievements of the past year. It is a volume, every page of which testifies to the industry and ability of the compiler. Future years will be indebted to it, and it will remain as one more evidence of the manifold services rendered by missionary enterprise to civilisation. It bears the following dedication: "This work, undertaken solely in the service of the King of kings, is most respectfully dedicated to His Majesty Leopold III., King of the Belgians, and Sovereign of the Congo Free State, by His Majesty's gracious permission."

When Mr. Comber, in 1879, arrived on the Congo with three helpers, of whom Mr. Bentley was one, the party settled for a while at San Salvador, where they had to build their own house. As a rule, they were hard at work from six o'clock in the morning till sundown, and in the evening they had to teach some of the lads of the town, who would not wait till the building was over. Amid all this work and travelling they made their first study of the language, having nothing to help them beyond a short vocabulary of some forty or fifty words. "The elder sons of the king, and one or two others, possessed some knowledge of Portuguese; they helped us," says Mr. Bentley, "in our early palavers, and occasionally gave us some words; but they had their own business affairs, and could not give us much time. The children, however, were always at hand, and words could be caught more easily from them, as they articulated more distinctly. Every word gained was noted, entered in our memorandum books, and in the evening we each reported to the other all that had been acquired, and further discussed the new words. Our vocabulary steadily increased as we talked or played with the children, or initiated our scholars into the mysteries of reading and writing. The alphabet was arranged, and the force of letters decided upon. Some words were gained as we worked with the men who helped us in building our houses, timber cutting, quarrying limestone, or in cutting the canoe to transport the stone to the holes in which the Portuguese had burnt their lime long ago. Also when travelling, or doctoring the sick, we collected words, and thus added daily to our lists."

So year by year the stores of knowledge increased, and opportunities of comparison came with the exploration of the country. After five years spent abroad, Mr. Bentley (whose contributions to our pages readers will remember) returned home for a time, and devoted himself to the preparation of this dictionary and to the work of translation, in aid of the mission. He was hindered by the temporary loss of sight, and prolonged ill health, but persevered, and by the aid of his wife, during the time of his blindness was enabled to complete his task.

The Congo language takes its place by the side of the Swahili, the Zulu, and the Pongwe, as one of the typical languages of the Bantu family. "Although the Bantu people," writes Mr. Bentley, in explanation, "present to the casual observer no appreciable physical difference from what is known as the Negro race, being similar in colour, hair, etc., and sharing the same superstition as to witchcraft, etc., they are in language as widely distinct as it is possible to conceive. It is a recognised fact, that the Bantu and Negro families of languages are as far apart from each other as from the Aryan, Semitic, or Ural-Altaic. Indeed, the natives of the Cameroons, and those on the Niger River, although living so near together, have no more in common, as far as the language is concerned, than they have with English and Chinese. While the family likeness in radical, grammatical, and syllabic construction is easily distinguished in Bantu tribes, however remote from each other, there cannot be found a trace of such resemblance between the two frontier peoples above referred to, either in roots, in general grammatical rules, or even in construction of syllables; and these two samples of the two great races, taken from places so near to each other, may be, without hesitation, regarded as types." Thus much for the language and people among whom Mr. Bentley is now once again actively engaged.

THE Archbishop of Dublin, preaching in London on behalf of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society, said a great spiritual work was being wrought out in Spain and Portugal, which when we remember the difficulties with which it has had to contend can only be ascribed to the influence of that Holy Spirit by whom the whole body of the church is sanctified and governed. "This work is in a land where we should least expect to find it, in the land

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

BY E. EVERETT GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.—LESSONS.

"HUBERT'S BOY."

AFTER that wet, dreary Sunday evening, a new life seemed to open out before Joan Edington. That first talk with Roy, when the veil of reserve had been fairly drawn aside, was followed by many more, and two young spirits, more or less weighed down by despondency and doubt, were brought closer together in warm human comradeship, whilst they helped each other upwards and onwards along the path that both desired to tread.

Nothing could have been better for Roy at this juncture of his life than the spiritual

hunger his words had aroused in his cousin Joan. Roy had been learning many lessons of late, and had been developing with unconscious rapidity. The sudden break in the quiet monotony of his life, and the strange revelations that had come one after another upon him, had all done their work in moulding his character and bringing out the stuff of which it was made. Temptation was not altogether new to him. He had had many battles of late with unworthy thoughts and suspicions, and, on the whole, he had triumphed over these successfully. He had never harboured for long any mean distrust or thought of jealous covetousness, and if his victories had not been won in the best strength, still they had been won, and his mind was braced to resist evil as it had not been in the happier times when all had been smooth and easy before him. Since those days of severe illness, when in his hours of weakness he had clung to his brother as if for salvation itself, and had been gently taught to look elsewhere for greater help and strength, the boy had known many earnest thoughts and strivings. He had been taught his own weakness in full measure, and many, many times had he called to mind Marcus's words of brotherly counsel, and had repeated to himself his warning that sometimes in very love the props in which we trusted are taken away, that our hearts may be drawn upwards, where true support is always to be found.

All this came back upon Roy when he found himself alone indeed. It was then, in his desolation and misery, in his aching longing for counsel and help and strength, that the poor boy thought of all he had been told—lessons that had hitherto fallen on half unheeding ears —and learned for himself the truth those words contained. Trusting, frank, and loving, he had no doubts to hold him back, and his indifference had all melted in this hour of extreme need. Almost in despair, he turned at first to the Stronghold which had sheltered so many others before him, and he found with a sort of wondering joy and gratitude that it was open, also, to him.

Those days, therefore, outwardly so peculiarly desolate, were full of strange chastened happiness to the lonely boy. It seemed to him that almost in proportion as he learned himself outcast, orphaned, and desolate, the wings of the Everlasting Love folded more closely about him; and if he had something to bear from the memory of Roger's cruel taunts and cutting reproaches; if the knowledge that his father had brought shame upon himself and ruin upon others pierced him to the heart, as much as did the realisation that he had never really known a mother's love—that she whom he had so fondly cherished was no blood relation of his own; yet there was strange, sweet consolation in the sense that one Father was watching over him yet, and that nothing could ever sever him from that sonship or that eternal all-knowing love and pity. It gave him strength and resolution to bear all, and to bear it patiently. Was it not an honour to be called on to suffer even a little, where Christ had suffered so much?

But as we all know so well this first sense of exultation and elevation of spirit is but too likely to be followed by a reaction in proportion to its intensity. Deep and sincere as our devotion may be, human nature will assert itself, and a time of depression or deadness follow upon any severe strain of feeling. But Roy was saved from this most trying fall by Joan's sudden call upon his help. She appealed to him to teach her what he had but just learned himself, and in leading another darkened soul into the light that had shone upon his own path, Roy learned a deeper and more earnest trust, and took an ever closer hold upon the truth that had suddenly become so much to him.

He had other lessons too to learn in those days—lessons of patience, kindliness and forbearance that had never been brought before him quite in the same way before. Mrs. Edington, who was anxious (to use a common phrase) to get out of Roy as much as she could, and make him worth his keep, suggested to him, that he could not better employ his leisure hours than by instilling into the hard heads of her unruly boys some of that elementary knowledge of Latin and Greek and mathematics of which they stood so sadly in need. Archie and Dick had been educated in a most casual and hap-hazard fashion. Joan had taught them to read and write and cypher when they were little fellows, and they were still driven to the school-room sometimes to be instructed in history, geography or grammar; but they were so noisy and unruly that no way was ever made with them, and though Roger professed sometimes to give them a little classical teaching, the amount learned was practically nothing.

It cannot be said that Roy was exactly elated at the prospect of becoming tutor to these two young ruffians; but when he reflected why it was that they had never been to school or had proper instruction at home, he felt that he ought to be more than willing to do everything in his power for them, and at least to put them in the way of acquiring knowledge themselves.

He easily obtained the requisite books from the Hermitage and set himself to work with great good will to the task. He was used to boys and their ways, having been educated by Mr. Kynaston with his own sons, but never in all his life had he come across boys like these.

For the first few mornings the novelty of the thing kept the youngsters tolerably amenable, and Roy made everything as easy and interesting as possible; but when once learning with Roy had ceased to be a sort of new game to play, they became entirely and hopelessly unmanageable—shouted, laughed, flung about their books, played all kinds of practical jokes upon their young tutor, and if called to order or seriously remonstrated with, set him at open defiance.

Roy was too young to have any moral authority, and too weak and lame to be able to exert any of the physical power of compulsion that would have produced some good effect upon boys of this calibre. The whole thing was such a farce that at the end of ten days he told Mrs. Edington plainly it was useless attempting the task; but

he found to his dismay that she was entirely of a different opinion. They were so used to this kind of behaviour on the part of the boys that nobody in the house thought anything of it. "You will get them into shape in time," was the encouraging answer he got, "you must have a little patience and perseverance."

Roy set his teeth and braced himself up to the task, resolved that nothing should make him complain, but his daily battles with his refractory pupils became a source of dread to him, and he really had not the strength to cope with them or to stand the strain and the fatigue. Things were just a little better when Mildred got leave to join the "boys' classes," for she was intelligent and liked the novelty of learning Latin, and "doing sums with x's and y's and z's" as she called it, or grappling with the eccentricities of the Greek alphabet. She set a good example to the boys, and if they did not follow it, at least Roy had the satisfaction of one amenable pupil, and Mildred was willing to assist him in enforcing order in a fashion that was sometimes more effective than orthodox; but the long hours and the perpetual struggle told perceptibly upon Roy, and if he did not complain or give in, it was only because he was learning patience and perseverance in a more practical form than he had ever been called upon to do before, and because he was very wishful to learn the lesson to some purpose.

Yet all the same he was very thankful to hear a piece of news with which Mildred came flying to the schoolroom one day about the middle of October.

"Oh, do listen, everybody! Such a thing is going to happen! Our Aunt Julia, you know, mamma's sister, who went to India when she married, and has always been there since, has come back for six months, and has taken a house in London, and she wants mamma and papa and all of us to go and see her and her children, and she'll pay all the expenses, and mamma says she thinks she shall take all, all four of us, I mean, not Aunt Joan and not Roy. I'm sorry Roy isn't to come, but of course Aunt Julia doesn't know anything about him, and we're to stay a week, and perhaps longer, and I think it will be lovely, if only those horrid boys will not go and spoil everything by their disgusting ways."

Mildred gabbled off this astonishing piece of news all in a breath, and of course an immense hubbub arose instantly. The boys jumped about and made a fearful uproar, whilst little Nellie shrank nearer to Roy and looked more frightened than pleased.

"I think I'd rather stay at home with Roy."

"Oh, but you can't," cried Mildred. "Mamma says perhaps she shall take you to a doctor to see if he can make you better, and, besides, Aunt Julia has never seen us, and she particularly wants us all to come. Mamma will have to get us a new frock each—she said so, and mine is to be longer, down to the top of my boots, and perhaps I shall do up my hair if I know a nice way of doing it. I wish you had some sisters, Roy; perhaps then you would be able to tell me how."

Roy laughed at that, but he entered with great zeal into all the preparations, and was not at all sorry to think of the holiday he should himself have during their absence. He was anxious to be prosecuting his own interrupted studies; but after his hours of teaching he had so little strength or energy left that he could seldom manage anything that wanted steady thought: and he was more disposed to read a story book to the children than to study himself.

Mrs. Edington gave Joan a good many cautions not to be wasteful in her absence, or to pamper Roy too much. She did not see why the study should not be made into the general sitting-room, and Joan said she did not see why not either. It was by far the warmest and pleasantest room in the house, and would be much better for Roy. Nothing kept the biting east wind out of the lad's room, and if only she could persuade her father to get over his repugnance to seeing the boy, she felt sure he would take to him, as the rest of them had done. She would be very glad indeed if she could conquer this unreasonable prejudice, as she believed that Roy would do her father good, as he had done good to her.

A few days of bustle and hard work followed, and then came the noisy start of a family unaccustomed to travel. Joan and Roy watched the departure of the party with mixed feelings, but for the present, in the minds of both, relief preponderated over everything else.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE GREAT-UNCLE.

JOAN said nothing to Roy of what was in her mind; but she had plans of her own working in her head, and she was resolved that this interlude of quiet and loneliness should be made a sort of holiday to those left behind at Windmill House.

Pinching, economical ways might in the main be necessary, but she knew that the household funds had lately been considerably augumented, and she was determined that her father and Roy should profit to a certain extent by the windfall. She began to suspect that a more rigid economy than was needful was enforced; she did not resent this on her own account, but her father was growing old, and somewhat enfeebled, and could stand asceticism less well than of yore, whilst Roy was getting visibly more pale and thin, and falling into a languid state that indicated, even to Joan's inexperienced eyes, a marked retrogression in health. He never complained, but she knew that he felt the cold severely, by the way in which he would hobble down to the fires, whenever he could; but the last few days he had not appeared downstairs much, and she was certain that his foot was worse, and that he was afraid of the stairs.

The first thing that she did therefore after Roger's departure, was to get up a cheery fire in her father's study, and the next was to fetch Roy from his cold, cheerless room, and establish him in an arm chair on the opposite side of the hearth.

The old man had not heard their entrance. He was seated before his secretary, and was

deeply engrossed in some calculations before him. His hearing was not very acute, and he never heeded Joan's comings and goings. Roy sat very still, enjoying the warmth and comfort, and rather excited by the success of Joan's schemes of introduction, and he studied the face of the old man, seen in profile as he sat, with great interest and intentness. It was a fine face he thought. Joan had evidently inherited her broad brow and good features from him, and the harsh lines indicative of cupidity and avarice were not visible just now. Roy wondered if this oblivion of his presence were studied or not, wondered what kind of a greeting he might presently expect, but he was too languid to care very much, as he had been too languid to resist the intrusion insisted on by Joan; and very soon the unwonted sense of luxury and well-being produced its natural effect upon his weakened frame, and Roy who seldom slept well at nights now, disturbed as he was by a harassing cough and an aching foot, fell sound asleep in his chair by the fire.

Presently Andrew Edington put away his book with a great sigh, and turned round to the glow of the fire. Then it was he saw the slight figure opposite, lying back in the great easy chair, the thin white face plainly visible in the flickering fire-light, the whole attitude of the sleeper betraying the abandonment of absolute repose and unconsciousness. The old man started violently, and caught the arms of his chair.

"Joan!" he whispered hoarsely, "Joan—who is that?"

"It is Roy," answered Joan in low guarded tones. "I brought him here, because Caroline wishes us to use this room as a parlour in their absence. I was sure you could not object to that. There is a bitter wind to-day, and he has a bad cough. He could not stay in his bedroom."

The old man made no response, only gazed and gazed at the sleeping face.

"Hubert's boy," he murmured at last to himself. "Hubert's boy, whom I promised to guard and care for as my own, should need arise. Why did you bring him here, Joan?" he asked, turning sharply upon his daughter. "You knew I did not wish to see him."

"I thought you could hardly mind now—he has been here so long," answered Joan in her stolid way, "and one fire costs less than two. You and Roy both want warming up in this kind of weather. I wish, father, you would give me some money. I want to make things more comfortable for you, now that we are going to be alone together a little while. We need not tell Roger or Caroline anything about it."

It was the first time in her life that Joan had made quite so bold a request; but some instinct warned her that she had a better chance of success at this juncture. He gazed at her almost as if he thought her off her head; but then he rose softly and bent several minutes over the sleeping boy.

"Is he ill?" he asked, looking round.

"He is not well, I think: but he never says anything about it."

"Was he like this when he first came here?"

"No, he looked better then; but he has not been strong for a long time."

The old man again fell to studying the sharpened face, remaining so very long standing over the boy that Joan feared such close scrutiny would awake him. Then he turned suddenly round, unlocked a drawer, and took out the pocket-book Joan had seen once or twice before. To her very great satisfaction three sovereigns were hastily thrust into her hand, whilst the miser turned his head away, as if fearing even to look upon the treasure with which he was parting.

"Take it," he said, "and make the best use of it—for him, you understand—for him. Don't talk about it to Roger. He would call it wicked waste. But—but—he is Hubert's boy—and he has a look of his father as he lay dead. Don't let him die too!" he added, almost fiercely, turning upon Joan with a sudden imperious gesture. "I won't have him die, I say. I don't like this business—I never did. I told Roger so from the first; but he would have his way. I'm getting an old man now. I can't stand up against Roger."

Andrew Edington stumbled back to his chair again, and Joan hurried away with the treasure, half afraid lest the impulse of unwonted generosity might pass, and the money be recalled before she could conceal it safely. She was exhilarated by the success of her experiment, and on the strength of her victory she ventured to add to the ordinary tea a dish of fried bacon and some eggs, a quite unwonted luxury at Windmill House.

The rattle of the tray as she brought it in roused Roy from his slumbers. He looked round with a start, and met the old man's keen dark eyes fixed full upon him.

He rose to his feet and slowly crossed the intervening space.

"I hope I am not intruding upon you, sir. Your daughter thought you would be kind enough to excuse my presence here to-day."

The old man took his extended hand for a moment and then dropped it quickly.

"You are very welcome," he said, in an odd voice.

"Thank you, very much," said Roy with boyish frankness. "Can't I help you with your tray, Joan? shall I pull up this table for you?"

He tried to help her, but desisted with a start of pain; and laughed a little at his awkwardness.

"Go and sit down again," said Joan with quiet authority, "I can manage best alone."

"What makes you so lame?" asked Andrew Edington sharply.

"I met with an accident a few months back, and haven't been quite right since."

"Nor anything like right to judge by your action; were you like this when you came here?"

"Not nearly so bad," said Joan briefly.

"What have you done to get worse?"

Roy's face was flushed now, and he answered with a light laugh, "Nothing, sir, I assure you, I have a capital time for rest. If my foot does not get better it is its own fault, nothing to do with the place."

Andrew Edington said no more, and never opened his lips during the remainder of the evening. But he listened to every word that passed between his daughter and their guest, and his bright eyes beneath their bushy brows hardly ever quitted Roy's face.

Some of the brightness so characteristic of the boy had come back to him to-night. The genial warmth of the fire, the sense of comfort and leisure, and the feeling of being admitted at last into the inner sanctuary of the household, brought with it a sort of pleasant satisfaction. Roy laughed his genuine boy's laugh as he regaled Joan with reminiscences of his past life—nothing of a personal character exactly, but anecdotes about his friends and himself, queer sayings and ludicrous bits of adventurous mischief. He had not often of late been in so bright a mood, and Joan enjoyed it as much as he did. Only she would have been better satisfied if he would have eaten his food instead of playing with it merely. Her own appetite was so sharply set that she could not understand his indifference, even to the unwonted luxury of fried bacon.

But he was quietly merry all the evening, taking her knitting away and making a pretence of doing it himself, and making her show him how to hold the needles and pass the wool over them. He told her tales from history and fiction and wished he had some particular book to read to her—a good ghost story to give her the horrors on a stormy night. Joan smiled and thought her nerves could stand even that.

He grew tired at length and assented to her hint that he should go to bed. He thanked his uncle again for letting him come to his study, and said with his bright sunny smile what a pleasant evening he had had.

"You can come again whilst they are all away," was the indifferent answer. That is Roger's chair and I rather like to see some one in it, you can just as well occupy it in his absence; after he comes back you must settle it with him."

Roy thanked him warmly and went away; but Joan noticed that her father did nothing all that evening but stare silently into the fire, a look upon his face which she did not remember ever having seen there before.

"ONE ANOTHER."

BY THE REV. R. F. HORTON, M.A.

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works."—*Heb.* x. 24.

THIS very beautiful text comes in the midst of a group of exhortations which follow upon the exposition of the New Covenant. Because the new covenant is what it is, therefore these injunctions have their claim upon us. The old faith of Judaism was good, but the new faith of Christ is better. If Judaism could produce a consecrated people, with a deep religious life, a life marked by singular mutual sympathies and interests, how much more should the new faith produce such a people, and such a life! For the old was but the type, the sketch, the outline of the new. Judaism had its sacrifices, offered every day; but now a sacrifice has been offered, complete and final. Judaism had its priests, mortal men, frail as well as mortal; now we have one great High Priest always with us, unfailing and effectual. In Judaism there was a Holy of Holies into which only the high priest might enter, and he but once a year; our High Priest has, through the veil which is His flesh, admitted us into a still holier of holies, has called us to dwell in the secret place of the Most High, to abide under the shadow of the Almighty, enabling us to repossess that Eden from which Adam was driven with flaming angel swords.

Think what a holy of holies this is to which the blessed Lord has brought us. We are not kept in the outer court of seeking, where strangers and proselytes wait for a doubtful boon; we are not even detained in the large temple-chamber where the spirit is taught merely by symbols, by candlesticks, and shewbread, and incense altars; but we are taken through the veil—the rent veil of our dear Lord's sufferings for us—into the innermost shrine where is the open mercy seat, the great and real Propitiatory (ch. ix. 5). In this holy place we find cleansing added to pardon, and power added to cleansing; we are allowed to hold unbroken communion with God. Yes, and not only *through* the High Priest do we enter, but also *with* Him. He abides with us, a High Priest over the hallowed temple, and the head of His beloved household; revered and adored as Priest, loved and approached with sweet familiarity as head of the household. Do pause, dear Christian heart, and think what all this means!

Now since we are called to such a holy and happy life as brethren of our dear Lord, we are exhorted to draw near (v. 22) believing, pardoned, washed. We need not hesitate or doubt; unfalteringly we may lay hold of all that is involved in this relationship with Christ; for it does not depend upon our wavering purpose or limited strength, it depends upon Him, and "He is faithful that promised." We, all of us, a company of communicants with Christ, are exhorted to consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; we are told not to neglect

our assemblies, which should lead to mutual stimulus and aid; they are not antiquated; on the contrary, they gather new meaning every year, because the day is approaching, the day when the general assembly will be gathered, and the firstborn will be summoned to enter into their birthright. These earthly assemblies are the appointed means by which we prepare for the great assembly, and acquire the pledges of our inheritance as the firstborn.

Sit down in a quiet moment and sum up all the truths which this chapter touches on—set before your spirit the position of the Christian as this chapter sketches it; then, by faith in Christ, enter in and take possession. As, by this act of faith, you become aware of the spiritual facts, you will find them almost unconsciously spurring you on to the highest endeavours; they will concentrate your thoughts on this practical command which we have singled out from the rest; its yoke will seem easy, its burden light.

First, we are told to "consider one another." This expression, "one another," seems to be the keynote of the Gospel. We shall understand it better if we contrast it with the keynotes of the world and of ethical philosophy. The keynote of the world is "self." Let us consider self; that is the world's precept; yes, always the same dreary, diseased, centring in self, until all high thought is lowered and all pure love is soured. The world means it very seriously, and goes on preaching it in spite of thousands of years of failure; it presumes on our ignorance of the past, and it appeals to a treacherous ally in our own hearts. On the other hand, the noblest ethical philosophy bids us to consider "others." In uncompromising terms Altruism denounces Egoism. Very high and beautiful, though cold and chilling, is the categorical imperative of the moralist. The worst of it all is that the standard is unattainable. If self-sacrifice means self-loss it ceases to command our obedience; it has no sanction. The doubt creeps in—can it be the order of the world that all the best men and women should prostrate themselves before the selfishness of others; give up their own existence, cease to be, in order that the rest may live and thrive upon their sacrifice? It is some such doubt as this which has rendered void the lofty command of ethics: "consider others."

But "consider one another" at once presents the ideal. What is true in the world's demand is met, what is practicable in the demand of ethics is realised also. When we consider one another, each may safely cease to care for self, because all are caring for each; none can be neglected or forgotten; all will be amply considered, while none will be required to waste the fine powers of the spirit in the one withering and ruinous practice of self-centred thought. This is the mark of the household of God. Its motto is "one another."

Second. What is meant by considering? Well, it means several things. It means observing, but it also means observing thoughtfully, bringing our mental powers to bear upon the object, and such thoughtful observation leads to interest and sympathy, so that by "consideration" we usually intend something very near to the tact and forethought which can only come from love. When we are told, then, to consider one another we must take it to mean a tender and patient study of one another's characters. You are to look upon your brother, your sister, in Christ with a vivid interest in discovering all the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies which make each human being separate and distinct from all others. We want personal interest in one another, for it is not enough to know man, we must know men. We want to surround each other with an atmosphere of loving comprehension, to breathe upon one another the spirit of delicate discrimination and understanding.

Only in such circumstances can we human beings expand and grow to our full stature. There is a timid, shrinking spirit—quite a typical human being—shut up within itself, unthawed, ungenial, undeveloped, unutilised. The world has been to him a freezing and unsympathetic place; his fellow-creatures have touched him only to chill, or to exasperate, or to wound him. But now he comes into a society of men who regard him with considerate and discriminating interest, who make him perceive that they are concerned to know what is in him, and to develop all his latent powers. Watch him! Little by little in that warm and genial human sunshine he opens up the inner chambers of his being, and brings forth his treasures—yes, there are treasures there! —to the light.

If that true and beautiful thing called a church is ever to exist upon earth it will be composed of men and women so sunned and developed and trained, men and women whose frozen nature has first been thawed by the great love of God, and who, therefore, warm to one another with a kind of tender enthusiasm—approach one another with a feeling that they together constitute the temple of the Holy Ghost, but that each is a separate chapel, shrine, or oracle, infinitely sacred in the sight of the Lord.

Third. We have already caught a glimpse of the object which we must have in view when we engage in the task of considering one another. It is defined in the text in this way: *to provoke unto love and good works.*

It is true we may consider each other for lower reasons: we may delight in human nature for its endless play of passion and purpose; we may study men for the pleasure of criticising them, we may even find a malicious satisfaction in finding out their faults and holding them up to ridicule. A great deal of the apparent consideration which is to be found in a civilized society is tinged with these base thoughts. Tattling, scandal, heartburning, hatred, and scorn are among the evil consequences. But if we approach our fellow-men as members, together with us, of the Kingdom of Heaven, if we drink deeply of the spirit which fills the chapter before us, if we vividly realise that we are the ransomed people of God, the living branches of a Vine, which is our beloved Master, Jesus Christ, our interest in one another—an interest ever deepening, daily enriched—will be free from these low ends. We can have but one object in view.

Here are our fellow-creatures made in the image of God; we want to see that image developed in them, we want to awake in each one all the life of Christ, and all the capacities of service. No husbandman, looking at the plants and seedlings, can desire their perfection so fervently as we long to see these souls in the garden of Christ, which are God's husbandry, flourishing, flowering, bearing their fruit up to the full measure. How thoughtfully shall we consider one another to this end!

To provoke! It is a strange word. It is the Greek word which appears almost unchanged in English as *paroxysm*. All the intensity is meant, but not the transitoriness. Perhaps we get the idea better by going back to the original meaning—sharpening. As iron sharpeneth iron, so love provokes love. Every tender feeling rouses tender feeling in others; every breath of love nurtures some flower of love. Do you find people unloving? Perhaps it is because you do not love them. Try the plan of sharpening their love by loving them. Could there be a happier reflection at the end of the days than this: "There is that poor hearthstone where the fires had grown cold, it is now aflame again; there is that human spirit which had become cramped and wizened and peaked; it is now rounded out in full and wholesome development; and this is the result of my feeble service in the cause of the Master?"

But when we stir the love in human hearts, good works follow almost as a matter of course. Just as the warm tropical seas teem with all forms of life, so by a divine law lives which are warmed with love bring forth innumerable and manifold good works. Nor is this law altogether inscrutable. For, in the first place, many faculties of service lie unused in us because no one has called them into play. No discriminating love has been considering what gifts we were dowered with. Many of us are difficult to awaken, the spirit can only be touched on one side; the faculties can only be stimulated by one method of appeal. There are tendrils of our nature trailing in the dust, crushed and blighted, which must be very carefully and delicately picked up, nurtured if they are to grow. Thus the course of life is sometimes determined by the wise suggestion of a discerning friend. Mr. Darwin would not have gone on the voyage of the *Beagle*, but for his uncle, who feeling sure that he had special gifts as an observer and a naturalist, took the trouble to drive over to Shrewsbury at a critical moment to persuade the young man's father. And the voyage of the *Beagle* gave a bent to Darwin's whole life.

I have known a young man toiling at a business for which he was ill-adapted, awakened by the apparently chance remark of a thoughtful friend. The conversation was about missionaries, and the need of men, especially in Africa. "Why should not you go?" said the friend. The suggestion touched the slumbering spirit within. The young man went, and has done service for which many are now thankful. We do not always use our gifts, because a kind of diffidence leads us to under-value them and to think that every one is similarly gifted. In such cases the word of an outsider, who yet by sympathy and spiritual insight is better acquainted with us than we know, may give the necessary stimulus, encourage and inspire, and in a beautiful way "provoke unto good works."

But in the second place, it is not only by direct suggestion that we may, if we are in the right mutual attitude, spur one another to service; the unconscious influence of example is more constant, more subtle, more sure. So sensitive is our spiritual organisation that it cannot live in proximity to others without assimilation or else violent repulsion. Where the Spirit of the Lord brings us into ordered fellowship with one another, the spirit of the man responds quickly to all noble influences, ideals act upon it with a formative power; we take the heavenly colours of those with whom we mix, and our features and activities fall into a delicate imitation.

It is in the circle of statesmen, where affairs are constantly handled, and the traditions of statecraft are absorbed from the very atmosphere, that, for the most part, a great statesman is produced. It is in the school of artists, where the eye is rendered quick to detect the niceties of form and colour, while the hand is trained to skilful craftsmanship in stone or pigment, that the great artist makes his appearance. A Pitt or a Canning does not spring immediately from the soil; a Tintoret or a Titian implies an ancient school of Venetian painting. So in the gracious school of love and good works we are roused to noble energies and trained to skilful aptitudes. We are seized by a holy emulation; and the thought of being idle where all are so beautifully employed becomes a burden to us. As in some Olympian festival of souls we strive to be crowned with the approval of our Lord for the victory gained in self-sacrificing love, for the duty done in lowly obedience.

In this two-fold way, then, of suggestion and example our consideration of one another will, in Christ's school, lead to the service which He wants.

And now in conclusion, try to picture to yourselves a community of men and women, in which this sacred principle of considering one another is established.

None are self-absorbed. Each one is looking at the rest, becoming daily more interested in them. Then by the lovely law which holds throughout the world, the interest taken in these human souls begins to create a love for them. You cannot even collect beetles without acquiring a certain affection for them. How much more does an interest in men lead to the love of them! Thus as each one begins to love the rest, little by little even the hard hearts are melted; even the cold natures begin to kindle.

Thoughtful love has elicited in that human heart an unknown faculty, and much to its own surprise, it is the first to benefit by the faculty's exercise. Earnest living has here stimulated indifferent souls to zeal, and in an unexpected way finds itself strengthened and helped by the new enthusiasm awakened. Men and women in

such circumstances become greater than they know—they have not to wait for heaven in order to live the heavenly life. This is the calling with which we are called—wherever there is a true church of Christ this ideal will be realised or earnestly struggling towards realisation.

Have you been living in isolation, nourishing a feeble spiritual life in the secret shrine of the heart, but repeating the hollow and unchristian sophistry that a man's religion is only a matter between himself and his God? For your own sake, as well as for the world's sake, take the precept of this larger law, "Consider one another to provoke unto love and good works."

A SAIL THROUGH THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN

BY MRS. MURRAY MITCHELL.

III.—PAPPENBERG.

PAPPENBERG AND THE BAY OF NAGASAKI.

THE story of Pappenberg is indeed sad to tell. By the way, this was not the original name of the rock. It was called Pappenberg by the Dutch, and is known now by that appellation; but it possesses a native name, though, unfortunately, I have forgotten what it is. As I said in a former paper, it is only a small island-rock, shaped like a cone somewhat, crowned with a few trees, and lies low on the sea at the entrance to the beautiful harbour of Nagasaki, on the great island of Kiu-Siu.

In the olden time, Japan was not by any means famed for its narrow intolerance and dread of foreign intercourse as, unhappily, it justly became in later days. The contrary rather was the truth. So that when, early in the sixteenth century, some Portuguese traders were driven by stress of weather (but who shall say accidentally?) into Japanese waters, they were most cordially received, and kindly treated, both by the Government and the people.

Portugal was then a great and powerful nation, and she had some splendid Commanders, with energetic, enterprising crews, scouring the seas, anxious to secure to their country the commerce of the Eastern world. The men who so happily and unexpectedly found their way to

Japan lost no time in following up their advantage. They soon established commercial relations with the Government, and sent frequent ships, laden with the treasures of both West and East, in silks, and furs, and countless valuable articles, which were eagerly received by the refined, beauty-loving, appreciative Japanese.

Seven years later, a new chapter in the curious story commenced. Another event occurred,

A JAPANESE LADY.

seemingly insignificant enough, but which was to have a yet deeper and more commanding influence on the affairs of the Empire. From the next ship which arrived, this time from India, there landed along with the merchandise three Roman Catholic missionaries, one of whom was the famous and devoted Francis Xavier. These men were accompanied by a Japanese youth who had been converted to Christianity—really the first of this people who professed the name of Christ. He had committed some crime, was obliged to fly from his country, and found his way to Goa. There he met with some Portuguese ecclesiastics, was instructed by them, and eventually baptised into the Christian faith—of course after the Romish form. One of his instructors, and the man who baptised him was Francis Xavier, who was easily persuaded by the zealous young convert to accompany him to his native land, and to found a mission to his countrymen.

Full of enthusiasm and zeal, this remarkable man was ever eager to find new races to influence, and new ground whereon to do battle for his faith—especially if there were dangers to encounter, and difficulties to overcome. He embarked at Goa for Japan in 1547, accompanied by two coadjutors and the Japanese youth. In time they all landed in safety on the island of Kiu-Siu, I believe at Nagasaki.

Thus it was that Francis Xavier began his famous work among "his beloved Islanders," as he called the Japanese, "the delight of his heart," and thus it was that Christianity, as yet only after the Romish form, found its way to this Empire. Previous to this, the name of Christ, as far as we know, had never been heard in Japan.

The friendly people received the missionaries gladly, and the Government, then perfectly tolerant, at once gave permission for the founding of the mission, and the preaching of Christianity. The success which followed was very remarkable. Stations were multiplied, churches were built, and converts were made by thousands. Among the latter were many of the nobles and Daimiyos, and high people of the land. Before the end, some millions of Japanese, it is said, had embraced the Roman Catholic faith.

But by-and-by evil days came, though, at first, through no fault of the Japanese. Most authorities seem agreed in laying the blame of at least the origin of the mischief at the door of the foreign priests. The first men were humble, devoted, and thoroughly discreet, occupied wholly with their own sacred work. But they were succeeded by others of a very different stamp. Jesuits began to multiply, monks and other ecclesiastics flocked to the attractive islands; quarrels and jealousies arose among different orders; Franciscans and Dominicans, and others had constant feuds among themselves; while the immorality, rapacity, and evil lives of the whole foreign community frightened and disgusted the

ON THE COAST OF JAPAN.

entire people. But this was only part of the mischief at work. The Jesuits, with their usual ambition, began to interfere politically. Their bold intrigues aroused the alarm and suspicion of the Government, while their pride and insolent bearing, even to the chief officers of state, their contempt of all order, and rude defiance of native custom and etiquette, awakened the greatest resentment among both officials and people. The rival Buddhist monks, who hated these so-called Christians with a perfect hatred, did all they could to foster the ill-feeling, and fan the fire of general indignation which was smouldering everywhere through the Empire. Presently the discovery of treasonable documents and letters, revealing a conspiracy to overthrow the Government, made the fire burst forth into all-devouring flame. So the great persecution began. The downfall of Christianity speedily followed; the Portuguese were to a man banished from the islands, and many of the missionaries were put to death. It is extraordinary how bitter and intense the hatred grew to the religion of the Cross; and the cruelties practised towards many unoffending professors of the faith among the islanders are too terrible to relate.

The determination to stamp out the new religion was shared by the whole Empire. The fires of persecution raged from 1614, culminating about twenty years later in the awful tragedy at Pappenberg. Here 30,000 native Christians were cruelly put to death. The poor victims—men, women, and children—were taken to the summit, where a cross had been erected: the choice was given them either to spit upon it and renounce their faith, or be hurled from the cliff on to the rocks in the sea below. Rather than deny their Lord, these heroic Christians accepted the dreadful alternative. Many were put to death by burning and crucifixion; most were thrown from the cliff; but all were subjected to horrible torture and suffering. Women as well as men, and even little children, went to their death bravely—accepting it in the cruellest form rather than be false to their religion. Never were courage and constancy more heroically shown. The annals of martyrology do not contain more touching tales of souls firm and faithful to the end, than this little rock could tell, if it had a tongue to speak of those noble, true, devoted Japanese martyrs. May their blood be the seed of a yet purer and more lasting—a Protestant—church, which shall yet fill all the Empire! And is there not good hope of this? No one need wonder if, within the next few years, we shall see Christianity adopted as the religion of Japan.

Since these sad scenes were enacted, two hundred years have come and gone. These were the years of Japanese isolation and intolerance, alike of foreigners and their religion. The enemy was slain. Christianity was blotted out with blood. The missionaries were dead or banished, and all foreigners had shared their fate, with the sole exception of the poor Dutch, on their tiny Deshima. The people rejoiced that now the independence of the Empire was secured.

The new policy was supported by the severest regulations; and it was then that the edicts were placarded everywhere, in every city, and at every street corner, setting forth the new laws. The "vile Jesus doctrine" first and foremost was denounced, and death proclaimed to any one daring to profess it. Rewards were offered for the discovery of any missionary or native Christian; who, if discovered, was to be put to death. No Japanese, nor Japanese vessel, might leave the country. If a native did manage to go to another country he could never return, on pain of death. No one could even receive a letter from a foreign land. And so on. These are some of the strange laws which were proclaimed and were in force, until within the last few years when, in the marvellous providence of God, the emancipation of Japan was wrought out. God had a purpose of mercy towards this interesting land, and His time to work it out had come.

And now I have another little incident to relate of this famous and beautiful Nagasaki bay. The same year, I think, that the treaty with the United States had been signed (1854) an English fleet sailed into the harbour. Acting according to traditional law and rule the commander-in-chief of the district with some of his troops watched the new-comers carefully. So the better to detect whether there were any sinister or suspicious proceedings going on on board, the great man himself often went out in a boat to watch. One evening he saw a little book floating on the water. He sent to have it brought to him; and, strange to say, it proved to be an English New Testament! He was curious to know its contents; but as he could not read English he sent for a Dutch interpreter, who told him it was something about Jesus Christ, and the Christian and English religion. He found out that a Chinese translation of this book existed, so he sent to Shanghai for a copy, and forthwith began to study it. This man's name was Wakasa, and he induced his brother, Ayabe, and a retainer named Montono, to study it along with him. Afterwards they found that a Christian missionary had once more come to the islands. This was the well-known Dr. Verbeck. They sought him, and he gladly undertook to give them further instruction in the wonderful Book. One time when Ayabe was detained on duty some distance from Nagasaki, he sent a retainer two days' journey to and fro to listen to Dr. Verbeck's teaching and bring him home word again. This novel Bible-class went on secretly for two or three years, and the word was blessed to the conversion of all these men. They dared not profess their belief, however, nor be baptised; and during the troubles which arose before the revolution of 1868 they had all to fly to China. One day, however, a good many years later, Dr. Verbeck was told that a great man had arrived and wished to see him. To his unspeakable joy this proved to be Wakasa, with two of his sons, accompanied also by his brother and their man, Montono. They at once declared the object of their visit to be a desire that they might receive baptism and declare themselves Christians. The missionary told them plainly the danger they incurred in making a public profession of their faith, the law being still in force which pro-

claimed death to any one who should call themselves by the name of Christ. But they were resolute. On the next Lord's Day they returned —this time, like Nicodemus, by night. The shutters were closed, and they all received the sacred rite, afterwards partaking along with the mission circle of the Sacrament of the Supper. They then returned to their distant homes, full of joy and of the Holy Ghost.

These men were the first converts to the Protestant faith. The baptism took place either in 1866 or 1868, and now, only twenty years later, the Native Protestant community in Japan is believed to number fifty thousand.

An interesting little sequel to this wonderful story occurred the year of our visit to the Nagasaki Mission. One Sabbath day two strangers were noticed at the service in the little church on Deshima. One was a Japanese lady of rank and the other her attendant. After service the lady introduced herself as the daughter of Wakasa. She told the missionaries that her father had died a few years before, a believing and rejoicing Christian. She had married, and coming to Nagasaki to live, she had hoped to find their old friend and teacher, Dr. Verbeck. She was much disappointed to find he had removed to Tôkiyo, as she greatly desired to be instructed more perfectly in the Word of God. Her father had brought her up as a Christian, and she knew the Lord's Prayer and some passages of Scripture by heart; but she did not possess one of "the books." Happily however, she and her nurse one day passed a book-shop, and here they found a gospel of St. Matthew which they bought. She said they were soon going away to Osaka to reside, and before she left Nagasaki she and her servant wished to be baptised.

After some more intercourse and more instruction these interesting women were received into the church, and now they are not only adorning the doctrine of God their Saviour by their own consistent lives, but both are labouring earnestly and very successfully to advance His cause among their people. The nurse is now at her own village, acting as a Bible-woman or missionary. She teaches a school for girls and Bible-classes for women; and there are now twenty converts in her village, all of whom have been won to Christ through her instrumentality.

The lady has been equally useful in her sphere in Osaka. She at once joined a native Christian congregation, and threw herself heart and soul into its interests and work. Besides this she has helped to send a mission to one of the islands which her husband had visited and found to be without a Christian teacher.

Thus the truth is making way in Japan. The victory is sure, and it is probable that the battle will not be long.

SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.[1]

I.

NEARLY twenty years have passed, since Sir Herbert Edwardes was laid in his grave in Highgate Cemetery, and nearly thirty since the period when his achievements, half-hidden, and never fully recognised, proved to a great extent the preservation of the British Empire in India. This is a great distance in time; seen across it, events assume their due proportions; things which were striking at the time, but in themselves unimportant, fade from the view; what is real and massive loses nothing, but rather gains in significance. The stories of the Sikh war, of the subjugation of the Punjab, and of the Indian Mutiny are to the present generation matters of history; to those who are old enough to remember them, they sound like an oft-told tale. For these reasons it is desirable in dealing with the life of such a man to drop the smaller details, and throw up into as strong a light as possible the main features of his character and work. The most cursory reader of his life cannot fail to class him among men who are Christians first and soldiers afterwards, who would have carried their Christianity into any calling, and caused it to mould their outward life.

In the year 1846, the late Sir Henry Lawrence undertook, as President at the Court of Lahore, the government of the Punjab. He gathered round him there a number of young men, of whom he writes "Each was a good man; most were excellent officers." A self-denying Christian himself, Sir Henry was able to perceive and appreciate Christian principle in others. In this circle are found his brother, George Lawrence, John Nicholson, who led the attack on Delhi at the cost of his own life, Hodson, the leader of "Hodson's horse," Abbott, Edwardes, Lumsden, and Taylor, remarkable both as soldiers and administrators, and some of them, as Edwardes and Taylor, leaving behind them the nobler reputation of introducing Christianity and founding Christian churches among the subject races. All of these earned the appellation of "good men" by Christian virtue; they gave up their lives as an act of self-sacrifice; they administered their government for the benefit of the governed, not for their own; their great influence was largely due to their own sterling worth; and if they aided directly in the establishment of Christianity,

[1] Memorials of the Life and Letters of Sir Herbert B. Edwardes, K.C.B., etc. By his Wife. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

it was because they themselves knew the blessedness of subjection to its laws.

There is an impression in some minds, that an Indian official of eminence must needs be of the type of Clive and Warren Hastings, according to the ordinary conception of that type,—men rough and ready—grasping in their dealings with natives, and holding no faith with them, when good faith would cross their interests; men who feared God as little as they feared danger. Whatever may be said of the founders of our Indian empire, it is emphatically most untrue of the great men who, as the servants of John Company, or the Empress Victoria, have laid anew the foundation of that empire. Those whom we have named above believed in an empire of truth and righteousness; they ruled the governed to do them good, and their reward is on high. To no one do these remarks better apply than to the subject of this paper.

To give our readers a living cast of the man, we will try to gather up some of the traits of his mind and spirit. The two volumes of his life lately given to the world by his widow, Lady Edwardes, will furnish the material. The pith of these volumes lies in the letters written by Edwardes himself and by friends who felt the attraction of his worth. Here is the portrait—externally a man of prominent features with a certain delicacy of moulding, a natural abundance of dark wavy hair, a soldierly bearing coupled with the well-bred air of an English gentleman; internally a mind of versatile powers not to be confined by artificial training, revelling in literature, rather than in the exact sciences which are supposed to make the soldier, clever with his pencil, but "of such true courtesy and goodness, that he could not draw an ill-natured caricature." These powers were exerted for the entertainment of his equals and inferiors.

Do you want to see into his heart? He does not talk of religion and piety, but here are a few lines written to a friend through which "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." "If you have succeeded in so disciplining your mind as to see God in everything, and realise His presence around and about you at every hour of the day, and refer all questions of life and duty, great and small, to the awful tribunal before which you are thus perpetually standing, why, you are in my opinion to be as much respected as envied by every right thinking man."

Now this man—this gentleman, with these abilities and these principles, was somehow or other whisked away from England—from the society of such kindred spirits as Charles Kingsley and Nassau Senior—and planted in India as a subaltern officer. He did not seek the employment; he kicked at it, would gladly have been elsewhere, and yet by means of his appointment great good was achieved. Certainly he was not, at starting, a soldier that would have passed muster with a German or French military critic, but he was possessed of the power of adapting means to ends—an especial gift for controlling semi-barbarous tribes—a plucky heart, and, as a crown to it all, he had the fear of God before his eyes. One of his superiors wrote a few years later, that he was "the very best and most unexceptionable officer I have as yet been brought in contact with. It is not his ability that I admire so much as his weight of character and high tone and principles altogether." Of the respect with which he inspired the natives, a remarkable instance occurred in a moment of real danger during the battle of Kinyeree, of which more presently. Wanting writing materials to send off a despatch, they were handed to him by his head moonshee, who had followed his master to the field, and said, "My place is with my master. I live by his service, and when he dies, I die." The same hour of danger furnishes an example of his own settled faith. "I knew," he writes, "I was fighting for the right. I asked God to help me to do my duty, and I rode on, certain that He would do it." It is his inflexible devotion to duty, his unvarying application of Christian principle in the difficult circumstances of his outward life, which chiefly claims attention in these pages.

In mentioning these things we are getting ahead of the events in Sir H. Edwardes's life. Arrived in India, although he felt himself somewhat above "the duty of moistening pipeclay," he applied himself diligently to regimental duties. At the same time, he threw himself eagerly into a course of preparation for something higher. He mastered the Hindi, Hindostani, and Persian languages, a qualification for the civil employment he so much desired. At the same time, his pen was busy in discussions on the affairs of India, our disasters in Cabul, and other matters, in a series of papers called "Brahminee Bull's Letters in India to his brother John Bull in England." These letters caused Sir Henry Lawrence to find him out, and secured for him the first step in an administrative career.

This was at the close of the first Sikh war, in which Edwardes had his first experience of actual warfare and received a severe wound, which laid him aside till the last battle at Sobraon.

His period of pupilage, if we may so call it, at Lahore, under Sir Henry's eye, was but of short duration. His power in managing the native tribes led to his mission to Bunnoo, an Afghan valley, inhabited by a most intractable race. With the terror of an occupation by a Sikh army hanging over them, these wild people were persuaded to throw down their village forts, and the Sikh troops, from fear of the tribes, constructed a fortress, by which the valley was held in subjection for the future. These results were not accomplished without the exertion of much personal influence; as one of the Afghans remarked years afterwards: "Edwardes compelled us to like him better than any other Feringhee; and see, sahib, what he has left to our children—pensions, jagirs (grants of land)," etc. Here was the iron hand in the velvet glove, strong measures backed by armed force. "There is no arguing," he said, "in this country without a force to back you. If you have a rebel's life at heart, threaten to take it." But when these strong measures had been carried out, there was comfortable provision for the subdued rebels and their children after them.

The spell of this controlling influence was still more manifest in the campaign against Mooltan. The treacherous murder of two English officers had been the signal for a general rising. Edwardes made war at once, in the belief that attack was the best defence, though he had but a small force, and next to no funds at command. At the battle of Kinyeree, to which we have already alluded, finding his native allies disorganised, there was nothing for it but to remain passive, till General Cortlandt's guns and troops could come up. For seven hours he checked his troops, made impatient for the attack, by seeing their fellows struck here and there. "Hour after hour he calmed the excited throng, and when the proper hour arrived" he led them on to victory.

The result was the capture of Mooltan by General Whish, who afterwards came up with a body of troops and a siege train. And here is a trait of characteristic modesty. At the general's request, Edwardes himself wrote the narrative of the operations, inserting nothing about himself or his troops. The general was on the point of despatching this report without any addition of his own, when Edwardes—out of justice to his troops, not on his own behalf—requested that proper mention should be made of their services; and the general was obliged to write an additional despatch!

We pass over some years of Edwardes's life to the year 1853. He is then established as Commissioner at Peshawur. The importance of his work there justifies the use of high language. In every-day life he was busy as before with the management of native tribes, in his heart and mind working for the good of the empire. It was his thought, and his alone—unless Nicholson, his attached friend, may claim a share in it—to quiet the whole of Afghanistan, and turn its ruler from an enemy into a friend. The nation had been vanquished, it is true, but they retained the sullenness of vanquished men. Their leader was ready to throw himself into the arms of Russia when Edwardes's treaty, followed up by a timely subsidy, made him determine for friendship with the English. Dost Mahommed remained our firm ally through the storm of the Sepoy Mutiny, when his own followers were urging him to raise the green flag and sweep the English into the sea. This might have happened but for the treaty concluded two years before. The conclusion of the treaty was an act worthy of a statesman high in office, but it was the work of a subordinate. Moreover, it was done against the judgment, one might almost say in the teeth of his superior at Lahore, Sir John Lawrence. He thought Dost Mahommed a knave, and the treaty negotiations waste of labour. Yet Edwardes was publicly honoured for concluding it, as for other consequences which flowed from it. There is a verse in an old book which runs thus: "There was found a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city, yet no man remembered that same poor man." The career before us exemplifies this. Yet some did remember Edwardes's work; Lord Dalhousie at the time, and later Lord Canning and Lord Elgin.

Some few facts will support what has just been said. At the outset, Lord Dalhousie wrote, "I give you *carte blanche*, and if you can only bring about such a result as you propose, it will be a feather even in your cap." In the course of the negotiations, Sir John Lawrence wrote: "I dare say you are right; still, I cannot divest myself of the idea that it is a mistake." When the negotiations were nearly complete, Edwardes was selected for the honour of putting the crown on his own work by signing the document himself on behalf of the Indian Government. Meanwhile, Dost Mahommed conceived the idea of coming himself to meet the governor-general. Failing that, he deputed his son, the heir-apparent. On this, Edwardes, thinking that the treaty would acquire more importance, and therefore greater stability, if the Indian Government was represented by some one higher in office than himself, did, as his widow proudly and justly says, what only he and such as he would do; he proposed that the Chief Commissioner should put the finishing stroke to a work which he had looked coldly upon throughout. This is how Sir John Lawrence had, in the eyes of the public, the credit of this important negotiation. Privately he wrote to Edwardes, "the merit of the affair, whatever it may be, is yours." Nevertheless, when Edwardes was asked what honours he would like to have conferred on him, he asked nothing for himself, but only that his faithful subordinates should be rewarded. The same generous spirit prompted him to be silent about his own share in this business, so that Lord Elgin even was ignorant of the truth until, on assuming the government of India, he heard it from Edwardes's own lips.

An equally important branch of his activity at this time was his dealing with the native tribes. The appointment to Peshawur was an appointment to a post of danger. He took the place of one who had fallen by the assassin's knife. He, Colonel Mackeson, had relied on force and subtlety, keeping an army of spies in his pay. Edwardes did everything openly. He had a custom, dangerous, it seemed to some, of receiving the chiefs in numbers, hearing them talk, and after a good feed, sending them back to their homes. It was said of him that he could hear their talk, and if they ventured too far, could turn the laugh against them. For armed force he substituted another kind of pressure. Peshawur is a great market, and if a hill tribe offended, he shut them out from the market, and gave rewards to any one who could catch one of the offending tribe within forbidden distance. There are stories almost droll of retribution exacted at one time for open murder, at another for stealing a bottle of quinine. But the effect in all cases was the same; the wild tribes felt that there was a strong though hidden hand ready to be laid upon offenders. Moreover this personal contact with the children of the hills gave him an ascendancy which mounted higher and still higher, until the terrible crisis of 1857 was reached. Of the use it was then turned to, it will be better to speak in a future number.

A REMINISCENCE OF SWISS TRAVEL.

IT was in the early autumn of 1886. We were waiting outside of the Post for the conveyance that was to take us over one of the passes in Eastern Switzerland to our destination. Presently the official in charge of the arrangements came out and from a large book read out the names of the passengers, and assigned to them their appointed places, first in the Diligence, then in the supplementary carriages in which those for whom there was no room in the Diligence were to be accommodated. We had to wait until the last supplementary carriage. Two fellow-countrymen occupied the front seats outside behind the driver. A peasant woman was our only travelling companion in the inside when we started, and for the first portion of our journey.

She was elderly; had a bright, intelligent, open countenance, and a good forehead. We felt drawn to her, and soon found ourselves engaged in interesting conversation with her. She was, as she described herself, a vegetable wife (*Gemüs-frau*). Her business took her from time to time to cities some hours' distance by rail from her home. On this occasion she was going to visit a step-daughter at the first important halting place on our journey that day, and was taking her a bunch of flowers. She was a widow; her husband had been able to keep a horse and cart, and used to go over one or other of the passes to the holiday and health resort whither we were then going. She was not able to keep a horse and cart. These particulars of her history we gleaned from her conversation during the time she was our travelling companion.

It was not her circumstances, past or present, however, that then interested us so much as the remarks she made about the people, and her own reflections on religion and other matters. There has been of late years a great influx of visitors of many nationalities into the part of Switzerland whither we were bound, and a consequent large increase in the amount of money coming into the hands of the native population. She did not think that the people were any happier in consequence. The more they had the more they desired to have, she thought. She was not like so many of the Swiss of her class, apparently insensible to the grandeur and beauty of the scenery—like the driver of our carriage on one excursion, who told us that they, the natives, thought nothing of the mountains and valleys that the visitors admire so much. They have a clear perception, however, of the real or affected enthusiam for fine scenery shown by the thousands of tourists, and know how to turn it to profitable account. One of our travelling companion's remarks was, "the world is wondrous fair and wondrous foul" (*wunderschön und wunderschlecht*). She could not separate the thought of the moral deformity of the people from the beauty of the world they live in.

Talking of the religious habits of the people, she said, "she loved to go into the wood on Sunday mornings, she felt so much at home there."

When we referred to the fine old hymns sung in the German-speaking churches, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden" ("Oh bleeding head and wounded") and others, her face brightened up, she seemed to be quite familiar with them. In passing some of the villages she called out to a group of women standing at the roadside (our carriage was open) whom she appeared to know well, "I am quite happy with the English people." Of one woman whom she pointed out, she said, "She is a very pious woman, she loves to go to church."

At length we reached her destination and bade her farewell. We did not then learn her name, nor did we expect ever to meet her again. In the autumn of 1887, however, we found ourselves once more in the same part of Switzerland.

On our homeward journey we stayed two nights in the capital of the canton in which she lived, from whence we had started on our journey over the pass in the previous year. We were walking about the city in the forenoon before making an excursion to the famous baths at some distance by rail, when, lo! in a square, in which were a number of fruit and vegetable stalls, we saw, at one of the stalls, our travelling companion of the year before. She at once recognised us, and exclaimed, "We did enjoy ourselves!"—then, pointing to a church at the end of the square, she asked us if she might give us a photograph of it as a memorial of our journey. It was the church, "where," as she said, "she had often prayed, and often wept."

We arranged that she should come to our hotel in the evening at an hour which we fixed. When she came, she not only brought us a photograph of the church, but also a plate of beautiful fruit. She told us her history—of her years of domestic service, of her married life, of her joys and sorrows, in all of which we were deeply interested. When we asked her address, that we might send her our cartes and some books (her name we had learned from the manager of our hotel), she smiled and mentioned only the name of the city. She was, she said, well known.

On the following morning, before starting for Basle on our homeward route, we saw her again. Her last words were, "Don't forget your promise," referring to the portraits and books.

When we reached home we fulfilled our promise, and in due time received a letter from one of her pastors, written on her behalf, and at her request. There were two pastors in the parish church which she attended. The younger one was her favourite, because, as she said, "he spoke so to the heart." The letter acknowledged the receipt of the books and photos, and went on to say—"She is very glad to have your photographs, and also to hold fellowship with you in spirit by means of the edifying books [we sent her a German copy of Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress,' with one or two others]. Frau —— is an upright and religious woman. Although she does not live in affluence,

she has pleasure in doing good to other poor people. Yesterday, on our Swiss Fast day, she came to me in great joy to speak of your friendly present, and to remember liberally our own poor. I believe that your kindness has made this good woman more beneficent."

The pastor wrote as her neighbour and pastor, because she was not much accustomed to writing. It was very gratifying to us to receive such a testimony to her character, and to find that we were not mistaken in the estimate we had formed of her from the intercourse we had with her for a couple of hours or more during our journey up the pass, and on our second visit in our hotel. Again we heard from her about the end of last year, when, in acknowledging a small Christmas present which we sent to her, she sent us portraits of herself and her late husband, and a card for the New Year.

During both of our visits to that part of Switzerland we met people whose acquaintance it was a pleasure to make, and made friends whom we should be sorry to lose, but there is no one of whom we think with greater pleasure, or speak of more frequently, than this humble and devout "vegetable wife" as she called herself, or "dealer in vegetables" as her pastor less familiarly described her.

J. K.

NESTA AND PHYLLIS.

I.

NESTA and Phyllis Elliot were two little maidens who lived with their father and mother in a quiet street of a Scottish city. Ever since they could remember their home had been in the same town house, and when they went to the country for a few weeks in summer it was always to the same farm among the hills. As their mother was not strong they saw very few visitors; the two servants who waited on them had been for years in the household; and the school to which Nesta and Phyllis went every day was taught by a lady who had known them when they were little babies.

Thus every one and every thing about the children had for them the comfortable feeling of familiarity. They led a very quiet and uneventful life, but it was full of happiness, for it was lived in the midst of love and understanding.

These little sisters were at the time my story begins just eight and ten years old, and they loved each other more than I can tell. They did everything together—slept together, and walked together; worked at their lessons, and played together. They hardly knew what differences of taste there were between them, for Nesta liked books because Phyllis did, and Phyllis found delight in the doll-house because it so much pleased Nesta. Phyllis was the cleverer at lessons, but that only kept her on an equality with her elder sister; and Nesta was the favourite among their school-fellows, but her popularity drew shy Phyllis also into their merry circle.

The two fitted into each other in all things, feeling themselves halves of one happy little life, complete and inseparable: neither of the children ever had a plan—they hardly had a thought—which did not include the other.

And yet the little sisters were so unlike outwardly that by seeing them you would never have known they were relations at all. Nesta was one of those round-faced, rosy-cheeked, yellow-haired, open-eyed children, whose fresh innocent looks remind one of the dear little field daisies; and Phyllis was pale and slight, with a big brow and big deep-set eyes—dark grey under dark brown lashes. She was so shy and grave with strangers that they often thought her sad, and I do not think she was ever compared to any flower. But I myself am very fond of Phyllis; and I hope you will like her too, because it is of Phyllis I shall have most to tell.

For in the midst of the pleasant summer weather, when the children were talking daily of lessons ending and holiday fun beginning, and their father and mother had almost fixed the exact time they were going to the country, a great sorrow—the first sorrow of her life—fell upon little Phyllis.

It was Nesta's sorrow too, and indeed it was generally felt that Nesta was the most to be pitied when it came; yet in many ways it was far harder for Phyllis to bear. Even on that first morning when Nesta, pale and languid, turned away from her untasted breakfast, she could rest her head on her mother's shoulder, and was far too weary to be troubled by thoughts of her own illness; while poor Phyllis, bewildered and frightened, trudged off alone to school, and remembered all the sad stories she had ever read till she forgot her lessons, and blistered the pages of her copy-book with tears, and tried the patience of both teachers and pupils by her stupidity.

And next day it was even worse for Phyllis, though she did not go to school at all, and those about her knew now that Nesta was really very poorly, and did not expect her little sister to be anything but dull.

Nesta lay in bed in her mother's room which had been given up to her, and dozed and wakened; seldom caring to speak, and (oh, strangest thing of all!) not wanting Phyllis: she wanted nothing but to be left in quiet, and have mamma sit beside her and give her a drink very often. Phyllis sat in the nursery among the dolls which were all no fun now; and the nursery was so quiet she could hear everything that passed in the stillness of the rest of the house. When the doctor came in, or her father, it seemed to make quite a great noise. And sometimes she would take one of her story-books down to the drawing-room, and if papa was there he would speak to her cheerfully, and even try to be playful, in pity for her little sad face. But Phyllis was shy with him, as she was shy with every one but her mother and Nesta; and most of the time they were together the two sat quietly each with a book.

Thus things went on for several days during which

Nesta grew worse. Then the doctor said he was sure now that his little patient had typhoid fever, and Nesta's father and mother prepared bravely and steadily for the long illness that was coming. Phyllis, of course, had nothing to do; and she thought of nothing else before her but a longer time of such dreary loneliness at home as she was getting used to now. But it was not to be as Phyllis thought.

One evening—it was the evening of the day on which she had heard what Nesta's illness was—Phyllis was lying in bed, but not nearly asleep, when her mother came into the room. This was the first time she had done more than look in since Nesta was ill; and now, though she had come to stay for a little, she did not take Phyllis in her arms, or kiss her, or even come close to her bed. Phyllis knew why she did not, yet it chilled her heart all the same. But she was a brave little girl and would not distress her mother by complaining; she knew her mother had enough to distress her. Phyllis even tried to keep her from seeing that she had been crying till she had made her pillow wet with tears, as she had done every night since Nesta had gone to her mother's room to sleep.

Then Mrs. Elliot told her little girl that she was to be sent away from home. Even though they had good hopes that Nesta would not be very ill, papa, mamma, and the doctor thought it was best for Phyllis to go out of the house; and her aunts, who were spending the summer at St. Margaret's, had offered to take her for a few weeks. Mrs. Elliot spoke cheeringly of the pleasures of the sea-side, and the kindness of Aunt Adelaide, and Aunt Flo, and Aunt Madeline; but to poor Phyllis it seemed as if staying at home, where she could have glimpses of her mother and hear of Nesta hour by hour, was happiness compared to going away alone to the nicest place in the world—and reading silently beside papa, or keeping company with the well-known dolls in the dear old nursery once so merry, was better than any entertainment she could ever find among strangers.

So, in spite of all her bravery, her little face grew whiter on a sudden as her mother spoke, and her lip quivered piteously. Then Mrs. Elliot stopped in the midst of a sentence, and said, "Oh, my darling, I know!—I know!" And Phyllis cried in the comfort of not needing to tell why, and the knowledge that her mother was sorrier for her than she was for herself; and the crying and the feeling of her mother's love did her good. As for Mrs. Elliot, she was asking God in her heart to keep both her dear children now; and the knowledge of His great love was her comfort. Yet even she could not think how good He was to be to little Phyllis, nor dream that her first great sorrow was to bring her life-long joy.

The next afternoon Phyllis's father took her to St. Margaret's. It was little more than an hour's journey by train; and the journey was through a green pleasant country with peaceful-looking old houses here and there among the shady woods, and many and many an open view of the blue breezy sea Phyllis was going to live beside.

There were other children in the train; happy bands of holiday-makers; mothers and little ones, brothers and sisters together. Phyllis watched them with silent wistful interest in all the bustle of their getting in or getting out at different stations. Most of them were bound, like herself, for St. Margaret's, and the platform there was crowded with them and their belongings when Phyllis alighted. Then presently her three aunts came hurrying through the crowd, talking and laughing. It seemed to Phyllis as if there were at least six of them.

The child did not know them very well; they were only half-sisters of Mrs. Elliot's, and they had lived a great deal abroad. But, there was no doubt, they were, as her mother had said, very kind,—though somehow they managed to silence not only Phyllis but her father, taking all the conversation to themselves, and keeping it up in a very high key.

The house where the Miss Bruces lived was quite at the other end of the town from the station, and it looked right out on the sea. Phyllis had tea by herself at a little round table in the big bow-window of the sitting-room; and she felt as if she could have got out with one jump to the beach below. She could see the near rocks, and the far-away white ships just as well as if she had been out, all the time she sat munching the good things with which her aunts kept filling her plate. Ah, if Nesta had been here, all this would have been nice!

After tea, the party walked for a while on the sands, Phyllis keeping close to her father's side. Then Mr. Elliot went back to the station again, and Phyllis went early to bed in her strange little room. What a sad awakening it was in the morning to find herself there, and remember why she had been sent away alone, and to fancy what they would all be doing at home now, and wonder how she herself could ever get through that day, and the many days that were coming!

Her aunts tried to amuse her at first, but when she could not be amused they got rather vexed in a good-humoured sort of way; and Phyllis quickly understood that they were vexed by her, and grew shyer and more hopelessly miserable as time went on. She felt she was stupid and guilty, and looked all she felt when they exchanged laughing glances of despair over her head, or told their visitors how homesick and dull their little niece was, calling her an "unnaturally quiet little mouse," and asking what any one could possibly do with a child who cared for neither toys nor playfellows?—Poor Phyllis, who wanted nothing but Nesta, Nesta, Nesta!

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. II.

1. He was a king "who did very wickedly."
2. He is said to have "walked in the way of his mother."
3. His namesake, a good man's son, was murdered.
4. His grandfather bought a hill and built a city on it.
5. Jericho was rebuilt during his father's reign.
6. He lost a hundred soldiers just before his death, but not in battle.
7. He brought disgrace on a good man.
8. He honoured an idol which is only mentioned in one chapter.
9. "The Angel of the Lord" sent a messenger to him.
10. The message was one of reproof and condemnation.
11. His father once "fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly."
12. He gave a command which was not carried out.
13. He was killed through an accident, and left no son.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. VIII.—p. 206.—BILDAD—ZOPHAR.—Job viii. 11.

B oa-*z*	Ruth ii. 1.
I-dd-*o*	Ezra viii. 17–20.
L-am-*p*	Judges i. 16–28.
D-ebora-*h*	Judges v.
A-nu-*a*	Luke ii. 36–38.
D-oo-*r*	John x. 1.

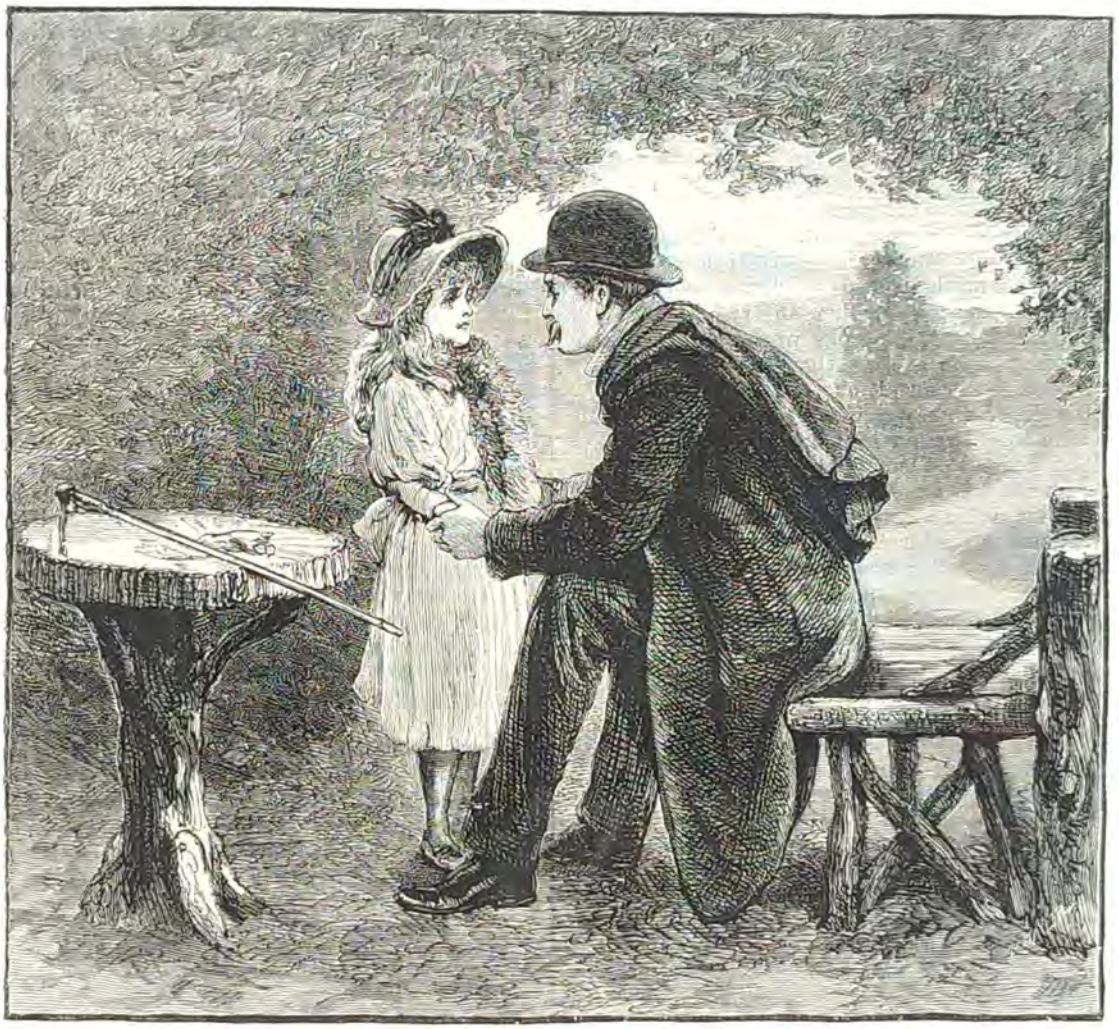
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—A COOL RECEPTION.



"IT'S MARCUS COME BACK!"

MARCUS STRATFORD returned to the Hermitage late on in October. He was a good deal disturbed by the letters he had received from Roy, telling him of his visit to Windmill House and his proposed residence there. Letters are proverbially unsatisfactory, especially when written by a boy, for boys are generally bad correspondents, and never enter into their feelings on paper, and Roy was certainly no exception to this rule. He only stated a few bald facts in his letters, and it was impossible to judge from his words as to the state of his mind.

The one communication he had received from Roger Edington on the subject had not been much more satisfactory. He had said that his

No. 1776.—MAY 12, 1888. PRICE ONE PENNY.

father wished to take the boy under his own guardianship, now that the death of Mrs. Stratford had left him without kindred in the world except themselves. They intended for the present to keep Roy with them, as he seemed happy and wishful to remain, and a hint was dropped to the effect that it might be just as well for them to understand what arrangements had been made by his so-called mother for the lad's minority. This letter Marcus had not answered. He wanted to know more clearly the true state of affairs before he committed himself to anything. He was ready enough to be very liberal and generous towards Roy; but he had no intention of playing into the hands of the Edingtons if they had any underhand game on foot. He was much puzzled to account for Roy's sudden apparent change of feeling towards himself and towards his old home. He had been so devoted to Marcus before he left; it was strange that he should be so content to do without him now.

Evidently he knew all about his true parentage and position—that was plain from his letters, brief though they were; but it did not explain his apparent readiness to remain in his new quarters, and to do without so much as an interview with Marcus after their long separation. Yet he had said once that "it would never do" for his brother to try and come to Windmill House, "people would not like it." Had they been setting the boy against him? It looked rather suspicious.

His great hope was that the Kynastons would be able to enlighten him on many points. Roy might write to them more freely than to him. They were his great friends, and had seen him last. He walked across to their house the very next morning after his return, and encountered the master of the house a short distance from his own door. He fancied the reception he met was a little cold, but he was too pre-occupied to notice it much till fairly startled by Mr. Kynaston's words.

"I came to ask some questions about Roy," Marcus began. "I suppose some of your children get letters from him?"

Mr. Kynaston gave him rather a meaning look.

"Does he not write to you?"

"I have not heard for ten days or so; and he says very little when he does write. It seems so odd his going off like this, and settling himself down so contentedly amongst practical strangers. I can't make it out at all."

"Indeed!"

The word was so drily spoken that Marcus stopped short, involuntarily, and looked steadily at the speaker.

"Have you any clue to this riddle?"

No response.

"May I ask if you know anything about his feelings towards these people?"

"Nothing at all."

"Yet his reserve and prolonged absence does not seem to surprise you. You appear to understand why he has taken himself off, as it were, into exile so willingly."

"I think I can form an idea as to the state of mind that has led to it."

"Would you be good enough, then, to explain it to me?"

The two men stood facing one another, a look of resolve upon both faces.

"Look here, Stratford," said Mr. Kynaston at length. "I've known you all your life and I've liked you and respected you heartily. I don't like to say a word that seems unfriendly; but facts are stubborn things—things there is no getting out of. That business of Roy's mother's will has an ugly look about it; and, to speak the unvarnished truth, all my young people have been sadly put about by it, and it is difficult not to share their feeling that the boy has been badly used. Of course, he feels it himself, feels it keenly; and although his affection for you and confidence and all that, are considerable, it is not pleasant to be dependent, and he is old enough to know as much. I don't think it ought to astonish you particularly that he should avail himself of an opportunity to escape from a place so full of painful associations, nor that he should extend his absence as long as he is able to do. You have always set your face against his leaving home, though it is natural at his age to wish to see a little more of the world, and now that a kinsman of his own has turned up who takes an interest in him, and is no doubt anxious that his welfare and happiness should be considered—well, can you wonder that a high-spirited lad should give his guardian the slip for a time? My own opinion is that you will not hear much of him for some while to come. He doesn't write to us, but no doubt that is because he is settled and comfortable where he is. His relations evidently make him welcome, and I am not surprised at his liking to stay on. Look here, Marcus, I've got lads of my own, and I know something about their ways and thoughts. It doesn't do to keep too tight a hand upon the rein. They may seem to answer quietly to it for a bit, but in the end they will be sure to rebel and make a bolt."

Marcus had stood quite still whilst Mr. Kynaston was speaking, and had not attempted to interrupt him even by a sound. His face had grown rather pale and very set as the sense of his companion's words came home to him. When all had been said he asked quietly—

"You think, then, that this is the real reason of Roy's strange willingness to leave us?—that he is hurt and grieved, and that home and my presence are alike distasteful to him?"

"Candidly, I do—not permanently, you understand—but just whilst it is all fresh to him."

"He did not seem to feel anything of that before I went away."

"Perhaps not. He is an affectionate fellow, and you have always been fond of one another. I dare say he had leisure to think and to take it all in when you were gone, and possibly Mr. Edington may have endorsed the opinion to which my boys gave pretty free vent. I don't mean anything personal, you understand, Marcus; you might not have been able to stop the drawing up of an eccentric will any more than Roy could;

only you know when one man profits so much by another's loss, hard things are apt to be spoken and thought."

Marcus bent his head in voiceless assent. Mr. Kynaston was not very acute in his perceptions, but he saw that he had given pain and hastened to change the subject.

"Your school-house gets on capitally. Muriel goes almost every day to report progress. You will be very busy now, I suppose, if you are to carry out your plans of improvement and self-help during the coming winter. Roy will be home again before long, and everything will go right, you will see. We all know you mean to act for the best, and a little passing annoyance soon passes over, you know."

But there was something a little forced in the easy cordiality of the words, and Marcus turned away with a sense of shrinking.

"Thank you," he answered briefly, "I must be going now. I only came to know if you could give me any information about Roy. You have explained a great deal. I understand things better than I did."

And Marcus walked rapidly away, a strange sad bitterness settling down upon his spirit.

It was all so different from what he had planned. He had been of late, though in general not much of a dreamer, indulging in very sweet hopes for the future: had given rein to his imagination in a fashion not usual to one so quietly self-contained.

He had been planning life at the Hermitage for the months and years to come, a life of earnest purpose, of mingled toil and pleasure, a life that should leave its mark behind, and should bring with it a blessing to others.

And with all his plans and projects Roy had been associated. His young brother should share in all things, should learn that it was no vain promise that had been made him when his lack of fortune had been spoken of as making no difference. Marcus felt a keen pity as well as a deep brotherly love for the boy over whose early years so dark a shadow hung. Roy should never know unhappiness if he could save him from it; he would be to him a brother in every sense of the word. They would act together, plan together, work together; home should always be home to him, and he would try to impart to Roy the deeper purposes that made the background of his own life and character. When once the boy had known the happiness of thinking and working for others, there would be no danger of his finding life purposeless or colourless.

And even from the sweetest of those dreams that had haunted Marcus of late, his brother was not excluded. When he pictured his home beautified and sanctified by the presence of one whose gentle face was constantly before his eyes; when he mused on the holy wedded love that he looked to as the crown and seal of all that was best and noblest in his life and manhood, he had room to think still of Roy as sharing in a measure in his happiness, of feeling home made more home-like to him in the presence of one who had loved him from his childhood and been a sister to him in sympathy, long before there was a thought that such relationship might become a reality.

Marcus hardly knew how and when he had first begun to dream of Muriel Kynaston as his wife. Was it long years ago in his happy boyhood, when she had been his little playmate and queen?—or was it since his late return when he had read in her sweet, earnest eyes a sympathy with his larger views of life and a power of comprehension and thought unusual in one so young? He could not have answered these questions or analysed his feelings, he only knew that he loved her with every fibre of his being, that he had come home full of bright hopes of winning her for his own;—and now he was confronted with coldness and suspicion by those that bore her name and whose opinions she probably shared. Roy was gone—gone in pain and anger, and his friends held his brother up as the cause. With this cloud of suspicion hanging over him, how could he hope that he should be trusted either by her he loved, or by those who held her happiness in their keeping?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—COMFORTING WORDS.

HARDLY knowing what he was doing, Marcus strode down the long shrubbery walk he had so often paced with Muriel at his side, and threw himself down on the seat in the yew arbour, which in summer was a favourite haunt of the young Kynastons. There was small chance of its being invaded this chill, damp October day, and Marcus was too much absorbed in thought to heed his surroundings over much.

How long he remained thus, lost in thought and dead to outside impressions he never knew, but he was roused at length by the sound of a child's voice.

"It's Marcus!" cried the voice in accents of eager welcome. "It's Marcus come back! Oh, Marcus, I am so glad! We have missed you so!"

Marcus looked up quickly to see little Lilias speeding towards him, her face, upraised for his kiss, glowing with pleasure, her hands stretched out to clasp him round the neck as he bent his head to the warm childish caress so very sweet to him just then.

"Oh, Marcus," said the child, settling herself upon his knee and looking trustingly into his face, "I am so glad you have come home. Now you will be able to tell them that it isn't true—that you didn't get all Roy's money and then drive him away."

"Is that what they say?" asked Marcus, looking into the child's face with a sad smile.

"Yes, they do say *such* things; but I know it's not true. Say it isn't, Marcus!"

"Why are you so eager over it, little one? What is it to you?"

"I love you, you know," answered the child caressingly, "and I know you wouldn't do anything wrong or unkind. And you love Roy too, I know you do. You didn't take his money, did you?"

Marcus smiled a little as he answered "No."

"I knew you didn't," cried the child eagerly, "and you didn't say he wasn't to go to Oxford,

because you didn't want to spare the money? And you didn't say you would keep him at home, because it cost least and gave least trouble, did you?"

"Is that what they say about it?" asked Marcus, stroking the child's fair head.

"They do now. They say anything. Vincent came home with a long story one day, and they've been angry ever since. Roy went away very soon afterwards, and they all say 'No wonder,' and talk as if you'd driven him away? But you haven't, have you? He'll soon come back, won't he?"

"I hope so, little one. I want him back as much as any one."

"Oh, I know you do. I know you love him. You are kind and good to every one. As if you would be stingy to Roy, when you are spending such lots of money over the school, and other things! That's what Muriel says—and she always understands best."

"Did she say that?" asked Marcus, his eyes lighting suddenly.

"Yes; Muriel always tries to stop them when they go on about you; but they won't always listen. When she said that, Syd said it was very easy to build schools with the money you had defrauded Roy of—what is 'defrauded,' Marcus?—in order to make people think you generous and liberal. Syd often talks grandly like that, but Muriel does not like it. When he said that she went out of the room, and I came with her."

The child paused, but as Marcus did not speak, she presently continued—

"Muriel talks to me often about things, though I am so little, because she knows I like her to. I want to be just like her when I grow up, and to think just as she does."

Marcus was caressing the curly head laid trustingly against his shoulder. He could not refrain from the next question:

"And what does she think, Lilias?"

"She thinks that it is wrong to talk as the boys do, and she is quite sure that you have done nothing unkind to Roy," answered the child, "and Muriel always knows best. She is fond of you, and so am I, and we often talk about you when we go to look at the schools, and we hear the people say what a good landlord you are to them. She has missed you, and so have I—so did Roy till he went away. Roy was always very fond of you, too."

Marcus smiled. It was pleasant to hear such things, even from a child's lip.

"There is Muriel calling me," cried Lilias, "She is coming to seek me. Come, Marcus, she will be so pleased!"

Marcus stood quite still. He had meant to leave the place without risking an encounter with any of those who had mistrusted him, but the temptation to see Muriel once again triumphed over all beside, and then was it not almost certain that she had not misunderstood him? He made a few steps forward, and came face to face with her round a sharp turn in the walk. For a moment they both stood silent, then Muriel held out her hand with a smile.

"I am glad to see you back, Marcus," she said simply, and he knew that she spoke in all sincerity.

He could not answer conventionally. He had been too much moved and saddened. He looked at her with an earnestness that betrayed something of the struggle he had gone through.

"So you have a welcome for me, Muriel?" he asked, half sadly. "You have not believed all you have heard?"

"Indeed, no," she answered, steadily, colouring a little beneath his gaze, but speaking fearlessly and openly, "I am sorry you should have heard it. I know it will all be cleared up in time. I do not think that those who say hard things, believe half what they profess. Why did Roy go, Marcus? what made him leave home so suddenly? There was no reason behind the one Mr. Lee gave, was there?—the wish for change, and sea air?"

"None, that I knew of. That was all he said to me when he wrote first. It is this staying on with his relations so willingly, that puzzles me. He seems to like it—he talks of being happy and content, and yet I do not think, by what I saw of one of them, that they would be the kind of people he would care for."

"You did not like Mr. Edington, then?" said Muriel, quickly, "neither did I."

"You did not?"

"No. I saw him twice, once when he first came, and then when he came to see Roy, when you were away. Each time I got the same impression."

"And that was?"

"I hardly know how to express it. It seemed to me as if he did not ring true, if you know what I mean. I did not quite like his manner towards Roy, and I often felt that he was rather intrusive, even though he was a kind of relation. Marcus, has he tried to make Roy distrust you? Has he done anything to separate you?"

"I can hardly say. I have heard so little from him since he left home. It is not like Roy to be so reserved, and so unsatisfactory."

"You do not think, as my brothers do, that it is in hurt pride and pique that he keeps silence?"

"It is difficult to do so, remembering the terms on which we parted."

"He did not then resent——" began Muriel, half hesitating over the words.

"I believe not. I explained that there was a reason, and that it would be put right later. Nothing could have been more affectionate than his manner all through his illness."

"Oh, he will come back—it is sure to be all well!" cried Muriel eagerly, "and then everything will be explained. What are you going to do, Marcus? Are you going to see him?"

"I should like to do so, but I am not sure that he even wishes it. You see he is the guest of a man who does not like me much. That may be why he cares so little about it."

"Oh, I suppose that is it. I know it will all be right in the end! Roy is a dear, affectionate boy."

Marcus smiled as he held out his hand.

"Thank you for that encouragement, Muriel, I needed some very much. And whatever happens,

whatever is said or done, may I look upon you always as my friend?"

Her hand lay trustingly in his. Her eyes met his for a moment in a glance that thrilled him strangely.

"Yes, Marcus," was the quiet answer, and he went on his homeward way strangely comforted.

Two days later Muriel received a letter from Roy—the first that had been written by him to any member of the Kynaston household.

"Now that Marcus has got back," said the letter, "he will have told you everything, I suppose; for the secret was only kept, I fancy, for my sake, and now that I know who I really am, other people will do the same. Of course it makes everything quite plain in every way, and I feel horribly ashamed of ever feeling angry about what Vincent told you of. You will understand, too, better why I am staying on here. You see, my great-uncle is my real guardian, not Marcus, at all, and I have not any claim now upon him; and, after the way I've treated him sometimes, I think he must almost be glad to be rid of me—at least he would if he were anybody else, or if he could know some of the things I've thought and felt about him. You see, Muriel, it seems to me as if it were in a sort of way my fault that these people are so poor, and if they like to have me here, it isn't for me to grumble. It's very different from the Hermitage, but I sometimes think perhaps it is good for me to see what other people's life is like. I've learned a lot of things since I've been here, and I'm not unhappy, even if I do get a little homesick sometimes. Perhaps I'll come and pay you a visit some day, but not just yet. It might unsettle me; and I don't want Marcus to come here either, for a lot of reasons, though I long to see him sometimes. I don't quite understand what the older people want me here for; but I think I am useful in many ways to the children. I should make you laugh if I told you all we do here. Things are so odd and strange; but I am fond of some of my relations, and you see for yourself that it is not for me either to grumble at sharing their life, or to clamour to be taken back to the Hermitage, even if they would let me go. I begin to think it was not quite the best thing for me to be so prosperous and well cared for. You will understand me, I think, Muriel, when I say that I have learned a lot of things by being away from you, and feeling alone and cut off from everything—more than I did when I had just what was brightest and pleasantest. Tell Marcus that he was quite right when he told me I should find out it didn't do to trust in the props I'd been holding to before. They were taken away, and I had to find others. I think I've got to the right place now, so you mustn't be unhappy about me. I'm not unhappy myself."

EARLY MISSION WORK IN IRELAND.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

I.

IN watching the early spread of Christianity in Europe, it is curious and interesting to observe the course it took in various parts. The gospel light did not burst all at once on any one country or district, or even proceed straight from one to the next; its progress, as in modern missions to the heathen, was in bright spots here and there; the mountains were touched by the sunrise while the valleys were still dark, and some ranges or isolated peaks seemed to catch the light long before the rest.

The Celtic and Sclavonic races received gospel light, in general, earlier than the Teutonic ones, who were slower to embrace new ideas, though more tenacious in retaining them when once taken.

Notably was this the case in our own Isles. How and where the gospel first reached them cannot exactly be told; but Eusebius speaks of some of the Apostles having crossed the ocean to these remote lands (to them practically much farther than Australia or the Falkland Islands to us) in order to announce the glad tidings which their Master had bid them preach to "every creature." In the days of Chrysostom, towards the end of the fourth century, there were, in his own words, "even in the British Isles that lie away in the open ocean," worshippers of God in Christ and students of Scripture.

The general word "Isles" seems to point to Ireland, quite as much as to England. Through the medium of trade Ireland was even better known to strangers than England, as Tacitus declares.

And when, about the middle of the fifth century, the invasion of the heathen Saxons plunged the chief part of England into spiritual darkness and paganism, the Celtic Christians driven into Cornwall or "Wild Wales," and those who inhabited Ireland, kept the lamp of Gospel truth burning.

Still it was but a very partial light. The largest portion of Ireland was still heathen; and the first missionary of the gospel of whom we have an authentic account is the celebrated Patrick, patron saint of Ireland. This has led to the erroneous impression that Patrick was the first, or nearly the first, Christian preacher in that country. As we have seen, this is very doubtful; but he seems to have been the means of doing

more for the spread of the gospel in Ireland than any one Evangelist had effected before.

The ancient lives of this remarkable man are very numerous, and some are still extant, but it must be owned that very few are of any historical value.

Of the seven lives published in one volume by the Irish Priest, Father Colgan, in Charles I.'s time, most are a mere tissue of fables, abounding in miracles and visions; some incidents recorded may have a foundation of truth, but they are so inextricably mixed up with what all the most sensible and well-informed writers, even of the Romish Church, agree to be as utterly fabulous as the stories of Hercules and Theseus, that it is very difficult to separate the truth from the falsehood. Those, however, who have studied the records on the subject most carefully are agreed in believing that "the Apostle of Ireland" was a real person, and that the substance of his own "Confessions," is to be relied on.

The "Confessions," however, is not a complete or detailed autobiography, far from it. Very much is left to conjecture. Of his birthplace there is but little reliable evidence. He was certainly not Irish. Some say he was born in Scotland, others in Cornwall, but the most satisfactory evidence makes him out a native of the north of France. His parentage is generally believed to be British, his father was said to be a Deacon named Calpurnius, and his grandfather a priest called Politus. The early Britons, first civilised by Roman teaching, had generally both Roman and Celtic names. Patrick's own original British name was Succath, but the Latin appellation of Patricius (meaning one of noble birth) is now alone remembered.

The young Patrick was brought up by his parents, naturally, in the Christian faith; but by his own account it had been more outward than real, till the time when trials and afflictions were made the means through God's grace of leading him to a genuine heartfelt belief. The trial came in the form of early captivity; in his sixteenth year he was carried off by one of the piratical bands who were constantly invading his country, who sold him as a slave to a Pagan prince in the north of Ireland. For long years he was herdsman to his master in the mountains of Down and Antrim, suffering all the hardships of slavery. But in the midst of this misery, he himself says, "The Lord brought me to a sense of the unbelief of my heart." He gave himself to instant and earnest prayer, rising often before daylight, "in the midst of snow and ice and rain," to call on the Lord. "I was from my childhood," he writes, "a believer in the only God, but I continued in doubt and in unbelief till I was severely chastened, and in truth I have been humbled by hunger and nakedness, and it was my lot to traverse Ireland every day, sore against my will, until I was almost exhausted. But this proved rather a benefit to me, because by means of it I have been corrected by the Lord, and He has fitted me for being at this day what was once far from me, so that I should interest or concern myself about the salvation of others, when I used to have no such thoughts even for myself."

His captivity lasted from four to six or seven years, after which he regained his liberty and returned to his own country. He was again carried off later, but this second captivity only lasted two months, and he returned to his parents in safety.

But the suffering he had undergone had led him to fix his thoughts and affections on the land of his captivity. He had had full opportunities of learning the language, habits, and feelings of the people, and he was powerfully impressed with the conviction that God had set him apart for work in Ireland. His parents and friends naturally dreaded his departure for the land where he had suffered so much: but he was firm.

He believed he had a revelation, like St. Paul's of the "man of Macedonia;" he saw in a vision a person coming as from Ireland, with letters, and heard voices, as of the people crying out to him to come and teach them. In spite of opposition from all around him, he set his face steadfastly to the work before him.

It was however many years before his project was carried out: what the circumstances were that detained him we know not: but certainly during that time he evidently felt the need of diligent preparation. He studied first under Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, and then under the celebrated Martin, Bishop of Tours.

Of the events of the years following we know nothing, till we find him, in the year 432, coming over with several well-qualified companions to preach in Ireland.

He landed first on the coast of Leinster, but meeting with violent opposition, he re-embarked in the same vessel and landed in the northern province in which he had formerly toiled as a slave (it is believed in the county of Down), where he preached with great success, and one of his first converts was the prince of the district, Dichu, who provided him with a place of worship where he could hold his services.

He travelled through Ulster and Connaught, where thousands heard the word of God with gladness. Then he returned to Leinster, where he met with similar success, the princes of the country embracing his doctrines with readiness, and encouraging the spread of them among their subjects.

He then laboured in Munster, with equal blessing, and finally retired to the scene of his first labours in the North, where he spent his last days. His death is believed to have taken place about the end of the fifth century, and on the day (the 17th of March) which has been always observed in his honour.

His "Confession" is written in very incorrect Latin; he had probably (as sometimes happens with missionaries who have lived exclusively with the natives for many years) unlearned in some degree the Latin spoken in his youth, and learned to think as well as speak in the Erse tongue. But this roughly-written account bears witness to most extensive labours among the Irish Pagans.

"Though" (in his own words) "I was not worthy or deserving that the Lord should grant such favours as this to His servant."

"And I beg of all," he continues, "that believe in God and seek and fear Him, whoever may be pleased to examine or read this letter, which I, Patrick, poor, sinful, and ignorant creature that I am, have written in Ireland, that no one will ever say that my ignorance is to have the credit of it, if I have effected or proved any little matter according to the purpose of God, but believe and be assured for certain that it was God who has done it."

Besides the Confession, the writings of Patrick that have come down to us, are a letter to the Christian subjects of a Pagan prince, relating to the persecutions they suffered from him; certain canons supposed to have been drawn up by him in conjunction with others at a synod held in Ireland; and lastly, in the Irish language, the famous hymn commonly called "St. Patrick's Armour." This is a kind of prayer intended for a defence against the plots of his foes, which beset his path to Tara, where he was going to preach before the king and states of Ireland. It is believed to be the oldest monument of the Irish language in existence. It begins with a profession of faith in the Trinity, the Incarnation, Death, Resurrection and Ascension of Christ, and His coming to Judgment; then follows a trustful prayer for protection against the danger of the eventful day. It has already been often quoted: but to some readers it may be new, and an extract from it will show the spirit in which it was written. It may well be taken as a watchword for every Christian going forth to work for God under difficulties and trials.

"At Tara, to-day, may the strength of God pilot me, the presence of God preserve me, the wisdom of God instruct me, the eye of God view me, the ear of God hear me, the word of God render me eloquent, the hand of God protect me, the way of God direct me, the shield of God defend me, the host of God guard me against the snares of demons, the temptations of vices, the inclinations of the mind, against every man who meditates evil against me, far or near, alone or in company." The prayer ends with these memorable words, "Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ after me, Christ in me, Christ under me, Christ over me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left, Christ at this side, Christ at that side, Christ at my back, Christ in the heart of each person whom I speak to, Christ in the mouth of each person who speaks to me, Christ in each eye that sees me, Christ in each ear that hears me. Salvation is the Lord's. Salvation is Christ's. May thy Salvation, O Lord, be always with us!"

Patrick's writings are all animated with the same spirit as his prayer. Christ is the centre of his teaching. On him all his faith is fixed. We find no allusion to prayers to human mediators, whether saints, angels, or the Virgin Mary; no mention of purgatory, human merit with God, transubstantiation, or any other specially Romish dogma. His father and grandfather were in holy orders, and naturally he had no idea of the celibacy of the clergy being necessary. All we gather of his teaching is far more in harmony with that of the modern Protestant Mission teachers in Ireland than with the Romanists who delight to speak of him as one of themselves.

A LAY PREACHER.

Little things, on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven.

A LINNET came to stay with me for a month during last summer. It was a little town-bred thing, probably originating somewhere in the Seven Dials, or thereabouts; and had never piped its shrill note to the glory-lit sky, unclouded by smoke or fog, nor felt its wings pulsating in the sweet air, above green grass and streamlets or waving cornfields.

It came to me in a little box, some six inches by ten, where it had evidently passed its previous existence, because its tail had become misformed from the cramped position, and it had never learnt to fly. I cannot bear to see birds in cages, and this particular little prisoner gave me real pain when I saw how near the soft little head, which ought to have been pushing its way skywards, was to the top of that wooden box. But I was asked to receive the little creature as a visitor, and I could not refuse.

I was going to stay in London during the summer, and the owners of my little friend were going away, and could not take their live possession with them. It was certainly no gilded cage that the bird was confined in, and no grandeur or luxury lay outside his prison. The children who owned him knew well enough what it was to go without food during the day, and their own cage (the linnet would call it their cage!) was as cramped as his own little box. One little room in a wretched street, where during the summer the inhabitants sat outside the houses to catch the least little breeze, or fresh air, that blew upon the heated heavy atmosphere.

It was a little street, but the number of people who lived in it seemed enormous; and when they all sat outside and talked and screamed, and fought together, it was anything but a refreshment to the mind, at least, to be there. There was a dying woman who used to sit, wrapped up, at the corner of the street, and in the

kindness of their hearts, the neighbours used to go and stand by her "for company." She has gone now, and I cannot help thinking of another street in another City, "of pure gold," and of a tree in that street, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations. It will certainly be a new life after the thick smell of rotten cabbages and other garbage, and the loud and angry voices, many of them cracked from trying to make themselves heard in the busy streets, and more of them husky from drink and hard living.

But such was the world that the children lived in, and the linnet looked down upon, as he hung on a nail outside the window, in the heat. And to this world he preached, chirping in his box, and the nature of his discourse was this: "My friends, we have song in us—let us sing."

If any one had said with bitterness, "Here the only songs are of the public-house kind," his faint clear note would have contradicted them, and his mis-formed tail preached patience.

From this world the children were going away for a time, going to the Hopping world. The father and mother and all the children would be away for about a month, and the key would be turned in the door, but the linnet could not go with them.

Last autumn we read in this magazine of the hop-pickers and the hop-fields. Will any one look back and read about them? I am afraid all hop-fields are not like those; it took many loving hearts and weary brains to make a garden of cultivation of what used to be a hotbed of evil. We need many more hearts and brains to work, as some are doing, for the good of the hoppers, for there is plenty still to do. The way is clear to us, for we can follow those grand leaders who began the Augean work. What hop-gardens must have been we can scarcely imagine. What they are in some places still, and what only took place last season, cannot be written here.

When we remember that it is to many of the inhabitants of our back streets the one holiday and change they get during the year, it would seem only natural that those who know what fresh air means would make it a possibility for those who wish to keep respectable. In the present state of things one can only implore the mothers and fathers to leave their daughters behind when they go for this "harvesting," with some one to take care of them; but I dream of a time when it will be safe for those dear girl-faces to become bronzed and rosy with the fresh air. The great advantage of this kind of holiday is that they can be employed all day in a new work that is like play to them, and they can go with their own "pals," the companionship of whom makes all the difference in life to them. Who is going to help in this work, I wonder? Do not let any delay too long, for lives are not long where the linnet came from, and the need is sore.

The children went with their mother to the hop-gardens, and the linnet came to me with a halfpenny for its supply of food. I took it out of its little box as soon as possible, and let it fly about my room. Its flying was of such an extremely wobbly uncomfortable kind, that I do not imagine it cared much for its passages in the air. The fact of the matter was, that owing to a faulty education and sundry disadvantages in the way of a crumpled-up tail and such things, it could not really fly at all. It would flutter to a shelf, upon which stood some green boughs in a jar, sent to me from the country, smelling of the sweet resinous smells which no one appreciates so much as a Londoner. Upon these boughs my little friend would sit for hours. I think a little extra joy must have come into his life as he felt the boughs bend beneath his weight, and sway beneath him if he moved.

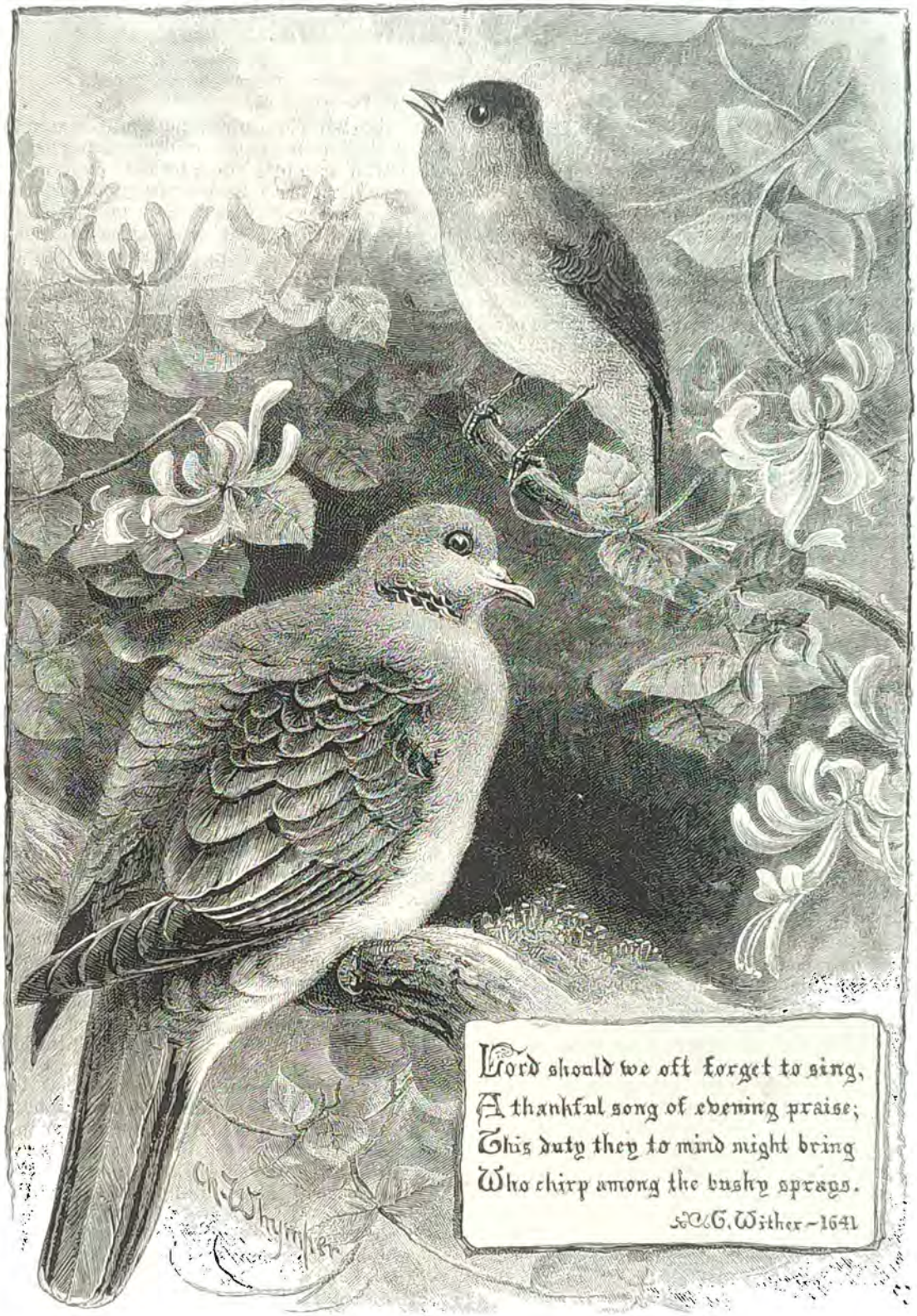
It was a great happiness to me to see him there, and after a time he would always find his way to these "green-wood shades," and from there he would preach to me, and his sermon would be of this kind: "My friend, if you cannot sit in a forest, or even in a tree, be thankful for a bough. Why should you sigh for more? You cannot sit on more than one bough at a time."

That bird was always preaching, not only to me but to every one that came to see me. I overheard a little sermon one day, the text of which was: "Fellowship." It was preached to a little child of three years old. Her short life had been a series of struggles by reason of the simple matter of boots. It has always seemed to me such a natural thing for children to go about barefooted, in fact I have sometimes gone to the length of envying their free little toes; but to this little child no boots was a sign of disgrace, and I have seen her stand with her face to the wall and refuse to go beyond her particular domestic alley because she had no shoes or stockings.

She happened to be shod on the day she came to my room, slipping in while I was writing, and making her way shyly towards the window where the linnet was. I heard the bird flutter as she leant over the box, and stuck her little fingers between the bars. Then I heard her say to herself in a tone of triumph, "De bird's dot no boots!" And she sat down contented, by her companion in adversity, as she considered.

There is one more sermon I will mention, and remember this is no "make up" on my part, it is all truth. The linnet used to be put outside on my balcony in its little box, in the cool of the evening. I used to notice how the little London sparrows would hover round. One day I came into the room quietly and went towards the window. I thought my little friend was eating his seed, but I soon saw that this was not the case. He took seed by seed in his beak and deliberately dropped them out between the bars of his cage, where the sparrows were waiting for them. What was the text this time, do you ask? It sounded to me very like one that I had often heard: "If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence to give of that little." And I do not doubt that in some way the promise was fulfilled of the "good reward in the day of necessity."

Those who have taken the trouble to read about this little lay preacher may be glad to hear that when the children came home from the hop-gardens, the first thing they did was to buy a new and larger cage for their little winged friend.



Lord should we oft forget to sing,
A thankful song of evening praise;
This duty they to mind might bring
Who chirp among the bushy sprays.

G. Wither—1641

SIR HERBERT EDWARDES.

II.

OUR first notice left Sir Herbert Edwardes nearly at the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. It was not so great a surprise to him as to those distant from the scene, and to some who were close upon it. Eight years before, when dropping down the Sutlej, on his way home to England, in company with his friend John Nicholson, he had written a forecast of the event in these words: "The outbreak in the first of the month at muster; massacre of all European officers at parade; ineffectual stand of a few European regiments; retreat to the sea and embark." The chief part of this outline, conjecturally prophetic as it was, received its fulfilment to the letter; that the last sentence was not also realised, was mainly due, under God, to his own forethought and efforts. He was well acquainted with the various elements of danger embodied in the Sepoy army, and had carefully in times of peace revolved the chances and changes of that dreadful war. As the event drew near, he was quick to hear the first rumbling of the storm. Intuitively he discerned the probable origin of the movement. He writes to his wife: "These regiments at Barrackpore have probably been tampered with by the dethroned princes who are still in exile at the capital," an explanation which was soon to be verified by the information that the Government received.

And if his discerning mind had prepared him to receive the intelligence without surprise, his steadfast faith had given his spirit an equally solid preparation. His attitude at this time cannot be better described than in the language of the 112th Psalm: "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings; his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord;" or in the words of the 46th Psalm, of which we find an echo in one of his letters; "God only could have carried us through it. There is a sure refuge in our God, in faith and prayer." Yet he did not underrate the danger. Speaking of the chances of defeat, he says, "It cannot be God's will; and you will rely upon it we shall gain the victory, though there must necessarily be a frightful loss of blood." What distress of mind he felt, was much more for others than for himself. He was happy to think of his wife as safe in England, whither she had gone for the sake of her health early in that year. Others of his friends were in the thick of the mutiny, and for them he had to endure the agony of fears arising from danger, distant, unknown, and therefore magnified. Sir Henry Lawrence, whom he had just left at Lucknow, was soon beset by a host of rebels, and met his death before the day of its memorable relief. However much pain these fears cost him, they raised no cloud over his intellect. With a clear and cool head he set about contriving and carrying into execution the schemes needful first for securing the Punjaub, and next for despatching help to those who were beleagured by the mutineers.

As political more than military officers, it fell to Edwardes and Nicholson, who was closely associated with him, rather to devise and counsel than to command. Happily the actual issue of commands depended upon a man of like mind and determined will, General Cotton. A crisis soon came that called for all their wisdom and firmness. Disaffection arose in the native army. Some regiments were immediately removed from Peshawur, but this was not enough. Regiments broke out into open mutiny, and they resolved on the disarmament of all the native troops. In order to effect this, the opposition of their commanding (English) officers had to be overcome. They were not alive to the danger, and pleaded for half measures. They were, in fact, pleading for their own honour. General Cotton broke in with, "Gentlemen, no more discussion. These are my orders, and I must have them obeyed!" Some cavalry officers threw in their swords with those of their men, and even tore off their spurs. Edwardes writes: "It was impossible not to feel for and with them; but duty must be done; and I know that we shall never regret the counsel that we gave!" The odium, if evil consequences followed, would naturally fall upon Edwardes and Nicholson. But no evil followed; an immediate advantage was gained. Edwardes and others had been making great efforts to raise levies among the natives of the district. Their chiefs had been holding off waiting upon the tide of events. These vigorous measures determined them, and troops soon came flocking in. That they did so, was in a great degree due to Edwardes' influence, acquired in former years. As soon as the outbreak of the mutiny was expected, he proposed to raise a thousand Mooltanees, the men who had witnessed his gallant bearing at the battle of Kinyeree. They were ready to answer his call, and not only they but the wild people of the hills, whom he had tamed not by armed force, but by the terror of being dismarketed, as has been before related. One day he was roused by the news that three hundred Afreedees were running down from the hills, ostensibly to take service in the force he was raising. The people about him were scared. He walked in among these unpromising recruits, not without a passing thought they might wish to entrap him; he picked out the young and able, gave friendly words to the elders, and then sent them, with the present of a rupee for each, back to their native hills.

Thus the crisis was met. Peshawur and the neighbourhood were rendered secure; and the disaffected Sepoys, who had supposed that they

held the lives and empire of the English in their hands, saw their places filled by the rough men of the mountains. Upon some of them a terrible retribution had come. Those who had been in open rebellion were soon broken and scattered in flight, cut up by European troops, and hunted down by the natives of the provinces.

Meanwhile the eyes of all in the Punjaub were directed to Delhi. There was the heart of the mutiny, and upon it an onslaught was preparing. Thither all available troops had been sent, and upon their excellence Edwardes rested his hopes, especially upon the Guides, emphatically a Punjaub corps. This is not the place to speak of that memorable siege, or even of one event in it which cut him to the heart—the death of his friend Nicholson, who was badly wounded *inside* the walls; so far had he led his troops towards victory. It is enough to say that these hopes were realised, and that Sir Herbert had the pleasure of welcoming back the Guides, and giving in honour of them a public narration of their deeds.

After hearing the story of that year, one can readily believe that if Edwardes' counsels had been followed, a much larger force would have been raised and at a much earlier date. He proposed it immediately the mutiny broke out; but his proposal was slighted, and the whole business delayed, because his chief, Sir John Lawrence, was not sufficiently alive to the pressing need. His subordinates were almost forced to act without orders, carrying out what they had determined on in face of disapprobation. This is the more noteworthy, because the English public in general, for want of correct information, has hitherto given Lord Lawrence the sole credit of the achievement.

In Edwardes' correspondence with Sir John Lawrence on these matters, the frankness and singlemindedness of his character fully appear. He does not hesitate to assert the correctness of his design, and yet there is no note of reproach, nor a trace of wounded pride, as if he had been at all wronged by his superior's course of conduct. All is friendly, charitable, and Christian-like.

It is time to turn to another phase of his activity, in which his pure religious faith shows itself, not as the hidden spring by which an even course of life was maintained, but itself in direct action for the cause of God and the benefit of mankind.

Four years before the mutiny, Edwardes had taken part in the establishment of a Christian mission at Peshawur. In doing so, he took a departure in a direction exactly opposite to the course adopted by his predecessor. Colonel Mackeson dreaded and would not tolerate the presence of a missionary, thus impersonating, as we may say, the spirit and policy of the East India Company. Edwardes took a different view. To his eye, Hindoostan had been committed to Englishmen by Providence, not that they might enrich themselves, nor yet that they might find suitable spheres for their younger sons, but that they might convey to India the blessings of Christian faith, and in the act of giving to them the benefits of Western civilisation, might base their institutions upon the only true foundation. Other nations had tried their hands with a degraded form of Christianity; it was England's duty to disclose to the heathen the priceless jewel she possessed of an unadulterated faith.

These views he openly propounded when occupying the chair at a meeting called to establish an Afghan mission, and in accordance with them he gave cordial help to Colonel Martin, a less distinguished man, but equally devoted, who a few years after resigned his post that he might give himself entirely to missionary work. This was but a small beginning, still an outpost was here established, an advanced picket of the great army of Christ. Even this movement was a considerable advance upon the previous state of things. In General Reynell Taylor's life we read how he, Edwardes, and General von Cortlandt, Edwardes' coadjutor at the battle of Kinyeree, met for prayer in a tent in the Bunnoo valley, the only four Christians in all that wide region. They nursed the flame which now warmed them for further effort.

In connection with the beginning of the Afghan mission an incident is recorded which seems to show how the paths of Providence centre on a given point. The mission naturally required an Afghan version of the Scriptures. Edwardes remembered seeing a Pushtoo Testament in the hands of an old chief. It was one printed at Serampore, thirty years before, and the chief had been told to preserve it till the "English should come to his country." The English had come, and the Testament so long preserved was quickly printed and the copies circulated.

The support thus given to the mission was steadily continued. When in England, finding it difficult to keep up his subscription, he handed over his house at Peshawur as a permanent resource in aid of the mission.

No one can fail to remark the essential difference between this line of conduct and that of other English officers, who carried out to the letter the views of the East India Company. They dealt tenderly with Eastern superstition; it was a thing not to be touched for fear of exciting religious hostility. Edwardes' belief, on the other hand, was that the Oriental is religious, intensely religious; his belief may be wrong, but he holds it fast; if we are slack in maintaining our faith he will not respect us; an aggressive not a neutral policy is the true course for Christians in India.

After his return to England he never ceased to reiterate these views in the public ear. He showed the futility of the policy which absolutely discouraged Christianity in the Sepoy army; and the strength that would result, if a number of Christians were spread like leaven throughout the native ranks. He maintained that caste should henceforth be disregarded, that no official notice should be taken of Mohammedan and Hindoo festivals. Abhorred to his mind was the idea of levying tribute on the horrid festival of Juggernaut.

There are recorded in this volume two remark-

able instances of men who discountenanced Christianity, one going the length of openly censuring a chaplain who ventured to explain the Scriptures to Sepoy soldiers. Further it is remarked that both these men were victims of the mutiny. Had there been a few Christians in the ranks, they might have been saved.

The exclusion of the Bible from Hindoo schools was another thing with which Edwardes would have nothing to do. In all things, indeed, he was a Christian first, a soldier and ruler afterwards. Unsectarian in his sympathies, he supported warmly the form of Christianity in which he had been brought up. That was the Church of England, but the ritualistic branch of that church found small favour with him. He could not see that anything was gained by putting one ritual in place of another. The heathen, he thought, would identify such Christianity with idolatry. His views of church organization had somewhat of a soldierly colouring. He could not understand how a clergyman could do otherwise than obey his bishop, being as it seems much of the mind of the centurion of old: "I say to one, Go, and he goeth!" Yet in this and in other points, he was sincere, single-hearted and pious. His reward is on high. Yet he had a large share of reward on earth. He was honoured by his comrades, honoured by his superiors, honoured by the British public, and most of all honoured and in his death mourned by the natives of the Punjaub.

THE HOPE THAT IS IN US AND THE REASON OF IT.

BY THE REV. JOHN KELLY, EDITOR OF THE "PRESENT DAY TRACTS," ETC.

"But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."—1 *Peter* iii. 15.

TWO things can hardly fail to strike the readers of this epistle, viz. the background of trial, suffering, and persecution which it reveals, and the spirit of hopefulness which it breathes.

The Christian communities to whom St. Peter's Epistle was addressed were passing through much tribulation, and in comforting and instructing them he wrote in the most buoyant and cheery tone—in a tone that was fitted to animate and strengthen them to the utmost. His faithfulness too is as conspicuous as his hopefulness.

In the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth verses of the third chapter, he writes:

"The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers; but the face of the Lord is against them that do evil. And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye; and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled." And then he adds—

"But sanctify the Lord God," or Christ as Lord, "in your hearts; and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

You see, he addresses the believing strangers scattered abroad *as having a hope in them.*

At the beginning of this epistle, he says, associating himself with them,—

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, or a living hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

We see here the nature, source, and object of the hope. We see also the guarantee of the fulfilment of it. It is a living hope—an undying one. Its ultimate source is the mercy of the Father. Its immediate source is the new birth of the partaker by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. "*We are quickened together with Christ.*" When the new life enters, the living hope springs up in the heart. Its fruition is in the incorruptible, undefiled and unfading inheritance. The guarantee of its fulfilment is its reservation in heaven for us, and our preservation for it, through faith, by God's power.

In every respect it is a contrast to the hope which springs up in the natural heart, of which the world's poets so often sing. There is nothing sure and certain in that hope. The only sure and certain thing about the earthborn hope, which terminates in the things of time and sense, is its ultimate disappointment. The vanity of human hope is a very common theme of the moralist, and a favourite one with the cynically disposed. It is illustrated everywhere and every day in the world. We have not far to seek nor long to wait if we wish to find proofs of it. The hope of the Christian is also a contrast to the vague hope of a blessed future when this life is over, which many cherish who have not been quickened together with Christ.

Many are ready to express their hope in God's mercy, and of the attainment of heaven at last, who know nothing of Christ and the power of His resurrection. They reveal their ignorance when they attempt to give a reason of the hope that is in them. It then becomes manifest that their hope has no vital roots, that it springs from their good

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CHRIST PREACHING ON THE LAKE

opinion of themselves, or from their erroneous and defective conceptions of God's character and law. It is not based on God's revealed character and testimony.

To those who have a living, heaven-derived, God-given hope, the Apostle addresses two precepts. One has reference to their inward life. The other has reference to their attitude and spirit in relation to inquirers concerning the reason of the hope that is in them.

"*Sanctify the Lord God*," or "*Christ as Lord in your hearts.*"

That is the first precept. The state of our hearts is to be our first concern. What is it then to sanctify Christ as Lord in our hearts?

We sanctify Him thus not only when we recognize Him in His true character, as the Son and the Sent of God, with the eye of the heart, when we receive Him into the heart, and believe on Him with the heart, but more particularly when we render Him the homage of our hearts, when our thoughts and desires are in accordance with His mind and will, when nothing is harboured in our hearts that is contrary to His will. We sanctify Him in our hearts when we enthrone Him there, when we have Him to rule over us, and every thought is brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

This precept shows *the inwardness of the true Christian life*, the paramount importance of keeping the heart with all diligence, that the Christian life must be rooted in the heart. If Christ be not sanctified as Lord in the heart, there can be no true sanctification of Him in the life. Lip-homage and outward observances, phrases and forms, are not holiness.

We must sanctify Christ as Lord in our hearts habitually, or else there can be no true holiness. This habitual sanctification of Him requires habitual vigilance and prayer. No one can fulfil this precept truly who does not watch and pray,—who does not watch against the risings of pride and rebellion within, and against the encroachments of evil from without; who does not pray for grace to repress the one and resist the other. Our hearts are treacherous and weak, and they need to be kept and watched. If we go to sleep, or cease to pray, they will deceive and betray us.

The word of Christ too must dwell in us richly, if we are to sanctify Him as Lord in our hearts. We must meditate much and deeply in His word. By His word and Spirit He teaches and rules us, and we honour and obey Him. By them He sanctifies us and we sanctify Him. His word gives us light. His Spirit gives us strength.

We must trust Him fully and implicitly in all circumstances if we are to sanctify Him in our hearts. If we distrust Him we cease to sanctify Christ as Lord.

We must love and delight in Him if we are to sanctify Him in our hearts. Christ can never be sanctified as Lord in a loveless heart. Unreserved trust, love, obedience, homage and reverence are requisite in order to sanctify Christ as Lord in our hearts.

The second precept contained in our text has respect to the attitude and spirit of the Christian towards inquirers concerning the hope that is in him.

"*And be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.*"

The hope that is in the Christian is here supposed to attract attention, to excite interest and curiosity, and a desire to know the reason of it. The hope, therefore, must have a practical and perceptible effect upon the character and life. It must have such an effect as only a heaven-born hope—a hope fixed on a heavenly object—can have. The effect must be so decided as to leave no doubt in the mind of the beholder, that it is, to the Christian himself at least, a sure and certain hope, not a doubtful and uncertain one.

The effects to be produced by it in those to whom he wrote, contemplated by the Apostle, were mutual love, kindness to enemies, blamelessness of life, patient endurance of wrongful suffering for Christ's sake. The effects which the "living hope" should everywhere and always produce are—unworldliness of spirit, Christlikeness of character and walk, separation from all evil in every form, patience in affliction, and calm and joyful expectation of the ultimate attainment of the object of the hope.

The hope that is in us should produce purifying, sustaining, gladdening effects, effects fitted to impress the beholder and cause him to exclaim—What is the secret of the hope which these Christians cherish? I cannot explain it. To answer such an inquiry Christians must always hold themselves in readiness.

"*Be ready always to give an answer.*"

We are not enjoined to give unsought explanations. We are not told to be forward in giving reasons. We are to hold ourselves in readiness to give them.

It is more important to have the hope so manifestly in us that it will attract attention, and excite inquiry, than to speak about it.

The silence of the man who has this hope thus in him, whose whole character and life are moulded by it, is much more eloquent than the speech of the man in whom the presence of the hope would be imperceptible, unless he ran about saying to everybody—"Come, and I will tell you all about the hope that is in me, what it is, and why I cherish it." His silence, indeed, may be more expressive even than his own speech. There have been cases of persons who were converted by means of silence, who were unmoved by speech. We have heard of one—a Jew—who resisted every argument used by a missionary in conversation and discussion, but was led to reflection and decision for Christ when he was told that arguments and persuasion were exhausted and he must now be left to himself.

In applying a precept couched in such unqualified and universal terms, we are to have respect to the whole teaching of the New Testament with reference to our conduct in various circumstances, and to act accordingly. Proceeding on this principle, we shall remember that to reply to the scoffer may sometimes do more harm than good, that it may be like casting pearls before swine.

The inquirer may be truly anxious, if possible, to have his doubts solved, but the scoffer does not want to know the reason of the Christian's hope. He wants to find occasion to deride the Christian's hope. Silence is often the most effective answer to him. We need to have the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove. By our silence we may show that we perceive his spirit and purpose. By our life we may show the reality and power of our hopes, and disarm if not convince him.

A Christian minister was once preaching in the open air to an audience of men near a large public-house. One of the roughest of his hearers, a well-known scoffer, asked if God was good, why He did not give us beef and bread. This was really a taunting challenge to the preacher to vindicate the faith and hope that were in him. The spirit of this challenge and the circumstances were not such as to hold out any prospect of advantage from entering into controversy, and no controversy took place. Some time after, the preacher was called very early in the morning to visit a man dying of fever. He went, and while he was praying by the bedside, the patient breathed his last. The scoffer of the open-air service happened to be a witness of the death-bed scene. He said nothing at the time, but afterwards declared to his fellow-workmen that he would never speak against the preacher again. He had previously believed that Christian ministers were mercenary hirelings, who would not expose themselves to inconvenience and risk in the discharge of their duties. What he saw on the morning in question, however, convinced him that there was such a thing as disinterested devotion to Christian service.

It is an answer sufficient to justify our hope, that we are to be ready to give. We are to be ready to say in whom we hope, on what ground our hope is based, and what we hope for. We should question and cross-question ourselves to see that we have a hope for which we can render a reason, that we have a good and sufficient reason for the hope we have. It is not a blind and unintelligent expectation which we are to cherish, but a hope that will bear examination, based on reasons intrinsically sufficient to sustain it.

Need it be said that only divine testimony and the witness of the Spirit with our spirits afford a foundation strong enough to sustain the hope of the Christian? Any other foundation than this is sometimes weak, and will assuredly give way.

It is important and useful to be able to give good answers to various objections that are raised, to be able to show that greater difficulties are involved in the denial of the reality of the faith and hope of the Christian than in their acceptance as true and well founded, but human reasoning alone affords no sufficient ground for them. They must have a foundation divinely laid and eternally sure. This they have in Christ, Christ for us and Christ in us, Christ our righteousness and Christ our life, Christ the offering for our sins, Christ in us the hope of glory.

Our answer must be adapted, as far as may be, in form and contents to the state of mind of the inquirer, to his knowledge and character, but substantially it must come to this: we must acknowledge the divine foundation, the spiritual source and the heavenly object of our hope. The humblest and least enlightened real Christian can fall back upon his experience of Divine power and grace, and in the spirit of the man blind from his birth, whose eyes Jesus had opened, say:

"Whether the difficulties and objections which you raise are valid or not, I cannot tell; one thing I know, that whereas I was blind now I see."

One point more remains for consideration, viz., the spirit we are to display in answering inquiry touching the reasons of the hope that is in us. "We are to give an answer to every one that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us *with meekness and fear*."

There is to be no bitterness in our spirit, no superciliousness in our tone. We are not to be censorious or overbearing. There is to be no flippancy or irreverent familiarity in our manner of answering. We are to seek to commend the truth to the inquirer's conscience, and to win his heart. We are to remember the source and object of our hope, that it comes from God, and terminates in Him, and to speak under the impression which these considerations are fitted to produce. We are to speak of the hope that is in us *with meekness and fear*. Thus only are we likely to influence and impress.

This then is the spirit in which inquirers should be answered by the Christian. What beauty as well as power is there in such a spirit!

We would do well to ponder deeply, in order to possess, cultivate, and display the three features of vital, influential Christianity which the precepts contained in our text commend to us, viz.: *the inwardness of the true Christian life; the dignity of the true Christian attitude; and the beauty of the true Christian spirit.*

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ON THE HEROINES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

NO. X.

Warm-hearted, active, sparing not
Herself in any task or toil,
To honour her dear guest.
And yet, methinks she hath forgot
How all her needless care must spoil
This hour of sacred rest.

1. Once to thy wife, then thee, the angel came,
   And doing wondrously vanish'd in flame.
2. O tiny thing, we fain would learn of thee,
   Thy patience, skill, and wondrous industry.
3. This fertile spot in a great Nile-fed land,
   Was given to the Israelitish band.
4. Here on the murm'ring host, swift judgment came,
   God's righteous wrath, in punishment of flame.
5. O Agagite, but for thy son's fierce pride,
   And plots, he had not thus untimely died.
6. Jehovah's wondrous grace and love alone
   Can touch the callous heart, hard as this stone.

M. E. R.

NESTA AND PHYLLIS.

II.

THE aunts themselves were always lively, and busied themselves happily with a variety of things; lawn-tennis and bathing; a little painting, a little music, and a good deal of dress. They had many acquaintances, and were apparently very much liked by them. Phyllis used to listen to their talk at tea-time as she sat in her own little chair by the window, but she did not think it very interesting. She was most nearly happy when she could hide herself in some quiet nook among the rocks with a book—only the place was so crowded it was difficult to find a quiet nook even among the rocks, and there were not many books to be got in her aunts' lodgings. Phyllis wandered on the sands, too, sometimes by the hour, and watched the other children playing: if Nesta had been with her, she would have made friends with them.

In this way things went on until Phyllis had been more than a fortnight at St. Margaret's. And all this while the news of Nesta was that she was no better yet,—nothing else could be expected, her aunts said; such an illness as hers must take time. To Phyllis it seemed a terribly long time! Then there came one very bright Sunday, on which Aunt Madeline remarked that Sundays at the seaside were very tiresome. That was after morning service and after lunch, and when Aunt Adelaide and Aunt Flo had just agreed that a nap until tea-time was the best thing to try for.

"What are you to be about, Phyl?" asked Aunt Adelaide, who was already on the sofa.

"I don't know," said the child.

"There's to be a children's sermon this afternoon, I believe," said Aunt Flo. (The regular church service was in the evening). "Would you care to go, Mouse? Now, mind, you need not say you would unless it's true."

"I think I'd like to go," said Phyllis, thinking most of what her mother would like.

"Off with you then, and tell Laing to go with you."

Laing was the Miss Bruces' maid, a very grandly dressed and haughty person, who did everything she had to do for their little visitor as if she felt it beneath her dignity. It was a relief to Phyllis that Aunt Flo came to the bedroom with her after all, and gave her own message; and whether or not Laing had any more desires to go to church that afternoon than her mistress had, she made no objections. The two walked off together slowly and primly through the blazing sunshine: Phyllis ventured only one remark from under the shade of her Leghorn hat.

"It's very hot."

"Yes, miss. *Very* hot," answered Laing severely; and after that nothing more was said until they reached the church gates.

No one was to be seen entering there but themselves, so it seemed plain at once that they had mistaken the hour of service: and very soon they knew they were late, for a hymn was struck up suddenly within the church, and the sound of lonely little Phyllis's footfalls on the door-step were lost in the music of young voices singing, "What a friend we have in Jesus!" She did not know herself why she felt the tears come near her eyes and her heart beat faster. Laing stepped into church first, and beckoned impatiently to Phyllis as she lingered behind, ashamed of being so late. The middle of the building was filled only with children, but Phyllis did not go to sit with them; Laing took her into an empty pew at the side, and quite near the door.

Well! we have all read stories of little waifs and strays; home heathens and outcasts, who had wandered by chance within hearing of the "glad tidings of great joy;" and how that sound when first heard seemed so beautiful that even one or two words of the message of love were enough to change all their lives. But my little well-taught, well-cared for Phyllis came to church that day as she had often done before, carrying her own Bible in her hand, and her mother's Christian lessons in her mind, if not in her heart: how could it be then that to her all she heard was new and wonderful?

Ah! the same miracle had to be done for Phyllis that has been done for all those who hear aright. Christ Himself must open our ears before we can understand His voice.

The minister had chosen an old familiar text, the first that Phyllis had ever learned: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me." And probably there were in church other children whose first text it had been too, and who did not mind it or the sermon much; played a little quietly, or whispered to each other, or thought of something quite different; or perhaps some of them listened for the time being, and forgot about what they heard afterwards. But Phyllis listened with all her might; and never forgot that sermon afterwards. You see, it was all about what she needed: she felt as if it had been meant just for her.

Now, Phyllis had generally been thought a very good child by other people; and nobody but Phyllis herself quite knew what a mistake that was. The memory of many wrong things she had done—some of them in what seemed the long ago time of her eight years of life—used to come back to her again and again when she lay in bed at night, and the room was quiet, or when something made her think of death, which comes to the young as well as to the old, and must come at last for us all. Disobedience, untruthfulness, selfishness, unkindness, covetousness—Phyllis's conscience was clear of none of these things. And in the last days, when she had wanted so much to pray for Nesta, the feeling of her own sinfulness used to hinder her when she tried. Why, she knew that she had not even loved Nesta as she ought to have done! But now she heard that Jesus Christ would take away all her sins.

Then next, the minister told her that children, when they came to Jesus, found a Friend, from Whom they could never be separated—a Friend who could always help them, who loved them better than any one else could do. Oh, how Phyllis, during these motherless, sisterless weeks at St. Margaret's, had wanted a friend like that! Would He really (she kept asking the Lord in her heart) not only forgive her and make her good, but let her tell Him everything, and stay with Him always? Did He care that Nesta was so ill, and Phyllis alone among strangers and always shy; and did He know, better even than mamma did, the sorrow of it all?—Yes, indeed. In all the wide world Phyllis heard, there is no such friend as the loving Lord Jesus.

And last of all, the minister spoke about coming to Jesus to find a King.

Then Phyllis heard that the Great King of Kings and Ruler of all creation orders also the lives and hearts of little children. And she knew now that it must be His will that Nesta lay very sick of typhoid fever in her mother's room at home, and that Phyllis wandered alone by the sea at St. Margaret's; and somehow that thought made all her trouble seem different. There is perhaps nothing so sore as fretting, and Phyllis had learned long ago in her mother's nursery the comfort of submission to a wise and loving will. "Mamma knows best, we must do as mamma says," had been her earliest lessons; and because she knew them so well now, it was the easier to begin to change them into a higher trust and obedience. For the children who come to Jesus have the hearts and the duties of loving subjects in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The sermon was not at all long—Phyllis thought it short—and when it was done, the congregation sang, "I heard the voice of Jesus say"; and the minister sat and looked kindly down on his little hearers; perhaps he was praying for them in his heart.

But Phyllis was not thinking much of the minister; she was not thinking of any one in the church but the Lord Jesus, whom she could not see at all with her bodily eyes, but who was there nevertheless, and had shown Himself to her. Her heart was so full of the new thought of His love that there was no room in it then for anything else.

She rose quietly from her seat when Laing beckoned to her, and walked home without saying a word aloud. But though Laing did not hear her, perhaps the angels could—One greater than the angels certainly did. For Phyllis was praying "O Lord, be my Saviour—my Friend—my King!" And He Who loves the children so, gathered this one who had come to Him into His arms, and answered: "I will."

Now, it would take too long to tell you all the difference that Sunday made in Phyllis's life at St. Margaret's, where she felt herself a lonely child no more. That very evening she went down to the rocks with her own little Bible in her hand, and found a sheltered seat where she could only see the waves and the sky, but she was not solitary even there. She knew her Saviour and Friend was very near, and when she read in her Bible, it was about Him, and what He had done and said; and when she looked out on the sea, she remembered that it was His and He made it; and the Bible had never been interesting before as it was now; and the world had never seemed so beautiful.

And after that day Phyllis began to think that her aunts were growing much kinder. The truth was, I think, that God put some of His own love and patience into the little girl's heart; and she tried to please her aunts, and was grateful when they tried to please her, instead of keeping away from them coldly because they were not like her mother; and she found things to occupy her, and did her best with them, even though it had to be done without Nesta.

The Miss Bruces were delighted to see the child happier, and met her timid advances a good deal more than half way; and, strange to say, even Laing became quite friendly with Phyllis. That change dated from one afternoon that the little girl offered to read aloud to her a new story-book which Aunt Adelaide had given. It needed a good deal of courage to make the offer, and Phyllis would rather have read to herself (she could get on so much faster); but she was so sorry for poor Laing, sitting hour after hour and putting stitches into Aunt Flo's new dress, without anything to make her forget how tiresome it was!

And though probably Laing did not love reading or hate sewing so much as Phyllis did, she felt her heart grow warmer, and smiles came to her thin lips, as she listened to the new story.

Then, one day on the beach, where Phyllis was walking about as usual watching the other children, a little fat baby girl tumbled down almost at her feet; and Phyllis picked her up before her nurse could come to her help. And somehow it came to pass (because the nurse was such a nice girl, Phyllis thought, and the children were so dear), she found herself presently making a sand castle with a moat round it for an admiring group of little toddlers, who thought her very big and very clever. Phyllis's little friends were ready for her again next time she came to the beach; and as days went by she played with them very often, and she, who had no brothers and sisters of her own, found out, among the many new discoveries of that time, how delightful baby children are.

These were some of the ways in which God comforted Phyllis—putting love between her and those around—and yet, if He had not been more to her than those earthly friends, she would have been solitary still. But she learned that she could not be happy, even for a short time, away from Him: if she did not keep close she was sure to stray back again into the old desolate life of her first day at St. Margaret's. Every morning, when she knelt in her little room before Him, Who knew all she needed better than her mother did, she prayed Him to hold her close.

Meanwhile Nesta's fever had been running on its course. Phyllis did not know—there was no need she should know—with what anxiety her parents watched for some time over their little daughter's sick-bed. God knew, and He held Nesta's life in His hands. Phyllis could do nothing for her but pray; and how could she, in any case, forget to do that for her sister, her other self?

And He Who does all things right chose to bring Nesta back to health and strength again in this world. She began to grow slowly better, and after six long weeks of separation the little sisters could look forward at last to a day of meeting.

The re-union was to be at St. Margaret's, to which an easy journey would bring the little invalid: and, oh! with what loving joy and expectancy did Phyllis gaze beforehand up at the windows of the lodgings Mr. Elliot had taken for his family!—She used to pass by that house three or four times every day.

Then came the delight of watching the packing of her own box, which was the first of the luggage sent to the new lodgings.

"We'll all miss you, Miss Phyllis," said Laing, as she folded up the little dresses quite as if she respected them.

And Phyllis, though proud and pleased and amazed, could think of nothing truthfully polite to say at first, and then fortunately remembered before it was too late—

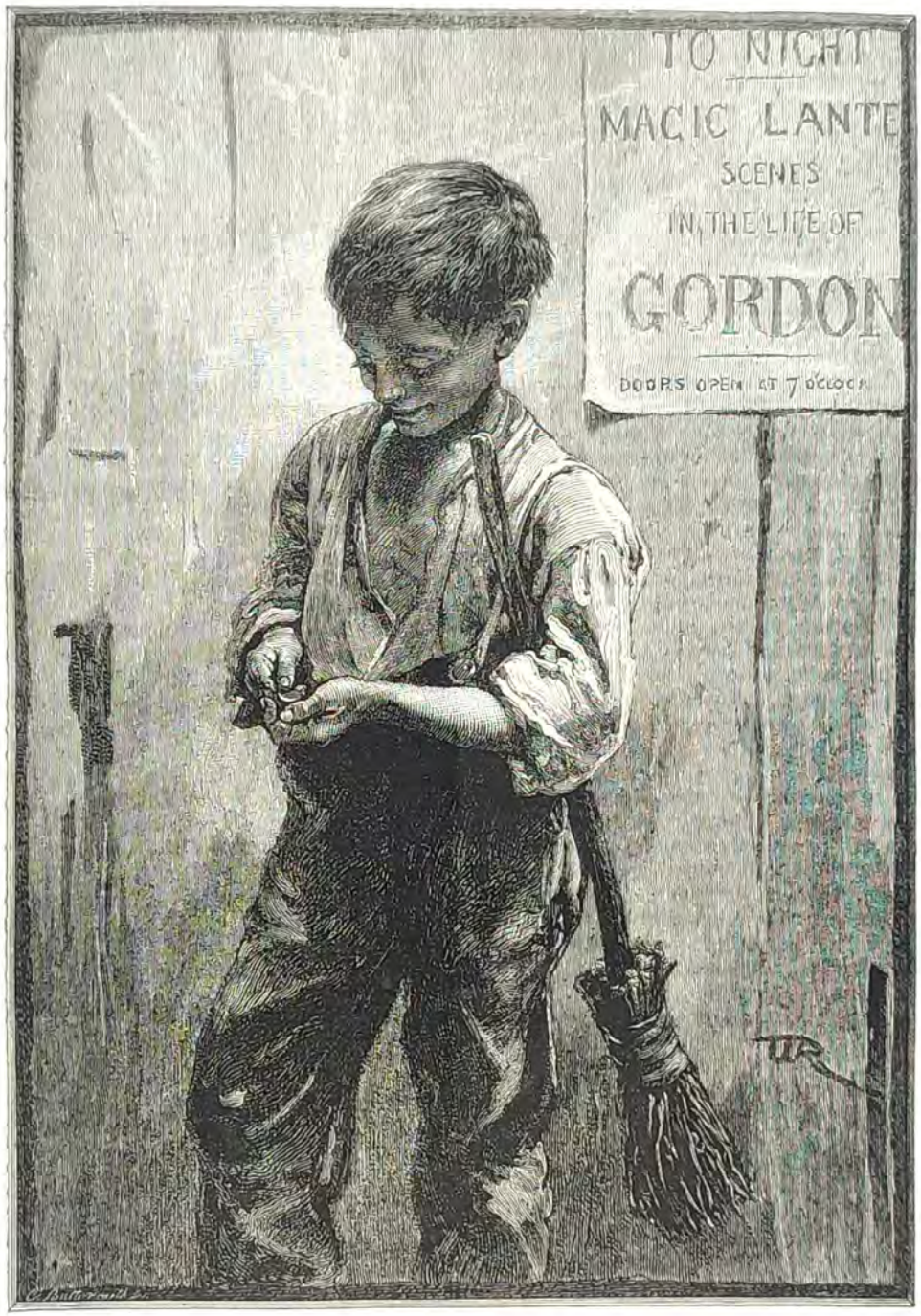
"I'm not going far away; I'll see you often again."

Then she added, with a great blush of shyness, "Thank-you for all your kindness."

But Phyllis had other things far more precious than any Laing packed into her box—treasures which could only be carried safely enough in her own arms. There was a big doll which her aunts had given to her and she had kept for Nesta, and there were all the clothes (such smart ones!) which Laing had made for it in the evenings when she had time to sew for herself, and which she had brought to Phyllis all ready as a surprise. Then there was Phyllis's collection of shells—for Nesta, too, of course. The shells were put in a box on the table of the room that was to be Nesta's, and the doll was put in a chair; and the new story-books (aunties had been very generous!) with the names of Nesta and Phyllis Elliot, both written in them by a childish hand, adorned a shelf above the bed.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



"JUST ENOUGH!"

No. 1777.—MAY 19, 1888.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

THE VENNEL SCHOOL AT EDINBURGH.

UP from the Grassmarket, or rather down into the Grassmarket, to be etymologically correct, runs that narrow steep descent the Vennel of Edinburgh. Near the top is the New Greyfriars Parish School, or Ragged School, or the Vennel School, to give it its popular name, founded forty-two years ago, by the late Dr. William Robertson. It began humbly and quietly as a practical experiment for the moral and religious elevation of the poor; and it has gone on steadily fulfilling its design. To it come children from all parts of Edinburgh, most of them willingly, some because the School Board insists on their attending some school and this is the only one that will receive them in their state of poverty and hunger. Since its establishment there have passed through its books over 15,000 children, a large number, considering that the usual strength, half boys and half girls, is under three hundred; but this is accounted for by the short stay made in the school by many of the children, whose parents either lead a wandering life or else improve in position and become properly independent so as to feed their family without recourse to charity.

Life has not much hope for such as come to the Vennel; orphans and deserted children adopted for purposes of gain; children of deserving poor widows, and other women, whose circumstances compel them to work for their livelihood, but who are too poor to provide enough food for their children and to pay for their education; children of parents, who, through long-continued sickness or want of employment, have been reduced to extreme poverty; children of idle, dissipated folks who, in spite of all we can do, neglect their natural duties, and squander on their selfish indulgence the means that should go to provide for their offspring; children whose relatives are all in prison. Not a nice lot the two last, and apt to prove the truth of heredity! But what is to be done? To prevent is wiser than to cure, and it is surely only just to give the children a chance of improving on their parent. The scope for improvement is often great. A month ago we saw a letter from a man, now much respected in the world, the youngest of nine brothers all of unblemished character, whose parents were never out of prison for three consecutive months from their marriage day to their deaths. The boys were turned adrift to starve, or beg, or steal, and one by one found their way to a ragged school. "I owe my position," said the letter, "to acting as my brothers have done. We have all, under Providence, prospered honestly in the world. In every difficulty we ask ourselves what our parents would have done; and we do exactly the opposite." A shocking rule of life, but in many cases a wise one among the children of the shameless!

"When we consider the condition of the children," said one of the earlier reports of the Vennel School, "and what would become of them if there was no kind heart to feel for them, or helping hand extended to deliver them from the fearful misery in which parental neglect has placed them, we have no hesitation in saying that it is not only in accordance with the spirit of Christianity, but it is wise policy to provide for them the means of instruction and godly upbringing, so that society may not in future suffer from the crimes of the children as it is now suffering from the profligacy of the parents. Therefore we gladly admit such children to this school."

The Vennel is, in short, a public school for the very poor, only a very small proportion of the scholars belonging to the parish in which it is situated; and it contains about half of those children in Edinburgh with which the School Board confesses itself unable to deal. It is undenominational, and unsectarian. Very few of the parents are now, or ever have been, connected with any church. All are welcome within the means at the manager's disposal. The children generally come recommended by missionaries and district visitors, or by other ladies and gentlemen who know their wants; sometimes the parents apply. The circumstances of each case are carefully and personally inquired into, and only to seemingly fit subjects is the charity extended.

It is a day school, not a boarding school. The child must have a home of some sort to go to at night, and though it may come in rags it must come with clean hands and face. A strange provision it may be thought, but a necessary one, and one with important consequences. "Often," said the master to us the other day, "children come at first filthily dirty, so dirty that I cannot put them with the rest. I send them home with a message. Next day they come just as bad. Again I send them home. Next day they come again, just as bad, for some of the people we have to deal with hardly know the true colour of their skin; then I take the child home and see the person who has sent him or her, and I explain the difference between cleanliness and dirt. The woman is frequently surprised at my making a fuss about so little, but finding I am in other respects a fairly reasonable man she makes an effort to oblige me. Next time the child comes with a fraction of the dirt taken off. That is a great step; it shows something has been attempted. Then I have him or her well washed and made to look tolerably decent. When the child gets back at night looking better than ever before, the mother is astonished and delighted, and next morning does her best to send out her son or daughter cleaned up to my standard of excellence. That is the next step. The next is when the mother—as is often the case—becomes ashamed

of being dirtier than her child, and takes to cleaning herself. There are many homes, I can assure you, which have been quite reformed by our insisting on the children coming here clean. It has led to a general removal of dirt from all the faces of the family!"

In short, the physical improvement effected is in every respect most gratifying. Poor little things come to the school whose appearance, owing to want and neglect, is such as to excite the intensest pity, but soon the regular and abundant supply of wholesome food, and the habits of cleanliness, tell their tale. The joy and vigour of childhood return, the faces assume a healthy glow, and the sports and amusements of youth give pleasure. In many cases the character of the youngsters is very debased, as appears but too plainly from their revolting language. But as they mingle with the others they catch the tone of the school, and an alteration is soon observable, so that in a short time they learn to hear with aversion the language with which their lips were familiar. Among them are some whose irregular attendance or incorrigible conduct has caused their expulsion from other schools. A few of them will not submit to the wholesome restraints of discipline; but the great bulk are effectually subdued and become regular and diligent pupils, the reform being effected not by punishment, but by the influence of companionship on the faculty of imitation.

The children have two meals a day—breakfast of porridge and milk at a quarter to eight in the morning, and dinner between twelve and one, the parents being expected to give them any additional food they require, although in many cases they get nothing at home. They are dismissed at four o'clock, except on Saturdays, when they go home after dinner. On Sunday there is but one meal—the dinner. The range of teaching extends from the simple lessons of the infant school to the fifth standard in the Government Code, the school being dependent on the Government grants for efficiency and on private subscriptions. It is managed by the minister and kirk-session of New Greyfriars parish church; and the staff consists of a head master, an infant mistress, a sewing mistress, an assistant, a cook and cleaner, and three pupil teachers. The girls get instruction in sewing and knitting one hour each day, they have also to help the cook in preparing the food, and keep the school-rooms clean; every week there is a class in cookery and domestic management; every day there is for all an hour's religious instruction. The children are looked after not only in school and at meals but in the playground, so that they are always well in hand. The playground is well known to artists as being a favourite spot from which to sketch the castle of Edinburgh.

The buildings are seldom empty, as a visitor soon discovers. Besides the day school there is evening school. On Sundays there is a children's service, beside school and school-teachers' prayer meeting. Once a week a clothing society meets to make and distribute clothes, both new and re-made, from parcels of cast-off garments sent by friends. And there is an evening sewing class in which girls are taught to make and mend their own dresses brought for alteration and repair.

The Vennel is in fact a centre of usefulness, a moral reformatory, whose influence it is a worthy object of charity to extend. It is a feeding school to which few of the objections to feeding schools hold good. Let the reader go and see for himself, inquire into individual cases, and say how otherwise he would treat them. The children are fed wholesomely, and treated kindly, and hence not only come willingly and regularly, but give healthy brainwork to their studies; they receive a practical up-bringing in the best of ways; and the good example that is set them they take home.

W. J. GORDON.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE.

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—AN UNDERSTANDING.

MURIEL did not understand Roy's letter, though she was glad indeed to receive it, glad both of the assurance it contained at the close, and of the hints with which it began. She did not know what he meant by the expression "who I really am," nor by many of the other phrases he used: but she saw that there had been some secret kept from him and from others for his sake, which explained all that had perplexed them before.

She resolved that she would ask Marcus what it meant upon the first opportunity, and keep her counsel until she had done that. Marcus had not as yet spoken a single word to the Kynastons as to Roy's true parentage, or the real claim these relatives had upon him. He was reluctant to speak upon a subject that his step-mother had so much wished kept secret, and although it was plain that Roy knew a good deal now, he could not be certain how much had been told him, and he preferred to keep silence until he should be assured on that point. He was not fond of half truths; unless he felt at liberty to tell the whole story, he would rather not say a word, and if Roy had not confided in these most intimate friends of his, Marcus determined that he would not speak.

Roy might be glad, when he visited his old home, or returned there for good, as it was possible he might, that his secret was a secret still; and nothing was said by the elder brother that might tend to divulge it.

But when Muriel put Roy's letter into his hands, and looking up at him in her steady, fearless fashion, asked him to explain it all: when he read what the boy had written, and saw that he wished for no concealment, and had accepted the full truth and his own consequent position with so much of unconscious bravery and heroism, then, indeed, he felt as if a load was lifted from his heart; he understood Roy's feelings and state of mind as he had never done before. It was not hurt pride but genuine humility that had kept him from complaining to Marcus, not pique, but a strong sense of duty which had led him to accept so willingly the strange life to which he had been introduced, and settle himself down in a new home. Roy was showing himself in new colours, and it was very plain that the reason for this was that he had at last really enlisted under a Banner that had heretofore been his rather in name than in fact. Marcus drew a long breath as he handed the letter back to Muriel.

"Will you explain it, please?" she asked. "I do not understand, though he thinks I do."

And Marcus did explain, told her the whole story from beginning to end, as he had heard it from Mrs. Stratford on her death-bed, coupled with the charge she had laid upon him respecting Roy. It was a relief to him to tell it, and a relief that the one who heard it first from him should be the one of all others who had trusted him most, whilst she had perhaps loved Roy best. He could speak to Muriel more freely than to any of her family, and she listened with undivided attention.

"I think I understand everything now, Marcus. It was her wish for Roy to stay always at home under your care, lest these relations should want to take him away, as they have done."

"Yes; she fancied he would be safer with me. She was nervously timid about him. She was afraid of his going out into the world, lest he should hear the story of his father's disgrace, and be looked down upon as a swindler's son. She wanted him to know nothing of his past, until at least he was of age, and could withstand any attempt on the part of his guardian to control his actions. She was afraid of those Edingtons, afraid of their moral and religious influence, as acting injuriously upon him if he were brought into contact with them. She was afraid, too, of their grasping, selfish covetousness, and left her fortune to me, though to all practical purposes I only hold it in trust for Roy, and if she had told me earlier what she had done I should have got it so settled in her will. However, although there has been undoubtedly some pain and misunderstanding, which I was unable to explain away without betraying trust, I do not think any real harm has been done. That letter of Roy's shows that he is made of sterner stuff than his mother (let us still call her so) feared. Let us hope that instead of succumbing to evil influences, he is himself bearing witness to the truth in a household where such witness is sorely needed, and standing to his colours like a true soldier. Muriel, I am happier about him than I have been for weeks, for I begin to see that what he says is true, that it was enervating him to live quite so shielded a life as his. He needed scope to show the metal of which he is made. I am proud of our boy, and I am convinced now that he will be a better, braver, and stronger man, for this trial of his manhood and his faith than if he had never been called upon to meet it. I will not forget his mother's charge. I will do all I can to smooth his path and bring him back if he will come; but I do not now think that this affair is a matter for regret. He has come out nobly, and I am proud of him."

Muriel's eyes were shining with a proud happy light. She was thinking that somebody else was coming out nobly too.

"Dear Roy," she said softly; and added, "Marcus, may I tell them at home—tell them everything?"

"I shall be grateful, if you will. It has been easier for me to tell the tale to you, Muriel."

She understood him, and her fair face glowed.

"And what shall you do about Roy, now?" she asked to avert attention from herself.

"I must try and find out from him if his health is suffering at all. If it is, I shall feel justified in interfering. Lee thought he would want care and watching during the winter months, and I have great doubts whether he will get either one or the other there. I have no legal power over him, but a strong moral one. I shall question him closely about himself, and if I am not satisfied, I shall take steps to see what change can be made. The Edingtons may not be well disposed people, but at least they will be answerable to reason. I am only surprised they keep him with them, as there is so little to be gained by the charge. I have been afraid to send him or them any money, lest it should act as an inducement to detain him there, and his own readiness to do as they wish makes it a little more difficult for me to interfere. But I shall wait and watch, and see what can be done. I do not intend Roy to remain at Windmill House indefinitely, if I can help it."

A glad smile beamed over Muriel's face. She did not like to think of Roy's being there too long, though perhaps he had learned some lessons that he hardly would have done at home.

"I think you will be able to accomplish anything you set your mind on, Marcus," she said with a sort of glad confidence, "and I know you will always do what is kind and right."

He looked at her a moment, and then looked away; strong man that he was he was afraid to trust himself just at that moment. The rush of feeling that came over him must be calmed and stemmed; and yet after all why should he not speak? Did he not love her with every fibre of his being, and was not the trust she reposed in him possibly something akin to love? Had they not known each other all their lives? What was there to wait for? He looked at her and

met her sweet, serious gaze. There was something in her calm, childlike simplicity that stilled the tumult within him. The only outward sign of agitation that he showed was by a concentration of purpose expressed in the lines of his face, and in the luminous glance of his eye that was rather fine, and made Muriel marvel within herself how any one could distrust a man who could look like that.

"Muriel," he said, and his voice was low and clear, with a vibration of tone that thrilled her, she knew not why, "how am I to thank you for that?"

"For what, Marcus?"

"For all you have said—for the trust you have had in me when other people doubted."

"You need not thank me, Marcus. Indeed, I could not help it. You know we were always friends from the time I was a little tiny girl and you were so kind to me."

He smiled down at her as she stood before him, yet his face was rather pale.

"You have a good memory, Muriel. Do you remember what you used to promise me in those days?"

Her eyes were raised fearlessly to his, but they drooped a little before his intent gaze, and the colour rose softly in her cheeks.

"What, Marcus?"

"That you would love me always, and never change; and that when I had grown up to be a man and came back to claim you, I should find you waiting for me, the same little loving Muriel as ever? Have you forgotten it? I never have. I have thought of it many times when I have been far away—more since I have been near you again."

He paused, but her eyes were hidden. Yet she did not turn away from him, as he stood before her in the little woodland path in which they had met. Her sweet face glowed with soft colour, her lips trembled a little.

"Muriel, you say you trust me—you think Roy's future is safe with me. Can you extend that trust? Can you give me something else as well? Muriel, my darling, can you trust me with your future—with yourself?"

She looked up then; for one brief moment their eyes met; he read in that glance the glad, happy surrender of herself.

"Yes, Marcus," she answered very softly and simply, and laid both her hands trustingly in his.

CHAPTER XL.—THE GREAT-UNCLE.

After the first introduction of Roy into his study, Andrew Edington made no objections to his coming there as often as he pleased. Odd as it seemed to the boy, it was quite looked upon by the other two as a matter of course that the study should become the living-room of the house whilst there was so small a party at home, and the arrangement suited him very well, as it saved him the necessity of going up and down stairs, and also gave him access to a very fair library as well as plenty of quiet and leisure for study.

He studied other things besides books. He was interested from the first in the old man, his great-uncle. He often found his attention straying away from the open page before him to the bowed white head opposite, and he wondered what thoughts were working there, and what had been the history of this strange, silent companion, who had been so long making up his mind even to see the ward he had decided to take into his own keeping. Roy was aware that he was often furtively watched, that a pair of luminous dark eyes was often fastened upon him with intent concentration of gaze, but for the first two or three days very few words passed between the oddly assorted couple, and Roy's talking was all done at the hours when Joan came to bear them company. But Joan had a busy time before her, directing the careless, untrained maid how to clean the rooms more thoroughly than they ever could be cleaned when the family was at home, and getting through some "kitchen mysteries," as Roy termed them, in the way of curing, salting, and pickling, which always fell to her lot, and which could be better done when there was less cooking wanted than usual. Now and then Roy would hobble down to her in the lower regions, to watch proceedings and make believe to help, and if the sun shone, he would take a turn in the garden before returning to his quarters upstairs; but the weather was for the most part wet and cold, and the fireside had irresistible attraction.

Now Roy was by nature talkative and sociable, and it was not an easy thing for him to sit silent, hour after hour, when there was anybody in the room with him to be talked to. Moreover he was just now enjoying a good deal the reprieve from his exertions on behalf of refractory and ungrateful pupils, and his spirits, which had been somewhat depressed of late, were recovering their normal state of elastic buoyancy. He had the secret of happiness within him now, and everything about him seemed touched with an indescribable halo. He was curious, too, about his own past, about the family history of which he knew but the bare outline. He had grown used to the knowledge that had once seemed so unutterably painful, and he could think of it and of his own position without any of the morbid shrinking that had oppressed him at first.

But it was not on family matters that the silence was first broken, or the first advance to friendship made. Roy had been brought up to all the little instinctive courtesies unknown to the inmates of Windmill House, and he could not sit still to watch an old man lifting about heavy volumes, getting them out or putting them away, without rising to help him, and though Andrew Edington stared at him at first, and seemed hardly to understand what he meant by his attentions, he did not repel them, and sometimes they had a little talk about one of the books in question, in which the old man evinced a good deal of taste and scholarship, both a little rusty from disuse, but showing that his time had not been altogether wasted, although there had been little aim or object in the studies and researches he had prosecuted.

It was a treat to Roy, however, to hold

intellectual conversation with anybody. He had hardly been aware how much he had missed the companionship of cultivated minds till he began to converse with his great-uncle, and look up out-of-the-way bits of information for him, from one or another of the ponderous tomes of his curiously-assorted library. Andrew Edington, though slightly failing both in body and mind in some respects, kept his intellectual faculties still unimpaired, and great was Joan's astonishment when she first found her father and Roy engrossed in some discussion to her altogether unintelligible, but which was carried on with great animation on both sides, as well as with visible pleasure. This was not the first time that she found them similarly employed, for the ice once broken was not allowed to form again, and one thing led to another, till there were few questions of interest untouched upon between uncle and nephew, and Roy had no diffidence in speaking openly, or asking any question that came into his head.

He heard the whole story of his father's ambitious and successful career, successful until the crash that brought the whole erection of his colossal fortune tumbling to the ground. Somehow the old man was able to speak of this catastrophe without any bitterness now; he sat opposite to Roy, looking at him in the intent way to which the lad had now grown used, and talked of the loss of the looked-for fortune with a calmness that almost amounted to indifference. Had Joan been present, she would have been greatly astonished, but these talks of the past took place in her absence.

Then the old man would in his turn take to be questioner, and would ask Roy his history, and listen with great interest and attention. Sometimes he half apologised for the interest he evinced.

"I loved your father once—he was like a son to me—much more so than Roger has been. Roger takes after his mother's family; Hubert was always more to me, and you are very like him. Sometimes as you sit there, I think that it is Hubert come back again. I wish it were—I was very harsh to him once; I should like to hear him say that he forgave me. Go on, boy, tell me more about yourself. I like to hear it all. I am glad that Hubert's child has had a happy life. Alicia was always a good woman. I am glad I gave you to her."

"I owe you a great debt of gratitude, sir, for the gift; she was the best and kindest of mothers that ever a boy had."

"Yes, yés, I can believe it; but she is dead now, and you belong to us. You don't want to leave me, do you, Roy? You don't want to go back to Marcus Stratford? He is no relation of yours, you know."

"I know he is not, and I have no claim upon him, except that we have always been like brothers, and I know he would give me a home with him if I were to ask it; but I shall be guided by your wishes on the point, sir. You are my guardian and my kinsman, and I am quite ready to do as you require. Only I see that your means are narrow, and I do not like to feel myself a burden upon you, and I have nothing of my own, as I dare say you know, with which I can repay your hospitality;" and he proceeded to tell him all about the provisions of his mother's will, explaining his own dependent position, and his knowledge that his future prospects lay in the hands of Marcus Stratford—in his assurance that his interests should never be overlooked.

Andrew Edington listened with keen attention to this revelation which meant much more to him than it did to Roy; but he saw at once that it might alter Roger's course of action considerably if it were to come to his ears. He knew that his son was virtual master of the house, and that it was really his doing that the boy had been brought there at all. What would happen were he to discover that his prize was no prize after all? Was it not possible that he might at once reconsider the advisability of restoring the boy to his old home? The old man barely understood the working of his son's mind, but he thought this highly probable, and he was suddenly afraid of losing Roy. Somehow life had begun to look different to him since the boy had became an inmate of that lonely room of his.

"Don't tell Roger what you have told me—about Alicia's will, I mean. Don't let him know, I don't wish it."

"Doesn't he know? I fancied he did," was Roy's answer, somewhat surprised, "I fancied Marcus had explained, or that he had heard somehow. He told me there was something strange and that I had better find it out. I don't think it strange at all now; but I believe your son knows."

"Well then, you need say nothing about it. It is my wish that you do not. I am your guardian. Roger has nothing to do with you. He has no claim to meddle with your affairs."

Roy was ready enough to admit this truth. He did not like Roger, and had no wish to enter into any discussions with him. It was much pleasanter having dealings with his uncle, of whom he was beginning to get fond.

This study became a very pleasant place of resort to him now, and a sort of haven of refuge of which he stood in some need, for he was anything but well, harassed by a cough that had an ugly sound about it; and he was little fitted to bear the change from the luxurious life at the Hermitage to the harder and sterner *régime* that characterised Windmill House. The other rooms were so cold, and the corridors so draughty that it was an effort to him to leave the snug warmth of the study to go to his own room at nights or to take the small amount of exercise for which he felt fit. He was pretty well and bright just as long as he could sit quietly by the fire enjoying his book or a chat with his uncle; but any exertion brought on fits of coughing that tired him out, and left him good-for-nothing, and he looked forward with some dread to the return of the rest of the family when he might presumably be expected to resume his former habits and his former occupations. But on one of these points he was speedily relieved.

He was looking frail and ill enough one evening to rouse Joan's attention. She knew that he had a bad cold that she could not cure by her best endeavours, but she was not experienced enough to be seriously uneasy, though she did not lack for sound common-sense.

"One thing, Roy," she said in her decisive way, "you don't have anything more to do with teaching those great unruly boys until your cough is quite gone. You are not fit for it."

"But what will Mrs. Edington say?"

"Caroline is not your mistress, Roy, nor is Roger your guardian. Father, is it your wish that Roy works himself to death over Archie and Dick, trying to knock some learning into their heads, as he has been doing before?"

The old man looked up sharply, his brows slightly contracting.

"Certainly not. Roy will continue to remain with me in my study. I like to have him, and I have a right to claim him, if I choose. Understand Roy, that this is your room still, when the rest come back. I am not going to have you made a victim to those children of Roger's."

Roy looked up gratefully, though he could not help smiling at the indifference of the grandfather for his grandchildren; but he was getting used to that state of affairs at Windmill House.

"Thank you very much, sir," he answered, you may be sure I shall avail myself of your kind permission."

"And do get rid of that horrid cough," said Joan, "I can't think why it doesn't go."

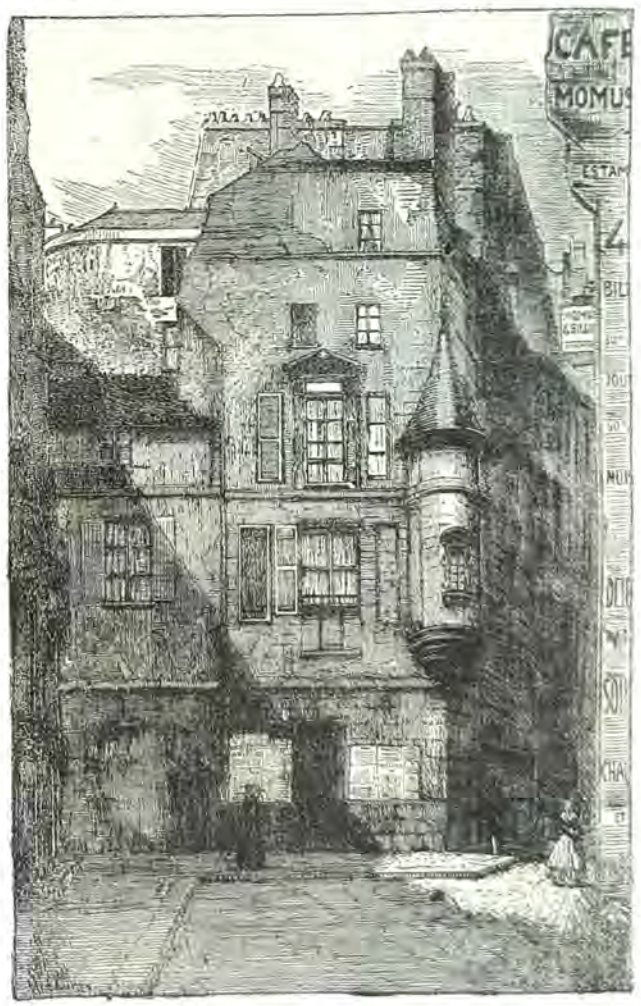
"I'll try," he answered with a bright smile, "I'm sure I don't want its company any longer."

PARIS AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

V.

AT the time of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, Paris had about eighty churches and sixteen convents. These churches were served by hundreds of priests, each of whom was bound to read his breviary and to learn from it the lesson for the day. If he had to preach, the church had there put into his mouth the thoughts he was to inculcate. The last day of the massacre was John the Baptist's day, and the lesson in the Paris breviary, was a homily from Chrysostom, teaching that the real offence of the Martyr was that he maintained the light of virtue in the presence of vice. Referring to Herod and Herodias, "the king" it said "had not the heart to put that light out," but "that wicked and miserable woman compelled it to be done." The lesson went on to say, and here there was a striking change from the singular to the plural, unnecessary as applied only to the murder of the Baptist: "All they that since have dwelt in land or sea, both who then lived, now live, or shall live hereafter, both have known, and shall know clearly these wicked tragedies, both that of their lewdness, and that of their blood-guiltiness, and no time shall be able to wipe out the remembrance of them."

Says the great historian of France, speaking of the man who, in 1572, played the part of the Parisian Herod: "Whatever care they took to surround and deceive him, he had felt without doubt the great and universal hatred which would pursue him for ever. He had by the massacre dispersed through the whole world, missionaries of eternal hatred. An unanimous cry, even in his lifetime, already began against his memory, a



THE RUE DES PRÊTRES, NEAR THE SEINE, WHERE ST. BARTHOLOMEW COMMENCED.

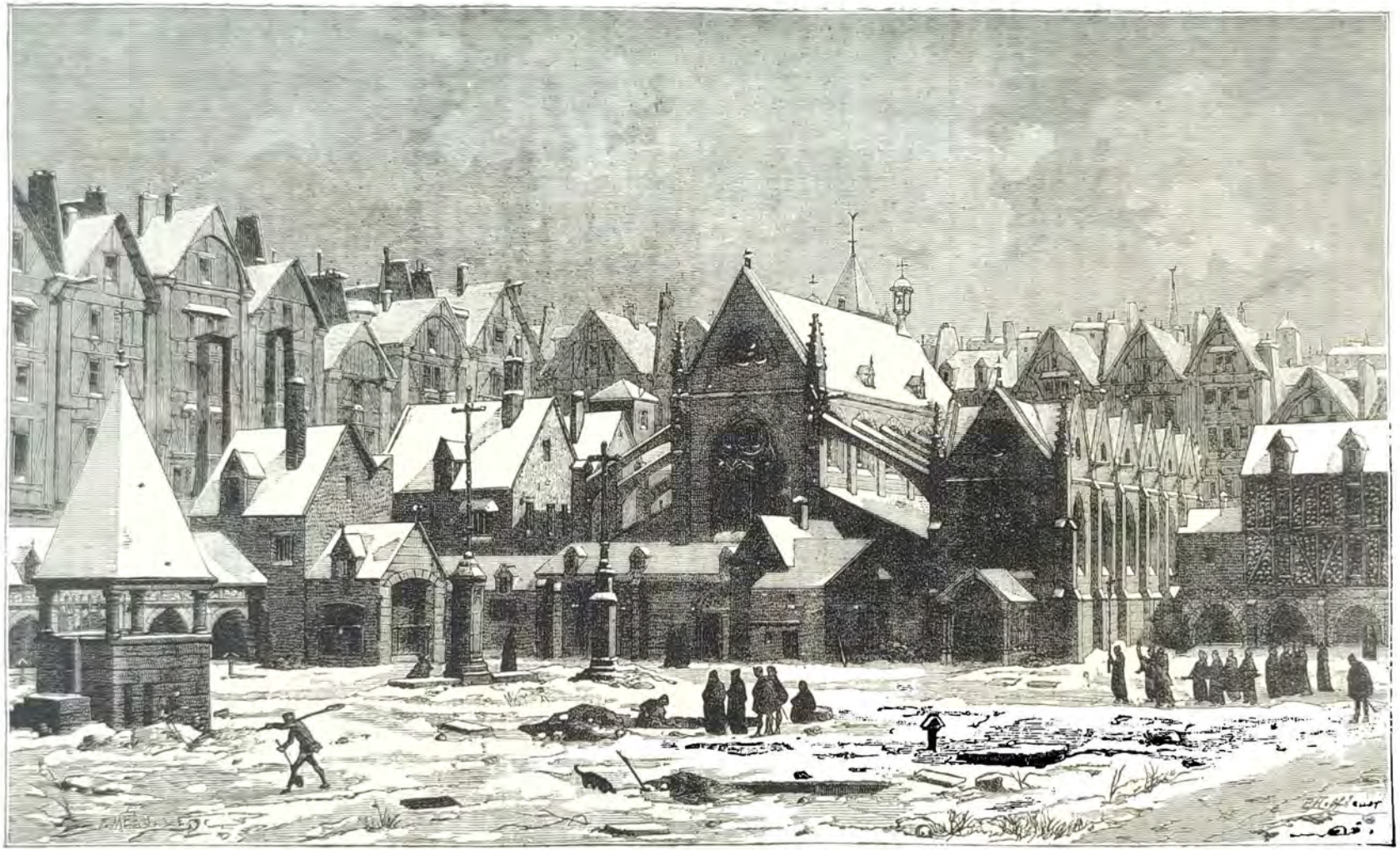
cry horribly shrill, like a piercing shriek in his ear."

In Floréal of the year II. (May 1792) the representatives of the people of France placed the following inscription on the spot supposed to be that from which Charles IX. fired on the Huguenots: "It is from this window that the infamous Charles IX. of execrable memory, fired on the people with a carbine."

PONT NOTRE-DAME, WHERE A NUMBER OF THE WEALTHIER PROTESTANTS LIVED, AND A CHIEF SCENE IN THE MASSACRE.

Yes, the Church even in its most corrupt forms, is taught of God, but "hearing it hears and understands not." "Lessons for the day," who has ever believed this word? Who listens, listens as for any day? To take the church at its word, and to believe the lesson is for the day, and contains the "daily bread" so often prayed for, this would bring God too near.

Into what blindness, the Huguenots themselves had fallen, at least the nobility who placed themselves at their head. Coligny himself, led by worldly policy, Jeanne d'Albret, dazzled by the prospect of an alliance with the royal family, forgot that virtue and vice could never be one; that the cause of justice and that of injustice must ever be totally opposed: that if Jehoshaphat would ally himself with the house of Ahab, it would end in the destruction of all his children. Both these noble souls were taken before the



THE CEMETERY AND CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY—

TO-DAY THE SQUARE DES INNOCENTS, RUE ST. DENIS.

Here 1100 bodies of Huguenots who fell in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew were buried. Up to recent years this place was the Marché des Innocents.

massacre began; like Jehoshaphat, they did not live to see the havoc the Athaliah of their day was about to make of the poor little flock they had led into the shambles.

But the Heavenly Guide did not leave the hare-brained Huguenot nobles without many warnings. As they were so lost in the follies of a court life, a warning came in that way. On the very eve of the massacre, a masquerade was performed at the Louvre for their amusement, entitled "The Mystery of the Three Worlds." Hell was shown with its devils, paradise with its nymphs. The Huguenot princes try to enter this Mohammedan heaven; the king and his brothers, holding them at bay, finally drive them, pike in hand, to the brink of hell, when the devils seize them. Then the Valois dance with the nymphs. But after a time the Bourbons get loose and the struggle recommences. But this time the sulphureous stench from the bottomless pit so overpowers actors and audience that all fly, and nothing remains but emptiness, a stink, dying lights, overturned chairs, and the confused débris of a demon-like revel.

But "seeing they saw but did not perceive." With so many noblemen among them, so many learned men, such great artists, numbering in fact in their ranks nearly every one noted for virtue, ability, or culture, the Huguenots entertained but little sympathy for the people, whom they called, *pauvres idiotes populaires*. This unhappy contempt for the people suffering from ignorance and corrupted by their oppressors was returned by a fear and a hatred which the Catholic leaders could at any time work up to fanaticism.

The wedding, which the populace on the verge of homicidal madness, called *les noces vermeilles*, took place on a scaffold in the Parvis of Notre-Dame. When the Parisians saw Henry of Navarre, whose conscience was so easy, refuse to enter their cathedral, but during the service walk about with Coligny and other Huguenot lords, they were ready to credit the stories afloat that the Protestants were hatching a scheme for the murder of all the good Catholics in Paris.

Massacre was in the air, and perhaps in the minds and hearts of not a few; but they were not Huguenots. Living among themselves, or connected with Catholics who did not share the popular dislike, with the exception of a clear-sighted man here and there, they had no conception of the horror close at hand.

St. Germain l'Auxerrois, a dark mediæval church still faces the Louvre, and in its neighbourhood all the scenes of the first act of the bloody drama were played. From a house in the precincts of the church, owned by a clerical follower of the Guises, the shot was fired which wounded Coligny, as on the 22nd of August he was walking home from a council at the Louvre, to dine at his house close by in the Rue des Fosses St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The whole neighbourhood is now altered, and the Hôtel de Ponthieu taken down, but the spot where it stood is about No. 140 Rue de Rivoli.

To this little sombre hotel the king hastened, the queen-mother and her son Henry quickly following. Ambrose Paré,[1] one of the greatest surgeons of the age, and a Huguenot, had taken off the wounded finger, and the admiral lay calmly on his bed. But all around the chamber, and on every floor below, were numbers of Huguenot gentlemen in whose eyes the royal plotters saw accusation and vengeance. Catherine and Anjou hurry the king away, and so bait him in the coach, that he tells them that Coligny had warned him of their schemes, whereon they determine to get rid of the admiral at once.

The king wished, as Herod, to save the man he revered. Charles IX. had genius, and was the best man the house of Valois produced, but his brain was diseased, and his madness took a sanguinary turn. The extreme mental torture to which the conspirators put him on this unhappy day brought on an access of fury, and after having resisted for hours, Charles suddenly gave way and went beyond them all. Never was the path of crime more precipitate. Guise and Anjou push Catherine, and all three the king, who, once overthrown, drags them much farther than they ever intended, the Guisards and the populace going beyond the utmost their own leaders ever schemed.

The atrocities of the Revolution were as nothing to what followed; the worst massacres of that period were confined to the prisons, this massacre was all over the city. The human heart breaks at the recital; it is not bearable; and one marvels what explanation can be given if not demoniacal possession. The Pont Notre-Dame, where the richer Huguenots resided, was specially selected for the massacre, and here Anjou, afterwards King of France, presided at the executions.[2] Legend has, perhaps, crept in, and the horrors which took place at one of the houses on this bridge may be the blood-red dream of some terrified Huguenot.

It was a piteous sight to see the river—the bodies floating up and down with every turn of the tide, hacked, stabbed and brutally mutilated, heaping themselves against the islands like so much flotsam and jetsam: no less than 1100 corpses were at last buried by the authorities in the Cimetière des Innocents. Nearly the whole of the Huguenot nobility were destroyed, and the church in Paris almost extinguished. Among the victims were silk-mercers, linen-drapers, ironmongers, button-manufacturers, millers, goldsmiths, booksellers, bookbinders. Of most other trades, at least one instance appears among the lists, necessarily most incomplete; a tailor, an armourer, a barber, a spinner, a gardener, a clockmaker, a shoemaker's family, a mercer's wife. Probably from five to six thousand murders were committed in Paris from the 23rd of August, 1572, until the beginning of October; secret and nightly executions going

[1] Ambrose Paré is said to have lived in the Rue de l'Hirondelle, which ancient street, dating from 1179, and much of which is now gone, formerly extended from the Pont St. Michel to the Rue Git le Cœur. It was in the part now suppressed in face of the Fontaine de St. Michel, and about the spot where in this meeting-place of so many omnibuses and tram-cars the refuge now stands, that this celebrated surgeon had his dwelling-place.

[2] Coqueril's *Eglise Reformée de Paris*, p. 113.

on for four weeks, special search being made for ministers.

Booty was a main object; six hundred houses were pillaged. The courtiers were extravagant, and consequently in want of money. Many of the victims were rich, and probably kept their wealth in their own coffers or cellars. At Coligny's hotel, however, they only found 10,000 crowns. In one case they forced a gentleman to give up his estate in exchange for his life, and then murdered him. It was Retz, one of the principal conspirators, who did this, and the victim was Lomenie, lord of Versailles. Eventually this land became royal property, on which Louis XIV. built his huge palace. It is "the Naboth's vineyard" of France. Charles IX.'s share of the plunder was no less than 3,000,000 livres of gold.

Words fail to describe the iniquity. It was simply the kingdom of hell on earth. And yet, instead of being sorrowful, every one combined to glorify their common infamy. The poets wrote odes, and the scribblers published endless pamphlets in its honour; the Pope ordered a Te Deum and sent the golden rose to mark his sense of the French King's extraordinary merit. He, poor creature, still demented, went on the Tuesday to church, and then to the parliament—where, with a sombre grin, he said; "I did it all, I ordered it." On the Thursday the clergy held their festival and proclaimed a jubilee. Meanwhile, O wonder of wonders! a thorn in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, which for two or three years had been dead, suddenly burst into bud. It is autumn, yet its leaves are green as in springtime, and its blossoms, white and scented as the ever-rejoicing May. Proof most manifest that the Moloch they worshipped approved this doleful business, and all the world pressed to see the Miracle of the Thorn. King, queen-mother, the whole court came, but as the papal nuncio shrewdly observes in his report to the Vatican, if the priests were to say it had been in blossom before the event, they would soon be stoned and thrown into the river. Certainly, if not one of the 30,000 professors of the Black Art then residing in Paris could make a thorn bloom in August they were not so clever as a scientific horticulturist I know who can make all kinds of plants bloom at any time in the year. Even the deluded people seemed to have a shade of doubt, for they insisted on touching the tree to assure themselves it was not magic or enchantment, the work perhaps of the *Vaudois* sorcerers.

Vaudois, indeed, another example of the way the devil projects his shadow on those he hates!

RICHARD HEATH.

ON TACT.

MANY years ago, I heard for the first time, Stephen Heller's exquisite reverie "Wanderstunden." The chords, linked by single notes, follow in tender dreamy succession, ending in a cadence of mystical sweetness. Then comes a minor strain where the melody loses itself for a time, in plaintive insistance of seeming discords, only to return, ere long, to the lovely rhythm in which the music closes. "Wanderstunden," or "Hours of Wandering," a fitting name, I thought! For the same mood of gladness with an underlying touch of melancholy was evoked in the listener as that which comes to the solitary rambler through some old world forest, with its mystery, its chequered light and shade spreading around him—the breath of the spring, that is half a sigh, caressing his cheek. Transported far, far away from the actual scene, I sat and dreamed on in blissful reverie, while "Wanderstunden" was rendered with sympathetic touch on the piano.

Once again I heard "Wanderstunden." The performer was no tyro, and I composed myself and closed my eyes in expectant delight, only to open them abruptly at hearing her lead off in a brisk, decided style, emphasising each chord with vigour. Crash, *crash*, went the melody, and the cadence at the close of a phrase exploded like three pistol shots! This might be a March of the Grenadier Guards, or a mimic Review, but nothing more. "Hours of Wandering" with their unutterable thoughts, their quiet joy, their mystic reverie! the very idea was absurd! And yet it was the same music, the same piano, and the performer was possessed of equal musical training, giving her as much correctness in time and mechanism as the other. But—what a difference!

The difference lay in the way of touching the keys. In the touch of the first player there was sympathy, appreciation, expression; in the touch of the second, there was nothing of the sort. Both performances were correct, but the former alone was worthy the name of music.

This illustration will serve to explain the true meaning of Tact. For, indeed, it is nothing else but "Touch," in another form, and with wider significance. The derivation that would refer it to the Greek word meaning "to arrange," whence come Tactics and its compounds, is rejected by the best authorities. Hensleigh Wedgwood, and Skeat, both derive it from the Latin *tactus*, from *tango*, I touch; while the latter defines it "Peculiar skill, delicate handling."

"Tact" is not to be found in the folio edition of Johnson's Dictionary, dated 1786. In the enlarged edition, by Rev. H. J. Todd, it is explained as follows:

"TACT, touch, an old word, long disused but of

late revived in the secondary sense of touch as a masterly or eminent effort, and the power of exciting the affections."

To illustrate its former use, an extract is given from Ross's Microcosm, dated 1652.

"Of all creatures the sense of tact is most exquisite in man, because his body is most temperate; but tact consisteth in the temper of the prime qualities."

Whatever this may mean, the word is evidently used in the sense of physical touch. But it has been "of late revived" to express something different.

The history of words is as suggestive in its way as the history of human beings. Why do we need this term that Dr. Johnson and his contemporaries were able to do without?

The nineteenth century is pre-eminently a critical century. To the question: "What is done?" a second is generally added: "How is it done?" and both must be answered satisfactorily, if the result is to be deemed a success. Our forefathers talked much about the "Roast Beef of Old England," but modern society does not esteem plainly roasted meats very highly apart from *recherché* sauces, delicate serving, and dainty accompaniments of flowers, glass and silver. Women think more of the cut and fashion of a gown than of the material from which it is made.

And hearers too, ask not only *what* a preacher says, but *how* he says it? The most excellent truths, the most elaborate arguments, if expressed at great length and in a prosy ponderous style, now fail to produce any effect save that of weariness.

In short, the "way of doing things" has come of late years to be held of great consequence. And, although the critical tendency has its danger, it is on the whole a wise reform in opinion that attaches more importance to manner than of yore. So this word "Tact" has come into usage, to signify that skill which has always existed in civilised society, but is now recognised in its true light—the art of "delicate touch" in a moral as distinguished from a physical sense.

Even as the musician who has a sympathetic touch, and he alone, can do justice to the theme and the instrument, so the man or woman with tact is alone fit to evoke full response from the character of another. Thus to the foolish vexatious courtiers Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, Hamlet says, after he has bidden Guildenstern play upon the pipe, and received the answer, "I know no touch of it, my lord!"

"Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

Fortunately, while the musician's touch is, as a rule, acquired only after long practice, tact is often intuitive, and if not intuitive, can be learned by sympathetic observation. Yet truth compels us to acknowledge that some of the best and kindest of people seem to have no conception of it, and are continually, by its lack, failing to succeed with their fellow creatures, very much to their own surprise!

One of the most piteous things within ordinary observation, is the blundering way in which grown-up people try to play on the delicately strung instrument of a child's soul. It is enough to make one cry out in dismay to hear the marred music which the unskilled, though conscientious performer draws from that "little organ" which has, nevertheless "much music, excellent voice." We do not dwell on the terrible discords, or the dumbness, that may result from absolutely ignorant, careless, or cruel handling—it would be too painful, and is beside the mark. No, these tactless good people are thoroughly well acquainted, in theory, with the way to train a child; they can quote treatises on education, just as the performer without a touch may be well versed in scales and exercises, and know all about the "mécanique" of the art.

"It is never too young for a child to begin to learn obedience." Yes, but it is not necessary to continually invite a conflict of wills before the tiny infant has learned the self-control that is a matter of gentle and gradual training. Diversion will do as well as direct thwarting in nine cases out of ten. Many of the faults of very young children drop off with growth; occasion for their exercise being avoided, self-control becomes gradually more and more of a habit, to the exclusion of infantile passion and self-will. But, on the other hand, the constant inviting to a struggle, keeps these failings alive and vigorous, by bringing them into violent exercise, even though the grown-up person who fights with the baby achieve a victory every time in the unequal contest.

There is a well-known law in the history of the race that any limb or muscle never exercised, gradually loses its power, even to the extinction of life itself. Something of this is true with regard to character. A young child of average disposition, kept by tact from continually manifesting self-will and temper, gradually ceases to be wilful and passionate, and gladly conforms his little nature to that of the wise and loving parent. Of course this cannot be said of all children; yet there are no cases where tact will not make the work of education more easy and pleasant. The musician's touch, gentle, yet firm, tenderly sympathetic yet not irresolute, is here a specially fit emblem of this priceless moral touch which men call tact.

The mother who possesses it, says: "Do" this, rather than "Do not do" the other. She allures to virtue rather than dissuades from wrong-doing. She does not magnify small faults, nor call the restless inquisitive lad "naughty," at every turn, because he is full of energy that demands occupation; but she presents interests and work to engross his powers.

Many a child through being perpetually called "naughty" has ended in becoming so in good earnest, and experience and observation have

confirmed me in the belief, heretical though it may seem, that tactless, unintelligent handling "spoils" more children than over-indulgence.

Not only with the children is tact all important; it preserves the happiness of married life. However deep and true the affection of a wedded pair may be, they are sure to need this magic touch in their daily intercourse when the years go on and the strain and stress of life become severe. The kindest, most devoted of wives may drive her tired husband to distraction by dwelling on mutual worries in an unfortunate tone or at an inappropiate moment; while he on his part may unwittingly add "the last straw" to her domestic burden by ill-timed remarks of a disconsolate nature. If, for instance, a mother is anxious about the health of her children, and is trying nevertheless to keep a bright face before her husband, it is in the last degree exasperating to be told in an important manner that a son or daughter is looking extremely ill—and that she "really ought to see to it!" Similar illustrations will suggest themselves to every wife or husband, but one wise rule for those who wish to study tact in domestic intercourse is this—to avoid discouraging speeches in all seasons of weariness or anxiety. There is no measuring the power of kind and cheering words.

Friendship, too, requires delicate handling. Tact—the delicate moral touch—is as necessary to preserve its bloom, as a delicate physical touch is necessary to preserve the bloom of a peach. Once brushed away, the tender grace cannot be restored. A blundering repetition of some remark never intended to be repeated; a clumsy jest—fault finding of too unsympathetic a tone—and the unwitting tactless one is left to exclaim, "Alas, how easily things go wrong!

* * * * *

And there follows a mist, and a weeping rain,
And the world is never the same again!

Less serious, and more amusing to the onlookers at least, are the consequences of want of tact in ordinary social intercourse. Revenge is usually prompt and severe.

"Things one would rather have left unsaid" by Mr. du Maurier, are very entertaining, but happy is the man or woman who has never had to turn red and utter an exclamation in private at the recollection of some such unlucky remark.

"Consider taste in its relation with polite society, and you have tact," says a French author—M. de Pontmartin.

There is, however, a spurious kind of tact, respecting which a word of protest must be raised. The art of delicately flattering foibles, and fostering small vanities in other people for the sake of "getting on well" with them is, of course, unworthy of any honest person; least of all does it become those who march under the banner of Christ. It is by no means unknown in society, although it can hardly be called a special failing of the Anglo-Saxon character. Rebecca Sharpe is its archetype in fiction. Any amount of honest blundering is preferable to the honeyed smoothness which only seeks to please, and cares nothing for truth. Fortunately it is quite possible to avoid anything like insincerity, and yet to allow tact to rule words and conduct.

As an instance of tact that, if not actually untruthful, scarcely merits commendation, one may perhaps quote a remark of Madame de Staël. She was sitting next to a lady of noted beauty, when a gentleman placed himself between them and gallantly, though tactlessly, observed, "I am fortunate to have Wit on the one hand, Beauty on the other." Seeing the involved suggestion that the beautiful lady was stupid, Madame de Staël turned the sting aside, by saying with a smile, "This is the first time I have been called beautiful."

The phrase in which the orator is said to keep or to lose "touch" with his hearers is another illustration of the etymology of "tact." "What is it you want now?" I have heard a bewildered speaker inquire from a restless audience at Exeter Hall. "Do you want another anecdote?" The poor good man had heard his predecessors applauded, and could not understand the people's cries of "Time" and manifest dissatisfaction. He had lost touch of his audience; in other words, he had no tact.

Lord Shaftesbury was once presiding at a hospital dinner, where time was precious. A prosy speaker, who was exasperating the audience by the length and dulness of his remarks, happened, when alluding to the hospital staff, to fall into the interrogative form. "But what shall we say of Dr. M.?" he inquired. Lord Shaftesbury, with ready tact seized the momentary pause to call for "Three times three for Dr. M.!" The company cheered to the echo, and the applause was so continuous that the speaker could not proceed. "It was very kind of you," he said to the Earl afterwards, "very kind; but it was really a pity, for I was just coming to the best part of my speech!"

In the art of consolation, the value of tact is not easily over-estimated. As to the physical sufferer, the touch of nurse or physician must needs be skilled and gentle if it is to be tolerated, so the unhappy must be approached with tact, or the proffered comfort will do more harm than good. The so-called "friends" of the patriarch Job will stand on record to all time as glaring examples of the utter absence of tact; and many a modern sufferer would find it a relief to exclaim to intrusive would-be consolers, "Miserable comforters are ye all!"

It is never wise or kind, for instance, to strive to assuage the grief of a mourner by offering an explanation of the bitter mystery of loss. I have known good tactless people suggest, when a pure young life has been cut short, that its lustre might possibly have been dimmed in future years; or, when an aged and beloved parent has been laid to rest, the tactless comforter represents to the survivor that it is the common and inevitable lot for the old to pass away.

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'
That 'Loss is common to the race'—
And common is the common-place,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

Real unselfish sympathy will usually engender

tact, even in the blunt and unrefined when they stand in the sacred presence-chamber of grief; and although it is often hard for the would-be comforter to know what to say, it is at any rate possible to be silent. Other consolation, save the manifestation of sympathy, is best left alone. The verbal assurance from a bystander, "It is all for your good," is worse than worthless. Some day the sufferer may feel it to be true, but until God has taught him the lesson, he does not want to hear it dictated, parrot-like, by those who know nothing of what his misery means.

Tact in all religious work, especially among the poor and uneducated, might well be shown, by illustrations, to be of the utmost importance. But it is enough to end with the general assertion that this skilled wise touch in dealing with others is half the secret of power; and it is a secret not to be despised by the earnest Christian. "Blessed are the peacemakers," is a text of wide application. Surely not only those who heal quarrels come within the sphere of its benediction, but those who by their wise and gentle behaviour prevent the friction and irritation that are adverse to the spirit of Peace.

LILY WATSON.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"Lest there be any . . . profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."—*Heb.* xii. 16, 17.

THERE is a prevalent impression from this passage that Esau earnestly endeavoured to repent of his sin, and that his endeavours so to do were in vain. But this is a misconception. Esau did indeed value the birthright which he had formerly despised. But the place of repentance, which he sought with tears and sought in vain, was in the decision of his father. He could not induce Isaac to revoke that patriarchal blessing which he had pronounced upon Jacob. That must stand. "Yea, he *shall* be blessed." We do not find in Esau any sign of a desire for the repentance of his sin as such. He "hated Jacob because of the blessing wherewith his father blessed him." He followed his hatred towards its extreme result, and his mind was so filled with his wicked project that he could not keep it a secret.

The idea that Esau earnestly but vainly sought repentance of his sin is not only erroneous in fact, but it implies a serious error as to the teaching of Holy Scripture on the subject, since the earnest desire to repent is itself of the nature of repentance.

T. S.

"And there was a strife between the herdmen of Abram's cattle and the herdmen of Lot's cattle: and the Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land. And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between my herdmen and thy herdmen; for we be brethren."—*Gen.* xiii. 7, 8.

The second clause of the above paragraph breaks the flow of the narrative, and is a parenthesis which does not appear to be explanatory. It is not intimated that the Canaanites and the Perizzites had anything to do with the quarrel between the two sets of herdsmen; why then should they be introduced into the passage? Surely it is to show that a strife between Abram and Lot would have brought dishonour upon the name of the God whom they worshipped. The quarrel between the herdsmen could not but have been known to these two heathen tribes, and had Abraham and Lot lived at variance, that would have been known too. The Lord has in all ages of the world taken note of the effect which the conduct of His worshippers is calculated to produce upon the minds "of them that are without." He visited the sin of David with punishment because he had thereby "given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." "The word of Jehovah came to Ezekiel, saying, I had pity on My holy name, which the house of Israel had profaned among the heathen whither they went" (Ezek. xxxvi. 21). The Apostle Paul writes of the Jews: "The name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written" (Rom. ii. 24). On the other hand: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven" (Matt. v. 16). And, "Having your conversation honest among the Gentiles; that whereas, they speak against you as evil doers, they may, by your good works which they behold, glorify God in the day of visitation" (1 Pet. ii. 12).

It is in the light of such passages as these that the parenthetical sentence is to be understood, "The Canaanite and the Perizzite dwelled then in the land."

T. S.

A correspondent, "H. L. J.," has met with sceptics who, in their arguments, always adduce the apparent discrepancy between Exodus xxxiii. 11: "The Lord spake unto Moses face to face," and verse 20: "Thou shalt not see My face; for there shall no man see Me and live." How are the two statements to be reconciled?

Our correspondent suggests that the word for "face" may be different in the two verses. This, however, is not the case, the word being the same. Nor does there seem any real difficulty. The former verse sets forth a close familiar fellowship between Jehovah and His servant; the latter shows that the communion of Moses was still with the Unseen. The one verse does not *contradict* the other, but only *explains* it. See also Numbers xii. 8.

NESTA AND PHYLLIS.

III.

PHYLLIS'S last preparations were finished only too soon, of course; and she watched vainly for more than an hour at the sitting-room window of the new lodgings before a cab, heaped with well-known luggage, turned the corner of the road, and she flew downstairs with light feet, and dimmed eyes, and a great lump in her throat.

"My darling little Phyllis! How well you look!"

"Take care, Phyl. Nessie won't stand much squeezing yet."

Phyllis heard her mother and father's voices, she felt their kisses on her face, their arms about her, but she saw no one but Nesta for a while—Nesta, grown thin and white, with all her pretty curls cut short—Nesta, wrapped up in shawls and a veil; but, in spite of all changes, most undoubtedly her own Nesta still.

Phyllis leaped and laughed and cried, but all gently—she was never a rough child. As for Nesta, she could do little more than smile to her sister, till she was got upstairs to the nice large bedroom all ready for her, and set in an armchair beside the bright little fire.

Then—"Oh, my Phyllis!" she said; and Phyllis came and gave her a long, long kiss, after which the little invalid's happy eyes wandered about the room, and her sister, with her hands behind her, stood aside to let her look.

"O Phyllis, what a beauty of a doll!"

"For you, Nessie!"

"*Oh!* And there are books ——"

"Yours and mine. I wanted to give them all to you, but auntie said that wasn't polite to them. But there are shells —look in this box—all yours! We'll make necklaces. I gathered them all."

Then nurse came in to bring Nesta some soup, and help her to take off her out-of-door things. Nesta was a wonderfully good little patient—so mamma said—and Phyllis was not surprised to hear it. Other people, even big ones, are often cross and discontented when they are not strong, but Nesta was so much of her own happy cheerful self, even in her weakness, that she was a pleasure to those about her; and this sweet, easy temper of hers helped her to get well the faster. She did not murmur now, though her eyes looked rather wistful when Mrs. Elliot took Phyllis away presently, that Nesta might lie down to rest; and she had her reward afterwards in the evening, when she was able to come into the parlour and have tea, and a long examination of the doll and shells.

Mrs. Elliot sat beside her little girls, happy in their happiness, and with much thankfulness of her own; the Miss Bruces had said it was truest kindness to leave the reunited family to themselves on that first night, and Mrs. Elliot did not go to see her sisters until Nesta and Phyllis were in bed.

Yet on this happy night, this ending of a joyous, long-expected day, Phyllis fell asleep in tears. It was not because she was still put in a little room by herself, while nurse had the other bed beside Nesta's, nor was it because her sister could not run about and romp with her as she used to do; Phyllis had been prepared for these things, and she hoped they would last but a little while. She cried because she had a secret from Nesta, something she had not dared to tell her own sister now that they were together again!

They had spoken of the doll, and the new story-books; of aunties, and Laing, and Phyllis's little friends, and many, many other things; but never a word of the good Lord Jesus, who had given them back to each other. And Nesta did not know how much He had become to Phyllis now, and how much she had prayed that He might be the same to Nesta! Phyllis felt sadly alone when she knelt down by her little bed to thank Him, alone when she read the little Bible she had learned to love so much. Oh, Nesta—dear Nesta, who did not know what Phyllis knew!

Phyllis made herself so miserable over her own cowardliness and unkindness in keeping her secret, that she forgot there was One Who shared it with her, and the unfolding of it lay with Him.

Next day things began and went on in much the same fashion. The children had plenty of merry talk together, but mamma, or papa, or nurse, was always present; and Phyllis sometimes thought she had not a chance of saying what she wanted, and sometimes she thought she ought to have found one. And in the midst of her play she was absent-minded at times, and at other times she caught Nesta watching her with an odd tender look that was somehow new.

So the hours passed away until evening came. And then Mrs. Elliot (because, I think, she knew the children would like to be together, without even her, for a little while) proposed that Phyllis should be left to take care of Nesta while the others went for a walk. Nesta had been out in the morning, and she had rested in the afternoon; and now, looking better already, they said, thanks to the air of St. Margaret's, she sat in an armchair by the parlour window, and waved her hand to her father and mother as they went down the street.

The Elliots' lodging did not look out to the restless sea, but to a pleasant stretch of green downs (they call them in Scotland *links*), lying now before Nesta and Phyllis's eyes with the light of an autumn sunset upon them. Neither of the little girls felt particularly interested in the view, however. Phyllis, with her chin on her hand, and her hand on the window-sill, sat on a low stool and looked out with troubled eyes. Nesta was smiling a little to herself as she leaned back among her cushions; she had some happy thought of her own, and she could not see her sister's face.

"Phyllis."

Phyllis turned round with a start. She had been trying so hard for courage to begin her confession, and at that very moment her trembling lips had almost been forced to say, "Nesta." She waited now in silence, and her sister went on.

"Dear old girl, I've something to tell you."

Why, these were just the very words Phyllis had wanted to say!

"Well," she questioned—"what?"

Nesta looked at her frankly and lovingly with her sweet blue eyes. (When Phyllis had anything particular to say she looked everywhere rather than at the person she was speaking to.)

"It's something new," said Nesta. "I wonder, will you be sorry or glad? Oh, I want you to be glad!"

"I will be, if you are," said Phyllis reproachfully.

"I'm glad," said Nesta, with her happy smile—that smile which made her exactly like her old self, in spite of short-cropped curls and pale cheeks. "Phyllis, I love the Lord Jesus Christ now"—and Nesta's whole heart seemed in her voice and eyes as she added, after a moment's pause—"very much."

The next instant she had to exclaim in a tone of surprise and disappointment—

"Oh, Phyllis, are you sorry?"

For tears were streaming down Phyllis's face, and her voice, when she tried to speak, was choked with great sobs. It was no wonder that poor perplexed little Nesta asked next—

"Oh, dear Phyllis! why are you so sorry?"

"I'm not sorry," Phyllis managed to say at last; "I am glad. This is what I've been wanting so much. This is what I've been praying for so much. But I never thought the Lord Jesus would do it—at least not so soon!"

And then Nesta began to understand a little what Phyllis's trouble was, though she did not know all the great things that had happened to her little sister in that inner life, which even to a child is so much the most important.

Phyllis was crying for very shame because the Lord Jesus had been better than she had ever expected! All these days when she had always prayed for Nesta whenever she had prayed for herself, she had never dreamed of an answer like this. She had feared vexation and disappointment, and divisions between them; and instead of that He had taken their happy love into His own hands, and bound it fast and sure with His love before He gave it back again. Oh, why had not Phyllis trusted Him more? In joy like the joy of heaven itself, this little child of Christ wept and wondered over her own past faithlessness.

And because Phyllis could not speak yet, Nesta told her story first. It was all of talks and reading with mamma in the quiet of the sick-room: she had come to Christ holding her mother's hand; and having come, she would have been willing—if He had willed it—to let Him carry her beyond death's reach in His arms.

"First, it was because I was so ill; and then I wasn't afraid of being ill," said Nesta. "It would have been nice to go where I could see Jesus! But then, He wants me to stay on here a little longer, and, oh, I'm glad to be with you. And I thought mamma would tell *you* how good He is, as she told *me* when I was ill."

"But I know it," said Phyllis; and then she added with a great sob of penitence—"a very little!"

"Mamma will tell us more," said Nesta; for there had never been any secrets between her and her mother.

She could not know Phyllis's almost painful gladness, which came of deepest feeling, shut up for so long in her own heart; but the sight of it made Nesta solemn as well as glad, while Nesta's sweet peacefulness began to soothe Phyllis.

The two children sat with clasped hands and talked together in low tones, telling now this thing and now that, as it came into their minds; but their talk was all about the new life they had begun since they parted, the wonders they had to tell each other were those they had found on the heavenly way.

They were only at the beginning of their good things they thought, and they were right, for they had chosen that better part which would never be taken from them, and the new joy which was theirs lasts for evermore.

* * * *

I have little more to tell you about Nesta and Phyllis. They lived on—fun-loving, playful little girls, sheltered in the quiet home of their parents. Nesta got quite strong again in time, and the two went back to school, and once more learned their lessons, and amused themselves, and did everything together. The old dear companionship between them was as close as ever to outward seeming—only the children themselves and their mother knew it was closer.

S. M. GRAY.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XI.

The initials give the power by which to overcome the great enemy named in the finals.

1. What man should do when "that which is good" is before him.

2. A man who was one of three truly great heroes, but in the hour of trial was one of four.

3. The prison into which Paul and Silas were cast.

4. That which the birth of Manasseh caused Joseph to forget.

5. That which the lame man at the gate of the temple gave unto Peter and John.

M. A. S. M.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.—p. 192.

1. Shame and fear.—*Gen.* iii. 8, 10.

2. He built the ark, and was saved from the flood, with all his family.

3. His faith.—*Heb.* xi. 7.

4. His promptness in preparing to offer up Isaac; because he voluntarily gave up the great blessing which God had bestowed upon him.—*Heb.* xi. 17.

5. They made an attack upon Hormah, in the south of Canaan, and were utterly routed by its inhabitants.—*Num.* xiv. 41.

6. See *Deut.* xxviii.

7. He suffered the people to keep the best of the flocks and herds, on the plea of sacrificing to God.—1 *Sam.* xv. 15, 21.

8. "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams."—*Psalm* l. 8, 13; *Prov.* xv. 8; *Hosea* vi. 6; *Micah* vi. 6.

9. 1 *Kings* xiii. 9, 15, 25.

10. The fifth. It is the first commandment with promise. —*Eph.* vi. 2.

11. *Prov.* xxx. 17.

12. They said that if a thing was Corban, *i.e.* vowed to God, the son would not be culpable in withholding it from his parents.—*Mark* vi. 11.

13. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XLI.—MILDRED'S MISSION.

MILDRED WOULD LIKE THINGS DONE DIFFERENTLY.

THE Edingtons were away in London nearly a fortnight, and when they returned, it seemed as if the noise and tumult they all made would never subside. Roy's unaccustomed ears were half deafened by the clamour round the tea table that night, for all the children seemed determined to tell him their own individual history, and talked one against the other, till he gave up in despair the attempt to follow, and let them chatter and contradict, and laugh and scold without any clear idea as to what it was all about. The boys did not appear in any way different from their old selves, and their relief at getting back to a place where there was no sense of control or oppression almost counterbalanced their regrets for the amusements left behind.

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Their "best behaviour," such as it was, had been enforced upon them during their visit, and now they seemed bent on taking a kind of revenge by the most outrageous noisy insubordination. Mildred, on the other hand, had changed decidedly for the better. Her frock was put on neatly, her collar and cuffs were clean, and her handsome head of hair was dressed in a simple and becoming fashion, instead of hanging round her like a tawny mane. She had just passed the Rubicon of her fancy—she was now fifteen; and although she could not feel that she was altogether grown up, as she had once fondly hoped to be at that age, at least she meant to assume something more of dignity, and this unexpected visit to London and to the cousins there, had given a sort of impetus in the desired direction.

Nellie was also better dressed and neater in appearance than before. She looked brighter and happier, somewhat roused out of her dreamy languid ways. She was however very glad to be home again, not because she had not enjoyed the change after a fashion, but because all the strangeness and bustle and sight-seeing had been rather fatiguing to her, and, as she said, "she wanted so much to see Roy again."

Roy was a capital person to talk to about London, when once the boys had been got rid of, because he had been there himself, and could understand their descriptions, and because he knew how people lived there, and understood all the ways of the house which had seemed so very strange and even fearful to the children, who had been accustomed to the laxity and want of discipline and order that prevailed at their own home; but Mildred openly asserted that she liked the new ways better than the old, and wished they did things differently at Windmill House, whilst Nellie said she had liked them too because everything was so much quieter and gentler, only at first she was always afraid of making awkward blunders.

"There is no style about things here!" said Mildred looking round her with an amusing little air of discontented scorn. "Aunt Joan, you have as much as anybody else to do with the management of things. Can't we do a little differently?"

Joan was in the school-room as well as Roy; a glance that was half a smile flashed between them at Mildred's question.

"I'm afraid I don't know much about style," was the quiet answer. "What is it you want done differently?"

"Oh—everything—" was the somewhat comprehensive answer. "Things are so dreadfully hugger-mugger here. Perhaps you don't understand—you've always been here; but Roy knows, I expect—don't you, Roy?"

He laughed out right then.

"Perhaps I do, Milly; but I don't think it's fair to call poor Aunt Joan over the coals for it."

"Perhaps not. I don't mean that it's her fault, you know," was the answer, half-puzzled and half-condescending. "Whose fault is it, Roy? Mamma says it is because we are poor; but I don't believe that; for one place where we went to tea, I knew the people were quite as poor as we are; but they did not mess about as we do here. Things weren't all anyhow and horrid."

Roy laughed a little again. This mood of Mildred's was new to him and he found it interesting; but she seemed to expect him to answer, and so he said with more of gravity and directness:

"If things were all made to look clean and bright, the rooms, and the windows, and the stairs, and passages, and if the house were kept tidy and the people in it, you would see that everything would have a different look. And then if you would lay the cloth yourself for meals, Milly, and put it on straight, and lay the things in their right places, instead of letting the girl just throw them on anyhow, and if you polished up the glass and the silver yourself, and made it shine a little and put everything straight and accurate, and got a few flowers out of the garden for the table, or even a few sprays of ivy, if there were no flowers, or some bunches of holly, I think you would like the look of it much better. There might not be much 'style,' as you call it, even then, but at least you would have done the best possible with your materials."

Mildred was gazing at him intently.

"I do believe I'll try, Roy," she said. "I've very little to do, and I think I should like trying to make things better about the house. I never knew before how horrid they were. Aunt Joan has had a good clean up whilst we've been away. I should like to try and see if we can't keep things nicer. It would make a difference, I am sure, and I don't care if the boys do laugh. If only they'd behave themselves at table, things really might be better."

"Set them a good example then, Milly," answered Roy, "not now and then but always. Ten to one if you and I and Nellie regularly behave ourselves properly it will have a sort of influence in time."

Mildred flushed a little; she was quite aware now that her own deportment left a good deal to be desired very often.

"You always do behave properly, Roy," was the quick answer, "but then you were properly brought up; you don't know how difficult it is for other people. How you must have hated us all when you came here! You must have thought you had never seen such a crew of savages, I should think."

He smiled without directly answering. Mildred flushed again; but she had plenty of resolution, and she was making up her mind with a good deal of quiet determination.

"There are lots of other things besides style, Milly, that go to make up the happiness or unhappiness of life," he said with a little thoughtful smile. "I have learned some very good lessons here. I do not complain of Windmill House as you do."

Mildred did not understand; but Nellie looked up quickly with a glance half wistful, half comprehending. He answered her by a bright little smile. He was moving slowly towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To the study. Have you been to see your grandfather yet? suppose you come with me

and tell him all about your visit? I think he would like to hear it."

Mildred stared in astonishment. Nellie looked half frightened.

"We never go there; grandpapa does not like it."

"But he would like to see you again now."

"I don't know," Mildred looked very doubtful. "I don't think he would."

"Suppose you come and try."

Roy knew how his unwonted visit had been received by the old man, even after he had declared it should not take place, and he thought he was sure to be pleased to see the children, and listen to their eager talk; but though they allowed him to take them with him, the visit could not be called a success. The grandfather seemed to have nothing to say to the grandchildren, nor they anything to him. They escaped as quickly as they could after a few perfunctory words had passed between them, leaving Roy feeling a little depressed at the loveless atmosphere of the house. He seemed able to draw out confidence and affection towards himself, but it seemed impossible to get these relatives to understand the meaning of family love and concord.

"We are not like you, Roy," Joan said, with her strange smile, as she noticed the shadow on his face. "Your ways are not our ways, nor ever will be, I am afraid; but you are doing us good. We are not quite what we were once. If you will only stay, perhaps even you will see a change in us at last."

Roy had no intention of going, and he began in some ways to see a very decided change before long. Mildred did not lack for energy, nor for sound, practical sense, and she came home from her visit to another house with very different ideas from those with which she had left it. Roy's words had had the effect of stirring up and giving form to the vague feelings at work within her, and she began to take quite a new part in the household life, and moreover, to enjoy her self-imposed tasks as she had never enjoyed any that had been given to her before to accomplish. She found her aunt very willing to encourage and assist her, and her mother did not oppose her, so long as she asked for no increase of expenditure, whilst Roy was invaluable as a referee, and very ready of resource, and ingenious of expedient when anything had to be contrived. Between his head and her hands, a great deal was effected to redeem the desolate-looking house from that air of neglect and disorder that had been its most marked and most dreary characteristic. Anything than bare and plain it could not be, but at least there was considerably more of comfort in its bareness; and others beside Roy began to see that it was pleasanter to sit down to table when the cloth was clean, and the things were laid properly and tastefully upon it, when the glass was burnished, and the knives and forks and spoons shone with as much brightness as their age and material would permit. Green leaves and scarlet berries or sprigs of purple heather cost nothing, but made a pretty setting to somewhat coarse fare; and even the slovenly servant maids were stirred up by their young mistress's activity, and worked with a better will and with a little more regard for appearances.

If Roger Edington sneered his wife did not.

"It is a very good thing for the girls to get some notion of the proprieties of life. If ever we are to get our daughters provided for they must, in the first instance, be civilised. Mildred was very much admired at my sister's; she is growing a handsome girl, and now that her temper is so much improved, she does herself more justice. Roy is taking to both the girls; I am convinced he will always recognise them as cousins now, whatever happens, and will be willing and wishful to forward their social success. Yes, it is certainly a very good thing that we got him over here—and it may lead to very important results."

It was soon to lead to results for which Mrs. Edington was little prepared.

CHAPTER XLII.—PLANS AND PROJECTS.

MRS. EDINGTON felt some annoyance at the frustration of her favourite scheme of turning Roy into a kind of tutor for her ill-educated and unruly boys; but her father-in-law was firm upon the point, and evidently intended to keep the boy as much as possible in his own study, and even she was forced to admit that he was hardly fit for the task. She was out of patience with him for looking so frail and ill, and could not imagine why he should keep his cough, seeing that he never went out, and had more care taken of him than all the rest of the family put together. Her children never ailed anything, she sometimes said rather pointedly—not even lame Nellie, who had a sort of right to be called delicate—they had been hardily brought up, and they thrived upon bracing treatment. People who had been coddled up all their lives, and never encouraged in hardy, healthful habits were very poor things—no good to themselves or to anybody else.

Roy knew very well against whom these strictures were levelled, and was youthful enough to feel a little ashamed of himself. He had never been good-for-nothing like this before, and he did not see why he should be now; for although Windmill House was not like the Hermitage, still he was kindly treated, and had no real privations to endure. He did not understand why he should be so weak and languid, nor why his fits of homesickness should grow so much more frequent, and so much stronger. He kept up a bright exterior almost always, and he wrote to Marcus in a gay and courageous style; but sometimes it was all he could do not to beg his brother to come and take him away; or, at least, to come and visit him, and let him have the delight of seeing a familiar face, and hearing all the home news without the medium of letters.

But Roy never allowed himself to give way. It seemed to him that, for the present at least, it was his duty to stay where he was, and that

there was work for him to do here. Since he had known more of bodily weakness and pain, his mind had deepened and developed rapidly. He began to see that life was a more serious thing than he had once believed it to be. He felt just now that his place was here, and yet he knew that if Marcus were to see him in these surroundings he would be wretchedly uneasy about him; whilst, for his own part, the sight of that familiar face would be certain to raise such a wave of homesickness as might carry him away helplessly, and bring about a change for which he was not yet prepared to wish.

So he kept his own counsel and wrote cheerfully, and Mrs. Edington was satisfied from the frequency with which letters passed between them that there was no lasting coldness between Roy and the master of the Hermitage. She was glad of that on the whole, now that there seemed no probability of her own plans being interfered with. She did not want any break of intimacy with connections that might be of so much use to her and hers. Already she was beginning to hope that when Roy visited at the Hermitage he might rouse in Marcus an interest in his cousins, and various bright possibilities rose up before her, full of probability and of promise. She began to entertain an idea of suggesting a visit from Marcus to Roy; but she shrank from bringing him there whilst the boy looked so ill. He would be certain to accuse them mentally of harshness and mismanagement, and she had a vague consciousness that she had demanded of him, at one time, service that he had not been able to give with impunity.

She was restless and uncomfortable about Roy, and inclined to be angry with him for not getting better; but however sound her arguments might be, they did not do him any good, and his wish to appear stronger than he really was led him sometimes to make greater exertion than was prudent. Roger Edington and his wife both knew how the boy's own mother had died young of some chest ailment, and she was quite disposed to feel anxious and worried about him; but a hideous thought crept into Roger's covetous mind, which was to the effect that if Roy were to die before he came of age, such property as was to be his would pass to his natural heirs—Andrew Edington and his family. He had the grace to be half-ashamed of his thought and did not even name it to his wife; but it rankled in his breast all the same and disposed him to be very resolute in his wish to keep Roy where he was, and to look coldly on his wife's plan of getting Marcus Stratford to come and see the boy.

"He will take him away, if you do," said Roger. "He will make out we are killing him, and we shall be forced to give him up, and he will set him against us and frustrate all your plans. If you had seen the sort of man he is, you would not care to have him here. Plainly, there is something to be gained by the care of the boy, and whatever that is, our claim comes before his."

Caroline Edington assented; she stood somewhat in awe of Marcus Stratford, she hardly knew why; and she did not want to have him come there to take away the prize in such a manner, or to say hard things of their treatment of him. She thought matters had better be left as they were. Roy gave very little trouble in the house, ate no more than a sparrow, and had had a decidedly salutary influence upon her girls. She was quite satisfied with what had been accomplished, only she did wish that he would get well more quickly and not go about looking such a pale shadow of himself.

On that point, however, Roy seemed disposed to be obstinate, although he never complained, and was not supposed to ail anything worse than a cold. He still taught Mildred whenever she cared to learn, and if the boys could be coaxed to write any exercises, or prepare any written work, he would look it over and mark and explain the faults. He let Nellie come to him with her questions and difficulties and took pleasure in making all plain before her; and as the child grew used to finding him in the study, and found out that her grandfather never took the least open notice of their low-toned talks, she came more boldly and frequently, and instead of concealing herself behind one of the curtains, and keeping as still as any mouse for fear of detection, she would creep to a little stool beside Roy's easy chair near the fire, and would talk to him very quietly so as not to disturb the old man, who sat at the table hard by poring over his books.

"Pilgrim's Progress" was now little Nellie's most engrossing study. Roy had read it out loud to both girls on the Sundays after his arrival, and they had listened to it as to an ordinary tale full of vivid interest, but as Mildred said "quite make-believe" like the few fairy stories in their possession. But Nellie had of late got hold of a notion that there was another meaning behind. Bits of the story-book seemed to fit in with bits of the Testament she was reading so earnestly; and Pilgrim's goal—the shining city beyond the river—was very like the city she had always pictured to herself as the place she longed to find, the place Roy had told her did really exist somewhere, and would be open to her if she could but find it. So she entered anew with a deep and concentrated earnestness into Christian's journey and his difficulties and temptations. Some of them she could not very well understand, but there were others into which she was able to enter with a great deal of comprehension. She liked to talk it over with Roy, and to find out what he thought about it all.

"I wish we could do as Christian did," she said one day with a little sigh, for she had had rather a hard day of it: the boys had been cross and unkind and had made her angry, and then she had been sorry, and they had only laughed at her and called her names that were hard to listen to patiently. Her mother had found fault with her for idleness and inattention over her needlework, and had threatened to take away her books, and put a stop to all those talks in the study which seemed to unsettle her for anything else. "I wish we could start right off as Christian did, you and I together, Roy, and leave everything else behind. It would be so much easier, I think,

than staying at home and trying to be a Christian here."

Roy smiled as he looked dreamily into the fire.

"Well, I don't know, Nellie. I think I feel more like staying at home. I don't think you and I could make a very good pair of travellers. I think we do our pilgrimage best by the fireside."

But Nellie sighed wistfully.

"I don't know; it seems nicer to do as he did. I don't seem to know how to get rid of my burden here. It feels very heavy to-day."

Roy looked down at the child. Her face was pale and pinched and bore the traces of recent tears—tears of sorrow and anger both. There was depression in her attitude and in every feature. It was easier for Roy to talk now than it had been a few weeks back, his own thoughts dwelt more upon the prospect of that far-off shining city than they had been wont to do. The little pale sorrowful face appealed to him strongly. He must say something to try and lessen the weight of the burden.

"Nellie," he said, "don't you know how to get rid of that?"

"I don't feel as if I know anything to-day."

"It's a very easy way, I think, Nellie. You have only got to go to Jesus with it. He will take it away if you ask Him. He will know that you are in earnest, because He can see into your heart. If He sees that you are sorry, that you want His help never to do so any more, and that you love Him and trust Him, He will do all the rest. You know how Christian's burden rolled off, though he could not unfasten it for himself?"

Nellie's eyes were fixed on Roy's face.

"But how can I go and find Him. I don't know what to do."

"You must pray to Him, Nellie. That's the way to do now. We can't go to Him as people once could, when He lived here; but it's just the same if we go in that way."

The child looked awed; she had heard as much before, but this was bringing it close home.

"But—but—can He—will He hear?"

"You try and find out for yourself."

Nellie's face was very serious, very grave; but an indefined sense of comfort was stealing over her heart.

"When can I ask Him? Can I go to Him now—here—with you close by?" Roy's presence seemed a kind of moral and physical support.

They both glanced at the old man, who with his head upon his hand seemed entirely absorbed in the volume before him on the table.

"Yes, Nellie," answered Roy.

The child knelt down suddenly, burying her face upon the arm of the chair in which he sat. For a long time there was deep silence in the room. Presently she moved and got up; a little flush was on her face and her eyes were shining.

"I do believe He has heard, Roy," she said in a glad whisper. "I do feel so much happier. I think He's going to take the burden right off soon."

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

I.—EARLY LIFE AND DISCIPLESHIP.

FEW recorded lives have been richer in their incidents, or more impressive in their contrasts, than the life of John the son of Zebedee. Trained and educated among the hardy rustics of Galilee, he spent his later days beneath soft Ionian skies, amid the effeminate civilisation of Ephesus. In his youth he was won from Jewish narrowness and fanaticism by the voice of the Incarnate Word; in his old age he had to uphold the truth which he thus had learned against the corruptions of Gentile mysticism. It was a strange experience for him who had "leaned on Jesus' bosom" to be called seriously to maintain, half a century afterwards, that Jesus had "come in the flesh!" Equally striking were the contrasts exhibited in his character. In the earlier stages of his discipleship a "son of thunder," he appears in the tranquil evening of his life as the apostle of love; and the seer, to whom beyond all others the realities of the Divine Kingdom were revealed in concrete fiery symbols, is the one who, beyond all others, has sounded the calm spiritual depths of truth. The marvel of the biography is that the character, amid these contrasts, is essentially and profoundly consistent with itself. Superficial observers fail to apprehend this consistency; and attribute, for instance, the Apocalypse and the Fourth Gospel to different authors, sometimes regarding John the Galilean as distinct from either! But a deeper insight helps us to understand how it is still the "Boanerges," who writes that "God is Love, and he who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him:" and the divine philosophy which teaches that "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" is kindred to the prophetic soul which descried amid the armies of the heavens a warrior "arrayed in a garment

sprinkled with blood, and His name is called the Word of God." This deep underlying consistency we shall have hereafter to illustrate when we come to discuss modern critical hypotheses; at present it is essential to our biographical purpose to assume the current belief of the Church as to the authorship of the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Revelation, all bearing the name of "the disciple whom Jesus loved."

For the biography, the information directly given is but scanty: passages of St. John's life gleam here and there in brilliant light, with more or less shadowy glimpses between. There are scattered hints and indications also, which, without resort to any unsatisfactory expedients of conjectural narrative, we may combine into a consistent whole. Some traditions, on the face of them natural and probable, give us aid not to be despised, and we may take them for what they are worth. The resulting picture may be somewhat different from the popular ideal, derived in some measure from Italian "sacred" art. The true man had more of the hero than of the sentimentalist in his nature, and his character was not only beautiful in its serenity, but sublime in its strength.

The New Testament narratives, with the aid of modern research, have made the lake country of Galilee familiar to us. The ancient territories of Zebulun and Issachar, Asher and Naphtali, were peopled, in hill, upland and valley, by a hardy, home-loving population, intensely, often narrowly, loyal to Judaism, yet daring to stand by the simple faith inculcated in their own synagogues in defiance of the more sophisticated traditionalists of Jerusalem. Judged by the standard of the scribes, they were a race of "unlearned and ignorant men;" and Nazareth was not the only Galilean village out of which honest Nathanaels of the time concluded that no good thing could come. They were also ardently national. Judæa might tamely tolerate the foreign yoke, but Galilee could not submit without a protest; and the rebellion under Judas in the days of the enrolment (A.D. 6. Acts v. 37) was but the outbreak of a spirit never wholly suppressed. The watchword of Judas and his followers was, *We have no master but God;* and the very children of Galilee must have become familiar with the question: "Whether it was lawful to give tribute to Cæsar or not."

Among these hardy independent northern people, the sons of Zebedee passed their youthful days. Their father, apparently of Bethsaida, the great "fishing-place" at the head of the lake, was a well-to-do master of his craft. His boat appears to have been his own, he had "hired servants,"[1] while his wife was one of those who ministered to Jesus of their substance,[2] and who brought the costly sweet spices to His tomb. No doubt Zebedee and his partners conducted a considerable traffic with Jerusalem, where fish from Galilee was in continual demand. His sons would thus travel between Bethsaida and the metropolis, and John, it appears,[3] had become known to the High Priest Caiaphas; being thus admitted into the most exclusive Jewish society of the capital. Zebedee then was by no means among the poorest; and would be able to give his sons such training as the schools of Bethsaida or the neighbouring city of Capernaum could afford. That he became a disciple of Christ, though nowhere stated, is probable, as he seems without question to have acquiesced in the dedication of his sons to the apostolic life. He probably died some time during our Lord's ministry.

Whatever may have been the case with Zebedee, there is no doubt as to Salome, the mother of the future apostles. Like many a noble woman in ancient and modern times, the wife of Zebedee lives before us in the character of her sons. Among the women of the Gospels, though actually named only in one passage,[1] she stands conspicuous. It is worth while to bring together the three texts which describe her supreme proof of devotion to her Saviour in standing before His Cross.

Matthew xxvii. 55, 56.

"Many women were there . . . among whom was Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of the sons of Zebedee."

Mark xv. 40.

"There were also women beholding from afar: among whom were both Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James the less and of Joses, and Salome."

John xix. 25.

"There were standing by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene."

It is from the comparison of Matthew and Mark that we find "Salome" to have been the name of the mother of the sons of Zebedee. The enumeration given in the Gospel of John appears at first sight more difficult. Who was "Mary the wife of Clopas"? The answer is simple. *Clopas* is a form of the Hebrew name (חלפי) elsewhere written *Alphæus:* and "James the less" we know was "the son of Alphæus"[2] "Mary the wife of Clopas" therefore was "the mother of James and Joses" and the three lists are so far identical. John alone mentions the presence of Mary the mother of Jesus (although without giving her name) as well as of "His mother's sister." Some readers associate this latter phrase with "Mary the wife of Clopas," as denoting the same person, so that only *three* women would be mentioned by John, and there would be the most unlikely circumstance of two Maries in the same family.[3] Far more reasonable is the conclusion which most modern critics uphold, that the evangelist mentions *four* women, only adding Mary the mother of Jesus to the three mentioned by Matthew and Luke. This then identifies "Salome," "the

[1] Mark i. 29.
[2] Luke viii. 3; xxiii. 55; comp. Matt. xxvii. 55, 56.
[3] John xviii. 16.

[1] Mark xv. 40; xvi. 1.
[2] Matt. x. 3.
[3] From this interpretation also has arisen the view, now generally abandoned by good expositors, that the James and Joses here mentioned were the "brethren," *i.e.* cousins of our Lord.

mother of the sons of Zebedee" with "the sister of our Lord's mother;" and we are led by a process of which every step appears sound, to the conclusion that Salome and Mary were sisters. We may think of them in their young virgin life, as growing side by side in sweet household loveliness beneath the roof of their home in Nazareth. They were descendants of the house of David;[1] a distinction among their neighbours, a source of high and ennobling thought to themselves. Yet as sisters often differ, their characters were unlike. Mary "the handmaid of the Lord" was calm, meditative, serene, loving to "ponder in her heart" the wonders of His truth. Salome was ardent, enthusiastic, ambitious. The spirit of their great ancestor was in them both: in Mary the spirit of the Psalmist, in Salome the spirit of the king.[2] Like the lily and the rose, these sister-flowers grew, until in the marriage of Salome with Zebedee, one of the sisters exchanged the home of Nazareth for the home of Bethsaida.

Those who like to trace a meaning in names may be reminded that Zebedee (Hebrew, Zabdi or Zebadiah) may be rendered "the Bestower," or "Jehovah the Bestower"; while Salome is the lovely word for "Peace." *Jehovah bestoweth Peace*, may thus without any undue exercise of fancy be taken as the beautiful motto of this Bethsaida home. To this house two sons were born, Jacob the elder, so called after the great ancestor of the nation (James being but an Anglo-Gallic form of the ancient name[3]) and Jochanan, Mercy of God, a name which passing through the Greek and Latin has come to us as *John*.[4] The disciple whom Jesus loved would be known by the comrades of his youth as "Jochanan bar-Zebadiah."

Among these companions at Bethsaida were two brothers of another house, Andrew and Simon, the sons of Jonah, who himself is called *John* in some Greek MSS. of the Fourth Gospel, followed in our Revised Version.[5]

The four friends were yet in early youth when the fame of the great preacher of righteousness, John the son of Zechariah, reached and stirred the land. It was but natural that young and ardent Galileans should be attracted by so fervent a herald of righteousness and of the coming doom. They travelled from their home in Bethsaida to the Jordan valley, whither, in the "wilderness," or broad green upland on the eastern side, the multitudes were gathering to listen to the stern Baptist's words. But a change had passed over the tone of that wonderful ministry. The crisis of that ministry was the baptism of Jesus, already past: the prediction that had mingled with the Baptist's call to repentance was fulfilled, the mightier One than he had appeared, and the burden of John's preaching had become the great evangelic message for all time: "Behold, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." On one day this message had been proclaimed to the multitude; on the next day it was repeated early in the morning, before the crowd could again assemble, to two disciples, who alone seem to have lingered near their great master, intent on learning what further truth he might have to impart. Jesus Himself, as these words were spoken, was passing by. By an impulse, which they themselves could not wholly understand, the two fisher lads from Galilee were drawn to Him who was so pointed out to them. They "followed Jesus." It was the turning-point of their young lives.

It is hard for a true teacher to dismiss beloved and favourite pupils, even to a greater and wiser instructor than himself. We may picture John looking wistfully after the retreating forms of these two disciples, knowing that his work for them was done, and that soon he must altogether retire from the scene. Yet surely such regrets were overpowered by a noble gladness. For, if we rightly understand him, we mark a note of unselfish exultation in his words; "He must increase, but I must decrease." "This my joy therefore is fulfilled."

Of these disciples of John, now hastening to the Great Teacher, only one is specified: "Andrew, Simon Peter's brother": but there can be no reasonable doubt that the other was John, the son of Zebedee and Salome, who, in relating the incident, according to his wont, suppresses the mention of his own name. Short and expressive is the record of the interview that followed. The first words of Jesus to His first disciples were almost a challenge; *What seek ye?* From the beginning He claims a serious well-considered faith, no mere product of excitement, or fantasy of the moment. To His question the response was by another; frank, ingenuous and simple: *Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?* Jesus replied by an invitation and a promise, *Come, and ye shall see.*[1] "They came and saw where He dwelt, and abode with Him that day. It was about the tenth hour."

It is John, we repeat, who thus records his own eventful experience—the method, the scene, the very hour of his birth into a new life. There is something very significant in this apparently casual mention of "the tenth hour." Why, we might ask, should so unimportant a fact be chronicled? The answer is to be sought in a familiar experience. Incidents in our lives which affect our whole career, whether for joy or sorrow, will often photograph themselves upon our memory, with all their surroundings. When we recall them we see again the very room in which we sat; or, it may be, the path in which we walked, while the birds sang overhead. The sights and sounds of nature are, for the moment, around us again as in long past years, an inseparable part of the emotion awakened by the bright or sad remembrance. So John, in his old age, as he relates how he became a disciple of the Christ, seems to behold again, from distant

[1] See Luke i. 32, 69. Our Lord's descent from David was through His *mother*, although Joseph also was of the royal line, ch. ii. 4; Matt. i. 16.

[2] Compare Mary's *Magnificat*, Luke i. 46, with Salome's request, Matt. xx. 20.

[3] Greek Ἰάκωβος; Lat. *Jacobus;* French generally *Jacques*, but in a twelfth century form *Jame*. In the East, St. James is still *Yakoob*.

[4] The name *Jochanan* appears in the Old Testament no fewer than fourteen times, in the later days of the Hebrew Monarchy, (in E.V. "Johanan" or Jehohanan).

[5] See John i. 42; xxi. 15, 16, 17.

[1] See Revised Version.

Ephesus, the green sward, bright in early spring, with the river rushing through the valley below. He notes half unconsciously the height of the sun in the heavens, and the length of the shadows on the grass; and in recording the day which he and Andrew spent with Jesus, he spontaneously and fondly makes note of the very hour.

According to the best interpreters, it was yet morning,[1] and from the tenth hour (about 10 A.M. according to our computation) these two companions from Bethsaida sat eagerly listening to the Teacher from Nazareth, while their hearts burned within them at His words of truth and life. He can hardly have been personally unknown to either of the young disciples. John was not only His fellow Galilean, but as already shown, His relative. That they addressed him as "Rabbi" argues, besides, some recognition of His superiority. But, like the Baptist their master, they "knew Him not" as the Messiah, the Son of God, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Now their eyes were opened, and that day made them His disciples. It was the birthday of the Christian Church, the beginning of Messiah's kingdom upon earth. All that appeared to the outward eye was that two fisher youths were following One of homely mien and garb to some rustic dwelling, to a shepherd's hut, perhaps, lonely in a sheltered spot of the wilderness. Yet, although they knew it not, as they entered that habitation, they had found ingress into the spiritual home which was to be the abode of their souls and the temple of their worship for evermore!

At once they recognised the influence, and each disciple, full of new thoughts and joys, was intent on seeking his brother. Andrew was first successful; for, be it noted, the turn of phrase in the original narrative shows us, not that this was *the first thing which Andrew did*, but that Andrew's brother was *the first to be found;* suggesting that both brethren went forth at once upon the quest. James also, no doubt, was sought and found by John; and the fruit of that day's communion with Christ was the gathering of the four from Bethsaida into the number of His disciples.

Here for the present we must leave that little company. A new world had opened to their youthful vision. Already had the words of Jesus, *Come, and ye shall see*, reached their first fulfilment. No words, indeed, could have been more applicable to these two disciples. As Simon Peter himself long afterwards wrote, knowledge is enfolded in faith.[1] The vision is for those who "come." True insight is attained by following Christ. The words, again, in their mystic depth, might be taken as a motto of St. John's great Epistle to the churches. And when, from another and far off solitude, he beheld in vision the Lamb in the midst of the throne, was there not a reminiscence of the word that first had sent him to the Saviour: "Behold, the LAMB OF GOD."?

[1] See Westcott's *Commentary on St. John*, in loc., and Excursus, p. 282. There is a paper on the subject in the SUNDAY AT HOME, 1887, p. 189.

[1] See Revised Version, 2 Peter i. 5, 6.

From the Spring to the Sea.

OH, the music of the rills,
How their voice the morning fills,
As they babble of the springtime in the silence of the hills!
Rippling over moss and heather,
Now apart and now together,
With a hope that faileth never, flowing onward full and free,
Flowing ever to the sea.

Plunging headlong down the steep,
Deep is calling unto deep,
But the waters in their tumult still their onward purpose keep,
In the daylight brightly foaming,
Dark and sombre in the gloaming,
Rock and boulder gaily breasting forward still their course must be,
On, unresting, to the sea.

Where the stately iris blows,
Calmly now the streamlet flows,
And the freshness of the valley on its current comes and goes,
Flowers rejoicing taste its fulness,
Thirsty cattle love its coolness,
And the birds above it winging join its undersong of glee,
Always singing of the sea.

Now a river deep and wide,
Busy towns on either side,
And the argosies of nations proudly borne upon its tide!
Quiet now and darkly flowing,
Still the depths are seaward going,
Pausing not for blame or blessing, lingering not by tower or tree,
Onward pressing to the sea.

FALLS OF ST. FEREOL,

On the river St. Lawrence.

So the river of our years
Hastens on through hopes and fears,
Till the rivulet of childhood the eternal ocean nears.
Of its treasure freely giving,
All its life for others living,
Thus alone, in self-surrender, can its course be strong and free
To the splendour of the sea.

Unto Thee, O God, we move,
Grant us still Thy grace to prove,
Till we lose life's straitened yearnings in the fulness of Thy love.
Let our course be in Thy favour;
Guide us, Lord, lest faith should waver!
Thou of life art Source and Giver, keep us pressing on to Thee
As the river to the sea!

MARY ROWLES.

THE DYING HOURS OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

WE give place to the following account of the closing scene in the life of the Emperor William, as of permanent historical interest to our readers. It is translated from the German "Daheim":—

On Thursday, March 5, at five o'clock in the evening, the Court preacher, Dr. Kögel, approached the Emperor's sick-bed, and after a few words of greeting, in which he spoke of the prayerful sympathy of the whole people, he repeated to the august patient the words of Psalm xxiii. 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Then, Isaiah liv. 10; xliii. 1: "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee." "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." To each of these texts the Emperor answered, "That is beautiful." As the minister continued: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Christ is the Resurrection and the Life," he gave his assent, saying, "That is true."

The passages which were repeated to him in the course of the evening were Isaiah xiv. 27: "For the Lord of hosts hath purposed, and who shall disannul it? and His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?" Romans v. 1: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Matthew xxviii. 20: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." 1 John i. 7: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." John i. 29: "Behold, the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Then Romans xiv. 7: "For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living."

These sentences were spoken at intervals.

His favourite hymns were repeated to him.

When hence I must betake me
And death at last must meet,
Lord, do not then forsake me,
Thy child with welcome greet.
When terror has bereft me
Of heart and hope, again,
Lord! from my woe uplift me
In virtue of Thy pain.—*Paul Gerhardt.*

Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are and glorious dress;
In flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.—*Zinzendorf.*

From the hymn, "Commit thou all thy griefs," the last verse was quoted:

Thou seest our weakness, Lord!
Our hearts are known to Thee.
Oh! lift Thou up the sinking hand—
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.—*Gerhardt.*

After the text, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word; for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," the Grand Duchess of Baden asked her father if he understood it. He answered in the affirmative, and distinctly repeated the last words, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." During one of the intervals, the Emperor said of his own accord, "By His name hath He helped me." Another time he spoke as if he were dreaming, "Let us arrange to have an hour of prayer." After some little time, he said, "I have had a dream, the last solemn service in the cathedral was proceeding." Possibly his own funeral services were present to his mind.

During the night of Friday, at 4 o'clock, Dr. Kögel prayed.

Be Thou my consolation
When death o'ertaketh me;
May Thy death-tribulation
Before mine eyes then be!
I'll on Thee, fondly gazing,
Fix my believing eyes;
While firmly Thee embracing—
He dies well who so dies!—*Gerhardt.*

His Majesty then joined the Empress in repeating the Lord's Prayer.

When the chaplain repeated Psalm xxvii. 1: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" the Grand Duchess of Baden asked the Emperor the question, "Papa, did you understand that?" He replied, "It was beautiful."

The Grand Duchess then asked him, "Do you know that mamma is sitting beside your bed and is holding your hand?" He opened his eyes, and gazed fixedly at her and then closed them never to open them again. His last look was at the Empress.

When it was evident that the end was near, the chaplain blessed the dying man in these words, "The Lord bless thy going out and thy coming in for evermore! Depart in peace! There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, Thou God of truth."

Then as the Emperor breathed his last and life was extinct, the family knelt down and Dr. Kögel offered prayer in which he thanked the Triune God for the faithfulness He had shown to him in sparing, redeeming, saving and sanctifying him, and for converting his departure from this life into a home-going, and for having made him a blessing to Prussia and the German Empire. He prayed that the comfort of the Holy Spirit might be given to the Empress, the children and grandchildren, and to every member of the Royal House, concluding with these words: "Have mercy upon the Royal House, our people and the fatherland, and fulfil these words to the Emperor at his departure, 'I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing.' Amen."

The Emperor William belongs now to history. We will not seek to anticipate its measured judgments; but the following incidents, illustrative of the personal qualities of the Emperor, reach us from another quarter, and may be of interest to our readers.

Something of singularity, and of special interest for the world at large, surrounds even the dying bed of this man marked out by divine wisdom to be a man among men.

No pencil or paint-brush is needed to make the final scene in his life visible to every eye. We can all see, with a startling vividness, the venerable old "White Beard," as the Italians call him, lying so calmly waiting for the end, on the little narrow iron camp bed, propped up with a pillow. There is no sign of state or magnificence around to take from the simple, solemn majesty of death. The room itself is small, and so plainly furnished that in these luxury-loving days it would generally be pronounced not furnished at all. Its one only adornment is an ordinary sort of small bookcase with glass doors lined with green, such as is a familiar sight in a child's school room. The man dying on the bed there would reach his ninety-first birthday in a very few days, and that bookcase he cherishes, close at hand. Would we know why? Behind the green linings are the little treasures and presents of his boyhood!

It is utterly impossible for any mind to avoid being strangely impressed in one way or other by this closing scene of the wonderful life. It is as though some one or other of Wordsworth's little village ballads had been found winding up the resounding war cries of Homer!

Nearly a century of life, and within its compass the experience of every great vicissitude of which life is capable. Poverty and wealth, dangerous sickness and robust health, the borrowed rags of a peasant and the royal purple; the acclamations of his people and the assassin's bullets; sometimes in the forefront of the most furious and bloody battlefields, and at others leading a most peaceful, homely existence in the quiet German capital.

We recall how, when once we reached Berlin, it was at a time when our English papers told us the city was agitated with some important crisis. To us, fresh from Regent Street and Cheapside, it seemed asleep.

Our coachman nearly stopped his horses once, and with an impressive, upward nod muttered with a certain hushed tone of awe—

"Ach! behind that window there is Count Bismarck. He will not come out."

"Why, no," we said in remonstrance, "how can you expect it? He is ill, we have heard."

The head was flung up, and the whip, in a manner that was wholly significant. Then our driver dropped head and shoulders almost down into the carriage, as he replied in a tone that betrayed some fear lest the sharp ears behind that window, high up above the street, might still hear him—"Ach, ja! ill, you say. He is angry; what you call cross. He says Yes, and the Kaiser says No. But, ja, ja, it will soon come all right. The Kaiser will say, Yes, too. He is good."

As all the world knows, the day came at last, when Bismarck said, "Never, never, as long as we both live will I forsake my honoured and beloved old master."

A fight in childhood for bare liberty and life was followed in manhood by a long and victorious reign, in imperial, unfettered majesty. At the outset of his career there was nearly unanimous opposition to his most cherished schemes; in middle age he met well-nigh general hatred; but his death-bed was watched with universal love and respect, and soothed with the universal brotherhood of sympathy.

His religious belief, imbibed in childhood from his beloved mother, was held firm throughout, as the very fountain of life.

The entire absence of anything whatever in the nature of self-indulgence has already been implied in the picture of the quiet chamber

of death. As regards his diet, he was most abstemious and very easily satisfied. He betrayed perhaps a satisfactory little touch of human nature in liking to see himself arrayed in snowy white waistcoats, although, as regards the remainder of his attire, he found old clothes so much more comfortable than new, that those whose office it was to see that he presented an appearance suitable to his position now and again had a little difficulty on this point! His affection for one adjunct of a gentleman's dress was very amusing. He collected walking-sticks to such an extent that at length they were piled up like a pyramid in his bedroom!

It was often said that the Berliners really had no use for clocks and watches when their sovereign was among them. His uniform and punctual habits were a proverb. An anecdote has just reached me from a German pen *à propos* of this.

Some years ago the Emperor's health failed for a while, and his physicians met in consultation. They were in the very act of recommending him absolute quiet and repose of mind and body, when at the same moment the Wachtparade (military band) passed by the window. The crowds below were calling out the Emperor's name, who at once advanced to the window, in spite of the doctor's remonstrance, with the smiling remark:

"Let me go! I must be at the window. It is noon, and the notice is written down in Baedeker, that I can be seen from the street about this hour!"

With reference to this kindly readiness to show himself, there is another anecdote from the same German pen. The physician, Von Lauer, came to see the Emperor one morning, and found him standing at the window, too preoccupied to acknowledge his greeting, as usual. The doctor stood waiting a welcome in some surprise, till at last his sovereign suddenly turned round and beckoned him forward, remarking in friendly tones:—

"Excuse my apparent distraction, but on looking out, I noticed a peasant whose garb proves him to have come from a long distance to see the Kaiser, and he had his little son with him, whom he was holding up. So you see I was really obliged to stand a good time at the window, to let them have the full pleasure of the sight."

Method, said a writer in the *Times*, was the secret of his longevity; and whenever he fell ill his physicians used to tremble with apprehension, lest the sudden interruption in his habits of sustaining routine should produce a fatal effect.

To quote other words which personal experience can verify:

"His great age, with the character of his acts, and the deeds of his mighty paladins, had combined to invest him in later years with something like the halo of a mythical hero. It was hard to say whether he was more beloved as a monarch, or as a man. . . It was at once a proof of the love he enjoyed as a man, and of the confidence reposed in him as a ruler, that he could visit no part of his dominions without the certainty of being rained upon by bouquets and begging letters. The suitor, the crippled old soldier, the mother of an erring son, all got their petitions ready, and waited for the coming of the king!"

While staying once at a German hotel, an intelligent young waiter, with whom we held many a conversation, was grumbling over some petty town grievance. But he wound up with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: "Ah! well, never mind, the Emperor will probably come here some day, and then we shall soon see. Ay! yes; for we shall tell him all about it."

"Tell him about such a thing as this?" "Trouble the Emperor about such matters?" we exclaimed.

Our companion stared in equal amaze at us. "Why, of course, if he comes. And he won't think it a trouble. He will soon see it set right, that is, at any rate, quite certain."

It was at any rate quite certain that our informant believed as much. And so did many others. The following anecdote has just reached me from a German source. No doubt it may be well known to many in England already, but as one of the very last fatherly acts of the good monarch towards the humblest of his people it well deserves to be repeated.

The Emperor William accepted the post of godfather shortly before his death—just a month before. The joiner, Peter Tichy, of Ellgut-Huttchin, and formerly sergeant in a Silesian regiment, had a son on the twenty-first of January—the eighth boy in his family; whereupon Tichy wrote requesting his Emperor to accept the post of godfather. His letter received the following reply:—

"Berlin, February 8, 1888.

"His Majesty, the Emperor and King, will accept the post of godfather to your eighth living son, and will grant that His Majesty's name should be mentioned in the registry and church office. The inclosed thirty marks are for the purchase of a present for the child. By His Majesty's command. Bork, Private Secretary."

Here is another anecdote from the same source; and from also the thoroughly-homely point of view.

The Emperor's favourite cup and saucer, which he had used nearly twenty years, got broken one day. It had been a present from Queen Victoria, and the court-marshal severely reprimanded the man-servant and the butler for the vexatious accident, well knowing how highly the cup was valued by the Emperor. The two servants, in fear of losing their places, assured the court-marshal of their innocence with regard to the breakage, and at the first opportunity tried to prove the same to their royal master. The kind-hearted sovereign, noticing his servants' distress, good-naturedly replied: "Well, well, never mind; I may have broken the cup myself. Yes, indeed, so it may be." The cup was not mentioned again, and the servants kept their places.

Another marked characteristic of the Emperor William, that of putting himself in another person's place or in other words identifying

himself with the feelings of others, was well expressed in his way of receiving the pension list one day. The list of those officers, who, through their advanced age were to be pensioned off, was shown to the Emperor. That was well enough; but an accompanying offhand, hard-toned remark was needlessly made:—"Invalids were of no use to the army." The quiet, meaning rebuke followed: "But, my dear sir," replied his Majesty, "in that case, you have to head the list with myself."

Whenever Prince Bismarck insisted upon the dismissal of any functionary from his post, for supposed incapacity of any kind to fulfil the duties, according to the Chancellor's exceptionally high standard, the Emperor invariably softened the blow by a personal letter of thanks for past services, and kind hopes for the future.

The Emperor in the details of ordinary life set an example which the humblest of his subjects might follow with advantage.

FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL IN LONDON.

THE first Sunday school known to have been established in London was at Surrey Chapel, under the Rev. Rowland Hill. In a funeral sermon on the death of Mr. Kemp, superintendent of Hoxton Sunday school, the Rev. Mr. Harris claimed for him the honour of having established the second Sunday school. At Surrey Chapel there were paid teachers for several years, but it was found that little good was thus done, and teachers voluntered their services as a labour of love. Some of these teachers were men in good positions in life, two of them having high offices in the East India House; and the superintendent, Mr. Burchett, a proctor in Doctors' Commons, gave much money, both in supporting the old schools and in opening new ones in other parts of the Borough.

An effort was also made to gather the children of the very poorest class, into what were called "Fragment Schools," so named from the Scriptural idea, that nothing might be lost. It was an anticipation of the Ragged Schools of later times. It is a remarkable fact, as illustrating the improved state of public opinion now as compared with then, that in 1801 Mr. Hill published "An Apology for Sunday schools," against which violent attacks had been made by the Bishop of Rochester of that day. The last ministerial effort made by Mr. Hill was addressing the Sunday school teachers, on the 2nd April 1833, only eight days before his death. For nearly fifty years he had a meeting of the children at Eastertide in Surrey Chapel.

When we speak of Mr. Hill's being the "first Sunday school in London," and of Mr. Raikes, of Gloucester, having been "the founder of Sunday schools in England," it is only meant that this form of beneficent work was by them in regular and systematic way introduced. There had been Sunday schools in earlier times, when Christian teachers laboured to train other children than those of their own household. The Roman Catholics claim for the devoted Carlo Borromeo precedency in this good work. We know also that catechizing on Sunday was an exercise in which some of the Puritan ministers in the seventeenth century took delight. A most interesting fact is recorded by Scottish ecclesiastical historians, in the narrative of the cruel assassination of the pious carrier, John Brown of Priesthill, one of the Covenanters. Among those who mourned his loss, we are told, were the children and young people whom he had been in the habit of assembling and teaching on Sunday afternoons.

The Message, "So Loved."

A TRUE STORY.

"WHAT ails thee, lad, thou art silent,
And white with the cold and rain:
Hast tired thyself with walking
To Kingston, and back again?

"Come! cheer me with news of Jerry,
I've been by myself all day;
Thou can't have been out for hours,
And then find nothing to say."

"Why, mother," he said, "just fancy,
Wherever I've been this night?"
"Nay, lad, for with all my thinking
I never should guess aright."

"Well! listen a bit; and—mother,
Just tell me if all is true;
I've heard in a place of worship
A message that's run me thro'.

"I parted at six with Jerry,
Who'd friends of his own to meet,
So lighting my pipe, I saunter'd
Alone down the empty street.

"I felt but a listless lounger,
With nought to do in my head,
And followed without much caring
Wherever my footsteps led.

"The stormy wind and the downpour,
Were chilly enough and drear;
And thankful I was for refuge
To stand in a shelter near.

"To me, who was out in darkness,
The light from the church within
Seem'd shining warm,—and invited
My courage to enter in.

"I've often laughed at the fellows
Who went to a house of prayer,
But I'll never forget the message
I heard from the preacher there.

"The singing and prayers were ended,
The sermon was half way done;
But while I sat in the shadows,
I wished he had just begun.

"His voice was that clear, persuasive,
I couldn't do aught but heed;
He felt it was grand, I reckon,
The message he had to plead.

"He told us that God '*so* loved,'
The hearts in this world below;
'*So* loved,'—He could not leave us,
Alone in a state of woe.

"I think I had ears to listen
To all that he had to say;
But thoughts of the *great, great* loving,
Are all that I've brought away.

"'*So* loved;'—the words had travelled
Right down from the heights above;
I buried my face and whispered,
'Lord, teach me about this love!'

"And maybe He stooped to hearken,
For down in my heart it lay,
That message of God *so* loving
A world that had gone astray.

"I never was much a learner,
But isn't it plain to see;
The Father who lives in heaven
'*So* loved' both you and me?"

"Ah, lad; but with all thy talking
I seem in a sort of daze;
I did my best in thy training
To teach thee religious ways.

"It may be the preaching yonder
Was put in a better way,
For seldom it was thou listened
To aught that I had to say."

"Ay! mother; but still the message
Came home to me fresh to-night;
It seemed to me all amazing,
When seen in a newer light.

"The preaching of hell and judgment
For all who have done amiss,
Would never, with all the wisdom,
Have broken my heart like this.

"And while I am telling, mother,
The stronger it seems to grow,
Not *only* that just 'He loved,'
But, loving, He loved us *so*.

"And ay! he said in the ending—
The message was put so plain;
That we who have been '*so* loved,'
Must image it back again"

"My lad;" and the tears were flowing
In streams down the furrowed face;
"It may be that one so loving
Will find for us both a place.

"I'm feared in the daily toiling,
My ear has been turned away,
And time was not found to listen
To all that they had to say.

"But, laddie, I think religion
As seen in the light of love,
Will help us to fight the battle,
And live for the home above."

"Ay, mother; for sure the message
Is making us feel we owe
The best of our life and service
To Him who has 'lovèd so.'

Then down on their knees together
They ventured their hearts to lift
In prayer to Him who "so loved,"
That His was the priceless gift.

Though years have rolled since the message
That night was so richly blest,
The mother, and son, and Jerry
Have found it their truest rest.

And night by night in a city,
To fallen, and poor, and low,
They carry the gospel message
Of Him who hath "lovèd so."

CHARLOTTE MASON.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. III.

1. He was a king's counsellor.
2. He joined the king's son in rebelling against his father.
3. The king prayed that God might overturn his plans.
4. If his counsel had been followed, the rebellion might have been successful.
5. It was counteracted by one of the king's friends.
6. To consult him was accounted equal to asking counsel of God.
7. When his counsel was rejected, he hanged himself.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. V.

Reject six of these words, and arrange the rest to form a wise saying.

Stirreth	But	All	Up
None	Covereth	Maketh	Openeth
Loveth	Walketh	On	Strifes
Up	Love	Hatred	Sins

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. IX.—p. 224.—"ARISE, SHINE!"—Isa. lx. 1; Eph. v. 14.

A-haziah . . . . . 2 Kings i. 2, 7.
R-euben. . . . . Gen. xxxvii. 29, 30.
I-saiah . . . . . Isa. vi. 11.
S-aul . . . . . Acts ix. 4, 5.
E-lisha . . . . . 2 Kings iv. 8, 13.

S-amuel . . . . . 1 Sam. xv. 19.
H-azael . . . . . 2 Kings viii. 13.
I-saac . . . . . Gen. xxvii. 20.
N-icodemus . . . . . John iii. 9.
E-zra . . . . . Ezra ix. 14.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE discussion on Mohammedanism has not yet died out. It has been taken up at remote points, by those practically acquainted with the subject. Canon Taylor's paper was inserted in a Moslem newspaper at Damascus, and in another at Beyrout. The Moslem editor calls upon the faithful to hear what "the English monk" says about them. Where the Englishman describes Islam as a brotherhood, the editor puts, in a parenthesis, "Would to God it were so"; and where Islam is credited with advantages in the prohibition of gambling, the editor exclaims, "You gamblers, hear this, and may God judge you!"

The veteran Bishop Crowther, writing from the Niger, mentions several causes which conduce to the spread of Mohammedanism. One of these is to be found in the slave-wars. "As the religion sanctions slave-wars and slavery, its professors do not sympathise with the miseries produced by them. They shut their eyes and deaden their feelings to these atrocities, and the gains and profits they reap therefrom are considered their reward as faithful followers of the Prophet, one half the value of slaves and spoils being claimed by the chief, and the other half divided amongst the soldiers to encourage them for future warlike enterprises." Another cause of progress is the sanction of polygamy; a third, the sale of charms; and a fourth the encouragement of works of merit. "If, of the five daily prayers, through unavoidable circumstances, some be omitted, an account of the unsaid prayers is carefully kept, and at convenient times the deficiencies are paid off." Many accidental circumstances have also contributed to the growth of the Mohammedan population; but whereas the Moslems count all conquered tribes as converted, it sometimes takes years for Christian teaching to permeate the mass.

According to the testimony of the Rev. W. Allan, Vicar of St. James's, Bermondsey, who lately inspected the missions in Sierra Leone, the statement that Christian Africans are becoming Mohammedans is quite unfounded. The Rev. O. Moore, a native clergyman, also writes that "the idea concerning the so-called spread of Mohammedanism—that Islam is gaining ground among us, is a delusion altogether. Nothing of the sort has taken place. Mohammedans increase by accessions of fresh Mohammedans from the interior, and not at all from conversions made in Sierra Leone. It is a great mistake to think otherwise."

As regards Central Africa, the testimony of Emin Pasha, as it occurs in his "Letters and Journals," recently published, is worth noting. It is plain that he does not believe in Mohammedanism as actually a civilising agent, and of one district he remarks that after twenty years' dominion, it can scarcely point to ten proselytes.

Other aspects of the subject have been brought under review by Sir William Wilson Hunter, in an admirable paper on the Religions of India, read before the Indian Section of the Society of Arts. His close analysis deals with history, and brings into relief many facts of importance in estimating the different systems. Touching upon social questions, Sir W. W. Hunter remarks, that "Christianity holds out advantages of social organisation not offered by Hinduism or Islam. It provides for the education and moral supervision of its people with a pastoral care which Islam, destitute of a regular priesthood, does not pretend to. It receives the new members into its body with a cordiality and a completeness to which Hinduism is a stranger. . . . On the other hand, the native Christian is exposed to a terrible temptation. Islam is a great teetotal society. Among Hindus, to touch liquor is the sign of low caste. I do not agree with the old Colonel who writes in the newspapers that every Christian servant in India drinks. But it is very sad that the careless, honest observer should so often arrive at this generalisation. I, for one, believe that if Christianity is to be an unmixed blessing in India, it must be Christianity on the basis of total abstinence. This self-imposed restriction would, in India, soon grow into a binding custom, and would raise the Christian communities out of the rank of the liquor-drinking castes." His concluding words were spoken with the authority that attaches only to wide and full knowledge. "Speaking as an Englishman," he said, "I declare my conviction that English missionary enterprise is the highest modern expression of the world-wide national life of our race. I regard it as the spiritual complement of England's instinct for colonial expansion and imperial rule. And I believe that any falling off in England's missionary efforts will be a sure sign of swiftly coming national decay."

THE Church Missionary Society has decided to employ lay evangelists in India. This decision is based on the conviction that, owing not only to the overwhelming numbers of the population of India, but also to the manner in which it is distributed, not so much in large cities and towns as in hundreds of thousands of villages scattered over the whole face of the country, by far the greater part of it lies to this day outside the range of existing missionary agencies; and that if ever the masses of India are to hear the Gospel from the lips of the living preacher, a great extension of evangelistic operations is urgently called for.

THE China Inland Mission has realised its greatest success this last year in the Province of Shan-Si. The work has been carried on largely by native agency. "God has raised up some remarkable native preachers, men of great force of character and singular devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ." In the province of Ho-Nan, which has suffered of late so terribly from the devastation brought by the Yellow River, missionaries have been labouring for ten or eleven years. Much itinerant work has been done; but last year nine men were baptised, and a Christian church organised for the first time. From various other districts come encouraging facts. There are still perils to be braved, and opposition to be encountered. But the general outlook is very encouraging. The Rev. G. Clark tells of preaching to immense audiences, sometimes as many as 4000. It is stated that "a few of as influential men as the empire has produced have embraced Christianity, others are ready to do so, or wish to reap the benefit of its civilizing influences."

FROM Japan come tidings of revival. The increase in all the church of Tokio is reported to be not less than a thousand. Yokohama has also enjoyed a rich blessing; and many of the cities and towns have been roused to interest by the movement.

THE work of the Church Missionary Society has been resumed in Uganda. The Rev. G. Cyril Gordon has taken the place of Mr. Mackay. He had been received by King Mwanga, and reports favourably of the people. Many can read, and are anxious for instruction; but the members of the old "church council" were still in hiding. Bishop Parker, with Rev. R. P. Ashe, Mr. Mackay and other missionaries, had made their way to the south end of the lake. The Bishop was engaged in the exploration of Speke Gulf, in the hope of finding on its shores a suitable site for a new central station.

THE attractive power of the Bible was probably never more conspicuous than now. From South India comes another illustration. "We could mention," says a Wesleyan magazine, "some twenty or thirty places in which Brahmans have formed themselves into *sabhas* (societies) for the sole purpose of studying the Bible. No missionary has the *entrée* to their meetings, and their existence is not talked about outside. Yet their questions come to us, sometimes anonymously, always secretly. During the last month the

writer of this has sent answers to more than a score such questions—all of them serious, and many of them very acute. They were answers, not to an individual, but to various bodies of Brahmans, and would receive due discussion. Even in the monasteries of this land, and by some of the high-priests of Hinduism, the Sanskrit Bible is to-day a book anxiously studied."

A SERIES of meetings, arranged some time since under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, have been held in London for the purpose of testifying to the "Fundamental Truths of the Gospel." The first were held at Exeter Hall, one day being devoted to them. Lord Polwarth was to have presided, but as he was unable to attend, his place was taken by Mr. D. Matheson. At the morning meeting, Canon Girdlestone spoke on "The Inspiration, Authority, and Sufficiency of Scripture." He was followed by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, on "The Unchangeability of the Gospel." Then came the Rev. Canon Fleming, on "The Work of the Holy Spirit." In the afternoon there was a special prayer meeting, at which two addresses were delivered. In the evening, the Rev. E. E. Jenkins resumed the speeches, speaking on "Jesus Christ the Son of God." "As one," he said, "who has visited many countries, and studied many religions, I thankfully affirm that the triumph of the Gospel is its ethical power, and its ethical power is born of its mysteries. Strip it of these, and its glory departs with them." He was followed by the Rev. H. E. G. Moule, on "Jesus Christ the Righteousness of the Believer." In closing, he bore brief, earnest witness to "one profound need of our times." "It is a far-spread need in all sections of the Christian church, one which is fitted to humble and hide the face as we essay to speak of it; a need traceable not to any special doctrinal aberrations, but to the fallen heart of man. I mean the deep, solemn need of a keener, tenderer, profounder sense of sin. I rejoice in the manifold proofs of Christian life at this time, but I must utter my deep conviction that we are not growing, on the whole, in the sense of the sinfulness of sin. And I remember with sad distinctness that most true saying that there has never been a great deviation from Scripture in Church history, but an inadequate sense of the sinfulness of sin has had to do with it." The last speaker was the Rev. Dr. McEwan, who took for his subject, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." A day or two later Kensington Town Hall was the scene of a similar gathering. The Rev. Dr. Angus spoke on "Our Rule of Faith and Practice," making the Scriptures the basis of his review. It is impossible, even in the briefest manner, to analyse these numerous addresses; but one remark of his at the close well deserves to be pondered. "The want of our times," he said, "in the higher department of theology, is the profounder and the simpler study of our Bibles. We often go beyond Scripture in our explanations. We still oftener fall short of it in our beliefs. Let us say all it says, and no more, and let us believe all we say. The result will be clearer light, more reverent knowledge, larger usefulness, and more complete evangelical fellowship." He was followed by the Rev. E. Stuart, who spoke on "Christ the Propitiation." Other speakers were the Rev. W. F. Gooch, on "Truth as related to Spiritual Life"; the Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, on "The Consequences of Sin," and the Rev. H. Batchelor, on "Christ's Atoning Work." The next week Mildmay Conference Hall was the place of testimony. Some of the central themes, covering the same ground as at the other meetings, were brought under review by the Rev. W. Park, the Rev. C. B. Symes, the Rev. T. McCullagh, the Rev. Charles A. Fox, the Rev. Charles New, the Rev. C. H. Waller, and the Rev. P. Colborne. A special address was given by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon on "Scripture tested by Experience." A similar series of addresses were also given the same week at the great Assembly Hall, Mile End. The attendance at these various meetings, possibly owing to the severity of the weather, fluctuated considerably, though those addressed by Mr. Spurgeon were crowded. The Rev. G. Stringer Rowe, who came last on the long list of speakers, gave a practical conclusion. "Above all, and in order that our testimony to the truth may be steady and effectual," he said, "we must let that truth have full possession of our own selves. Its sway within our own secret lives must be supreme and undisputed. They who can offer their own personal knowledge and experience in evidence, while their testimony is enforced by the abundance of the fruit of the Spirit in their lives, are rendering the best of all service to the maintenance of the truth; and it is a service as fully within the reach of the least and the feeblest, as of the most gifted."

AMONG the simplest and most helpful agencies at work in Ireland, the Scripture Readers' Society lays claim to sympathetic support. It has suffered severely from the troubled condition of that country. In common with other religious bodies, it has experienced increasing difficulty in realising the necessary funds to maintain its ground. Yet while political and social questions are eagerly debated, the remedial aids which religion affords require not less but rather greater consideration. These constitute an important element in every effort to improve the condition of a people. The Society has a further claim in its non-controversial character. It is conducted on broad, general, and catholic principles; its guide the Bible, and the Bible alone; its object the making wise unto salvation. Its method is the employment of men, unlearned except in one Book, on the same social level as those they are sent to instruct, but lifted above them by union with Christ. "I have had," says an Irish clergyman who appeals for help on its behalf, "one of the agents employed in my parish, a large union containing a mixed population, for the most part poor labourers and cottiers—Irish Church, Presbyterian and Roman Catholics. For the last six years the Scripture Reader has patiently, humbly, but very usefully laboured in this large district, walking daily some ten to twelve miles over hill and bog, country road and rough lane, in summer sunshine, and winter blast, rain and snow, taking the Word of God in his hand from cottage to cottage, reading and praying with the inmates, and rendering such comfort as the occasion or necessity might demand. Not occasionally, but constantly, unsought testimony reaches my ears bearing witness to the faithfulness of the reader and to the comfort and instruction he brings with him as he pursues his quiet labours. These men fill a void that could scarcely be supplied by others, be they ever so highly qualified or intellectually endowed. They understand the wants of those among whom they minister as superiors could not. They are confided in, consulted about matters which the clergyman will never be told, or the cultured, refined lady-visitor troubled with." Cannot some of our readers, who are interested in Ireland, help these men?

ANOTHER step towards Methodist Union has been taken by the special committee appointed at the Wesleyan Conference "to consider and report as to the way by which waste and friction in the actual working of the various sections of the Methodist church may be lessened or prevented, and brotherly feeling promoted." It has been decided to recommend the Conference to receive representatives from, and appoint representatives to, the New Connexion, Primitive Methodist, and Bible Christian Conferences, and the Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Church. The Conference is further recommended to empower the Committee of Privileges to take common action with the representatives of the other Methodist bodies where this is thought desirable, and to sanction united meetings for Christian fellowship, interchange of pulpits, and periodical meetings of ministers and lay-representatives of Methodist Churches.

THE Open-Air Mission prepares for its summer campaign by an early anniversary meeting. Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B., presided this year. Mr. Kirkham submitted the thirty-fifth report. Every attempt to tabulate attendance at public worship has only shown that, without open-air preaching, multitudes would never hear the sound of the Gospel. Yet the report pointed out that, whilst the need of such work is now more urgent than ever, the difficulties connected therewith have increased. The operation of the Mission was illustrated by statistics, of which the most striking was the estimate that about three millions of listeners had been gathered during the year. The total receipts for the twelve months had been £1638, and the expenditure, £1633. The Hon. and Rev. Canon Pelham spoke of the work which the Mission had carried on within his district. Addresses were also delivered by Mr. F. A. Bevan, and Dr. Harry Gratton Guinness.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

BY E. EVERETT GREEN, AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S BROTHERS," ETC.

HER FATHER'S CLUTCH TIGHTENED ON HER ARM.

CHAPTER XLIII.—JOAN'S OPINIONS.

JOAN'S opinions were seldom of much account in the Edington household, and seldom readily advanced; but none the less for that were they pretty clearly defined, and she could enunciate them with some energy when roused to do so.

She was, perhaps, more alive than any one else to the change that was being slowly wrought in Roy, and she was too true a woman not to be prepared to act unselfishly when the call to do so came.

Perhaps no one in the house more valued Roy's presence there than she did. His coming had roused her from that state of apathy into

which she was slowly sinking, and had brought her back to a sense of humanity—so to speak—to a consciousness that life was something different from the dull, joyless, worthless thing she had always believed: that she had a part of her own to play in the world, be it ever so small a one, and that however monotonous and sombre the life here might be, it was yet worth living and worth living well, for the sake of another mysterious life which had hitherto been but as a name to Joan, and in which she had had no real living belief.

She began to see, too, that even at Windmill House things could be made somewhat different from what they had been hitherto. A perceptible change had passed over several members of the household; but how would it be if Roy were to leave them? She felt perfectly sure that in such a case things would just sink back to their old level—all the sunshine would die out of her life.

And yet she began to resolve within herself that go he should; she knew that he was failing day by day; she knew that his condition required a skill and care quite beyond their power to give, and she was determined to turn to account the interest and dawning affection she had fancied her father bestowed upon their guest, to induce him to share her fears, and to give his consent to his departure from his present quarters.

She boldly asked her father one day how long he meant to keep Roy with them? She received in reply rather an uneasy glance.

"Till his majority, I suppose."

"Indeed!"—her tone was strange and abrupt. "Do you think he will be with us as long as that? But surely you will let him go home to see his brother before long?"

"Does he wish to do so?"

"I am pretty certain he must."

"Has Marcus Stratford written to ask him?"

"I'm sure I hope he has," answered Joan boldly, repressing some inward struggle. "This place is just killing him."

Her father grasped her suddenly by the arm, and gazed at her with an expression she did not understand.

"Killing him! What do you mean? It is not true—it cannot, shall not be true! Hubert's child! Joan, what do you mean?"

"I mean that he misses all the things he has been used to, which he cannot get here, and that he gets weaker and paler every day. I am sure I should be thankful if his brother would take him away. It is not in the least fit for him to be here."

"But I cannot spare him! I cannot spare him! He shall not go!" cried the old man, with considerable agitation of manner. "I am his lawful guardian. No one can take him away without my consent, and that they shall never have."

Joan looked at him steadily, a grave disapproval in her eyes.

"Father," she said, "what is the good of risking that poor boy's life in order to try to get some advantage out of it for ourselves? I know what Roger wishes, and Caroline too. They have persuaded you that there is something to be gained by taking up the guardianship; but why do you do as they wish? Why can you not be generous and let him go back to the place he will always call home?"

Her father's clutch tightened on her arm, his face was working with an emotion such as she had not seen in him all her life.

"You do not understand," he said in gasps. "It is not what you think. It is not what Roger thinks. I do not want his money. Sometimes I hate the very sound of the word. I want him, the boy himself. I want him to love me, to forgive me. Since he came into it, this house has been different. He brought a blessing with him. If he goes, that will go too, and all will be as it was before. I can't spare him, Joan. I can't spare him, I say. He is Hubert's boy, and Hubert loved me once, and I loved him. He has his eyes and his voice and his smile. When I sit and look at him, it is as if all these miserable years were blotted out, and I was a happy and prosperous man again. God forgive me, I drove poor Hubert to desperation and despair—perhaps to death itself. I must make it up to his boy—I must and will. He shall learn to love me, and to forgive me in his father's name. When he does that, I may, perhaps, be able to die happy. I will not let him go, Joan. I tell you he shall not go!"

Joan listened to this sudden outburst simply dumbfounded. The alternations of sorrow, fierce determination, and wistful affection and regret were inexplicable to her; but she perceived at once that some great change had passed over his feelings of which this sudden outbreak was the first definite indication she had received. She had not been unobservant. She had fancied he had taken a liking to the boy; but she had not been prepared for anything like this.

"Well, father," she said in her blunt, downright way, "if you really care for Roy and his welfare and happiness, you will send him back to his home as quickly as you can. Every day I expect him to break down and take to his bed. I don't know much about illness, but I do know that he will be ill if he stays here much longer. I am very glad you do not have any part or lot in Roger's schemes; but I want to get Roy away from here—that is the only way of showing him real kindness."

"No, no, no!" cried the old man eagerly. "He must not go, he shall not. I want him here. I will take care of him. If he is ill I will nurse him myself, and he shall have all he wants. I cannot spare him yet—not until I have told him all he does not know, and he has taught me what I have forgotten. I know he can. I see it in his face; I hear it when he talks to the child. Alicia's boy is sure to know all about it. I must learn it too. I knew it once; but it has all gone from me now; and I never taught it to you. You are young, you have plenty of time before you; but I am growing old—growing old. I have no time to lose—I have told myself so again and again. Ah! Joan, you don't know how dark it is to be growing old when all the light is hidden away! Is it only hidden, I wonder, or is it extinguished quite?"

Joan's face had softened somewhat as these murmured words fell upon her ear. She began to understand better the change she had observed in her father and the inner workings of his mind. Had she, too, not known a new restlessness and dissatisfaction of late? and had not peace and happiness come at last in some measure in response to the lessons she had received from Roy's boyish teaching? Could it be that her father had shared in part her thoughts and feelings, little as she had suspected it? She began to think it must have been so, and her heart felt softer towards him.

"You asked me once if there were a God in heaven, Joan. Do you remember? I think that question has never been out of my head day or night ever since. Often have I cursed you in my heart for asking it—waking up thoughts and feelings and scruples that I had deemed laid at rest for ever. I do not curse you now. I am glad to be awake—awake from a long, black dream; it is night still around me, dark, lonely night: but there is light somewhere, I believe, and the dawn will come, perhaps,——" He stopped abruptly, for Roy had entered in his slow quiet way, a smile upon his pale face.

"Roy," cried the old man in quick, moved tones, "you do not wish to leave us, do you?"

"No, sir, certainly not," answered the lad, swallowing bravely down the sudden sense of homesickness awakened by the words, "not so long as I am wanted here."

"We all want you," came the answer spoken with a sort of feverish eagerness. "You have done us all good. Joan says you ought to go. She says we shall kill you here. You are not ill, are you, Roy?"

Roy looked across at Joan with a flash in his eyes half of merriment, half of gratitude.

"I am tougher than Joan thinks, sir. I do not think I shall be put out of the way quite so easily. I am not nearly so lame as I was, and if I can get about better perhaps I shall lose my cough too. Don't be alarmed about me, sir; I am very well cared for here. I suppose Joan is tired of having two people to wait on instead of one. She wants to get rid of one troublesome charge."

But the bright glance of his eyes told Joan that he knew better than that, and she smiled back at him, though she shook her head too. But the old man looked much relieved.

"Ah, I thought it must be her fancy—women do have fancies, you know, Roy; but I can't spare you yet. We are so comfortable here together. You can't get cold in a warm room like this. I have lived in it more years than I can count."

Roy reassured him, and took his accustomed seat with the sort of feeling that he would gradually take root there. He had nearly all his meals in the study now with his uncle, for Joan was firm in discountenancing his journey through the draughty passages and up and down the well-like staircase. His lameness was benefited by this exemption, and he submitted the more readily to the regulation because he fancied his guardian liked him to be there. There was still a good deal of reserve about the old man, but it was melting rapidly now.

Joan went away, smiling a little to herself at being set down as a fanciful woman; but she had said her say, and now she must bide her time and watch and wait.

"They will soon see, I am afraid," she said to herself; "and if the worst comes to the worst, I can but write to Marcus Stratford myself. I will do that if every thing else fails."

CHAPTER XLIV.—THE FEAR REALISED.

Things went quietly on at Windmill House for a week or two after that. Christmas time was approaching, taking Roy's thoughts back with almost painful vividness of recollection to other Christmas-seasons, brighter and gayer than this was likely to be; and yet sometimes the boy felt within himself that he had never been so truly happy as he was now, never so confident of the blessedness of this life or the reality of that to come. Christmas brought a new sense of light and joy this year, and he was not altogether sorry that it should fall to his lot to help to brighten Christmas to those who seemed to know so little about its happy message and promises. In reply to an affectionate letter from Marcus, he had steadily declared it his intention to remain where he was for the present, though he hoped soon to pay his brother a visit. Just now he had a bad cold and was shut up indoors, he could not well travel; and he ended up by asking if he might have a box of things sent to him, containing the wherewithal for a Christmas-tree for his cousins, with a gift suitable to the advanced years of the grown-up members of the household also. Marcus answered that appeal in the generous fashion natural to him, only too glad to have the chance of doing something to please the boy—glad that he should ask for what he wanted in the frank way habitual to him of old. Muriel and he laid their heads together, and the result was that such a box was dispatched to Windmill House, as would have raised a perfect tumult had not Roy stipulated with Joan beforehand for absolute secrecy; and he and she did all the unpacking and arranging, no one else in the house being aware that anything unusual was on foot.

Joan stood amazed at the contents of the box, as one after another the packages were unfastened and laid out on the floor. She had never seen anything like such profusion before. The pantry, where the work of excavation went on, became like Aladdin's cave to her.

Roy was greatly delighted, and touched too by his brother's kindly generosity, as well as by the many tokens of goodwill showered upon himself; for each one of the Kynastons had packed up a present for him, and there seemed no end to the treasures of all descriptions that were unearthed from that box.

Joan obtained a tree and smuggled it into an upper room, and to her share fell chiefly the decoration of the shrub, for Roy was soon missed

if he absented himself long from the study, and he was anxious that no suspicions should be aroused. Moreover, he was not strong enough to stand about, and when once he had put Joan into the way of doing the work, she proved much quicker and cleverer at it than himself.

Roy had seen many Christmas-trees in his life before, but perhaps he had never before enjoyed one quite so much as this. The astonishment and delight of his cousins was so unbounded and so loudly expressed; he saw such rapturous pleasure on every face, heard it in every tone of their voices, that he was more than rewarded for all he had done and contrived, and only wished that Marcus and Muriel could see it all. His own happiness was enhanced by the news that had only reached him lately of the engagement between those two, and Muriel's letter of almost sisterly love was very sweet, especially as it was coupled with a decided hint that it would not be long before they had him amongst them again.

However, for the present he was content enough to be amongst his cousins, bringing home to them in some fashion a Christmas brightness and love which that household had never known before.

Joan had watched him somewhat anxiously all that day, for she was afraid he was doing too much for his strength. She paid him a visit at night, as she sometimes did, to see if he were inclined to sleep quietly, or to bring him some soothing drink if his cough seemed likely to disturb him. He began almost to expect these nightly visitations, and he was wide awake to night and very bright, and made her sit down and indulge in a good long chat, telling her about former Christmas-tides and talking about his mother and how she used to pass the day. Joan was in a thoughtful mood, and the talk took a somewhat grave turn, as it often did between those two; but she would not stay long, for she thought the boy looked feverish, and wanted him to settle to sleep. But Roy slept little that night, and awoke weaker than usual; but for that and several other days he managed to get up and about, as far at least as the study; but it was only putting off the evil day—staving off till the last moment the inevitable collapse which he knew must come sooner or later. He was forced at last to take to his bed, though for some days he did not seem very ill, and enjoyed having the girls in to read to him or to talk. But he became rapidly worse as time passed on, and Mrs. Edington grew slightly nervous and kept the children away, not from fear of infection exactly, but because she did not consider a sick room the place for them; and, indeed, Roy soon grew too ill to be able to do with their society or their talk. How ill he was none of these relatives of his knew, for they were quite inexperienced in such matters, and were half disposed to consider everything as accounted for by a theory of bad, feverish cold. Roger was moodily indifferent, grudging expense, without daring to remonstrate; Joan was too actively busy with nursing and cooking to have overmuch time for thought, whilst Andrew Edington took up his position beside the sick boy, and hardly left him night or day.

This to Joan was the most curious phase of all. To see her father watching over Roy as if he were his only or best-loved child was strange indeed, and still more strange was it to watch the quick development of mutual understanding between them.

In her presence they hardly ever talked; indeed, at no time had Roy much strength or breath for conversation; but whilst at first he had seemed inclined to be burdened and oppressed by the presence of his great uncle beside him, he gradually began to turn to him naturally for anything he wanted. When most weary and restless with fever or pain, it was Andrew Edington's voice that soothed him best; and the old man would read to him hour after hour in low even tones that had much of depth and mellowness in them, until the boy would drop asleep lulled into peaceful forgetfulness.

It was the Bible that the old man always took up on these occasions. It was the only book to hand when he had first tried the experiment of reading aloud to the restless, wakeful boy, and no change had been suggested by either of them. Joan would often steal in at nights to see how her patient fared, to hear the steady voice still reading on and on, and sometimes she would sit down in a shadowy corner and listen too, with bated breath and folded hands.

Now and then when the boy slept and the old man had ceased to read, she would hear him murmur to himself words that had most deeply impressed him.

"Come unto Me—I will in no wise cast him out—Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also—Lay up treasure in heaven—Covetousness which is idolatry—My God shall supply all your need."

Broken words like these often fell from her father's lips, showing Joan whither his thoughts were tending. She had travelled too lately over the same road not to feel a deep and keen sympathy for and with him; and once in the darkness of the winter's night, when he was sitting with the well-worn book before him, and she had stolen in, as it were unawares, the barrier of an almost life-long reserve melted away she knew not how nor why; and she knelt down at her father's feet, weeping as she had not wept since her far-off childhood.

The old man evinced no surprise at this sudden outbreak of emotion. He laid his hand gently on Joan's head, and stroked her hair with a tender hand. He had changed so much of late days that she was not surprised at his caress. It seemed to her as if this could not be the same father she had half-feared, half-pitied for so many long years, but the one she dimly remembered in far-off days, who had held her on his knee sometimes, and let her prattle to him, or had heard her repeat her simple lessons, and sing the childish hymns her mother used to teach her. The past seemed to return upon her, making the present less strange. She leaned her head against his shoulder, and felt eased by the tears that flowed.

"Why do you weep, my child?" he asked, "is it because you have not found the way we are both seeking? Shall we seek it now together?"

"Jesus Christ is the way, dear father," answered Joan, checking her tears. "I know, I feel that it is so; and He is always to be found if only our sins will let us go to Him. I know that much; I have felt it myself, and Roy has told me so. Only it is so hard always to have faith. But, indeed, I believe—I am sure it is all true. Is it so to you, dear father?"

"It is coming back, Joan; it is coming back—that old sense of rest that I drove away and shut out of my heart for years. God be thanked, it is coming back now. I think I have laid down my burden at the foot of the cross. I trust I shall never take it up again. It has been a sore, a heavy burden all these years, though I never knew it till now. Pray for me, Joan, that it may not return, for the cherished sin of a lifetime, indulged as mine has been, is not cast away without a terrible wrench. Pray for me, child, pray earnestly, for the battle is harder for me than it is for you."

And Joan still knelt beside her father, a strange mingling of awe and reverence and pitying love rising up within her. No more passed in words between them for Roy moved uneasily, and they feared to disturb his precarious rest; but from that time forward a deep bond of sympathy drew Joan and her father together, and the girl felt by instinct that the dreary, sordid life at Windmill House was over for her for ever. Things would never be quite as they had been after that night.

TALITHA CUMI.

ST. MARK v. 41.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D.

MY text is a peculiar one. It is a phrase in a language that very few can understand—a language that is no more spoken. But it is as significant as a fossil in the rock, as a fly in amber. It is for the sake of that significance that it has been preserved. St. Mark is the only one of the evangelists who describes the personal look and feeling of our Lord, and treasures up the very words which He uttered. He alone tells us that Jesus surnamed James and John the sons of Zebedee *Boanerges*. He alone records the word Ephphatha with which Jesus opened the closed ears and mouth of the deaf and dumb man. He alone mentions the *Corban*, or the consecrated temple gift, which our Lord condemned on account of the perversion of it by the selfish Pharisees. He alone informs us that in the Garden of Gethsemane Jesus said "*Abba*, Father, all things are possible unto Thee." And he alone has preserved the very word *Talitha cumi*, which Jesus made use of when He raised the daughter of Jairus from the dead. All these peculiar words belong to the Aramaic language, and are quite different from the words of the Hebrew language in which the Old Testament was written, and from the words of the Greek language in which the New Testament was written. They are a proof to us that our Lord in the ordinary intercourse of life employed, as was natural, the common vernacular tongue of the people. The words in question fastened themselves, because of their wonderful graphic force and suggestiveness, to the memory of the Apostle Peter who was present when they were spoken, and he told them to his friend and kinsman Mark, who in turn has recorded them in his Gospel for our edification.

The smallest things connected with Jesus are unspeakably precious to us. And surely it is a delightful feeling, for which we cannot be too grateful, that, owing to the thoughtfulness of Mark, our own lips can utter the very sounds which the lips that spake as never man spake uttered. Almost everything associated with our Lord's sojourn on earth has perished. The exact localities connected with the striking incidents of His pilgrimage can no longer be identified. There is not a spot of ground in Palestine which the visitor can be sure that the sacred feet had trodden it. The home in which He lived; the cross on which He died; the grave in which He lay: all these relics of His earthly existence have disappeared for ever, because of the proneness of man to cleave to some visible object of worship, and to pay that adoration to the thing which is due only to Him by whom all things were created, and who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But amid the universal wreck of the material symbols of our religion, it is a cause of thankfulness that some of the identical Aramaic words of Jesus have been saved to us. They seem to bring Him nearer to us than the ordinary Greek words of the Gospel in the original, or the common English words of our own translation. It is a bond of communion between us such as nothing else that is merely physical could form. Like a lock of hair from a beloved head that has disappeared in the dust, they make Him very real to us; and we seem to know Him once more as it were anew after the flesh.

Our English translation of the Aramaic phrase "Talitha cumi" conveys but little of the depth of tenderness of the original. It sounds formal and cold. If it were rendered "My little lamb, awake," it would come much nearer the meaning of the original. And its beauty is greatly enhanced when we know that it was the common term of endearment with which loving Syrian mothers awoke their children from an unusually prolonged sleep. It was therefore a household word—a term belonging to the nursery—to the innermost circle of home. And so regarded, it

has several most important and touching lessons to teach us. We are told in Eastern story that a single word, "sesame," opened the door of a cave which contained a vast amount of treasure in gold and jewels, so the single phrase Talitha cumi has power to unlock a rich storehouse of most instructive and comforting thought.

1. In the first place it tells us that not by some unpronounceable magic formula—some strange unknown words does Christ raise the dead, but by the common familiar words used in the home. How different was the conduct of Christ from that of a mere magician or wonder-worker! Had He been such, He would have invested His visit to the room of the little dead girl with all the pomp of circumstance, and all the mystery of supernatural power. He would have waved His magic wand majestically. He would have uttered some unknown incantation, pronounced some solemn-sounding unintelligible charm. Everything that He would have said and done on such an occasion would have been said and done for effect. He would have spoken and acted in such a way as to appeal most powerfully to the excited imagination of those around Him. It has always been in this manner that those who pretended to possess supernatural power have acted. They concealed their want of power by a laborious assumption of it, by an exaggeration of what they supposed to be its signs and evidences, by loud noise and self-assertion, by the use of artificial and unnatural means. But truth is always eminently simple and natural; and He who had all power in earth and heaven acted with the simplicity and naturalness which ever distinguishes the real from the false. He came into the hushed shaded room, where the dead lay, quietly and gently as any ordinary mourner would have done. He gazed upon the young face—so fair, so pathetic in its statue-like stillness—so well-known and yet so unknown, with deep human sympathy, touched with a fellow-feeling of our sorrow. He took the thin, wasted, pulseless hand in His own; and as the child's mother would have done had the little maid been asleep too long, and some household task were awaiting her, He used the old familiar word which she had often heard and said Talitha cumi, "My little lamb, awake!" I think we can see in the very use of that word itself, that the evangelist was describing a real and not a fictitious incident. No human imagination could have invented it. It is a touch of nature which must have been described from life. It is far easier to believe that the miracle happened than to believe that any one could have put into the lips of Jesus falsely, on such an occasion, a term which would have been utterly foreign to the whole conception of a supposititious miracle. Magicians have always used incomprehensible terms, things most remote from ordinary human uses. Physicians have alway written their prescriptions in a strange unknown tongue. The art of healing and the art of magic have always enshrouded themselves with mystery. But it was not so with the Great Physician—with the Great Magician of our salvation. He was always entirely simple and natural. In the humblest form He appeared unto men, and in the homeliest words He spoke unto them. He uttered His sublimest discourses in the ordinary speech of the people. They were not set forms of speech, but the spontaneous outgrowths of the occasion; and the common people heard Him gladly. He raised the dead to life by the familiar greeting of a mother to her sleeping child.

And are not souls raised from spiritual death still by words as simple and familiar as those which our Lord used in the case of the daughter of Jairus? Has He not clothed His gospel in a form so plain and easy, that the most ignorant can understand it? It is not by some elaborate and learned discourse that human beings are usually converted, but by some little familiar phrase, some common gospel truth which they have heard all their life, but which all at once comes home with special power to their souls, and seems to them altogether new. If believers will look back upon their first experience they will almost universally acknowledge that they were savingly impressed, not by a large and general survey of Divine truth, but by some isolated text, some simple familiar statement. They did not know all that might be learned about Christ; they knew only this one thing that they were sinners, and that Jesus was able and willing to save them. More knowledge of Him came afterwards, through fellowship and communion with Him, through growth in grace and study of His word and works; but from some simple familiar saying of His came at first the power which renewed their heart and changed their destiny.

In the quaint old phraseology of our forefathers, the herbs which possessed healing properties were called "simples." They were not plants from far countries with unknown virtues and learned names, but the common herbs of the field which every child knew, whose names were familiar to all, which every old woman could use. And is not the gospel; are not all things that heal the mind, the heart and the soul as well as the body "simples," which every one knows, which the most ignorant can use? The gospel works its greatest marvels by speaking in the plainest words of the love of Jesus, of the sense of sin, of the atoning blood, of the power of the Spirit. The most miserable sinner, whose darkened soul can hardly understand the ordinary terms of correct human language, can find in the gospel of Jesus Christ, what will speak to him "as his mother's caresses once did in his childhood, and as nothing has ever spoken to him since." He who took up little children in His arms and blessed them, who used the mother's act and the mother's word, in raising from the dead the little maid, said "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The late celebrated Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, was fond of saying, that his conversion to the Lord Jesus might with propriety be compared to a mother rousing an infant from sleep with a kiss.

2. In the second place, the Talitha cumi of the text tells us that in the wonderful waking

after the sleep of death there will be nothing strange or startling. There was nothing strange or startling in the raising of the daughter of Jairus from the dead. We are struck with its extraordinary quietness, and naturalness. Christ made use of the common household phrase of endearment to awaken her. His mighty resurrection power was conveyed in the form of the ordinary household call. The mother's love had formerly roused her child from sleep; and now it is made the mightiest power in the universe, to call the dead to life. We see in the restoration of the little maid the power of infinite gentleness, the magic of infinite love. The child awoke amid the old familiar circumstances of home, surrounded by father and mother and all the dear associations of her life. She took up and reunited the vital thread where it had been broken off. Her sun—as in an Arctic summer—just dipped for a short time below the horizon, and then rose again unchanged. And is not this an expressive type to us, of what shall happen when our Lord at the last day raises to life the dead who fall asleep in Him?

We are apt to think of that time as an awful crisis in the history of the universe. We are accustomed to dwell in imagination upon its tremendous phenomena. We think of the penetrating, world-resounding call, the summons irresistible of the angelic trumpeters, rousing mankind from their graves and marshalling them in ranks before the great white throne. We hear the loud shout with which Christ shall descend from heaven; we see the dark golden-edged clouds, which will form His chariot of triumph; we behold the rending of the rocks that concealed within their iron walls some long-forgotten human dust, the yawning of the ocean depths when the sea shall give up its dead. We picture to our imaginations a terrible scene of supernatural power and human terror and unearthly tumult. We dwell upon the awful features of the scene until they take exclusive possession of our minds.

It is true, indeed, that such terror-inspiring scenes will be enacted at the last day. We cannot possibly exaggerate the awful majesty and grandeur of the outward circumstances and the moral significance of the occasion. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor can the heart of man conceive what will then be transacted upon the stage of the world. But there is another side of the picture which we must not lose sight of.

We are familiar with the twofold aspect in which the Bible often represents the same person or thing. It calls Jesus the Lamb of God, and the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. He is the Prince of Peace, and He came not to bring peace, but a sword. It compares the kingdom of heaven to the quiet gradual growing of the seed to the blade, and from the blade to the full corn in the ear, and it says that the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. These are not contradictions, but only two aspects of the same person or thing; the reverse and obverse side of the same shield of faith, both of which are equally true. And in accordance with this Scripture practice, the raising of the dead at the last day, may be described on one side as a tremendous crisis, in which every physical and spiritual phenomenon which can excite and awe the imagination is employed as the imagery of the terrific scene; and on the other side it may be described in terms as quiet, and simple, and natural, as those which would be employed to describe an ordinary awakening from sleep now.

The last day will come as a thief in the night with noiseless step. It will break like any other morning upon the common works and ways of the world, and shall find men buying and selling, eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage. It will come as Christ Himself came, without observation. And as Christ touched the bier of the widow of Nain's son, and the procession which was carrying him to his grave, stood still, so will He touch the great bier of humanity, and the vast funeral procession of the world, which has been going on unceasingly since the first death outside the walls of Eden, will be arrested for ever; and as He raised the daughter of Jairus from her brief death-sleep by the quiet familiar Talitha cumi of household love, so will He raise the dead who have fallen asleep in Him, by the gentle call of heavenly affection which He so often addressed to them; and as He delivered the young man of Nain to his mother, so will He deliver all the loved and lost to the arms of their beloved for evermore. He Himself is our resurrection and life; and by the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice of Him who Himself was dead, will the dead be raised.

It is the same Spirit that quickened our dead souls, that shall quicken our mortal bodies. It is the same touch that opened our blind eyes, and unsealed our silent tongue, and cured the leprosy of our souls that shall break the spell of death. It is the very same voice that called us to follow Him here in newness of life, that will call us to the resurrection life that shall never end. There will be nothing strange or new in the means of the resurrection; there will be nothing unknown or unfamiliar in the mode of existence which it will open up. Heaven will be a recollection; the restitution of all things. It is this very mortal that shall put on immortality. It is the self-same nature we have here, those very attributes and energies which constitute our humanity, that are to emerge, unaffected by the transition, from the dark river, and wear on the farther shore the glories of immortality.

An eminent saint said when dying, "How sweet to die in the midst of the love of God, and the love of wife and children." And dying thus surrounded by all that we love most on earth, we shall awake from the dead surrounded in the same manner. The old familiar love that blessed us here will greet us in the realms beyond. The daughter of Jairus, like all who were raised again to life within the confines of this world, was restored to the family circle. The means that restored her, was the familiar Talitha cumi of a mother's love. When she opened her eyes she found father and mother around her bed as they had been when she fell asleep. We can see in this fact an earnest and type of what shall be

the mode of life in the world beyond; an assurance that God will begin our resurrection life, as He began our life here on earth, among those we have known and loved, and in the bosom of the family circle. The Talitha cumi of the wonderful miracle teaches us that it is love that quickens the dead soul; that it is love that quickens the mortal body. It is love that builds the earthly home; it is love that builds the heavenly home. And the highest conception we can form of heaven is not glorified material pomp, or glorified intellectual triumph, but glorified affection. The sympathies and affections are the primal and the most indestructible elements of our nature, that which we have nearest God, and likest God. God is love; and love is love for evermore.

And the practical lesson for us here and now, to be derived from the deep significance of Christ's Talitha cumi is, that we should make our family ties so loyal and so sacred that they will keep all our beloved ones whether dead or living eternally ours, and bind us irrevocably to a life to come. Jesus took the common watch-word of love, with which a Syrian mother woke her sleeping child, and He made it the link of love, as it were, between this life and the life beyond. What a Divine meaning He put into it by so using it! What a Divine power He gave to it; just as He multiplied a few barley loaves and fishes into a feast for thousands, or changed the water of the marriage feast into wine! And so He can by His grace give an equally profound significance to all the ties of family life which bind us together, to all the words of love which pass between us, and to all the homely experiences we share together. He can link them with immortality. He can make them the means of raising us into a purer, a more unselfish, a more heavenly life.

Our earthly love in His higher love will endure for evermore. If the human nature in Christ was intended to bring the Divine more close to us, we may be sure that God draws nearer to us and manifests Himself more freely to us in the gentle tendernesses of home than in any other way. How often do the loving ministries of a daughter become as a benediction of heaven to her parents! How often does the cradle of the sleeping infant become as a Bethel-revelation to the soul of the mother! How often does the child at the altar of the mother's knee, comprehend the mysteries of godliness, the atonement and mediation and self-sacrifice of infinite love! How often do parents understand, through the training of their children, their own filial relation to God in a way in which they could not otherwise have realized it! Love indeed holds the key of all the creeds. Let us seek then through Christ dwelling in our heart, through Christ abiding in our home, to sanctify all these affections, to make them channels of grace, through which the life-blood of religion may flow from soul to soul. And so the voice that shall raise us all from the dead at last, and deliver all the members of the family to one another for ever, will be the very same voice which had cheered our sorrows and strengthened our hearts for every duty in this world; the very same Talitha cumi which was the familiar voice of love that called us to our household tasks while we lived on earth. And the life which we shall live hereafter will be but the continuation of the life we lead here; and the home to which we are going will be only the counterpart and completion of the home on earth.

The power in the familiar Talitha cumi of the miracle is an instructive lesson to us that similar power may be given to the humblest and most familiar things, to become means of quickening to our souls. We are waiting, many of us, it may be, for striking providences, startling events, more arresting appeals, more extraordinary displays of Divine power. But God is continually teaching us that there is sufficient power in the common-place experiences of our daily life, in the familiar truths of the gospel which we have heard from our childhood, in the means of grace which we are enjoying every Sabbath, to convert us to newness of life, if only we give earnest heed to them, and fervently ask God to bless them to us. We can make old, worn-out words, from which all meaning has departed by sheer repetition, at once new and striking and full of precious significance by making them experimentally our own, by living them. No phrase can be more common-place than the simple gospel formula: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and yet it may become to us at once, if we only act upon it, what Talitha cumi was to the daughter of Jairus—a new and living truth—a means of raising us from a death in sin to newness of life, and a link connecting this perishing life with the life everlasting in heaven.

In June Time.

O GOD, Thy thoughts of love appear
In this fair noontide of the year,—
The sunny height, the sapphire sea,
The grass with dew and daisies pearled,—
Yea, all the happy summer world
Is full of beauty and of Thee!

From the hid treasures of the skies
The clouds, Thy chariots, bring supplies
And on Thine errands come and go;
The winds Thy guiding word obey,
And at Thy bidding, day by day,
Breathe gladness o'er the earth below.

THE FIRSTLING OF THE FLOCK.

The lambs, whose days in play are spent,
The cattle drowsy with content,
The insect, soaring but to fall,
Whose little life, at dawn begun,
Will vanish ere the setting sun,—
Thy faithfulness is over all.

Thine is the softness of the showers,
The tender springing of the flowers
That mark the brightness of Thy ways;
The birds that in Thy courts are fed,
To render for their daily bread
The ceaseless ministry of praise

For Thee all lovely things unclose,
The secret foldings of the rose,
Obedient, widen and increase:
The earth that on Thy bounty lives
For usury her fulness gives,
Thou makest all her borders peace.

So let Thy life in us abound,
From Thee alone our fruit is found,
O may Thy love, as summer free,
Each virtue quicken and control,
That in the June-time of the soul
We may grow beautiful for Thee!

MARY ROWLES.

HOSPITAL NURSES

IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

So kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like.
Ask God to give thee skill in comfort's art
That thou mayst 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 Christ-like touch.
—Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, iv. 5.

NO person old enough to remember the state of our hospitals at the period in which our Queen began her reign can fail to notice the improvement which has taken place both in the buildings, in the sanitary arrangements, and in the nurses during the years that have followed.

I say nothing of the doctors, for they have always been enthusiastic and devoted to their art, making the best of the materials placed at their disposal. I do not deny that medical students were wild and reckless, but they loved their art as much then as now, and thought no self-denial too great, if by it they could restore the sick under their care.

I remember, in the old days, when I was permitted to learn something of hospital life, seeing a medical student brought out of one of the men's wards in a dead faint—I thought he was really dead, he looked so white and still. On inquiry, I found that about eleven o'clock on the previous night, while he was amusing himself with other students in the shop, as it was called, a nurse came shuffling in to say that a man in her ward was bleeding to death from an artery. This young student was by the man's side in a moment, and, nothing being ready to hand, as there would be in these days, he put his two fingers on the wound, and by pressure staunched the blood. The house-surgeon coming into the ward shortly after, approved of what was being done, but warned the student that he must continue his position for hours, and by no means relax the pressure on the wound. There he sat the whole night, resolutely obeying orders, till, as I have said, he was brought out in the early morning in a faint. By this mastery over self the man's life was saved, and such acts were, and are, by no means of rare occurrence.

But it is not of the doctors I would speak, but rather of the improvement in hospital management, which has been so gradual and sure that we have scarcely noticed it. Yet light and dark, sweet and bitter, youth and old age are not greater contrasts than the hospitals and nurses of fifty years ago and now.

Surely those uneducated, self-indulgent women who waddled about the wards smelling of spirits, whom Dickens, with his clearness of vision and able pen, has handed down to posterity as the embodiment of coarseness and self-indulgence, could never have developed into these high-bred, self-denying, courteous women, whose very presence is a comfort to the patients, and whose kind word and gentle touch soothe the pain and cheer the long hours of suffering!

No, it could not be; the former class of nurses would never have submitted to the severe training which these ladies have undergone, nor could they have borne the constant strain over self which marks the hospital nurse of to-day.

All is not perfect yet, however great the improvement. There are still nurses and nurses,

still some whose manners are not over-refined and whose hearts might be more tender. The best of nurses believe there is much still to learn as well as unlearn, but of one thing we may be quite sure, viz. that the evils arising from education, refinement, and self mastery will be infinitely less disastrous to the patients than those arising from ignorance and want of self-control.

In hospitals, as in other places, a period of change is always uncomfortable; we have not moved thoroughly out of the old grooves, nor do we know the new paths; we do not like our old guides, and have not become familiar with the new ones.

It is painful to think of the sufferings of patients both before and during the transition—of the filth and dirt of the beds, and of the cruel way in which the old class of nurses resented any complaints made by the poor sick people.

Even as short a time back as fifteen years my help was asked for a person who had been a hospital nurse, but who, not approving of the changes going on, desired domestic service. She was a tall, respectable-looking woman, with thin lips, however, and eyes that would not look straight at you. I was instrumental in getting her a good situation, but how do you think she lost it? By boasting that while she was nurse she punished any complaints made of her neglect to the doctors by putting scalding poultices on to the half-healed wounds of those who had made the complaints. I mention this merely to show the class of women often installed in our hospitals during the period of change.

The matrons too were very different people half a century ago; knowing nothing of the dignity of their calling; having favourites among the medical students and nurses; ruling tyrannically and therefore unjustly. And as to teaching or giving lectures to the nurses, such a thing was never heard of, nor would one in a hundred have been capable of it.

One might produce instances without number of incapacity and neglect among the nurses; but it is unnecessary, as all are agreed that previous to Miss Nightingale's time, and the efforts she made to remedy the evils existing in the hospitals, the nursing was the weak point and the obstacle to all improvement.

The nurses, previous to her time, were an ill-paid class of workers, for the hospitals could afford but little in the way of wages. Neither had the authorities considered it necessary that a nurse should prepare herself for the office by special training. Each went to her work in ignorance of what was demanded of her, the clever ones picking up knowledge as they went along; the others, unconscious that any responsibility rested upon them, learnt experience from their own blunders. No wonder the death-rate was high under such circumstances. Blundering, careless, rough, incompetent people, were scarcely fit to be entrusted with the lives of their fellow creatures.

Most of us have noticed that in public institutions, as in our families, the management often goes on for years in a slipshod careless manner, till suddenly something out of the usual every-day occurrences pulls us up as it were, and impresses upon our minds the necessity of a change, if we would avoid ruin.

Just so was it in hospital nursing. The Crimean war showed the rottenness of the old system, and the person who gave the warning and pointed to better things was Florence Nightingale.

It is scarcely necessary to speak to English people of the service this lady rendered them in tending their sick and wounded soldiers in the military hospitals on the Bosphorus and at Balaclava; nor of the public subscription raised on her return as a proof of England's appreciation of the work done by her.

The large sum of money thus subscribed, the English people placed at the disposal of Florence Nightingale to enable her to establish an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants, knowing that she would value this opportunity more than any gift they could offer her personally.

She, poor lady, utterly broken down in health from her heavy work in the Crimea, was unable to do more at the time than assist with her advice the council appointed to carry out her wishes.

The money was invested in the English funds and produced an annual income of between one and two thousand a year.

In the year 1859, finding herself quite unequal to active work, she made over the entire control of the fund to the council, merely suggesting and advising the course to be pursued.

Her first strongly-expressed desire was to afford a thoroughly practical and scientific training to women desirous of working as hospital nurses.

This was a step in the right direction, and not a dissenting voice was heard, for all were aware that on the nurses in hospitals a large number of cases were dependent for successful treatment.

Not to go too much into detail, it was decided that St. Thomas's Hospital was well suited to carry out Florence Nightingale's scheme, and an agreement was entered into with the hospital authorities in the spring of 1860. The arrangements were that at first fifteen probationer-nurses, of ages between twenty-five and thirty-five should be received into the hospital for a year's training; that they should be provided with board and separate lodging in the hospital under the charge of a sister, and should receive instruction in the wards from the superintending sisters, the matron, and the resident medical officer, all of whom were to receive remuneration from the fund for so doing.

The first fifteen probationers were admitted on the 24th June, 1860.

From that time to this, no one has seriously disputed the right of an educated woman to act as nurse in any capacity, provided she is capable of performing the duties.

Miss Lückes[1] in her admirable book on hospital sisters, touching on this subject, says: "The advance of everything connected with nursing, its very creation as a recognised pro-

[1] Matron of the London Hospital.

fession for women, is of comparatively recent growth, and its present hopeful condition has not been achieved without much difficulty."

This Nightingale Fund and its application to the training of nurses constituted a great advance.

It was available at the moment when the rottenness of the old system had been laid bare, and while it was fresh in the memory of the nation.

Every one was interested in it, and felt that here was a beginning of better things; and as it had been brought about by each individual subscriber to the Nightingale Fund, the whole nation felt a certain pride in it.

That Miss Nightingale, a fragile woman, delicately nurtured, should have devoted herself heart and soul to the work of nursing our soldiers on the battlefields, touched the hearts of our women and maidens, and pointed out to many a one among them a career of usefulness.

Several came forward at once to enrol their names as disciples of Florence Nightingale, women and girls, whose lives up to that time had been void and without an object on which to expend their wealth of love, tenderness, and watchful care.

There was plenty of material in the land of which to form good nurses, but up to this time there had been nothing to attract it.

The result of Miss Nightingale's work is that to-day we have a band of 15,000 trained nurses —or under training—working in our England alone; women who are giving themselves up to their duties with thoroughness and devotion, and undergoing the most severe training willingly and cheerfully that they may the better discharge the duties of the office they have undertaken.

The Queen's resolve to devote the remaining 70,000*l.* of the Women's Jubilee Offering, to the benefit of nurses and nurses' institutions, is one of the many proofs of her Majesty's clear-sightedness where the welfare of her people is concerned. She does a double good in thus applying the fund; she recognises the unwearying devotion and self-sacrifice of our hospital nurses, and the untold advantages which the sick, both rich and poor, derive from their skill and labour; and she proves how earnestly she sympathises with them, and how greatly she desires to be of use to them who can think so little of and for themselves.

This is not the first time she has shown an interest in the nurses and their noble calling. It was but a few years ago she instituted a badge to be worn by those nurses who should in any way distinguish themselves. It was at the Queen's suggestion too that Lady Dufferin established an association in India for training women to nurse and tend Indian women.

I have spoken of the training necessary for the nurses. We outsiders can form no idea of the severity of it, mentally and physically. It is quite beyond the power of some probationers to continue it, however much they may love the work.

In going over the Homes and Hospitals of this metropolis, one cannot fail to learn that for the nurse and her duties there is no such thing as a trifle.

"Nothing is trifling," forms the text over and over again of the matrons' lectures and the sisters' teaching. Let me give you one or two of the instructions dealing with so-called trifles.

"Look upon anything which has soiled the fingers as a possible source of contagion or infection to others and to yourself."

"Look upon a hang-nail, or crack, or scratch, or pin-puncture, as likely to prove a poison-nest to others and to self—even more than an open wound or sore."

"Before going into foul places take a little fresh milk."

You see the instruction is not as in former days to take a stimulant before going into foul places. Fortunately one of the discoveries of later years is that alcohol is not necessary for health; a little fresh milk, proper nourishment, and fresh air whenever opportunity offers, preserves the health and renders the temper more even.

The effect produced by intemperance upon the constitution is striking in the wards of hospitals.

Ever since the establishment of the Nightingale Home in St. Thomas's, it has been the ambition of every good hospital, to be in itself a training-school for nurses, and to possess a home for their comfort and accommodation.

That great things are required of our hospital nurses, and that the standard placed in their midst is a very high one, is apparent from the various lectures and addresses given by the matrons and medical men of hospitals.

Mrs. Scharlieb holds on high her standard upon which she writes in clear hand those qualities she considers absolutely requisite for a good nurse, viz., obedience, thoroughness, truth, courage, gentleness, humility, and sacrifice.

Florence Nightingale's opinion of what a nurse should be is worth noticing. Her standard is high indeed, and her writing stands out in clear bold characters.

"A really good nurse must needs be of the highest class of character.

"1. She must be chaste in the sense of the Sermon on the Mount. It should be quite impossible for the most unchaste person to utter even an immodest jest in her presence.

"2. She must be sober in spirit as well as in drink, and temperate in all things.

"3. Honest, not accepting the most trifling fee or bribe from patients or their friends.

"4. Truthful, which includes memory to remember truly, and power of expression to tell truly what has been observed.

"5. Trustworthy to carry out directions intelligently and perfectly unseen as well as seen.

"6. Punctual to a second and orderly to a hair.

"7. Quiet, yet quick; quick, without hurry; gentle, without slowness; discreet, without self-importance.

"8. Cheerful and hopeful, not allowing either herself or patient to be discouraged.

"9. Cleanly to the point of exquisiteness.

"10. Self-forgetting, but thinking always of her patients.

"11. Kind, but never emotional."

This lady mounts, therefore, on her standard for nurses: Chastity, sobriety, honesty, truthfulness, trustworthiness, punctuality, quietness, cheerfulness, cleanliness, self-forgetfulness, kindness.

Miss Lückes again inculcates in her lectures the necessity of importing into hospital life all the sweet home-virtues that make family-life so admirable. She inculcates constant thought for others, method in the arrangement of work, forethought to meet the expected incidents of the day, and readiness to bear the brunt of the unexpected, cheerfulness and sweet temper to allay the friction which is so apt to arise between even good workers; courtesy to stray visitors of whatever position and however inopportune their visits may be; and she specially points out that a hard unsympathetic person is most unfit for the work of hospital-nurse, which office she considers to be essentially adapted to women, whose characteristics are womanly, women whose sweetness and tenderness are rooted in great strength of character.

We can see how all these ladies striving with one object must produce a high class of workers, and we no longer wonder at the improvement which has taken place in hospital management and nursing.[1]

OLD MANNERS AND NEW.

IN the time of our great grandfathers and great grandmothers, young people (so we read in books) used to bow or curtsy when they came into the presence of their parents, and boys and girls called their fathers "Sir," and their mothers "Ma'am," and did not sit down till they were told, and did not speak till they were spoken to.

We smile at such things. "How stiff and formal and constrained!" we cry, and there are none perhaps who would quite wish such things back again. Yet have we not gone too far the other way?

See that youth lolling in an easy chair, the easiest in the room. He is at home for the holidays. He has got hold, it appears, of an amusing book—"a jolly book," he calls it—and he sits with his head far back, with one leg crossed over the other, and one foot high in air. His mother comes in, but he takes no notice; he does not speak or move; she must get a chair where she can find one, and as he has got the best, she must be content with the second best. And yet he is not a bad boy, and he truly loves his mother. But such is the way of the world now. We have got to the other extreme, at least it is to be hoped so. If we must have one extreme or the other, the old extreme is better than the new.

But we need have neither. A few years ago, things were better than they are now. The old stiffness was gone, but the new carelessness had not yet come. There was as much freedom and ease as now but more respect and reverence. The old upright chair was seen no more, and girls were not scolded if they did but touch the back of the chair with their shoulders; but school-boys did not loll in easy-chairs, and a foot cocked up in the air would have been thought very bad manners indeed.

The young in general have changed their manner to the old. Surely a youth in his teens ought not to speak to an old man—old enough to be his grandfather—as if he were quite his equal; and surely a venerable old lady, justly respected by those nearer her own age, ought to meet with very great deference from each lively young miss who comes into her society. "Sir," and "Madam," among equals are quite out of date; but if the words be gone, the respectful feeling should not be lost.

This want of reverence for elders, whether parents or not, is seen all the more clearly by contrast. For all young people do not fall into this fault; there are still many who are quite respectful, both in feeling and in manner; and the difference between them and others is striking.

Much may be done by early training. A child early taught good manners does not easily lose them; and if the young have been accustomed from their first days to treat their parents and elders with respect, it becomes a habit with them to do so. The fault of the present day is not wholly in the young themselves; their parents, in many cases, have been to blame.

Manners are of less importance than principles; but they are not to be neglected. There is a right and a wrong about everything. Besides, disrespectful manners and self-indulgent habits, though only outside things, are apt to affect the mind and character. "Be courteous" comes amidst the most important exhortations (1 Pet. iii. 8). Honouring father and mother (one of the commandments of God) extends to every part of a son or daughter's conduct—to speech and manner, as well as to practical obedience, and kindness, and help. And when the young are told to submit themselves to their elders, this means to be submissive in everything—in small

[1] The papers on hospitals, which we published last year, were necessarily limited to a few representative institutions. A correspondent calls attention to a phrase in the one on "The National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic," which seems to ignore the existence of the "Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis and other Diseases of the Nervous System." We regret that so useful a hospital should have been overlooked.—Ed. S. H.

things as well as great, in speech and manner as well as in giving up their will. Jesus went down with His parents to Nazareth, "and was subject unto them." How? Was it not in everything? And it is in everything that He is the great example of young and old.

F. B.

Things New and Old.

A Word to the Wise.—The following letter reaches us from Canada: "I write to ask you kindly to mention that three missionaries in Japan would be glad to get such magazines as yours sent to them for use amongst their hearers, many of whom are learning English and are much pleased to get religious books or papers in that language—postage is cheap, considering the long distance. One of the missionaries writes that a fine Sabbath school has been started as the result of a package of Sabbath school papers which had been sent from America. Infidels are spreading their evil literature, and it behoves Christians to be on the alert to counteract their work. Below are the names of those who will gladly distribute books or papers where they will do much good:—Rev. C. Eby, D.D., 18, Kasumi Clio, Ayabu Tokyo, Japan;—Rev. F. A. Cassidy, Shidguoka, Japan; and—Rev. H. Loomis, Yokohama, Japan. The two former are Methodists, the latter a Presbyterian, but all are united in anxiety for the welfare of the Japanese.—L. D. Sterling."

[We earnestly call the attention of our readers to this mode of usefulness. There are hundreds of Christian workers in many remote places to whom the magazines, if sent regularly, would be most welcome. They would not only, as we often hear, help to relieve many a lonely hour, but supply stimulus and information, and contribute to the clearer knowledge of Christian truth in places where the opportunities of instruction are now few.]

Putting the Cart before the Horse.—If you will persist in putting the cart before the horse, how can you go forward? If you were better you would believe; but you must believe first or you cannot be better. Surely you know that Jesus Christ did not come into the world to save the righteous but sinners. The only question is, Are you a sinner? If you are not, the Gospel can do you no good; but if you are a sinner, and feel your need of mercy, Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.' He does not invite you, to raise your desires and then to disappoint them. I doubt not but if you thought I could save, you could depend upon my good will. He both can, and He has promised He will.—*Letters of the Rev. John Newton.*

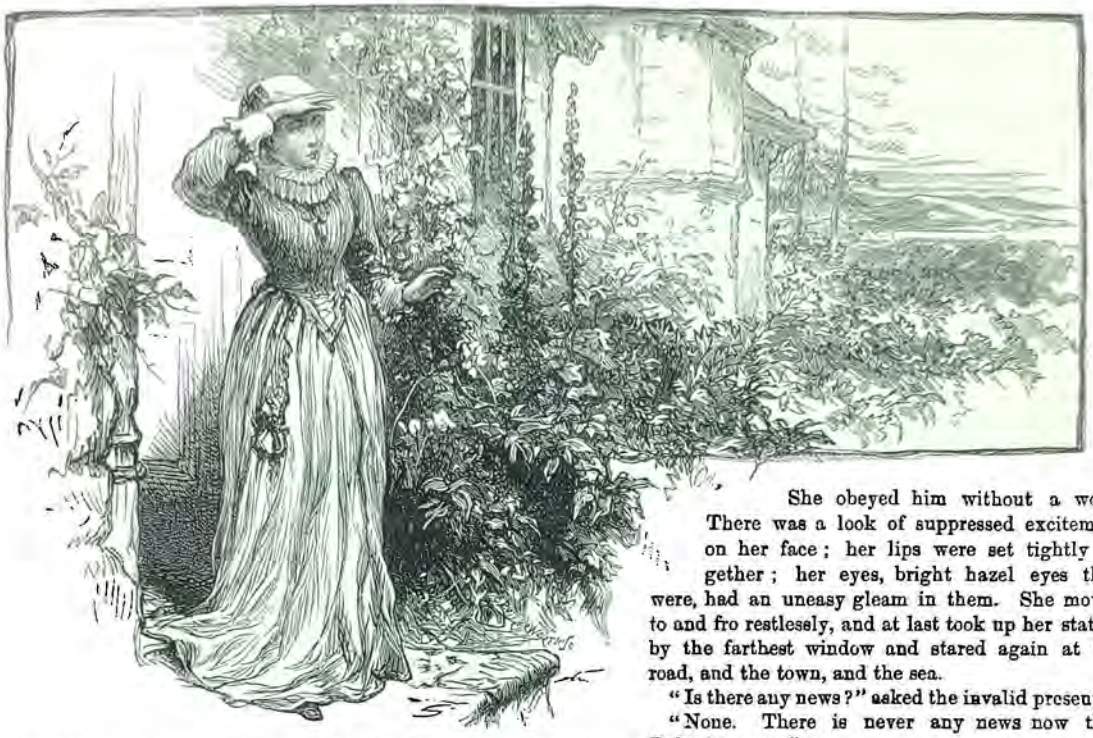
George III. and the Sabbath.—When the Marquis Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's brother, went to India as Governor-General, he found that the English community, civil and military, had thrown off almost every restraint of religion. In fact, it was a common saying in those days that every Englishman left his Christianity behind when he rounded the Cape of Good Hope. As the Marquis believed religion to be the best safeguard of law and order, he resolved to throw the whole weight of his government on the side of decent observance on Sunday. After he had been a few months in the country, he issued a Proclamation, forbidding horse-racing, and other sports out of keeping with the Christian Sabbath. He spoke plainly of these amusements on that day, as being contrary at once to English customs and to the ordinances of the Protestant religion. He ordered all magistrates, and officers in command of stations to prohibit such practices; and he announced that any one disregarding his order should forfeit the protection of Government, and be sent back forthwith to Europe. It was from the good influence of George III. that Lord Wellesley took his ideas of what an English Sunday ought to be, or, at least, what it ought not to be—a day of reckless and profane revelry, such as we are now threatened with in England. George III. had not been many months on the throne before he abolished the Sunday levées and the Court entertainments which had been the usage in the time of George II. In the first Proclamation made by the good king "against the vice and immorality," he referred to the desecration of the Lord's day, by those who ought to set a better example to the nation. In his biography many incidents are recorded which show the strong feeling he had on this point all through his life. On one occasion, when the palace at Kew was being repaired, the king missed a workman with whom he had sometimes held communication on religious subjects, as was his custom on meeting with persons like-minded, in every rank of life. On hearing that the man had been dismissed because he refused to work on Sunday, the king was greatly offended, and commanded that he should be at once restored; saying, "the man who respects the law of God is *the man for me*; let him be sent for."

Faith Healing.—We hear much in the present day of faith healing, of cures wrought by relics or at the shrines of saints, by pretended agencies and imaginary forces, mesmeric, odylic or other, by healing virtue emanating from particular persons to other people, all of which, in various ways, demonstrate the marvellous influence exerted by mind on body. Without questioning the power of that kind of faith that can remove mountains, there can be no doubt that a large proportion of reputed faith-cures are fallacious, and will not stand the scrutiny of competent investigation. But no thoughtful and experienced physician can doubt that through mental influence of some kind, not only are the normal functions of the body, but also diseased actions, controlled, and sometimes even life preserved. Such influence is most frequently seen in connexion with mental and nervous diseases of a functional character, though sometimes of long standing and to ordinary observers of a serious and irremediable nature. "It is therefore quite conceivable," as Bishop Temple has observed, "that many of our Lord's miracles of healing may have been the result of this power of mind over body." "It is possible that they may be due not to an interference with the uniformity of nature, but to a superiority in His mental power to the similar power possessed by other men." That there is considerable difference in the power which different men possess in controlling the actions of their own bodies, in enduring pain, in resisting depressing and exhausting influences and even the progress of disease, there can be no question; nor that there is a similar difference in the degree of mental power which different men can exert over the bodies of other men. But even if we should suppose that the cures of disease by our Lord were thus wrought, they would be scarcely less miraculous. For His miracles of healing were wrought on forms of disease and in ways that do not admit of explanation by any such exercise of mental power as we possess. The power that could arrest disease of a mortal character and recall to life by a word spoken at a distance, and that could raise the dead to life, was a spiritual force of a different order from that possessed by any mesmerist, magician, or mortal man.—*Sir Risdon Bennet on Diseases of the Bible.*

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

CHAPTER I.



SHE HEARD THE LOW DISTANT SOUND, AND KNEW WHAT IT MEANT.

JUST outside the town of Exmouth, there stood three hundred years ago—and it may be standing still in virtue of its strong walls and solid workmanship—a low-built, wide-roofed house, from whose windows one might see the whole beautiful width of the harbour on one side, and on the other the sweeping stretches of hill-side and valley, which make the county of Devon one of the loveliest in England.

A girl of about eighteen, tall and straight as the hollyhock stems beside her, was standing on the doorstep, shading her eyes with her hand, and peering down the hollow-way that led towards the town.

There was no one to be seen along the road; no one coming up the path through the spears of the rye that filled with its silvery rustling waves the fields beyond the road. The girl's foot tapped the ground impatiently as she waited and watched, and her left hand nervously broke the twigs of a cluster-rose that showered down petals from its open-eyed snowy flowers upon her hair.

"Doris!" it was a faint and rather tremulous voice that called through the open door. "Doris!"

She turned, lingeringly, and entered a room—a long low oak-lined room—where a man sat within the wide chimney arch. Logs burned brightly on the hearth, and it was hot July weather, a mantle was folded across his shoulders, and a rug wrapped his knees, but he shivered as he said, "Doris, you must close the door, my child; I feel chilly."

She obeyed him without a word. There was a look of suppressed excitement on her face; her lips were set tightly together; her eyes, bright hazel eyes they were, had an uneasy gleam in them. She moved to and fro restlessly, and at last took up her station by the farthest window and stared again at the road, and the town, and the sea.

"Is there any news?" asked the invalid presently.

"None. There is never any news now that Robert is gone."

"Dear Doris, it is natural that you should take anxious thought for Robert; but you should remember that, as it is a man's part to go forth to danger and to fighting for the honour of his country and his sovereign, for the safety of his home and his dear ones, for the defence of the right and true faith; it is a woman's part to cheer him and to help him, to bid him God-speed, and to hearten him by her ready self-sacrifice and courage. Robert will do his part—you and I are confident of that, Doris—and it remains for you, my child, to do yours."

"Oh, it is so easy—so easy to talk!"

"And you think that I can only talk?" he said, and a sad little smile crossed the pale patient face. "Doris, in the stormy times before you were born ——"

She turned suddenly and ran to him, kneeling beside him, and hiding her face against his arm. "Forgive me," she sobbed; "I know it—oh, I know it. I know what you did, and how you suffered long ago, and I am not worthy to be your child. But you see, my father, it is the uncertainty, the suspense, and the silence, and the waiting that are worse to bear than pain."

He smoothed her hair with his thin fingers caressingly. His heart ached for the girl. He knew, none better! what the misery of the "waiting time" can be.

"Where is Earle?" he asked, after a pause.

Earle was Doris's brother, a lad of fourteen, the merriest, most mischief-loving boy on all the shores of Exe. He had gone down to the town for news, and Doris said so in answer to her father's question.

"It is hard to know what share to believe of the reports

which do come," the sick man said with a sigh. "Doris, child, stir the fire; this ague-fit has hard hold of me to-day. There—that will do; come here once more, and let me feel your warm soft touch. Tell me, how long is it since Robert left us?"

"It was Wednesday night, father; and to-day is Sunday."

"Wednesday night. There have been uneasy tales floating in the wind for twelve months or more; this alarm may pass as former ones have done."

"Father," and the girl's eyes flashed as she looked full at him, "every month, every day, brings the end nearer; the gathering forces that are arming against us will strike at last, and the King of Spain is not likely to strike feebly or uncertainly when his chosen time arrives. And what can we do against such might as his?"

"My girl is eloquent!" he answered. "Who has taught you all this, Doris? Did Robert?"

"Robert? No. Robert is sure that we shall beat off anything and everything that can be sent against us; he talks of Agincourt where the French out-numbered us by five to one, and of Crecy where the archers stood their ground against enormous odds; and he laughs at the idea of that huge army in Flanders, and the hoards which King Philip has collected on board his war-ships. No, my father, it is not Robert, but you yourself that have made me see the peril that is closing about England now."

"Doris!"

"Do you think me deaf, father, or indifferent? Have I not heard you speak of the times of your own youth when the land from Scotland to the sea here was bound, as it were, hand and foot, and delivered over by Queen Mary to this same Spanish Philip and his priestly crew? Do I not know, my father, what you endured in those dark days for conscience' sake? What has been done once can be done again. Our ships may fight while a spar or plank of them can swim; but what can a handful do against a multitude? What can Robert, and men like Robert, do against the Invincible Armada?"

"You remember many things, my child, but one thing you forget. The battle is not always to the strong, the race is not always to the swift. Our God will help us in our need. We fight for our open Bibles, for our pure worship, we fight to keep—— Hark, Doris! what sound is that?"

The soft evening sunlight came in at the open casement, with the twitter of the swallows in the eaves, the gentle monotone of the rustle of the breeze. One might hear, too, the distant stir of the town floating upwards on the air, and perhaps the long rush and wash of the tide rising against the shingle of the shore. It was the quietest hour of the summer-day, a Sunday evening-time, the season for peace and rest.

"Listen, Doris!"

She heard it now, the low distant sound—a mere moan and murmur of a sound—and she knew as well as her father did what it meant.

It was the hoarse voice of the Spanish cannon thundering at England's "wooden walls." It was the first shout of defiance of the Invincible Armada!

Then swift steps came up the field path, and Earle rushed headlong in.

"The Spanish fleet is come, it is round the Start!" he cried. "Father, I must go! Let me go! Dan Lavin's sloop is being got to sea—they have put the two old culverins on board, and the shot guns from the fort; they are calling out for volunteers, so I just came to get your cutlass, father, and my great clasp-knife, and, father, just to say good-bye—good-bye to you and Doris."

He looked so brave and handsome standing there before them; his eyes—they were the very counterparts of Doris's eyes—shining like stars, his fair hair flung back from his forehead, and his whole face and figure full of enthusiasm. And the falter in his voice struck on their ears like a knell as he said, "Good-bye, good-bye to you and Doris."

"Earle, my son, Earle, you are too young, too young, to bear a man's part in this struggle! and I, God help me! am a wreck, a useless log! No, my boy, other hands must be stretched out for England now; the Clatworthys can do nothing."

The sick man bowed his head with a groan. It was a bitter thing for him to say such a word as that.

The boy came close to his father's chair, and his manner suddenly took to itself such pride and calmness that Doris looked at him amazed. Was this Earle, her heedless, careless, graceless, brother Earle?

He laid his hand, a strong and steady hand it was, upon his father's shoulder, and his tones were clear and quiet as he said: "I am only a boy, but even a boy's service may be of value. I remember always how my forefathers lived and fought for honour and for freedom. You, too, my father, have done your part. Is it not my turn now? Do not say that we Clatworthys can do nothing. It is not true. The old race has not perished yet."

And so the father blessed him and bade him go. Could he refuse to do so? But the words of blessing died away, inarticulate, and the hand that lay on the sunny curls shook as if palsied. Earle was his only son, the last of the old line, the pride of his heart, the gayest, happiest creature that ever entered that room where the sick man passed his weary days. And Earle was going out in Lavin's sloop, going to help, if so it might be, to beat off the formidable array that was threatening the destruction of England.

"My son," he whispered, "may the God that helped David of old help thee now. . . . Doris, give the boy my Psalter—my marked book——"

But Doris was kneeling at the window—weeping, and Earle was gone. And again, from the far distance, came the heavy booming of the guns.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. V.

In the Scriptures we find prophecies of different kinds; we will take first those which were speedily fulfilled.

1. One which was given to Noah?
2. One given to Barak?
3. One delivered to Eli?
4. Two delivered to Jeroboam by the same prophet at different times?
5. Two delivered by Elijah against Ahab and Jezebel? Find also the manner in which the last two reached their fulfilment?
6. One delivered to Ahaz by Isaiah?
7. Two delivered by Isaiah to Hezekiah, one respecting his own rescue from his foes, and another respecting the utter overthrow of his posterity?
8. Two delivered by Daniel to two different kings?
9. To whom did Jeremiah say, "This year thou shalt die"?
10. Jeremiah foretold the destruction of a king of Judah, and of a king of Egypt?
11. Give an example from the Old Testament and one from the New, of men refusing to believe what was prophesied about them?
12. In the Acts of the Apostles two such prophecies are recorded, one respecting a famine, the other respecting the Apostle Paul. They were uttered by the same man at different times?

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XLV.—FRANK TO THE RESCUE.

THE MISER'S DAUGHTER.

MARCUS had been thoroughly uncomfortable about Roy ever since he had heard of the bad cold which was confining him to the house. Knowing as he did that the boy would want a good deal of care if he were to get through the winter without an illness, he was made decidedly uneasy by the information; and had not his own hands been very full at the time, as they must always be, when a rich man and a large landowner is desirous of keeping Christmas in the "good old style," as it is familiarly termed, he would have started at once, for Windmill House, to see with his own eyes what was going on there, and judge for himself

of Roy's condition. This visit was, however, impossible just at this juncture. He had to content himself by sending off everything he thought would please the boy and add to his comfort; but he was resolved not to delay long in the accomplishment of his scheme, and when once the press of business was over, he would go across and see if he could not get Roy home again to be properly looked after, as he did not believe these Edingtons would ever have power or will to care for him.

But before that day had come, before he was free from the many claims upon his time, that Christmas and the New Year always bring to a man in his position, he received a letter from Joan Edington that changed the aspect of affairs somewhat, and precipitated the action he had contemplated.

Marcus knew very little about the Edingtons individually, and he was not sure whether Joan was Roger's wife, daughter or sister. Roy's letters spoke of cousins in a vague sort of way, and his brother had guessed that he had fraternised somewhat with the junior members of the household. He still felt a very considerable distrust of the elder generation, and decided that Joan did not belong to that one. Her letter was stilted and formal, as though she was little used to correspondence.

"Dear Sir,—I am writing to you, because no one else is likely to do so, to tell you that Roy is ill. I think you ought to know. I believe if he could be taken away from here he would be better, for we don't understand illness much in this house, and they won't have a doctor, because the one in Thorne is ill himself, and it would cost too much to have any one over from a distance. They don't think him very ill, but I do, and I wish you would send the Mr. Lee, Roy talks about, to see him, and to get him away if he can be moved. They would listen to a doctor more than to you, and they would be more likely to be frightened, and do what he said. They might think you had a reason, and not let him go, and it might excite Roy too much to see you, for he is very weak. We shall be very sorry to lose him, and I hope you will let him come and see us again; but I don't think he will get better here, and I believe he would if you had him, so I hope you will send Mr. Lee, and get him taken away.
—Yours truly,

"Joan Edington."

With this letter in his hand, and anxiety and fear at heart, Marcus started off to see his friend the doctor, who had spoken a good deal about Roy since his departure, and had prognosticated danger to him from a change of residence, unless he could be certain of the care in the new house that he had always received at the Hermitage. He had been vexed and puzzled at the way in which the boy had given up the Brighton visit so specially ordered, and had settled himself down with relations about whom nobody knew anything at all, and he had been still more perplexed at Marcus's assent to the strange plan, knowing his fondness for his brother, and his solicitude for his welfare. Now, however, he heard the whole story, learned for the first time that Marcus had no power to control Roy's actions, or to summon him back—none at least, unless the boy had appealed to him to do so, and had brought to light some reason to justify his appeal. Frank heard everything now from first to last, and as he had never liked what he had seen of Roger Edington, he was prepared to take the worst possible view of him, and of his father, and he was pretty certain that Marcus shared his distrust and antipathy.

"I'll go," he said. "I understand the whole business, and I'll get the boy away. I believe for once I shall manage a diplomatic negotiation better than you. I'm a doctor, too, and, as that girl says, that point will go a long way; and if they've got the boy ill in their house, and have no medical aid for him, I can say a few scathing things that will frighten them and bring them to their bearings. It won't excite Roy so much to see me, and you may be of more use at this end to get things ready for us. I'm not very busy, luckily; I can spare a few days very well. I'll go across at once and see what I can accomplish. Strikes me there has been a game at cross purposes somewhere, and I'll see if I can't get all put right. I wonder who will be the tougher to deal with, the old man or that fellow we saw here."

"The old man is the real guardian. I believe he is a curious character—something of a miser."

"The other fellow had a covetous cast of countenance. I always thought so, though I knew nothing about him. Well, I'll do what I can. I am armed with full facts, am I not? You have told me everything."

"Everything. I know it's safe with you. Of course, we don't want it canvassed in the neighbourhood. Only the Kynastons have been told the whole history, beside yourself."

"All right. I'll not betray trust. Poor lad, it has been a hard lesson for him to learn, I'll be bound; and he has evidently taken the blow like a man and been very plucky over it all. We'll rescue him all the same for that. He sha'n't be left there much longer."

Frank Lee started for Thorne the next day, and arrived there about two o'clock. He made some inquiries at the inn where he put up, as to what kind of a reputation the Edingtons bore in the place, and he heard nothing to shake the impression he had previously formed for himself. He was told that Roger Edington's office was in the town, and that he was generally to be found there, and thither accordingly he bent his steps, thinking perhaps that it would be best to face his foes separately, and crush one before he attacked another. There was, however, nothing inimical in the manner in which he greeted Roger Edington when ushered into his office.

"I have come to inquire after my ex-patient, Roy, Mr. Edington," said Frank in straightforward business-like fashion. "I hear he is ill again, and should rather like to have a look at him—as a friend you know—and see how he is going on. He is rather a delicate lad, and that accident pulled him down a good bit."

Medical attendance gratis was not to be despised.

and Roger Edington's face looked a little less sharp and suspicious, but he was not certain that he liked this visit altogether.

"You can see him, of course, if you care to walk across. I don't myself think he ails more than a bad cold with some fever about it."

"He keeps to his bed?"

"He has done so for the past few days."

"It strikes me, you know, Mr. Edington," said Frank, seating himself easily upon the corner of the table, "that this air of yours is a good deal too strong for him. He is not used to it—you lie high here, and the winds sweep across that moorland like a knife—enough to cut one in two. That boy's lungs are not in a state to stand that kind of thing. It strikes me you will have to send him back to the Hermitage for the spring months."

Roger's face looked dark and suspicious.

"Marcus Stratford is quite willing to take charge of the boy, he says. Indeed he is of opinion that it is hardly fair, all things considered, that you should have the charge of him and the expense of his maintenance. He will never be able to repay you—he has not a penny of his own, and will not come into anything at his majority, save a couple of thousand, left him in trust by Mr. Stratford. You have your own family to look after, and you are not a wealthy man. Now Marcus is very well off, and he feels also bound in honour to look after Roy. So if you feel the charge of him at any time heavy, you can relieve yourself of it very easily."

Frank did not look at his companion as he spoke, but he felt he had made an impression.

"I do not quite understand you. Roy will inherit his mother's—that is Alicia Stratford's fortune, in due course. He almost told me as much himself."

"If he did so it was under a misapprehension. He was not Mrs. Stratford's own son, and she has not treated him as such. Her step-son inherits everything. But as I have before said, he has a fine sense of honour, and if Roy were to be without friends in the world, or if you were to find the burden of his maintenance fall too heavily upon you, I am sure he will relieve you of the charge. At any rate he is anxious about him now, and if it is thought advisable to send him back to his old home, he will be very glad to take him in, and do what he can to forward his recovery. Shall you be willing to let him go under such circumstances?"

Roger's reply was spoken in a low, sullen tone.

"You can do as you choose. It is nothing to me. You will have to settle it with my father. I doubt if he will part with the boy."

"We will see about that. I will step across to see him and the boy, with your permission, sir. Good afternoon."

Frank went his way, confident that he had made an impression. As he passed through the street, he observed a woman in a long cloak coming out of a chemist's shop. Something in her face, or air, or manner arrested his attention. He looked keenly at her a moment and then went into the shop where a lad was lounging behind the counter.

"Can you tell me the name of the lady who just went out?" he asked.

"That one? Why, that's Miss Joan Edington," replied the lad with a grin. "The old miser's daughter."

CHAPTER XLVI.—FRANK'S VICTORY.

"MISS JOAN EDINGTON—may I introduce myself to you in rather a summary fashion? I have come in answer to your letter. I am Francis Lee, the doctor who attended Roy during his illness in the spring."

Joan had started on being addressed by a stranger in the streets of Thorne; but now she looked up eagerly.

"Oh, have you come to take him away?"

"I hope so. I am convinced by all I hear that he ought to be at home. How is he? How did this begin?"

"He has had a cough ever since he has been here, and you know our way of living is not like what he has been accustomed to. He never complained; but he could not get on with our food, and though I do what I can for him I am not clever at invalid cookery, and he hardly eats enough to keep him alive. I don't think he has been unhappy with us exactly—not at least for long. Once he was told something that made him rather wretched; but he soon seemed to get over that."

"I understand," said Frank, observing her slight hesitation of manner. "I know all about it."

"Do you? Well he got over that and settled down—and we did so like having him, the house was quite different. He was so good to us all and the girls adore him; but Caroline, that is Roger's wife, you know, made him teach the boys. They are horrid boys, and it was much too much for him, and did him harm, I think; and he got weaker, and his cough wouldn't get better, and I was certain he was going to get ill. I did everything I could to persuade father to let him go; but he wouldn't. I don't know if he will spare him now. You can't guess how bent he is on keeping him always with us."

Frank's face was rather grim.

"I'll see if I can't find a way of persuading him," he said. "You will help me, perhaps. You do not want to keep him?"

She looked up at him with the clear steady gaze that he had seen once before. He remarked to himself that there was something rather fine in the pose of her head, in the tranquillity of her features, and in the dark fearless eyes.

"I will do everything for his sake; but you do not know how I shall miss him."

"You have been nursing him yourself?"

"Yes, at least I have done as much as I could. I do not understand much about nursing. We are never ill, the rest of us; but I have taken as much care of him as I could."

"It is something to know that," said Frank, kindly, beginning to like his companion a great deal better than he had ever expected to like any of these "Edington people," as he mentally called

them, lumping them all together as one crew. As they walked rapidly across the moor, he asked her more questions, listened with a sense of respect to her brief, sensible, straightforward answers. He wondered how she came to be so different from the rest of her family, and was glad for Roy's sake that she had been there. Evidently no one else sympathised with her—all the rest were bent on keeping their prisoner.

"Is he still lame? Can he get about at all?" was his next quick question.

"Yes, pretty well, until he was ill. He got on much better for keeping quiet in the study and not moving about the house. I think his foot is almost well, but that doesn't make him better in himself, as I hoped it would once; and his cough is so bad. Every day we hope he will be better, but he is not a bit, that I can see. He is quite clear headed now, but so dreadfully weak. Roger is afraid to have a doctor, lest—well never mind why—and father because he is afraid they will take Roy away from us; but he cannot always hold out, now that you are here I am sure all will be right."

Frank was not certain that he shared this confidence, but it was something to learn that the boy had been nursed by this cousin of his, who plainly lacked neither sense nor good will. The men might be harsh and tyrannical enough—he nerved himself for a battle royal with the guardian, who evidently did not intend his captive to escape him—but at least he had not lacked a woman's kindly ministrations, and that in itself was much. He hardly spoke all the rest of the way, and Joan on her side was equally silent. He was fulminating thunders of medical wrath to launch at the head of the miserable old miser, who was playing so dastardly a part, and he was so engrossed in his own thoughts that he hardly heeded the approach to the dismal house, and only awoke to a sense of its desolation when absolutely following his guide into the cold stone hall, and up the bare, echoing staircase.

She opened a door and led him into the room where Roy lay; and the young man stopped still for a moment, so surprised was he by what he saw. The room indeed was bare and comfortless to his eyes, but it was warm with the pleasant glow of a wood fire, and white, and worn, and ill as Roy evidently was, his face was nevertheless very bright and peaceful; but what astonished Frank most was the presence at the bedside of a white-headed old man, who held Roy's hand in his, and gazed at him from time to time with tender solicitude. He held an open Bible on his knee, from which he had evidently been reading. Was this the stern, tyrannical old miser for whom he had been preparing such threatenings and warnings?

"Frank!" cried Roy joyfully, "oh, Frank, is it really you? Where is Marcus?"

"At home, old chap, where I hope soon to see you. I encountered Miss Edington in the town; so I came over here to have a look at you. Marcus wasn't satisfied about that cold, and asked me to look you up whilst I was here. Your cousin brought me across with her. You've run down the hill a bit since I saw you last. I expect this moorland air is too strong for you this time of year. Is this your guardian, Mr. Edington?"

"At your service, sir," answered the old man rising and bowing with something of old-fashioned courtliness. "I thank you for coming to look after our boy. He does not get on as fast as we should like to see him; but I trust you may put us in the way of setting him up again. Our air is very fine, no one has ever been ill in this house before."

The old man spoke with a sort of nervous deprecation of manner, and glanced at Roy, who smiled back reassuringly.

"All right, uncle," he said, "we'll manage something to suit every one," and as the old man half reluctantly left the room at a sign from his daughter, his first eager words of delight at seeing a familiar face were blended with assurances of his kind treatment at the hands of his kinsfolk.

"I know it all looks horrid to you, Frank, but you can't think how good they are to me, Joan, and the old man particularly. It was different at first—rather—but they grudge me nothing now; and the old fellow is so fond of me, I can't make it out, it's quite pathetic. He's losing his memory a bit, and keeps thinking I'm my father, and he asks me to teach him things just like a little child. I suppose the hard life he has led has aged him prematurely, for he isn't really so very old. I don't know what he will do if you want to move me away, I don't think he'll ever consent."

But here a fit of coughing interrupted Roy, and left him so exhausted that he could only lie quite passive, and let the doctor make his examination in uninterrupted silence.

A specimen of Windmill House cookery next came up, at which Frank Lee turned up his nose in mute contempt. One thing was plain to him, that he must get Roy away from this place as quickly as possible. Whatever the will of these strange people might be, the power to give him what was absolutely essential to his present condition was hopelessly lacking.

"Look here, Roy," he said, "I take you home as soon as ever it can be arranged. I will settle it with these people, don't you let that bother you. Go you must, and unless you are wonderfully changed from what you were you will be thankful enough to be at the Hermitage under Marcus's care once again."

A quick flush rose in Roy's cheeks; a bright, wistful light in his eyes.

"Marcus is not—angry?"

"Angry? No! only in a fever to have you home again. You like the idea, eh, Roy?"

"I am afraid to think how much. Oh, Frank, you don't know how I sometimes long for home and for Marcus! But I want to do right, and if my place is here ——"

"It is no such thing. Your place will be nowhere if you stay here much longer. Don't you bother your head over anything. I will settle it all. If these people really care for you in their odd way they will be as anxious as any one for you to move when I have explained the real state of the case."

Roy looked flushed, eager, anxious, he was more excited than Frank liked to see him.

"They will let me go, perhaps, but they will miss me—perhaps things will go back and be as they were before, and the children will be sorry; though Joan and her father will really miss me most. You don't understand things, Frank; and I can't explain; but I have a sort of feeling as if I oughtn't to go away and leave them altogether, just for my own happiness. I believe I was sent here for a purpose—I wonder if I ought to go?"

"I am very sure of it, old chap, and I can't have you worrying your head like this. Look here, will it satisfy you, if I settle for the old man and his daughter to accompany you to the Hermitage? Then you would get what you want, and they would not altogether lose sight of you."

A bright light sprang to Roy's eyes.

"Oh, if you could!" he cried, "that would be best of all! But Marcus——"

"Oh, I'll make it right with Marcus. All you've got to do is to lie still and keep quiet."

Roy heaved a great sigh; such advice was only too welcome, for he was very, very weak.

"Go and settle it then, there's a good fellow, and come and let me know. I should like to show Joan my own dear home."

Whilst Frank Lee was gone on his errand, Roy lay very still, his eyes closed, his lips slightly smiling, his heart very full of thankful happy thoughts. He was passing in review before his mental vision the events of the past six months and tracing out, as he could do in retrospect, the good that had come to him and to others from events that seemed at the outset so strangely hard and unpromising. His lips moved as if in prayer, half-remembered words and phrases formed upon them.

"It is good for me that I have been in trouble, to have learned the lovingkindness of the Lord. I will rejoice in the Lord my God, for of Him only cometh salvation."

"I have settled it all quite easily, Roy," said Frank Lee coming back, "and that cousin of yours, Joan, is made of the right kind of stuff, and no mistake. You are to return to the Hermitage as soon as it can be managed, and she and her father are to go with you. Now are you satisfied?"

"Yes, indeed, I am. I couldn't imagine anything more perfectly satisfactory," and in his mind he very well knew that when he should be able to tell Marcus and Muriel the whole story, the children would soon find that they were not forgotten, but that they were to share in the general amnesty and good will. Just at present they must be content to wait.

EARLY MISSION WORK IN IRELAND.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

II.

PATRICK was followed by a succession of eminent Irish Christian teachers, about whom a good deal of legendary tradition has grown up, but of whose existence there can be no rational doubt. It would take too much time and space to enumerate all those of whom there are records. They include several namesakes of St. Patrick himself (which is not surprising, the Latin name being a favourite one).

One eminent female saint, Brigida, or Bride, was partly a contemporary of St. Patrick, and was foundress of a large monastery at Kildare. The town probably derived its name from this monastery, "Kildare" signifying "the church of the oak tree," from a large oak which grew close to the building.

Brigida seems to have been strongly imbued with the monastic and ascetic notions which were now growing in the church; but she loved the study of the Scriptures, and spread them actively; and from her biography it seems clear she held none of the distinctive Romish doctrines. She spent all her life in Ireland, and died in the third decade of the sixth century.

Finnian, of Clonard, in Meath, and his namesake of Moville, in Down, flourished a little later, and both were renowned as Christian teachers.

We hear, also, of two St. Kierans, and many more who need not be mentioned more particularly. The famous Kevin, hero of the legend of Glendalough, which is the subject of Moore's well-known poem, lived at this time, and appears really to have dwelt at one period with some of his monastic disciples near the "lake of the gloomy shore," which is associated with his name.

But the most remarkable Irish teacher of the age succeeding St. Patrick, and one on whom his mantle seems to have emphatically fallen, was the celebrated Columba, or "Columb-Kill" (Columba of the churches), as he was frequently called, from the number of churches he had founded.

He was born in 521, in the county of Donegal, of a branch of the royal family of Ireland; in very early youth he gave evidence of decided piety, and his parents took care to place him under teachers who could fitly prepare him for the ministry. As soon as his education was completed, he entered on the active labours which he continued through life. At first these were in his own country; but he was a thorough missionary at heart. He began soon to turn a pitying eye to regions still unvisited by the Gospel—and these were not far to seek.

The narrow strait between Ireland, or Scotia, as it was then called (the name of Scots being

then generally given to the Irish), had only to be crossed to bring the traveller into a country which lay in utter heathen darkness—the Western Highlands of Scotland, then called the land of the Picts.

Thither Columba repaired with some companions about the middle of the sixth century. The difficulties to be met with and the hardships to be encountered were probably such as now would be only paralleled in the wilds of Central Africa or the most savage of the isles at the Antipodes; but Columba met all bravely and perseveringly, and in the course of a few years the greater part of the Pict or Highland kingdom was brought to the knowledge of the Gospel.

No reliable particulars are known of this wonderful missionary work. Columba's headquarters were in the small Western Isle of Iona, which is now often called Icolmkill, or, Island of Columba of the Churches, in his memory. The island was given him, it appears, by a kinsman of his own, king of an Irish colony, established in the West Highlands.

Here Columba gathered a band of disciples around him, and founded a monastery, which became illustrious from the numerous missionary teachers it sent forth. It should be noted that monasteries then were not what they afterwards became; in those wild times a community was often necessary for the sake of protection, and they were in fact colleges, industrial institutions, and charitable asylums united. The monks were not at first bound by any vows, and were always engaged in active labours with the hands as well as the head. No other schools, indeed, existed at all; and they promoted useful manual labour as well as learning. Still there were seeds of evil in these institutions which in later times became apparent, though as yet they were not perceived.

Columba had a stronger attachment to the monastic life as such, and to personal austerities in daily life, than we should sympathise with in our days; but the foundation of his teaching was sound. He claimed no merit for personal self-discipline, and his animating principle seems to have been a child-like loving trust in God, filling him with an inward peace which shone in his cheerful, genial demeanour. His character was a beautiful one—loving, tender, indulgent towards others while rigid to himself. He was eminently a man of prayer; every circumstance and every occupation of daily life, however trifling, gave him occasion to lift up his heart to God, and he never undertook anything without laying it before the Lord. The smallest daily comforts were occasions of thanksgiving, and the service of God was not looked on as something set apart for stated hours or days, but bound up in every act of life.

He was a diligent student and teacher of the Scriptures. On the Saturday before his death, which took place at Iona in 597, he told a confidential attendant that he had a strong conviction that this "Sabbath day" (as in those early days the last day of the week was commonly called) was the last he should spend on earth, and that the Lord Jesus Christ was calling him to Himself.

Ascending the hill above the monastery, he solemnly blessed the community, and then retired to his cell to continue his occupation of copying out the Psalter—a very needful work in times when printing was unknown. He stopped at the end of the tenth verse of the 34th Psalm, "They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing," and observed that another must finish the work. He then took a short rest, and repaired to the church. A midnight service was to be held there; and when the monks came in, they found him at prayer, but evidently sinking. He raised his hand to bless them, and soon after passed calmly away in the midst of his brethren and disciples.

He left many to follow in his steps. Iona continued for several centuries the chief centre of work for all the Irish and Scottish Christians, who belonged to his followers. His disciples and successors were animated by his spirit; and most particularly was this shown in their burning missionary zeal.

In later times this missionary spirit died altogether out of the Christian church (except among the Waldenses and, somewhat later, the Moravians), and was scarcely revived till the beginning of the present century. But in those early times, the church, though already imbued with many errors and superstitions, was animated by a much more healthful and right feeling respecting missions to the ignorant and unbelieving than was known for many ages later. The conviction that they had a message from Christ to deliver, that the good tidings of salvation through Him must be taken to *all* who were ignorant of it, was the leading principle of their lives. Particularly was this shown among the holy men who at this period flourished in Ireland and West Scotland: Aidan, a monk of Iona, was sent at the request of the Christian king Oswald to work in Northumberland. He chose the little isle of Lindisfarne as his headquarters, and established a monastery there like that of Iona. Oswald, an earnest and zealous Christian, worked with Aidan, even interpreting for him when he was speaking to those ignorant of his language. Eventually Aidan recovered the whole kingdom of Northumberland (including a much larger district than our modern county of that name) from Paganism, and the college at Lindisfarne became so eminent that the English in the north country sent their sons to be instructed by the Irish teacher.

Meanwhile, events had been occurring in England which had a powerful influence on the Irish and Scottish churches. The invasion of the Saxons in the fifth century, as before observed, had driven the British Christians into exile and plunged the greatest part of England into Paganism; but in the sixth century, the monk Augustine was sent from Rome, by Pope Gregory the Great, at the head of a band of missionary associates, to preach Christianity to the Anglo-Saxons, beginning in the kingdom of Kent, and through his means a considerable portion of the Heptarchy was brought at least to profess Christianity.

It has been the custom to regard Augustine as emphatically the Apostle of England; but it must be kept in mind that he was only the first

missionary to the Anglo-Saxons, and that even they were only in part influenced through the teaching of himself and his companions. The British church had flourished and laboured for many centuries previously, and it was through British and Irish teachers, as we shall presently see, that a very considerable part of the Heptarchy was actually Christianized. This British church, now driven into Wales and Cornwall, was still an important body, and claimed to be the representative and lineal descendant of the church founded in the apostolic age, nearly 500 years earlier.

There was also a great difference between the Saxon church founded by Augustine and the British, Scottish and Irish churches. These last, though ready to hold friendly intercourse with the church in Rome whenever circumstances permitted, looked on themselves as a completely independent and separate body, as much so as the churches of Ephesus, Laodicea and Sardis, &c., in the apostolic days; not separate as a hostile body, but as an independent one, as kingdoms separate, but on friendly terms nevertheless.

Augustine, on the other hand, held that there could be but one visible church, and that was the Roman See. To Rome he was completely devoted, and he was determined that all the churches in the British Isles should be subject to his supreme control as representative of the Pope.

This was the main point on which the British, Irish, and Scotch on one side, and the Saxon churches on the other, were divided; there were also some minor differences in their practice which we should most of us look on as of very trifling importance, and not worth disputing about, but for which both parties contended as if they had concerned the foundations of the faith. The principal of these were, the time of celebrating Easter, which had been altered at Rome, in consequence of some advance in astronomical knowledge—the mode of performing the rite of baptism, and the manner in which the tonsure was cut on the heads of those ordained.

In these matters Augustine and the Italian monks insisted on absolute compliance. Had they followed the apostolic commands to be gentle, humble and courteous in their demeanour, the parties might possibly have come to an understanding; but the haughty and contemptuous bearing of the Roman clergy increased the mutual bitterness. When the two parties met in council to decide on the matter in question, the British bishops consulted first with an aged man of eminent piety. He told them that they would know if Augustine was truly a man of God by observing if his demeanour was meek and humble, according to the command of the Lord, or proud and lofty. They then agreed that the test they would make, should be, whether Augustine would rise from his seat to welcome them as Christian brethren, according to the natural rules of courtesy, or remain sitting, as if claiming to be a spiritual king.

Augustine kept his seat when they entered. It was but a trifling matter, but it was, in this case, certainly an index of the spirit in which he carried on the whole controversy. The bitterness with which he attacked the British Bishops was so great that it led to the suspicion (probably unfounded) that he had been the instigator of a furious attack on them in Wales by the heathen Saxons, in which 1200 monks of Bangor, besides multitudes of other persons, were slaughtered in cold blood.

For many years the controversy was kept up, and much vehemence and bitterness displayed on both sides. Still it is evident that the peculiar doctrines of the modern Romish Church were more readily embraced by the party of Augustine and his followers than by the British, Scottish and Irish churches; and these last were very long before they altogether succumbed to the spiritual dominion of Rome.

In Northumberland there was a powerful party on each side. Part of that kingdom had first been instructed by Roman missionaries in the time of King Edwin, whose wife had been the daughter of Ethelbert, of Kent, and had been trained under Augustine. When King Oswald, the friend and patron of Aidan, had been killed in battle, his brother Oswy, himself a warm adherent of the Irish missionaries, succeeded to the throne; but his wife was a Kentish princess, and, like her predecessor the wife of Edwin, was zealous for the Roman customs in which she had been brought up. There was consequently a division in the court and royal family as well as in the country; and this led to renewed and painful disputes.

Meanwhile, the excellent Aidan, to whose character Bede, though an adherent of the Romish party, bears the warmest testimony, had passed away to his rest, and was succeeded by Finnian, also from Iona, whose labours, not only in Northumbria, but in the country beyond it, were so abundant that the result was the conversion to Christianity of the whole kingdom of Mercia, which included all of what we now call the Midland and North Western Counties of England. This shows how incorrect it is to ascribe to Augustine and his followers the evangelisation even of the whole Heptarchy. Finnian was succeeded by another monk of Iona, named Colman, who worked steadily in the steps of his predecessor.

Before very long, Northumbria submitted to the Roman rule; but the British and Irish churches still continued to maintain their independence for a considerable time.

Meanwhile, Iona was still the centre of missionary work, and the Irish teachers there began now to turn their eyes to the continent of Europe.

THE "GROTTE DE HAM.'

A PARABLE OF NATURE.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GROTTO.

IT was an August morning. The air was hot and still, and the sun, from a cloudless sky, was pouring a flood of brilliancy over the pretty Belgian landscape: green woods and golden harvest-fields busy with reapers—opening glades and sunny meadow-lands—curious rugged little hills, looking as if they had one day long ago rushed up into the meadows and become petrified there—but all alike glowing in the quiet heat of that harvest morning.

A motley group, representing many nationalities, was gathering round the little village inn, for this was the starting-point for the day's excursion into—or rather, through—one of the famed grottos or caverns which pierce these curious volcanic hills.

There was half an hour to spare. Many were leisurely examining the views and plans of the cave, which were fastened against the wall of the house. Some had laid aside their ordinary outer dress, and arrayed themselves in loose linen garments provided for whoever chose to use them. Friends were welcoming friends, and strangers making acquaintance one with another, at least for the day.

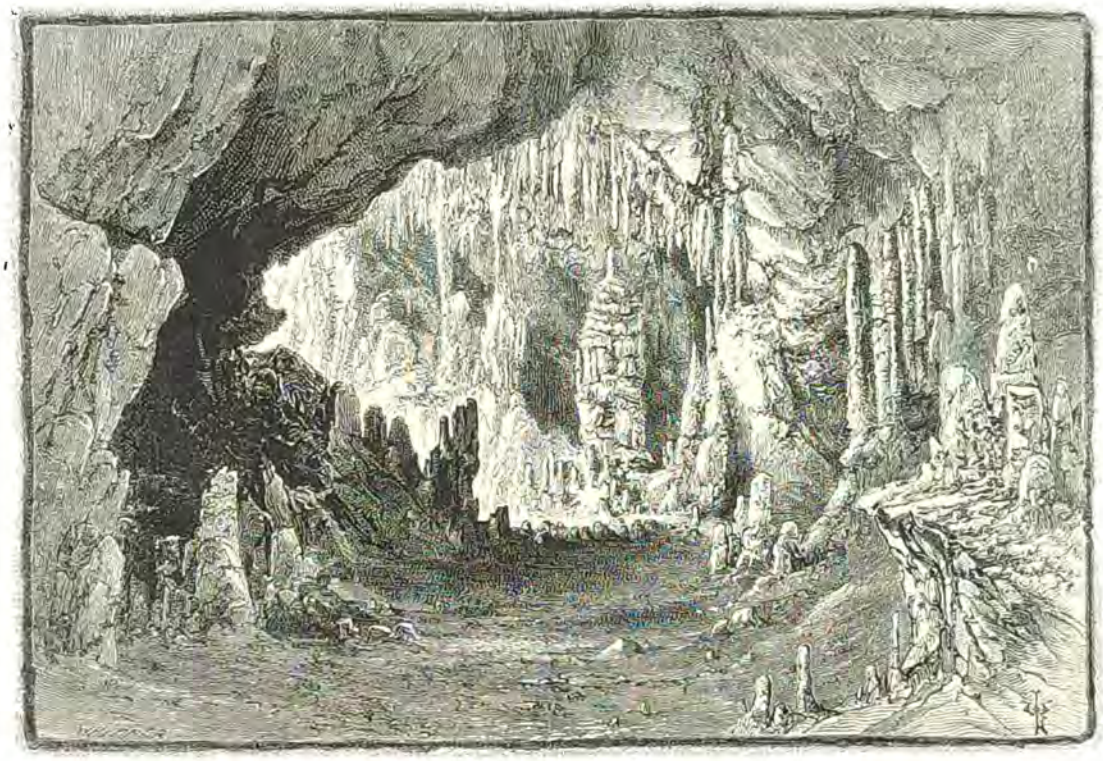
When all had arrived at the rendezvous, the guide started, we following—at first in groups or singly—over an open, scarcely-defined, grassy road; then entering a low wood of copse and undergrowth skirting the hillside, the path so narrowed that for some way we had to walk in Indian file. The heat was scorching; for the trees were too low for shadow, and the sun was overhead.

At last, a halt! and the sight before us was a curious one. A bright, sparkling little river—which we had crossed up among the hills, in our wanderings, some days before, and which had for many a mile meandered joyously along, singing its sunny way through many a wooded valley and rocky glen—now, with one gurgling leap out of the sunshine, disappeared into the black yawning

mouth of a great cavern just below us, and was seen no more. It seemed but a weird and pitiful ending to its rippling joyous course.

But the guide went on, and now the path ascended the hillside through copse and bramble till a smooth green plateau was reached, surrounded by low trees, and behind it the arched entrance of another and larger cavern. It was the one we sought, and we rested in its grateful shadow.

It was a quaint, fresh picture. The dark, jagged, rock archway, with huge boulders scattered around. Behind—all blackness; before us—the grassy slope dotted with resting wayfarers; and beyond—a smiling landscape lying asleep in the almost mist of the noonday heat.



INTERIOR OF THE GROTTO.

By the cavern mouth a number of children, boys and girls, with garments short and girt, were waiting in expectant silence. Each carried a double lantern, firmly fastened, and burning brightly; and as soon as the guide gave the order to advance, and divided the party into sets of three abreast, a child with the shining lamp noiselessly took his or her place before each group, and their ministry, as well as the march, began. Three long hours underground, in the heart of these curious hills.

An uneven, narrow path—if such the trodden way might be called—led into the darkness (for in a moment every ray of daylight was gone); sometimes dry and strong; sometimes through pools formed by the water-drip from above; now ascending rough steps in the rock, and again suddenly descending a slippery path between the blocks. Here deep chasms seemed to yawn at our very side, and there the rocks so closed in that, with bent head, only one at a time could we feel our way through the tunnel; and the sharp call of the little lightbearer was needed—"Attention aux têtes," or "Attention aux pieds."

The guide bore his torch in front, but the party was large, and it was well that those behind had the light of the children's lanterns. And they were needed, truly! The child, being of small stature, held the lamp down close to the ground before us, so that each step was lit up; and having a double light, the foothold also on either side.

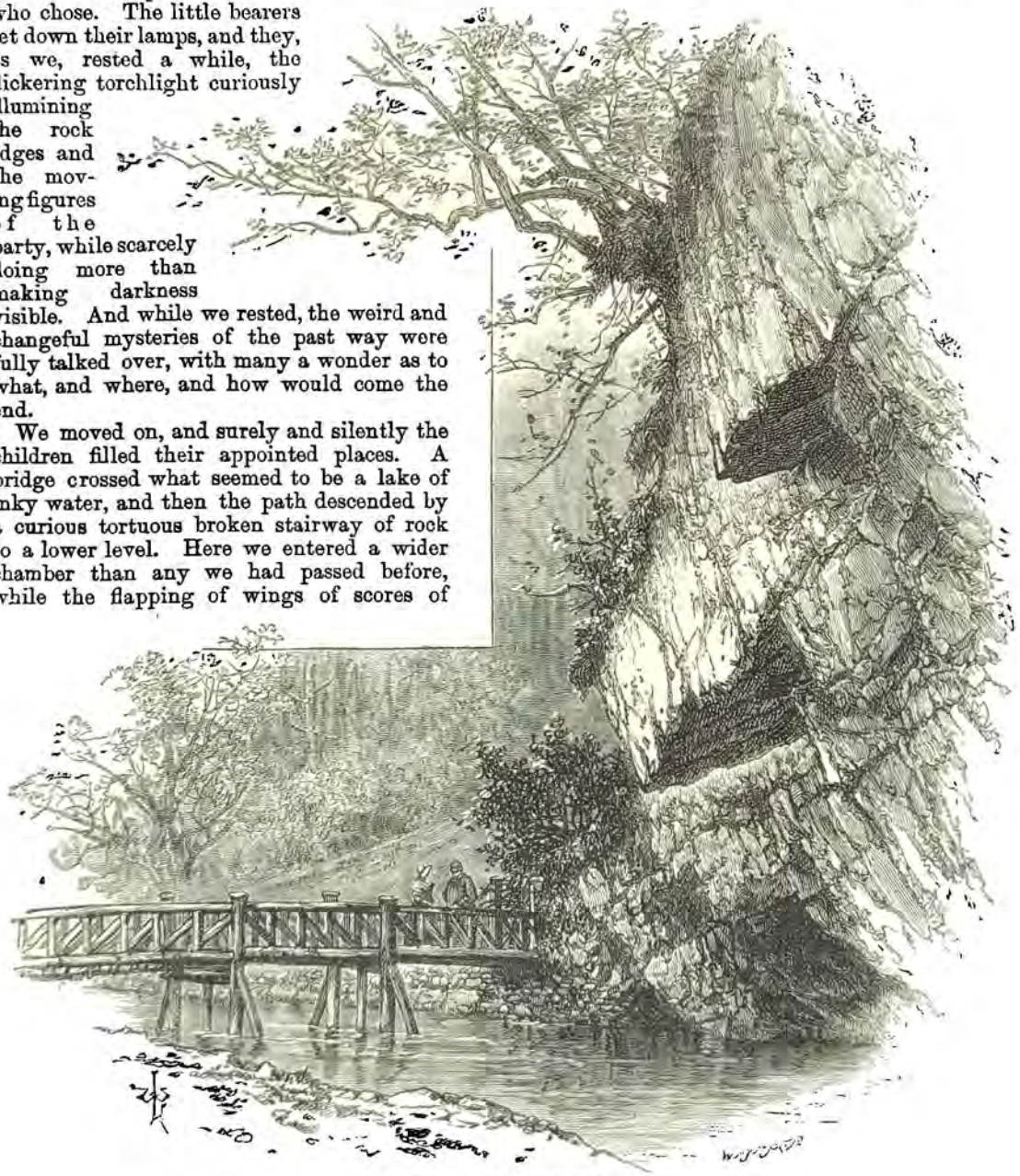
At one place the voices seemed to echo and reverberate. We were passing through a vast and lofty chamber in the rock, so vast that when the guide ascended on the broken blocks with his torch aflame, or, as at one time, lit up a clear lime light, we could scarcely realize the depth below, any more than the height of the great rock dome above us.

But for a long part of the way, especially nearer the entrance, the great interest to all was in the wondrous forms of exquisite beauty on either side revealed by the passing lights; stalactites and stalagmites, which frequently almost met, forming pillars like alabaster, supporting the cavern roof. Some of these took the form of cathedral towers and spires of wonderful workmanship. Some were like statues; some like candelabra shining with beautiful prismatic colours; and tasselled wreathen work overhead; all sorts of forms and patterns which had the

appearance of white or tinted marbles where the smoky flame of the lamps had not darkened or discoloured them.

As we drew near to the end of the march, we halted again in a vaulted chamber, where the floor was more even, and where refreshment and few seats were provided for all who chose. The little bearers set down their lamps, and they, as we, rested a while, the flickering torchlight curiously illumining the rock edges and the moving figures of the party, while scarcely doing more than making darkness visible. And while we rested, the weird and changeful mysteries of the past way were fully talked over, with many a wonder as to what, and where, and how would come the end.

We moved on, and surely and silently the children filled their appointed places. A bridge crossed what seemed to be a lake of inky water, and then the path descended by a curious tortuous broken stairway of rock to a lower level. Here we entered a wider chamber than any we had passed before, while the flapping of wings of scores of



THE EXIT FROM THE GROTTO.

huge bats hanging on to the rocky roof, added to the ghostliness of the place. A whispered word was passed back from one to another, "The River!" There was no sound of water—not a gleam of daylight. But our march had stopped. The first group had touched the brink, and the flickering torch of the guide held high aloft was clearly reflected in the still, mirror-like black water.

It was a river! But it flowed so silently, so stealthily, so slowly, it scarce seemed to flow at all; and by the rocky edge, on its bosom, three barges were moored. Very quietly, by torchlight, the first was filled, and with the guide himself at the prow, it floated off, and, like a phantom boat, disappeared silently round a jutting neck of rock.

The second followed. Every lamp was now extinguished. They were needed no more. One torch remained. But when the last of the party, and the children, had embarked, as we floated off to follow in the wake of the other boats, and not a sound was heard but the soft even splash of the oars, the torch was dipped in the water, and

for a moment we were in utter blackness of darkness.

Only for a moment. We too rounded the rock, and now a faint, pale, bluish quivering light seemed to awake within the cavern, like the dreamiest, fairest, softest moonlight, touching and beautifying every jagged corner, the still water throwing back the strange etherial reflection, and on its bosom the barges lying in their deep shadows. Another angle of rock hid the first barge from sight, when a sort of muffled cry seemed to break from every lip. Was it of wonder or of joy? The second passed round, and they too with bated breath echoed the sound. But how describe the scene which burst on us as we in our turn rounded the barrier?

The cavern journey was over. Before us was the great arch of frowning rock which formed its outlet; but the appearance of shadowy moonlight had passed into a burst of richer glow. The opening chamber was filled with the clear day, and on flowed the river out from the darkness into light. And beyond, it was like a sheet of golden glory, tempered only by the reflection of the deep azure of the cloudless sky which looked lovingly down on it, and broken by the waving shadows of the full-leaved trees which bent across from either side, and interlaced above.

The banks of either side were green as an emerald, and from one to the other, beyond the trees, was spanned a slight rustic bridge.

Under this—away—away, we saw not where, rippled and glittered the freed and glorified little river. While the travellers, expressing thanks to the child light-bearers who had guided their steps through the long dark cavern, passed over the simple bridgeway, one by one, out too in the golden unshadowed sunlight.

And the stream which flowed on in its beautiful gladness, was the little river we had seen before up among the hills and in the valleys, watering and refreshing tree and flower and ripening corn; singing when nothing but rocks were round its way, and making melody when no human ear was there to hear. The same little river we saw in the morning sucked down, as it were, into the darkness of the earth. And it was so; but after awhile, we know not how, or by what way it came, bearing the barges on its bosom, it flowed out into the light again, calmer perhaps, but glorified with the gold and blue and emerald through which it carolled on its freed and gladsome way.

Is there no parable here? Is there not a wealth of parable?

Have we never watched, or crossed, a life, bright and joyous, self-forgetting, watering and refreshing all beside it—a life of melody and music and song? And one day it stopped, and passed away from before us; and our faith failed, for we thought we should see it no more for ever. But—and shall this not be so, as the parabolic teaching of this day's journey has it?—afterward, when that life has gone from sight for "a little," it shall flow out once more—calmer, gladder, glorified—into the everlasting light for ever; and the triple rays will meet in perfection over and upon it. The gold of faith having been tried and purified, now changed to sight; the deep and heavenly blue of love made perfect, and the soft sweet emerald of hope fulfilled.

And, surely, as we ourselves that August day could not have realised the mystery and beauty around us, nor have gone through the dark and often perilous way unguided, may we not learn how, in a higher and holier sense, we must closely follow the Guide who ever goes before His people, explaining and opening up in His light wondrous reaches of nature and grace? Our every step lit up by that wondrous double lamp, which is "the lamp to the feet and the light to the paths,"—"pondering the path of our feet that all our ways may be ordered aright."

And shall we not look forward, not only to the reflected, changeful glimmer we may see from out the darkness here, but to the full burst of light without a shadow, save the sweet shadowings of rest from "the tree of life on either side of the river," as we, brought out by His own redeeming and leading presence, come safely to "the other side"?

And do the children not speak to us in parables too? Carrying their lamps trimmed and lighted, and going on most obtrusively and cheerily and watchfully, holding their lanterns so low that the foot of those they watch cannot stumble—wearying not all along the way—fulfilling their little child-like ministry till the darkness is over, and their lamps are needed no more at all?

Truly we all need more and more the child-heart, to which only the heavenly Guide entrusts the bearing of these wondrous lamps through the dark ways of earth, "till the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Thy Word is a light unto my feet,
And a lamp unto my path.

Holding forth the Word of Life!

AFTER.

Light after darkness, gain after loss,
Strength after weakness, crown after cross;
Sweet after bitter, hope after fears,
Home after wandering, praise after tears.

Sheaves after sowing, sun after rain,
Sight after mystery, peace after pain;
Joy after sorrow, calm after blast,
Rest after weariness, sweet rest at last.

Near after distant, gleam after gloom,
Love after loneliness, life after tomb;
After long agony, rapture of bliss,
Right was the pathway, leading to this!

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

THE NEW GUTHRIE SCHOOL.

ABOUT two years after Dr. Robertson began the daily feeding of the children in the Vennel, Dr. Guthrie started the Edinburgh Original Ragged Industrial Schools in which the children are both boarded and lodged. Many have heard how at Anstruther, Chalmers's birthplace, "an old obscure, decayed burgh on the shore of the Firth of Forth" Guthrie met with the portrait of Pounds. "Going on to the inn I found the room covered with pictures of shepherdesses with their crooks, and tars in holiday attire, not very interesting. But above the chimney-piece there stood a large print more respectable than its neighbours, which a skipper, the captain of one of the few ships that trade between the town and England, had probably brought there. It represented a cobbler's room; the cobbler was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees, the massive forehead and firm mouth expressing great determination of character, and below his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a number of poor, ragged boys and girls, who stood at their lessons round him. My curiosity was excited, and on the inscription I read how this man, John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the poor ragged children, left by ministers, and magistrates, and ladies and gentlemen to run the streets, had, like a good shepherd, gathered in the wretched outcasts; how he had brought them to God and the world, and how, while earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he had rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children."

From this chance meeting with the picture in the Fifeshire inn, dated Dr. Guthrie's splendid work for the poor children of Edinburgh, of which Ramsay Lane was so long the centre. Last April the house in Ramsay Lane was deserted, and the boys' school removed to the new buildings at Liberton, a plain substantial stone pile on a particularly breezy site, contrasting favourably with the old quarters that have been so often described. Here things are very different to what they used to be, and the management has every chance of showing its efficiency. As we walk through the cheerful, well-lighted, well-ventilated rooms, and learn the uses to which they are put, and the steps by which the various details have come to be as they are, we cannot help recognising the teaching of years of experience in dealing with a by no means easy subject.

The original object of the school was to reclaim the neglected or profligate children of Edinburgh by affording them the benefit of a good common and Christian education, and training them to habits of regular industry, so as to enable them to earn an honest livelihood. The classes of children for which it was not intended were those who were regularly attending day school, those whose parents were earning a regular income and able to pay for their children's education, and those who were receiving or were entitled to receive support and education from the Parochial Board. Under the new arrangements, however, much of this has been altered, and the basis considerably widened. On the other hand, in the latest of the school reports it is pointed out that the children now received are of a lower type in physique and intellect than those of ten years ago, although the average age of admission is the same. The reason given for this somewhat unexpected state of things is the increased tendency of parents to overstate their children's ages when brought before the magistrates, and the somewhat pardonable weakness of the magistrates in consulting the boys' wishes and sending them off to a training ship instead of a land school. On the training ships only strong, well-developed lads are received; so that the school has to put up with the more weakly and less capable youngsters. This is not always to its satisfaction; but it does its best with them, and its best is quite a superior best.

The day's work at Liberton lasts from six in the morning till eight at night. The boys are all roused at six, or shortly afterwards, and have to get their beds made and bedrooms tidy before eight. Pleasant the dormitories look with their bright walls and pitch-pine fittings, and the iron bedsteads, sixty in each, in double row, every bed clean and trim under its blue quilt, and commanded by the sliding window in the door panel. From eight to half-past breakfast is served, followed by a quarter of an hour in which to tidy away, and a quarter of an hour for family worship. Then from nine to twelve the first division are in the schoolroom, while the second division go to the workrooms. There are two hundred boys in all, of ages ranging from six to fourteen, sent by magistrates' order from Edinburgh under the fourteenth section of the Industrial Schools Act, the school being now a "licensed" one with the private subscriptions helped by a Government grant.

When a boy is admitted he is given a warm bath and well washed with carbolic soap. Then, his old clothes being taken away and burnt, he has to don the uniform provided. Afterwards, when he has a bath, he joins with half-a-dozen others in a large tank holding a thousand gallons heated by steam. In the lavatory, where the boy in many cases has his first experience of hot water, is the washing apparatus now approved by her Majesty's Government. It consists of a trough-like sink into which half-a-dozen taps run in a row. No basin or bowls are allowed, boys being taught to wash like the Arabs in the Sahara from the stream as it flows from the tap, the idea being that by this means alone can the boy be sure of washing in fresh water!

Every boy has two weekday suits and a Sabbath suit. We inspect the pigeon-holes in which the clothes, not in wear, or in the wash, or in the mending-room, are stored—every pile with a number and a Bible on the top. In the corner of the room is "the Sabbath collar box," containing collars for all—every second Sunday being honoured with a clean one. The great sight at Liberton, however, is the stores. The dietary is a liberal one. For breakfast each boy has five ounces of oatmeal and three quarterns of buttermilk, sound, sour, and healthy. For dinner on Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, each has two ounces of beef without bone, and four and a half ounces of peas in pea soup; on Monday and Thursday two ounces of beef, potatoes, and two and a half ounces of barley and peas in broth; and on Wednesday and Saturday, lentil soup, the bigger boys having eight ounces of bread and the younger ones seven ounces. For supper on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday the boys have porridge and milk, and on Sunday, Tuesday, Friday and Saturday, bread and coffee. On all days and at all times there is practically no limit to the soup, broth and porridge on which the boys are encouraged to feed. The backbone of the bill of fare is the porridge; the oatmeal bin is consequently colossal, and the copper in which the porridge is made holds a hundred gallons at a time.

Dinner takes place every day at a quarter-past one, the interval between it and school being occupied with walking exercise or drill. By two o'clock dinner is over and all cleared away and the boys return to school or industrial work, the school division of the morning becoming the work division of the afternoon. School is over at five, and the boys who have attended it then join the lads at work and continue with them till supper-time at a quarter to six.

The industrial work has many branches. There is first the laundry where the boys do the week's wash for the school, finishing up on Thursday afternoon, no matter what may be the bill or the weather. Then there is the joiner's shop where a certain proportion are taught to work in wood, and have, as a matter of fact, made all the sheds and greenhouses we see in the new grounds. Then there is the tailoring department where the clothes are made for the boys in school and the boys leaving school, besides the repairs which run into large numbers. Then there is the shoemaker's shop where the boots are made and repaired—a particularly busy place as may be guessed, for Liberton rejoices in one of those grand inventions for leather grinding, a concrete playground on which it is possible to get through a pair of soles in a fortnight. These three departments, carpentering, tailoring and shoemaking, show an estimated profit in a year of £90, besides which the boys do the washing as we have seen, help the cook, and do their own bedmaking and wash their rooms out twice a week. Nay, more, they are going to grow their own vegetables, and learn practical gardening on the acre and a quarter of ground set apart for the purpose. Many of the boys will doubtless go to the Colonies; they could not have a better school for the life they wish to lead than this piece of waste in which the art of agriculture must be learnt from its very rudiments. A tougher piece of soil on which to begin operations could not easily be found; a farm in the wilderness will be a garden to it! However, here the boys are busily at work under the gardener's cheery superintendence, setting the stout heart to the stony brae under the best of circumstances, for true friends are looking on and ready to help them when they show signs of failing.

What with industrial work and book work, and religious work in the evenings, the day is well filled in, but time is found for play and recreation; and cricket and football—especially football—flourish exceedingly. Then "outings" are numerous; the "Doctor's boys" are favourites everywhere, and the shows and circuses would fail in an opportunity for advertisement if they did not invite "the school" to a free seat; Dr. Cumming, of Kinellan, who in the last twenty-three years has had twelve hundred children of the Edinburgh Industrial Schools taught to swim has always an excursion for them to some place of amusement; Fettes' College too, gives "Guthrie's" an annual treat; so that the boys are by no means "immured and left to melancholy.'

And then they give much time to music, and possess that great institution, a band. The shoemaker is the bandmaster, and the janitor is the pipemaster, and between them the boys are kept up to quite an enviable standard of efficiency. That we may judge for ourselves the pipers are ordered out. Those who have heard the pipes murdered in a city street have no idea of their true powers and tone. Get them away from echoing walls, on a hill top such as that at Liberton, and play them as they should be played, as these lads play them, and the effect is very different. The drone becomes musical, and the squeaks and squeals that riot in their strength, and play leap-frog with each other are here under control and chastened into musical sounds, rising and falling in true cadence, with due regard to time and purity. It is astonishing how well the little fellows play—eight of them, with two little little drummers and a bigger big drummer, who rejoices in a wonderful overhead flourish which he doubtless considers impressive. Like little men they swing along with the true Highland stride and bearing, proud as the proudest in their waving tartan streamers, and voicing each note firmly and clear with not an accent wrong. The pipers trained in the school are well-known at many concert halls north and south of the Tweed; they have even been heard at South Kensington; and they have always won prizes. When they leave the school they generally join the Highland regiments of the army—the bulk of the boys being apprenticed to trades. Some of them, many of them, join the Scots Guards. A letter is shown us, in which a lad who has just left and joined the Guards, writes of his first experiences in his new home. The letter is, unintentionally, an excellent testimonial.

"For the first few days" says the youthful warrior, "I did so much miss my porridge in the morning, that I could not blow my pipes!"

Dr. Guthrie's good work for the Edinburgh

poor was not confined to the boys. In Leith Walk the original Ragged Industrial School for girls still continues its usefulness. Instead of carpentering, tailoring and shoemaking, the girls, about ninety in number, are there carefully trained in domestic service from which, unhappily, so many of them strive to escape as soon as they are left to themselves.

On somewhat similar lines to the Guthrie School is the Edinburgh United Industrial School in Blackfriars Street, off the Canongate, founded in 1847. Here one hundred and twenty boys, and about forty girls are done the best with; the boys are taught brushmaking, carpentering, turning, tailoring and shoemaking, and the girls the washing, sewing, cooking and cleaning, most likely to be useful to them in after life. As at Guthrie's, when they have passed out, something is done to continue the influence for good which it has been endeavoured to exercise on them at school, but the need of increased effort in this direction is only too apparent. We have seen how well the Industrial brigade does its work with its straitened means; there is room in Edinburgh for tenfold such work amongst both boys and girls. And as it is in Edinburgh so is it in all our cities and centres of population.

W. J. GORDON.

Things New and Old.

ORPHANS AT NAZARETH.—A letter of an unexpected and gratifying kind was received not long ago by the Secretary of the Infant Orphan Asylum at Wanstead. The writer, after describing her experiences as a teacher in England and on the continent, and latterly as a hospital nurse, tells how she applied for employment to the Society for French Education in the East. Two days after her application, a telegram came announcing the death of the Lady Superintendent at Nazareth. She was appointed, and went out the next month. The old scenes at Wanstead came to her memory, and she wrote out of the fulness of her heart:—"It is a busy life: there are one hundred orphan children in the house, and only two ladies, a government teacher, and myself. I see now that my life at the Infant Orphan Asylum had some meaning, though I used to wonder how it could have fitted me for my life work. Please remember me to Miss W——. It was in the babies' class that I first learned 'the old, old story,' from her teaching and her life." This is but one of many instances of the important positions held by those who were trained at Wanstead Asylum, but there is a romantic interest in the fact of one of the English girls having come to have charge of a hundred orphans at Nazareth.

PROGRESS AND ITS RESPONSIBILITIES.—The Speaker of the House of Commons presiding at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Warwick, said that in reading the last report of the Society he had been struck with the romantic interest which attached to its work in distant lands. After alluding to the difficulties attending the translation of the Scriptures into some foreign tongues, the right hon. gentleman said they were told of the responsibility attached to empire. He accepted that to the fullest degree. Our Empire had expanded, and was expanding in a marvellous way, and the responsibility of disseminating the Bible went hand in hand with an extended Empire. When her Majesty came to the Throne, in 1837, she ruled over 130,000,000 of subjects; in 1887 she ruled over 300,000,000. In 1837 the extent of her Empire was 2,000,000 square miles; in 1887 that 2,000,000 had expanded into 8,000,000 square miles. In the United Kingdom there were 10,000,000 more subjects than there were in 1837. That was the increase which it had pleased God to bestow upon her Empire during fifty years of her Majesty's reign; and the observation he would make from that was, What must be the responsibility of a nation whose Empire had increased at that enormous ratio, and which promised to become the dominant race of the globe!—*Standard.*

The Crosswort.

IN sunny hours of gracious May,
When birds are singing all the day,
And flowers unfold their fair array
As Nature orders;
By woodside and by hedgerow green,
Amid the pink and blue is seen
A lavish growth of yellow sheen
In beds and borders.

Its crowded blooms viewed from afar,
Each shining like a tiny star
Up the tall stem, so numerous are,
It seems all golden:
Its leaves make crosses tier on tier,
Cross-like its blossoms all appear:
To faithful eyes its drift was clear
In centuries olden.

For one design alone it grew,
To lift the Cross before men's view,
And every leaf and bloom was true
To this one duty;
Lily and rose the crown might claim:
The cross should give one flower its name,
One flower should ask no other fame,
No other beauty.

It clusters round the traveller's feet,
The while its fragrance honey-sweet
Climbs up, the grateful sense to greet
With sudden pleasure:
And as its colour you behold,
You own the cross is finest gold,
A gift unmeasured and untold—
A countless treasure.

To flowers that by the wayside grow
Full many a happy thought I owe;
But the sweet crosswort's golden glow
I hail with wonder.
Heaven's dearest, richest sign I see;
What better "sermon" can there be
In any "stone" or flower or tree,
The blue sky under?

RICHARD WILTON.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

CHAPTER II.

THOMAS CLATWORTHY had had an adventurous life. His childhood was passed in the restless times which followed the death of King Henry VIII., when the freedom for which men had sighed and prayed was dawning, in fitful uncertainty, upon the land. The tyrannical edicts of the imperious, headstrong king were unsafe ground for any man to build upon; it was hard to determine what was the "State religion," harder still to know how to shape one's life and doctrine so as to keep clear of outward trouble.

Down in the quiet Devon fields the Clatworthys—a family of yeomen who were proud to till their own ground, and mind their own business—tried to serve God in the way that seemed His way; praying to Him, and to His crucified Son without the interference of priests and saints, and reading His Holy Word in the familiar English tongue, the language which made it their own possession instead of a difficult and darkened thing only to be interpreted by the learned.

They were simple folk, these Clatworthys; the father had that silent decision of character which might, in some circumstances, slip down into obstinacy; the mother was a stately reserved woman, proud of her housekeeping, proud of her husband, and proud—although she would never have hinted as much to the children—of her lads and lassies, Tom, and Martin, Sampson, and the twins—Dorcas and pretty Doris.

But the comfort that filled the old house on the hill above the Exe was soon rudely disturbed. The days of quiet work and honest service passed away as a dream, and terrible times of trial and danger followed.

Queen Mary Tudor reigned in England, the daughter of the haughty Henry and the injured Spanish Princess Katherine of Aragon. Mary herself had suffered keenly in her young days; insults of every kind had been heaped on her by her own father, and a score of times it seemed certain that she, like so many other highborn and royal persons, would be sent to the scaffold by his command. To her mind the Protestant religion was the beginning of all her troubles, for if Henry had not broken with the Pope on account of her mother's divorce she imagined that the country would still be in the bosom of the Roman Church. She forgot, or she did not know, that the true light that lighteth every man was shining on the world, that the scales were falling from men's eyes; that it was not King Henry's wickedness, but the mercy of the God of Truth, that had set England free from the sordid chains of Rome.

In the first year of her reign Mary married her kinsman, Philip, prince and heir of Spain; a man whose gloomy bigotry, and vicious character has left marks on the history of Europe which time has not yet effaced. The poor queen had never, hitherto, found any one to love. Her girlhood had been more miserable than words can tell—her womanhood just one long struggle against illness and misery. Now she was a queen, a wife; surely, she must have thought, happiness had dawned at length for her.

But the way to earn that happiness, she was told, was by obeying in all things the voice of her church, and submitting herself and her kingdom to Philip, whose devotion to his Roman faith was the passion of his life.

Protestantism must be stamped out of England, so the Pope and Philip declared: and the luckless Mary set her signature to death warrants that desolated her country throughout its length and breadth.

And it was not only death that was hurled forth by the infamous men Gardiner and Bonner, to whom was committed the task of "purging England from heresy." Persecutions of all kinds raged; men, women, even young children were tortured and imprisoned, and brutally put to all manner of pain to force them to deny their faith. The "Holy Inquisition," a court of tribunal from whose decisions there was no appeal, was established, and it did its terrible work most terribly.

The home where the Clatworthys lived was quickly desolated. The father was seized, and hailed to Exeter.

"Is it true that you read the Bible on Sundays to your household and your labourers?" demanded the judge.

"It is true I have not read God's Word to them as diligently as I ought," was the undaunted reply, "but if further life be given to me here, I will amend that fault by the reading of it aloud on week-days also."

What could be done with so sturdy a heretic as this but send him to the stake?

Mistress Clatworthy was stretched on the rack to force her to bear witness against her husband; while Doris, gentle delicate Doris died of pain and grief, while in the murderous hands of the persecutors. Thomas and his young brothers had their share of trials to endure; but they were young and strong, and torture did not kill them, while they were reckoned as of too slight importance to be worth the final fiery trial. When Queen Mary's death put an end to this horrible work, they were set free, and returned to the old house on the hill. Their father and mother were dead, and their sweet sister Doris. The farm had been ravaged, the house ransacked: they were ruined. So they took Dorcas, their remaining sister, to safe shelter, and they scattered themselves; seeking work wherever toiling hands could earn their daily bread.

Martin and Sampson wandered far, and their names were lost, as was easily done in those times of rare and slow communication, but the elder brother Thomas had greatly prospered. Not at first, for it is always hard for a penniless lad to plant his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder; but the honest endurance inherited from his father, won a way for him at last. He earned enough to buy the old home back again, and there he brought his wife, and there Doris—another Doris, called after her martyred aunt—was born, and Earle his son.

A few years after the trouble of his later life fell on him. His wife and he were crossing the estuary of the river in an open boat on one of these warm summer afternoons when the very air seemed to be filled and dilated with the heat: a sudden thunder-storm burst over them, and in the furious squall, their boat was capsized. Clatworthy was a powerful swimmer, and fought hard to save the life dearer to him than his own. But the waves beat and buffeted him until his bewildered brain only knew that he was drowning.

Yet he was tossed upon the shore with the life yet in him. His wife's body was never found.

For weeks he lay between life and death, and then at last some measure of strength returned. He was not to die yet; but for all his life he must exist as a helpless invalid,—dependent, crippled, shivering with ague or racked by nervous pain.

A hard fate? "Nay, dear," he would say gently, as Doris hung over him in an agony of pity, "we have no rightful measure of things down here. I have thanked our Father for what we call His good things, shall I not accept what seems to be evil at his hands? Perchance it may turn out to be the best when all is reckoned up."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ON THE HEROINES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

NO. XII.

Thou hast breathed thy last, and the hands of those
Who lov'd thee—tender, compassionate one—
Have busied themselves in the last sad rites.
Cold, still, thou liest; thy work is done;
But hark! The sobbing and mourning cease!
A silence falls on the listening air;
Then borne aloft as on angels' wings,
There rises to heaven a fervent prayer.
And lo! to the dead cheeks comes a flush,
To the gentle eyes, a sweet, glad light;
And power for good to the busy limbs;
While back, once more to the house of night,
The king of terrors now takes his flight.

1. Thou art true to thy God, man greatly belov'd!
   At the risk of thy life hath thy faith been prov'd.
2. The Pharisee gave no anointing, no kiss,
   But the penitent makes His feet fragrant with this.
3. The slenderest staff in God's servant's true hand,
   Brings judgments and plagues on a great heathen land.
4. Full scant was his food, a mere sustenance bare,
   His clothing rough fashion'd, was made of this hair.
5. Thou art eloquent, preacher of God's Holy Word!
   Thou art mighty in Scriptures: the might of the Lord.
6. Ah! meddlesome Horonite—when wilt thou cease
   To hinder the builders? Go! Leave them in peace.

M. E. R.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VI.

Reject seven of the words in this figure, and form a Scripture text with the remainder.

Lord	Name	Is	Lord
How	The	More	And
All	O	Our	Excellent
Of	His	Earth	Mouth
Thy	In	Many	Thou

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. IV.

1. It alludes to greatness, power, riches and wisdom, but none of these words are mentioned.

2. One of the characters named is mentioned in an earlier book in the Bible in the same verse with the grandson of Methusaleh.

3. The same person is also mentioned by our Lord.

4. The other character in the verse is mentioned in seven books of the Bible.

5. It is recorded that one worshipped the other.

6. Both of them for a while had no companion but animals.

7. Neither the birth nor death of either are recorded.

8. The one who gave gifts soon lost all he possessed.

9. The one who received them was twice condemned to death.

10. The verse describes the fulfilment of a promise.

11. Two high offices are mentioned in it.

12. It contains the name of a great city, the first one mentioned after the flood.

13. It contains thirty-six words, three being proper names.

L. T.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. IV.—p. 224.

Behold, God is mine helper.—*Psa.* liv. 4.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. I.—p. 240.—ABIATHAR.

1. 1 Sam. xxi. 7.
2. 1 Sam. xxii. 9
3. 1 Sam. xxii. 9, 10.
4. 1 Sam. xxii. 16.
5. 1 Sam. xxii. 17, 18.
6. Psalm lii.

NO. II.—p. 288.—AHAZIAH.

(1) 2 Chron. xx. 35; (2) 1 Kings xxii. 52; (3) 2 Chron. xxii. 9; (4) 1 Kings xvi. 23, 24; (5) 33, 34; (6) 2 Kings i. 9-12; (7) 2 Chron. xx. 31, 32, 35-37; (8) 2 Kings i. 2, 6, 16; (9) 15; (10) 16; (11) 1 Kings xxi. 27; (12) 2 Kings i. 2, 5; (13) 2, 17.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. IV.—p. 270.

1. It was a large enclosure formed by curtains and pillars, open to the sky. Within it was a smaller one; covered with drapery above as well as at the side.

2. In the open part the altar of burnt offering, and the laver. In the closed part the altar of incense, the candlestick and table of shewbread. Also inside the veil, the ark.

3. (*a*) Joshua vi. 24; Judges xviii. 31; (*b*) 1 Kings i. 39; Ex. xxix. 42; (*c*) Ex. xxv. 8; Num. iii. 28; Heb. ix. 1; (*d*) 1 Sam. i. 9; Psa. v. 7.

4. Num. ix. 15; xvii. 7. It was so called because it was a constant witness to the presence of God among the people.

5. Stephen (Acts vii. 44).

6. Tent of meeting (Ex. xxxiii. 7), because there God spoke with Moses.

7. At Shiloh (Joshua xviii. 1; Jer. vii. 12).

8. Samuel (1 Sam. iii. 21).

9. To Jerusalem; by David (2 Sam. vi. 17).

10. The Ark of God dwelleth within curtains (2 Sam. vii. 2). He showed his desire to build a temple for God.

11. Because he had been a man of war.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

PARIS AT THE TIME OF THE REFORMATION.

VI.

After C. H. Muller.] "BARABBAS." [*Paris Salon*, 1878.

THE only Huguenots in Paris who did not perish during these awful days of August, 1572, were those who found shelter in the houses of Catholic friends, or who fled into the monasteries of the Cordeliers, or of the Jacobins, as the Dominicans were called in Paris, from the fact that their principal house was in the Rue St. Jacques.

The Dominicans were strongly opposed to the Jesuits; that they then, the traditional watch-dogs of heresy, should on this occasion have played the part of its protectors, plainly indicates

what influence chiefly dominated in Parisian religion at the time of the massacre. Of Augier's Jesuit Catechism no less than 38,000 copies were sold in Paris in the course of eight years.

The apparent guides of the populace, however, were the parochial clergy, who became perfectly furious in their preaching now that the popular religion seemed in danger by the death of the Duke of Alençon, leaving only the life of the king between a Protestant and the crown. The religion they taught their flocks may be judged of, not only by this horrible taste for wholesale murder, but by the nature of its manifestations at this time. Processions went about the streets composed of people, barefooted, and with nothing on but a thin garment. On one occasion a procession went from Paris to Henri III. in which the incidents of the Via Dolorosa were burlesqued; on another, the altars of Paris each bore a wax effigy of the king, which, during thirty-nine hours' prayers, was pierced thirty-nine times and at the fortieth hour stabbed to the heart.

Projected by "The Tiger of France," the famous League was now adopted in Paris. Three priests and a layman met, it is said, at the College de Fortet—the house in which Calvin had lodged, and there started its organisation in Paris. It came at length to be governed by a secret council of Sixteen, one for every district. Each became a centre in his own locality; in a short time the trades were dominated, and finally the municipality.

Paris now began to rage like a boiling sea, and while the court was the scene of murders and adulteries, duels, masquerades, penances, orgies, and religious processions, the citizens were conspiring, oath-taking, stacking arms in sacristies and shops, and keeping their enthusiasm at boiling point by constant attendance at furious sermons.

These latter so alarmed the king that he arrested two of the preachers, but an *émeute* took place and he released them. All in vain; the conspiracy became so formidable that he surrounded Paris with troops. The Sixteen then sent for the leader to whom their oath was taken: Henry of Guise, the murderer of Coligny, whom they intended to make King of France.

He came, and the insurrection broke out. As from some subterraneous kingdom, pale haggard figures came forth, endowed with a strange passionate strength. Appearing first in the Place Maubert, they, seem, as it were, the avengers of the innumerable victims who in that Golgotha had yielded their spirits to God. Human souls turned into furies by ages of cruelty and injustice; their dreaded forms will return again when another age concludes and will herald the end of the Bourbons, as now they herald that of the Valois. They upheave the paving stones, they build barricades. The insurrectionary lava spreads, it flows over the bridges into the city, and into the town. From dirty narrow lanes, from deep, dark houses, from dingy shops, from dank churches, from doleful convents, burst forth, armed with halbards and arquebuses, a motley crowd of citizens and artizans, priests, monks, and the wild horde who seem to have ascended from the sewers. The people throw up the windows, and amidst the shouting, rise prayers and curses, strangely intermingled. The king's Swiss mercenaries are beaten, and then the populace led by preachers and students seize the Arsenal, the Chatelet, and the Hotel de Ville. Intoxicated with victory, they set off to seek "brother Henry" at the Louvre. But the king had flown, he and his companions being fired upon from the walls of Paris as they fled out of the Porte St. Honoré, which was close to the Louvre. Seventeen years before a king of France had fired on his people, now the people fire on the king.

He fled to Blois, where he summoned the States General. Refused supplies, dominated by Guise, who kept him a prisoner in his palace, in his utter misery and ruin, having degraded himself in every way, a lurid light seemed to brighten up Henry's mind, and a strange force to strengthen his will. He plotted successfully the murder of Guise, and had him assassinated at the door of the private cabinet where he had enticed him. He had even gone with him to communion the day before. Every detail of the tragedy has been preserved to the minutest act of the victim on that vengeful morning. It is the historical pendant to the murder of Coligny. This same Guise had killed his victim, as he himself was killed, early in the morning. Treachery was repaid by treachery, brutal outrage by brutal outrage. As he had kicked the venerable head of the great Huguenot captain, so now his fellow-conspirator kicked his head.

The foregoing history had evolved its natural result; the two forces of evil had at last met, and were mutually destructive. The Valois slew the Guise, and the Guise slew the Valois. Henry's plot was so successful, that he had not only entrapped the Duke of Guise, but his brother, the Cardinal of Guise, a still more formidable character. He hesitated a little before he assassinated a prince of the church, but the deed was done much to the victim's surprise.

Paris, however, was lost to Henry, it was thoroughly Guisard, and the League ruled by terrorism. An ignorant monk was worked up by all the wicked arts prevailing to assassinate the king, August 1st, 1588. Henry III. died the next day. The last of the Valois, he was succeeded by the first of the Bourbons. Henry of Navarre, a relapsed Huguenot, became king of France. But not of Paris. The soul of that city dwelt in a woman. The Duchess of Montpensier carried her mother, wife of the second Duke of Guise, to the church of the Cordeliers where the old lady made a speech to the people from the steps of the altar. Besides this she had the mother of the regicide monk up from the country, and the old peasant was lodged at her house and treated as if she were the Virgin Mary.

What had become of the little remnant of Huguenots who still breathed under the corpses of their brethren? With that indomitable courage, characteristic of all that really lives, it no sooner felt that the hand of slaughter was stayed than it began to raise its head. No

assembly was permitted within two leagues of Paris, and then only of ten persons, nevertheless the faithful met within the walls secretly and celebrated the Lord's Supper. And this they did, prepared at any moment to be discovered and probably massacred on the spot. On Easter Day, 1581, such an event actually took place, and fourteen persons were then and there murdered. In 1584 another secret communion was being held just under the walls of the Abbey of Geneviève. The assembly seemed to have escaped in time, but the porter and a schoolmaster present were banished the kingdom for nine years.

Amongst the persons killed on Easter Day, 1581, was a President in the chamber of requests of Parliament, who had presented a petition to Henry III., praying for the free exercise of the religion in every part of the kingdom. The king listened graciously, and only remarked that he was greatly astonished at the audacity of such a demand.

But the Huguenots were without doubt deeply read in the Old Testament, and had entered into the spirit of the ancient people of God, whose faith in their future was most assured at the moment their cause seemed irretrievably lost. In the spirit of Jeremiah, who, when the Chaldeans were inevitably advancing to the capture of Jerusalem, bought a field in Anathoth, certain that under a righteous ruler its people would once again dwell in safety, Beranger de Portal, general of the Finances in Languedoc, not very long after the massacre, left a part of his fortune for the good and maintenance of the church in Paris.

One of the few Huguenots in Paris who escaped at the time of the massacre was the famous potter, Bernard Palissy. Whether he owed this to Catherine de Medici's special protection, or to what is more probable, his lodging outside the walls of Paris, cannot be said: he was not killed, and lived on some seventeen years, during which he made a museum and gave science lectures in Paris, to which all the men interested in such inquiries came. But in these last troublous times he was imprisoned in the Bastille and there found his fellow-sufferers to be two most innocent young women, named Radegonde and Claude Foucault. Palissy was eighty years of age, and his iron frame was at last broken down by privation. Henry III., who had enough of the Valois in him to shrink from being instrumental in the murder of a great artist, visited Bernard in prison. My good man, said he, you have served my mother and myself for forty years, and we have allowed you to live in your religion amidst the faggots and the massacres. Now I am so pressed by the followers of Guise and my own people that, against my own wish, I have been obliged to put you in prison, and I shall be obliged to abandon you into the hands of your enemies, who will burn you, if you are not converted. The old Huguenot proudly replied, "I am ready to give my life for the glory of God and the preservation of my honour. You have told me that you pity me, but for my part, I pity you, for you have used the words 'I am constrained.' This is not royal language, nor such as even you, together with all who constrain you, the Guisards and your people, will ever be able to force out of me; for I know how to die."

What could be done with such men and women? They went on burning and hanging them right up to the year in which they saw their city surrounded by an army led by a relapsed heretic. On the 14th March, 1590, after the battle of Ivry, Henry of Navarre approached Paris, and in a very short time had so closely invested the city that nothing could come in or out of its gates. In ten or twelve days the artizans began to suffer hunger, whereupon a proclamation was made that all who had food for two months, should bring the surplus, and sell it in the market under pain of confiscation of all they possessed. Notwithstanding this, bread was sold at five sols tournois; and when it was exhausted the people had to live on herbs and roots. In a few days the hunger was so great that 7000 or 8000 persons died. A meeting was then called at the Palais to decide what should be done, and it was agreed that the clergy must keep the poor for a fortnight, their objection being entirely overruled by the Duke of Nemours the Guisard Governor of Paris. The Jesuits asked for special exemption, upon which the provost of the trades exclaimed, "Is your life worth more than ours?"

The clergy now sent round the city asking the poor to give up all their cats and dogs, which, having obtained, they killed a great number, and, cooking the bodies in cauldrons, they dealt them out to the people. The fortnight over, starvation stared Paris in the face, there were nothing but cries and lamentations, and the people ran to the priests, and demanded the skins of their dogs and cats, that they might extract what nourishment they could out of them. The priests sold them 3000 skins for 1000 francs, but the difficulty was to get them home, for the starving people in the streets set on the purchasers and tore the skins from them.

Some parts of the city had become a desert. This was especially the case with the University. Cattle were stalled in the class-rooms, the country people having come in from the suburbs. The shops were mostly closed, and there were no carts nor horses in the streets. This part of Paris always so lively was almost a solitude. Such was the extremity to which the city was reduced that the relics were packed up, the ancient jewels of the crown disappeared, the stocks at the Hôtel de Ville were rapidly redeemed, all was desolation! Ten thousand persons died in Paris in the space of three months.

Meanwhile strange stories filled the air, mythical, perhaps, but certainly born of the horrors of the time.

The governor going out of his house one morning was met by a man who said: "Don't go into that street, for I have seen a woman there half-dead with a serpent round her neck." The Duke de Nemours sent for a Jesuit and a Cordelier, and asked them to tell him what the appearance of such venomous beasts indicated.

"By my faith, monsieur," cried a chambermaid

who was in the room at the time, "I believe it is a judgment of God, and that these evil beasts will come to eat us in your house." The governor ordered the woman to go away, and then Panigrolle, the cordelier, said, "It seems to me, sir, these things are an illusion, and that the devil tries to frighten us, and to make us abandon the siege, and that by this means the wicked heretics will enter in. Which is best, to be devoured by these beasts, or to allow this? The reliance we have on your honour will not allow us to believe that you will commit such a cowardly act, nor the other great lords either, who are in this city and keep it for the King of Spain, who we hope will quickly come to our relief."

But though the clergy, well provisioned to stand even a twelve months' siege, preached indomitable resistance, the people who were rapidly dying could no longer endure it. Stories sometimes humorous, sometimes frightful, but all only too natural, filled the air.

A cousin of the provost was dying, the doctor prescribed the brain of a dog. But where was it to be got? The Duchess of Montpensier had one, the provost of the trades went and boldly asked her to give it up to save the life of his relative. "Monsieur," she replied, "if you will ask anything else in my power I will give it, but I must reserve my little dog, lest I myself come into a like necessity; I pray you excuse me to your cousin and tell him not to take it ill." The man died the following night.

But what finally determined the leaders to give in, was a horrible story of a rich woman whose children having died of famine, she kept the bodies and told her servant to cook them for food. Unable to taste this shocking provision herself, she soon died, and her executors examining the house came on the remains.

The richer and more influential citizens were, it is said, much affected by this story, and urged the leaders to capitulate, which at last they brought themselves to admit was inevitable; and two ecclesiastics—the Cardinal de Gondi and the Archbishop of Lyons—were sent to treat with the relapsed heretic, who finally came to terms. In 1594, Henry IV. entered Paris, its king not only by hereditary right, but by the old brute law of conquest.

RICHARD HEATH.

Royal Gifts.

LINES SUGGESTED BY F. R. HAVERGAL'S CONSECRATION HYMN.

WHEN I asked that life might be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,—
When I rendered heart and will,
Hands and feet obedient still,
Passing moments, busy days,
Spoken word, and song of praise,
Gold and silver, treasure-store,
Love abounding more and more,—
Thou didst condescend to take
All I gave for Jesus' sake;
But returned, in bounty free,
Priceless, royal gifts to me.

Take My grace (I heard Thee say),
Grace sufficient for thy day;
Take My promise, firmly stand,
None shall pluck thee from My hand;
Take My pardon, I alone
Can for all thy sin atone;
Take My peace, and let it reign,
Enmity has all been slain.

Take My will and let Me choose,
"No good thing" can I refuse;
Take My hand, to guide thy way,
Keep beside Me day by day;
Take My strength, for thine will fail
When thy fiercest foes assail;
Take My light in darkness drear,
I am with thee, do not fear.

Take My word and keep it stored,
Lest thou sin against thy Lord;
Take My law, and let it be
Dearer far than gold to thee;
Take My Spirit whom I send,
Comforting, sustaining Friend;
Take My wisdom, not thine own,
Never dare to walk alone.

Take My Cross and bravely bear,
Drink My cup, My sorrow share;
Take My yoke, and learn of Me
Meekness and humility;
Take My joy and let it shine
In thy face with light divine;
Take My message to the sad,
Tell them I can make them glad.

Take My little lambs and feed,
Ministering to all their need;
Take My sheep and guide their way,
Fold the wanderers when they stray;
Take My brethren, all I see
Done to them is done to Me;
Take My poor and give them bread,
Feed them as you have been fed.

Take My chastisements, but know
Whom I love I chasten so;
Take My Name, nor fear to own
Thou art Mine, and Mine alone;
Take My everlasting love,
Soon I'll call thee home above;
Then, set free from sin and strife,
Take My gift—*eternal life.*

LUCY TAYLOR.

For as the Earth
bringeth forth her bud
and as the Garden
causeth the things
that are sown in it
to spring forth; so
the Lord God will cause
Righteousness and
Praise to spring forth
before all the Nations.
Isaiah LXI. II.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XLVII.—MAKING READY.

BY the next morning's post Marcus received the following letter:—

"My dear Stratford,—I have on the whole done better than we anticipated. Not only have I seen the boy, but I have made arrangements to transport him home as quickly as it can be arranged. He is ill—very ill—but we must move him at all risks from this house where he cannot get any of the comforts his condition absolutely requires. He is not fit for railway travelling. You must send a carriage for him. The place is thirty-eight miles by road, but there are several towns on the way where you can get a change of horses. Don't come yourself; any extra excitement must be avoided, as in his weak state it might be dangerous. I shall stay and bring him safe home, and there will not be room in the carriage for you. This brings me to the strangest part of my story, and to a liberty I have taken with your name, for which I must excuse myself as best I can. In brief, then, I have invited old Mr. Edington and his daughter Joan to accompany Roy to the Hermitage. In an odd fashion of their own, which I cannot attempt to fathom, they are exceedingly attached to him, as he is to them. To the girl he, in a sense, owes his life, as without the care she has taken of him all this while, he must inevitably have sunk; whilst the old man, who seems to be suffering from a certain mental decay, which has caused him to lay on one side much of his former miserliness, is attached to the boy with a sort of dog-like affection very curious to witness. Had it not been, however, for Roy's own sake, I should never taken upon myself to invite them to your house; but, as it is, I found that to do so was the only way to avoid an excitement and agitation of conflicting feelings very injurious to him. That Roger is an ill-conditioned brute; but he does not interfere now; I settled him pretty quickly. His wife is some degrees better, but nothing to boast of. She has the sense to see that the boy must go, though she talks still as if this place would be his home. They have a crew of queer children, two particularly unruly boys, and a pair of girls much more respectable, both of whom seem to be fond of Roy and look very black at me for taking him away. The younger one has some spinal malady, which I believe could be cured if only she were under proper treatment. However, I need not trouble you with more details. Most likely you will be surprised by this letter, but you will act promptly upon it I have no doubt. I shall expect to see your carriage in Thorne on Monday evening, and next day if the weather is not prohibitive, we will bring the boy home. I shall try to be at the Hermitage at or before dusk, as he must not be exposed to the night air. I hope I have acted in all things to your satisfaction.—Yours truly,

"FRANK LEE."

Marcus read this letter twice through, and then went to the stables to give his orders to the coachman, and to the housekeeper to arrange for the reception of the sick boy, and the comfort of his journey. There was no lack of invalid appliances in that house, and by ten o'clock the carriage had started, all fitted up ready to transport the patient, and to lessen any discomforts incident to a long day's drive. Then Marcus went off to the Kynaston's house, to lay before Muriel and her mother the curious letter he had received, and to ask their assistance in the unlooked-for emergency.

"Our good Frank seems to forget altogether that there is no lady at the Hermitage to receive Miss Edington. Mrs. Kynaston, I must appeal to you, as my oldest friend, to get me out of the difficulty. Could you not come up with one or two of your daughters to stay a few days, and help to welcome Roy, and make our guests at home? I know it is a good deal to ask, with your large family and many ties; but you see my predicament, and I am confident you will help me out of the scrape young Lee has got me into. I do not in the least grudge receiving these people. If they have been good to Roy I shall be only too glad to welcome them; but I cannot do so unless you will help me, as I feel sure that you will."

Nobody ever appealed in vain to Mrs. Kynaston's kindly good-will or neighbourly offices; she acceded with prompt alacrity.

"To be sure I will, and bring Muriel and Lilias with me if you would like. We must make things cheerful for poor Roy, and Muriel has always been a sort of elder sister to him. If he wants nursing and looking after, women always come in useful, and of course there must be somebody to play hostess to Miss Edington. I will certainly come; I shall quite enjoy it; but it seems a curious thing for these people, against whom we have all been crying out so indignantly, to be coming as your guests to the Hermitage."

Marcus smiled at these words as if the thought were not new to him.

"Exactly so, it does seem strange; but I suppose one must take it as a sort of lesson that it is never wise to condemn people wholesale, without knowledge of character and circumstance. From what I had heard I should have imagined that there was absolutely nothing to be said in favour of that old miser and his family, but here they are spoken of as lavishing real consideration and kindness on Roy, and acting as his true friends. I confess I am perplexed by it

all, but the puzzle will soon be solved. I must return now to set on foot my preparations. It is very pleasant to think what a houseful we shall be to-morrow."

Quite an excitement pervaded the little place during the hours that followed. Muriel was able to sympathise heartily with her little sister's delight in the prospect of Roy's speedy return and the visit to the Hermitage. They had stayed there sometimes in Mrs. Stratford's life-time, and loved the house almost as their own; but now it had a new charm for Muriel as her future home, and she knew that this thought was in Marcus's mind as he bid her and her mother welcome the next day on their arrival.

Little Lilias danced about like a sprite, ran in and out of the rooms, helped Muriel to arrange the flowers in Roy's, and to put those finishing touches of which women's hands alone seem capable.

"Poor, poor Roy!" the child would pause to say, "shut up in a horrid old place, with nasty, horrid people! Oh, how glad he will be to get home!"

And Muriel, though checking the freedom of her little sister's speech, felt that it would be a difficult matter to look upon these relatives of Roy's with friendly eyes.

"Roy will be pleased to find you here," said Marcus, taking her hand in his as he watched the approach of evening from the mullioned window in the hall. "As he said in his letter, you have always been like a sister. You will let him be a brother still, will you not, Muriel? though he is not so near to me as we once thought? You will let this be a home to him still when you reign here, as soon, I hope, you may?"

The soft colour mantled her face, a happy light shone in her eyes as she returned the look he bent on her.

"I think you need not ask that, Marcus. Dear Roy! he has always seemed like one of my own boys, only I think I know him almost better, for he has confided in me more than they have."

"And you will soon come to us, Muriel, to make this house a home for us both, as it has never been since our mother died? Muriel, my darling, I want you. I want your aid and counsel in a hundred different ways, in the carrying out of my plans and projects, in the work I have vowed in my heart to do. It is not good to have to work alone. I want a coadjutor in all things. A man is only half a man, I always think, until he has found his better half."

The words, spoken half-tenderly, half-playfully, brought the rosy flush back to Muriel's face, yet she looked at him with frank, glad confidence.

"I like to think of sharing your work, Marcus," she said simply.

"I know you do; and I know how well you will do it. I have learned more than one lesson from you already, Muriel. It is good to have you here now, to welcome our dear boy home. I can hardly believe he has been away all these months. I wonder if he will be changed much."

"I think the change in one way will be what we shall like to see. I want so much to hear all his history; letters tell so little. Marcus, I feel that I should like to be kind to those two poor girls who were so sorry to lose him. You know we were sure that he was fond of his little cousins, by what he said from time to time, and by his wanting to make them a tree at Christmas. I think they must have had a strange, dull life of it in that lonely house. Wouldn't it be nice sometimes to have them here, and show them what other children do? I wonder if mother would ask them. That poor little girl who is a cripple—I should so like her to have proper attention. When Roy comes we must hear all about them. I think there is nothing so sweet as making other people happy."

Marcus's smile was very bright and full of comprehension; he laid his hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"When you come here for good, Muriel—when this is in very truth your home, you shall indulge that propensity to your heart's content. I think as we shall be so very happy ourselves, that it will be incumbent upon us to make others happy as far as we can. As for these children you shall settle it all with Roy. He will tell you what you want to know, and you shall have *carte blanche* to carry out all your plans. If any of these people have been good to Roy, I shall be only too glad to let him repay the benefit in any way he thinks best."

"And you would be good to the children in any case, I know," answered Muriel, with a quick, bright, upward glance, "without any prompting at all. And here comes the carriage at last—now we shall have our boy back!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.—ROY'S RETURN.

"MARCUS! Marcus! Oh, Marcus! I can hardly believe I am really home again!"

Roy's hazel eyes were shining with strange brilliance, his thin white face was flushed with the excitement of happiness. He was lying in the hall before a blazing fire of pine logs, to rest for a short time before his transport upstairs. His wasted appearance was a shock to them all, but his overflowing happiness was infectious, and drove the anxious look from their faces.

"Oh, Marcus, the dear old place—Muriel, you are delightful to come and welcome me back. Ah, you can't guess how lovely everything looks—I can hardly believe it is the same. Oh, I shall be well here in no time. Frank, don't scowl at me, I must talk sometimes! Muriel, do go and say a few kind words to Joan there. She must feel so strange, and she has been so good to me."

The old man was seated in an armchair on the other side of the fire, and was dozing already in the warm glow it diffused, tired out by the long day's driving. His daughter stood behind his chair, very upright and almost defiant in her attitude. Her dark eyes took in everything that passed, and were full of the light of distrustful astonishment. She felt herself an alien, almost a savage, amid all the strange luxury with which she was surrounded, and although several people

had shaken hands with both her and her father with apparent cordiality, she felt that they were neither of them welcome, and her pride rose up in revolt. She wished she had never come; she did not like to feel so conscious of a great gulf dividing them from those about them; she felt half-jealous of Roy's visible happiness at being at home once more.

As she was thus thinking she was aroused by the sound of a gentle voice beside her.

"Shall I show you your room, Miss Edington? You must be feeling quite tired after your long journey, and Roy ought to keep quiet Mr. Lee says. It is a pity to disturb your father, but I think we had better some of us leave the hall. So many people must excite him."

Muriel's face expressed a gentle interest and good-will that put the other at her ease at the first glance. She, at least, was no enemy, she did not regard them with repugnance. Joan followed in silence up the wide, softly-carpeted stairs, down a dim corridor, open doors disclosing glimpses of cosy, fire-lit rooms,—until they reached the apartment at the end, a large, handsome bedroom with carved oak furniture and rich hangings, and a large fire burning on the hearth. Muriel ushered her guest in saying,

"This is your room, I hope you will be comfortable. May I help you off with your cloak? My little sister will bring us some tea directly. I thought it would be pleasant to have it here together, if you don't mind. I want to hear about Roy, and I think you know most about him. You have been nursing him, have you not?"

Joan stood up very straight before the fire and looked full into Muriel's eyes.

"I want to tell you that neither my father nor I had anything to do with bringing Roy to our house. It was Roger's doing; Roger's and Caroline's. They thought it would be of use to them in some way to have him there. It is a miserable kind of story—at least, I think so. Only we grew to love him; and my father was so afraid of losing him that he would not let me write to his friends when he was ill, till I told him he might die for want of proper care. He gave way then, and you have got Roy back again; but I am sorry we have come too; for I am quite sure you must hate us."

Muriel looked at Joan and her feeling towards her began to warm.

"Please do not say that," she said with a frank, sweet smile. "I should like us to be friends now, because you are Roy's cousin and you have been very good to him. I want to know about him, and about yourself; won't you sit down? and we can have a nice comfortable talk together."

Joan allowed herself to be settled in an easy chair, and Lilias trotted backwards and forwards bringing in the paraphernalia of tea. Joan suddenly with one of her rare impulses took the child in her arms and pressed passionate kisses upon the wondering little face. Then releasing her she turned to Muriel, and with an odd break in her voice, said, "It is so long since I saw a child look like that. Children are not children really unless they are happy, and loved and cared for."

Muriel understood and looked her sympathy; she signed to Lilias to leave them, and then, when they were alone together, she got her strange companion, little by little, into talk, and before she left her she had pretty well learned the story of her strange life, and all other feelings were merged in those of compassion and sympathy. It was a relief to Joan to talk to another girl, near to her in age, although she had never done such a thing in her life before. Muriel's interest was simply expressed and unaffected, and drew out unwonted confidences, and something of a new warmth and happiness gathered about Joan's heart, as she felt the contrast between the pleasant family life and the old isolation of her lot.

"I like her so much," said Muriel to Roy, as she visited him that night before going to bed. He was in his old room, surrounded by the familiar objects endeared to him by a thousand tender associations, and though very weak and tired after the long day of excitement and fatigue, was not as exhausted as Frank Lee had feared, and was responding encouragingly already to the new treatment instituted.

Marcus was with him, of course, though the old uncle, who had been sitting beside him part of the evening, had been persuaded to seek a good night's repose in his own room. Roy's eyes were very bright as he held out his hands to Muriel.

"I am so glad!" he said, "so glad about everything; so very, very glad that you are going to be my sister, Muriel."

She kissed him and went away, not permitting him to talk, but the boy was almost too happy to settle to rest. He had so much to tell to Marcus—so much to explain that he could not be silent long; and in the quiet hours of the night the whole story came out, the whole story of his inner and outer life, ever since the death of his mother had roused him to think about his own position and wish to be rich and prosperous; down to the present moment, when having passed through many new experiences, he had come back again to the old home to find it more of a home than ever.

The story was of deep interest to Marcus, as giving to him an insight into Roy's character greater then he had ever known before. He had always hoped that in the day of trial the boy would prove that the right soldier-stuff was in him; but he had never been so fully satisfied of this as when listening to his simply told narrative, and hearing how much of good had come out of trial and pain and sorrow.

"I am proud of you, my boy," he said at last, when all had been told once and again. "I think we need not be sorry for what has happened. If you have suffered, it has been worth it."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" was the eager answer. "It was just as you said, Marcus; I trusted in things that were not strong enough, and when they failed me I had to go where real help was to be had, I might never have learned to but for that. Yes, I am very glad. I can see love in everything now—and I am so very happy!"

That was the burden of Roy's speech for many days to come; and, as happiness is the best of tonics and the most potent of medicines, and as

in addition he had the most tender and skilful care bestowed upon him, he made rapid advance almost from the first, and astonished Frank Lee and others by the vigour with which he was able to battle against the insidious disease that threatened him, and to respond alike to treatment and feeding.

After Marcus, Muriel was most in demand with him during these early days of his return. He wanted to tell her everything about himself and about his cousins, and the quick and ready sympathy she showed, and the eagerness with which she entered into all his plans was as good as medicine to him and a great deal pleasanter.

He was much gratified to find that she really liked Joan, though finding her "a little difficult to get on with." He was very anxious to save her from a return to the old dead-alive life that threatened her; but he could not see any way by which it could be avoided.

"She is treated almost like a servant there by Roger and his wife. She has no end of drudgery to do, and nobody ever thanks her for doing it. I never guessed at first how nice she really was, or how high principled, or what thoughts she had in her head that she never talked about. She loved my mother, too, when she was a little girl, and she was good to me too from the first for her sake. When I think how she might have treated me—seeing who I am, that her dreary life is all the result of what my father did—I cannot thank her enough for being so good to me. You don't know what a strange house it was, or you would understand better the difference her kindness made. Mildred and Nellie were always fond of me from the first, and we had some very nice times together; but it is to Joan that I owe so very much. I do wish I could do something to repay her, but I don't see how. I suppose she will have to go back to Windmill House, and if she does I am afraid everything will be just as bad as ever."

Muriel looked full of sympathy, but saw no way of escape from the difficulty. She had made Roy happy by talking of inviting Mildred and Nellie on a visit to their house, but Joan was a more difficult person to deal with.

"Perhaps something will turn up some day," she said; "things do sometimes, you know; I am sure I wish anything would, for I do not think that either she or her father really wish to go back to Windmill House again."

TALES OF THE SERPENT.

A SUBJECT at present occupying not a little of the attention of eminent oriental and other antiquarian scholars, is the supposition, long indulged in, that the serpent once held a prominent position in the religions of the peoples of almost every country of the world. Go where we may we discover traces of the serpent thus associated. The myths and traditions of the countries are full of it, and the monumental records every where represent it, indeed, so much is this the case, that the association is now recognised as an established fact. Were we wanting in other evidence, the existing religious rites and ceremonies, practised by the aboriginal tribes of some out-of-the-way corners of the globe, far apart from each other, would alone testify how widespread, how universal, was the faith in the serpent.

Among some nations it would seem to have been worshipped as Supreme God, with others it was simply included as one of a multifarious animal Pantheon. In some cases, it was a mere symbol or material representative of a god, or a good or evil principle. Strange as it appears at the present day that man should fall down and worship the serpent, the phase of the faith, which seemingly everywhere prevailed, is to us equally odd and inexplicable. Had the serpent-worship of the ancients arisen out of their awe and wonder at its power of almost unlimited fasting, at its rejuvenescence in the casting of its skin, its longevity suggesting immortality, at the mysterious power with which some are endued, to cause instant death and destruction, we would have been better able to understand it. We all know that uncivilised people, unable to comprehend strange phenomena around them, invariably take to worshipping the unknown powers, in the desire to propitiate them, thinking thus to avert any evil, with which the powers might overtake them. But no such thing as fear lies at the root of serpent worship. All the world over the serpent was regarded with love and admiration, rather than terror. It was the bestower of health, good fortune, wisdom, the foreteller of future events: in a word, it was the bringer of every blessing. Thus the brazen serpent in the wilderness of Sinai was an emblem of renewed health and strength. So, too, Æsculapius, the Grecian god of medicine, was, it is said, originally a serpent.

Though the worship of the serpent was in no sense the religion of the Jews, it largely prevailed among the pre-existing nations, with whom the Jews were located, and the Jews succumbed to the baleful influence. We learn that they preserved and worshipped the brazen serpent of Moses until the time of Hezekiah, who destroyed the image and its attendant sacred groves and high places, in fact did all in his power to extirpate serpent worship from among his people.[1] There is not the slightest allusion, not the barest hint as to its existence during the intermediate period between the reigns of Moses and Hezekiah, a period of more than seven centuries, unless it be one in the Apocrypha, "They worship

[1] See 2 Kings xviii. 4.

From the Painting in the Luxembourg.] [*P. C. Comte.*

HENRI III. AND THE DUKE OF GUISE MEETING AT THE CHÂTEAU DE BLOIS.

BEFORE GOING TOGETHER TO COMMUNION AT THE CHURCH OF ST. SAUVEUR, DEC. 22, 1588—(*See Page* 370).

serpents void of reason" (Wisdom xi. 15), in curious contrast to the New Testament expression, "Be ye wise as serpents." Nor does the Bible or the Talmud afford any indication of serpent-worship cropping up again after Hezekiah had abolished it. Yet we can hardly believe it was thoroughly eradicated, or faith in the serpent would not be found as one of the tenets of the Ophites, Gnostics and Nicolaitans, sects of the early converts to Christianity. The grossness of the idolatry of the Ophites is well exhibited in Ephiphanius's description of the ceremonies attending their celebration of the Lord's Supper. "They keep a living snake in a chest," he says, "and at the time of the mysteries, entice him out by placing bread before him. The door being opened, he issues forth, and having ascended the table, folds himself above the bread. This they call a perfect sacrifice. They not only break and distribute this among the votaries, but whosoever wishes it may kiss the serpent. This the wretched people call the Eucharist. They conclude the ceremonies by singing a hymn through him to the Supreme Father," whom the serpent in paradise had made known to men.

On Tyrian coins and cylinders is to be seen a sacred tree, and round its trunk the serpent is coiled, a small stone altar stands on either side, and from the angles of the base of each, serpents issue. Sometimes the serpent entwines, not the tree, but the stone, while the Tyrian Hercules is depicted triumphing over another serpent. As the author Sanchoniatho says, dragons and serpents were deities among the Phœnicians. They called them the good demons, a name the Egyptians applied to Cneph, a god, usually represented on their monuments as a serpent with the legs of a man, though at other times its lower extremities are serpentine, its head the head of a hawk generally, but sometimes a lion.

In Mesopotamia, Assyria, Babylonia and Persia, serpent worship was likewise in the ascendant. Hea or Hoa, the third person in the Babylonian Trinity of great gods, may be considered as the serpent deity, and the supreme Babylonian god, Bel, was adored under the form of a serpent. The whole story may be read in the Apocryphal book "Bel and the Dragon." The incidents there recorded, which led to the destruction both of the image of Bel, and the serpent itself, are so life-like that we can hardly entertain doubt as to the genuineness of the narrative. In Persia the serpent was adopted as the symbol of Ahriman, the evil principle, somewhat analogous to our Christian Satan. There are two celebrated statues which once adorned the magnificent temple of Belus in Babylon. One of these represents Rhea accompanied by two immense images of serpents; the other Juno, who stands with her right hand on a serpent's head. Like many other people the Persians have a traditional dynasty of serpent kings, half human, half serpentine. Theirs lasted, they say, for a thousand years. One of the monarchs, Zohak, is represented as a man in all that but from each shoulder a large serpent rises. The food of this monster was the brains of two young men, captives sacrificed daily. Zohak, it is recorded, was overthrown by Feridum, or as he is called in the Zend-avesta, Thrataonia, the slayer of the three-headed serpent, Dahaka, the creator of Ahriman, the evil principle.

But it was in India, on the Continent, and in Ceylon, that this ancient worship attained its fullest development. Far back as we can grope in Indian history we discover the people kneeling to the living serpent-god. We find temples, which, from their own intrinsic evidence, can hardly have been erected with object other than the celebration of its rites and ceremonies. Take up almost any early native writing and you come upon prayers addressed to mythical serpents, inhabiting the heavens, the skies, the clouds or the waters, and tales concerning the mythical Naga or serpent races of people, and Naga dynasties of kings. Every day since the examination for traces of serpent worship was instituted in India fresh evidences for its existence have been brought to light. Disregarded monuments, long ago discovered, when re-examined with this purpose in view, betoken serpent worship on every side. Who were these Nagas or serpent races and kings, so abundantly depicted on the Indian monuments, as well as so frequently alluded to in the early Hindu writings, it is somewhat difficult to determine. It is believed that the aboriginal, or non-Aryan tribes, which inhabited India previous to the incursion of the Aryans or Hindus,—the Dasyus as the Hindus termed them—were serpent worshippers pure and simple, and that the fertile imagination of the Hindu poets, confounding these worshippers with their object of worship, dubbed them a Naga, or serpent race. That this explanation is the correct one is borne out by the fact that the Nagas are always represented as retaining a portion of their human attributes and interference in mundane matters. The Hindus quickly overcame the Dasyus, and drove them back into the hills and forests, and there, beyond the cultivated plains, the sparse remnant of this primitive people may still be found to the present day. The monuments of that time of course depict the serpent in a considerably different guise. It appears in Shiva's hand, twisted round his neck, and in his hair, but it is no longer an object of worship. As might be expected, the god of the conquered serpent-worship is represented as doing homage to Shiva, the god of the new conquering religion, and in this subordinate position adds to the power and triumph of the destroyer. At the later date, when Buddhism was introduced, serpent-worship was entirely renounced by Buddha. But it is the opinion of the most eminent authorities on the subject that, though the worship of the serpent was repressed, the conversion of the people to Hinduism and Buddhism was exceedingly imperfect, and that below the surface of the nominal religions of the country serpent worship prevailed, and even now, after the lapse of more than four thousand years, prevails to an extent not hitherto suspected.

At Manipur there is to this day a serpent of peculiar species, called Pa-Kung-ba, and from it the royal family claim descent. At certain times

it is the object of curious religious ceremonies. A priestess coaxes it out from its abode on to a cushion, and then begin the formalities. If the serpent appears large it indicates displeasure, and *vice versa*. Another equally wonderful serpent has been worshipped at Sumbulpore, according to tradition, from time immemorial, and it was still alive in 1836, when Major Kittoe saw it, who states that its diameter was at least two feet. It is said to issue from its cave every seventh day, to devour a goat, provided for it by its worshippers. The living serpent is also worshipped at the time of the Nag Panchamee, a famous Indian festival. When the festival day arrives, a number of men are delegated to go to the jungle and catch certain poisonous snakes, called Nagakuli. These they place in earthen pots or covered bamboo baskets, they feed them with milk, of which all serpents are exceedingly fond, and then they worship them. When the festival is over the serpents are set free again. In some parts of Southern India, the snakes are brought to the houses of the natives, by the *Saupeli*, or snake charmers. In other places, the worshippers, having bathed and daubed their foreheads with red paint, go to a lonely spot where the serpents are kept, or which they are known to frequent. The sacred stones, usual in such places, and the serpent huts they ornament with streaks of vermilion and ground turmeric. Offerings of garlands of flowers strung on white thread, and ghee are made to the stones and huts, and prayers and invocations are offered to the local spirits and the serpents. Should the serpents drink the milk presented, it is the best of omens, and the patience with which the natives will sit watching for this result is almost incredible to the European.

A Hindoo will do anything rather than destroy a snake. Should one obstruct his path, he turns aside. In the event of one being killed in a village, a piece of copper is placed in its mouth, and its body is burned with offerings to avert the evil. Some Brahmans invariably have a serpent's skin in their sacred books.

There is a celebrated temple, called Buran Deva, in Chattisgarh, the only image sculptured on the walls of which is the image of the cobra. In the great temples at Madura and Seringham are golden statues of seven-headed Nagas, richly jewelled and under a canopy, and in Ceylon the entrances to all the larger temples are guarded by wardens with serpent hoods. The great serpent temple of Nakhon Vat, in Cambodia, is perhaps the most wonderful of all. Every angle of the roof, every cornice of every entablature, every balustrade is impressed with the image of the serpent and it alone, some with crests only, some with crests and apparent feathers. Nothing but serpents, serpents everywhere. The arrangements and construction of the temple all tell the same tale, the worship of the serpent.

In the city of Benares, there is a famous serpent well—the Nagkuan—where the Nag or serpent is worshipped by immense numbers of persons once a year, on two succeeding days, by the women on the first day, the men on the second. Both offer sacrifices to the well and to Nageswar, the serpent god. There is an image of three serpents in a niche in the wall of the stairs, and a serpent crawls over another image on the floor. At Canara, in Southern India, stone images of Nagas are kept under the shade of the Peepul tree for purpose of worship. But perhaps the most famous of all serpent sculptures are those of the recently discovered Topes or Stupæ, of Sanchi and Amravati. Just a word as to these Topes. They are simply a later form of the tumulus or cairn, which were raised in so many countries over the graves of the dead. The Tope of India was, however, not the mark of a last resting-place, but a tower to commemorate some special event, such as Buddha's performance of a miracle. They consist of a solid circular pyramid of brick or stone, surrounded by rails, and guarded by wonderful gateways. On both rails and gateways are innumerable representations of serpents and Nagas in all the situations I have described.

In one of the Vedas the earth is addressed as the "Sarpa rajni," or the Queen of the Serpents. The Mahabharata, one of the Hindu sacred books, opens with a curse on the serpent, and goes on to give an account of the origin and various exploits of the Naga races. The sequel to the story is called the "Joy of the Snake World." The following is one of its legends, an example of many such. Buddha fell in love with the serpent king's daughter, near Peshawar, whom he married, and, having killed her father, reigned in his stead. The lady used constantly to have a nine-headed snake appearing at the back of her neck. One night, while she was asleep, Buddha cut it off, but with the unfortunate result of rendering her blind.

The Grecian myths present the serpent in a twofold light; the earliest as a monster vanquished by their heroes; while in the later ones the serpent is an oracle, and also a healing and a guardian god. Apollo is no sooner born than he kills the celebrated serpent, Python; Hercules, while yet in his cradle, squeezes two monster serpents to death; Cadmus slays a serpent, and sowing its teeth raised armed men. The Argonauts have to overcome a dragon ere they obtain the Golden Fleece, just as Hercules slays the many-headed Hydra, who sleeps before the golden apples in the garden of the Hesperides. There is a marble sculpture of this, the eleventh labour of Hercules, at Florence, where the Hydra, like the Indian Nagas, is serpentine only from the waist downwards. Doubtless all these myths are, in fabled form, the history of the Greek's destruction of the earlier serpent-worshipping races. There were serpent oracles at Delphi, and at Epidaurus. In Ovid's "Metamorphoses" we are introduced to an embassy sent from Rome to Greece to bring back the Epidaurian serpent. It was received with divine honours by the Roman citizens.

Coming down to later times we find that at Luçon, in France, a curious ceremony was enacted as late as 1869. A hollow column of wicker-work, filled with combustible materials, was raised to a height of sixty feet. Green foliage was artistically arranged about the

column, and beautiful flowers and shrubs around the base. A procession of the clergy and young people in holiday dress marched up to the erection, and round and round about it, chanting as they walked. The column was set on fire, and a number of serpents were thrown on the column, while their vain endeavours to escape, and final destruction in the flames, were received with dancing and manifestations of joy by the onlookers.

Says Erasmus Stella: "In Sarmatia they at length arrived at such a pitch of wickedness that they worshipped serpents." Jerome of Prague, in the fifteenth century, saw the people offer sacrifices to serpents, and in Livonia of the fairest captives. Serpents were gods of the Poles as late as 1386. Superstitions as to their infallibility lingered among the peasantry and among the Lapps and Finns until 1555. A curious substratum of serpent tradition permeates Scandinavian ideas of cosmogony and theosophy.

The Welsh triads tell the story of a sainted woman, Keyna, the daughter of a Welsh king, who changed the serpent and serpent worshippers, who refused to permit her to reside among them, into the stones of the well-known Welsh circles. On the eastern coast of Scotland are numerous representations of the serpent on the Megalithic monuments.

The Aztec tribes of Mexico, when discovered by the Spaniards, employed the serpent largely as a sacred symbol. The name of their supreme god, Tezcatlipoca, signifies literally the Sun Serpent, and Tonacacihua, his wife, the female serpent or female Sun. Their great temple and the circuit round it were called respectively Coatlan, the Serpent Place, and Coatepantli, or the Circuit of Snakes. One of the Spanish conquerors alludes to a sacred serpent kept in a room strewn with feathers, and fed with the sacrificial offerings and with dogs' meat. The reverence paid by the various tribes of the North American Indians to the rattle-snake is worthy of mention. The Mohicans address it as their grandfather; it is their guardian, which warns them by its rattle of coming danger.

Serpent worship exists to the present day among some of the tribes of Africa, in some out-of-the-way nooks in Australia, and in many of the islands of Oceania, notably in the Fiji Isles.

It is the supreme deity of the African tribe known as the Whidans; they call it Danh-gbwe, and esteem it "the supreme bliss and general good." One thousand women dedicate themselves to its service, these are the Danh-si, who are marked with its image. Nothing will induce the aborigines of Australia to disclose to the white man the rites with which they worship their serpent god. Report has placed human sacrifices and cannibalism among the number.

A LIBRARY FOR THE BLIND.

A LIBRARY for the blind is truly an interesting and suggestive sight. The one we are specially invited to inspect, is singularly so, because it tends to prove the fact that an individual can move a multitude by perseverance in a particular cause. Miss Arnold, its honorary secretary,—herself blind from her birth,—has been the mainspring and stay of this lending library, and we cannot inspect it without admiration, astonishment, and thankfulness. She would qualify the assertion that the work is hers, by pointing out the kind ladies, old and young, who lend their eyes and hands to aid her; but we think it simplifies the matter to state that, to the life-long prayers of one born blind, and to her intense desire to benefit her fellow-sufferers, is mainly due the foundation of what promises to be a beneficent institution.

Begun, in 1882, in a lodging where its foundress lived, it has enlarged its borders to a whole house, which she is ambitious enough to hope will eventually be lined with book-shelves. At present, the large double rooms on the ground floor alone are so lined, the rest of the house being otherwise utilized to aid in defraying its rent. But here are seventy strong book-shelves, filled from floor to ceiling with works printed in those strange hieroglyphics which the sighted sadly wonder at, and the blind read by that miraculous gift of touch, or feeling. Most of these books are in what is called the Braille type, but there are also many in that of Moon and Lucas, the holy bible being printed in each for the benefit of such as may be better schooled in one than another. Here are forty volumes of the sacred book, in Braille, presented by the British and Foreign Bible Society, which would alone help one to realise in some degree the arduous nature of the work of printing for the blind. A book which, by sight, may be read in one volume, large or small, is subdivided into forty big parts for finger reading. A Mudie's circulating library cart would scarcely hold them. Yet the floor is covered with parcels neatly enveloped in brown paper, ready for transmission to all parts of the United Kingdom, for this is sending day.

The blind owe a debt of gratitude to the originator of the Parcels Post, who, together with the blind Postmaster-General, Prof. Fawcett, began a postal service without which these packages could scarcely be forwarded. As it is, the expense of carriage is frequently too heavy to be defrayed by the poorer members, sixpence, ninepence, or sometimes even a shilling being an impossibility. A special Carriage Fund is therefore started, which enables the parcel sent to be prepaid, which must again be prepaid by the receiver when returned. But some kindly spirits have such sympathy

with suffering humanity, that they have undertaken a particular case, and the fortunate individual receives his coveted literature gratis. A penny a week is the subscription to this our Library, and there are souls so overflowing with charity that they undertake this payment as well as the carriage!

Members who reside in London change their books once a week on a given day. They usually come in person, either with or without guides, and the young lady who kindly devotes her afternoon in giving out the books has enough to do. Let us be thankful that the young ladies of this busy age find so many useful occupations. Several are literally "eyes to the blind" in this room, for they keep accounts, pack parcels, and do endless odds and ends which the Secretary could not accomplish unaided: albeit, she can do most things, from printing books, correcting type, and teaching, to using a sewing machine. And all this feminine energy, both in principal and aids, is voluntary.

Many people delight in helping on institutions where there is no "paid officialism," as it is called. We hope they will take the lending library for the blind under their especial consideration. They certainly would if they could read the list of books, and learn how long the blind have been craving for intellectual food. "We want books, both instructive and amusing," was their cry, and now, thanks, first to M. Braille, and secondly to the zeal of the industriously benevolent, they have them. Braille invented the new method, and individual perseverance worked upon it. Of the hundreds of volumes on the shelves before us, numbers have been printed, letter by letter, by friends. They have not been stereotyped, and each volume has been filled, separately, by matter printed or pricked by people interested in the condition of the blind. If funds increase, this will be made a remunerative occupation for the blind themselves. Many of them are skilful printers, and might be paid so much a sheet for printing new books, or replacing those worn out by constant use.

As it is, friends do the work, and it is needful to see the Primer, in order to estimate its difficulty. A new alphabet, "signs and wonders" must be learnt; one may almost say, a new language. It is like a missionary in a strange land, learning the dialect of an unknown tongue. But christian perseverance masters most obstacles, and the fact of adding another book to the restricted library of the blind must be sufficient reward.

Here we see Shakespeare, Macaulay, Dickens, Scott, Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow, and a dozen other well-known authors, placed at the disposal of a class so long restricted to a portion, only, of the scriptures. One female member who was educated at a blind school, and is now seventy years of age, writes enthusiastically. All these years she had but one book in her possession—the Second Book of Kings. She read and re-read it—knew it by heart, in short. Now a new world has opened before her, and at three score years and ten, she begins to realize what, hitherto, has been dreamy ideality.

A new world! This is what they all say. Gentle and simple alike praise God for opening out this literary arcana to the eyes hitherto closed. An aged clergyman, a young diplomatist and others blinded by untoward circumstances, have learnt to read the Braille type, and are enabled to forget awhile their affliction in the works they loved when sighted. For here are books suited to all ages and estates. History, biography, the classics, science, are all represented; and fiction holds its own. There are endless stories, short and well chosen; we count 118 on the list—each in one volume—which is refreshing after the fifteen volumes of "The Old Curiosity Shop." "We want amusing reading, as well as serious," was the cry, and here it is. We hope the readers are grateful to the ladies constantly employed in supplying their demand. Miss Arnold has as many as fifteen at a time writing for her, and she reads and corrects every book before it is placed in the Library: for compositors are not always faultless. Of the twenty-three volumes of Green's "Shorter History of the English People," half were pricked by ladies. Much is said of the strong-mindedness, fastness and various short-comings of the sex, but individuals do a vast amount of good, notwithstanding.

There are at present 113 members to whom books are regularly sent, besides several blind schools which gladly avail themselves of them. The well-to-do of these members pay ten shillings a year; but the income does not, naturally, suffice to maintain the library, and annual subscriptions are solicited from externs interested in the blind, who can nominate a member in consideration of the stereotyped guinea. Two of the aforesaid hard-working and unselfish members of the fair sex help to pay the rent, and a third who was instrumental in laying the foundation of the library, continues to aid in its maintenance.

Unfortunately, many of the volumes are nearly worn out, and money will not replace them. Few of the books are stereotyped, and it takes a long time for one pair of hands to prick the contents of a big book. They look respectable enough outside in their uniform of dark blue American cloth, and white title-badge; but the constant passing of the fingers over the raised lettering within, defaces and disfigures it. While examining, we espy a type-writer stowed away on one of the shelves, and are told that it is for sale. The librarians are open to an offer for it.

Much is being done to make the blind independent, but much has still to be accomplished. We have been to monster teas [1] where five or six hundred were regaled, and have learnt how hard it is for them to make a livelihood, and how the small pensions only serve to eke it out. Now, the Normal College for the Blind and other efforts, will help to give them hope and self-reliance.

"I think we shall never fall back into the state of languor and want of energy natural to us, since we have books. All my life I have hoped and

[1] *Vide* SUNDAY AT HOME. "A Blind Tea Party," and "The Normal College."

prayed for such a library as this, and now I pray for its support and enlargement," says the secretary.

These words are echoed mutely, by many letters received almost daily, from one of which we venture to make one or two extracts. The writer begins by regrets that he can no longer subscribe to the library as he has only two and sixpence a week to live on, and he finds the postage of the books beyond his means. "I have found them very interesting and instructive; they have enlightened me on several subjects which I should otherwise have been ignorant on, so I very much regret giving them up. I never saw the least ray of light as I remember, and I have lost my right hand as well, so I am consequently dependent upon the parish, and they say if I cannot do on half-a-crown a week I must come into the house." This poor fellow has been placed on the free list; but he is only one of many who cannot afford the carriage of the books, yet pine for the recreation they alone contribute. This our library is still in its infancy, but we hope the "benevolent public" will help on its growth to maturity; and in order to do so effectually, they should pay it a visit, and hear its mainstay speak for herself. She would fain see the whole house filled with books, and doubtless it will be so in the course of years, if subscribers, printers and readers increase as rapidly as is desired. It is situated at 114 Belsize Road, N.W., where the blind and the sighted are equally welcome guests.

ANNE BEALE.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

CHAPTER III.

APPROACH OF THE ARMADA.

DANIEL LAVIN'S sloop was not the only vessel that was being hurried to sea that July Sunday evening, as the Spanish fleet came slowly up the channel.

For weeks, aye, for months past, men's minds had been full, and their tongues busy, with reports of what Philip was doing; and noblemen and gentlemen, down to the humblest squire who owned money or could command "a following," were bracing themselves for defence. Ships were fitted out at private charges, volunteers were pressing forward to man them, and from end to end of England there was but one resolve—to beat off the invader or to die in the attempt.

Some few Englishmen there were who yet clung to the rule of Rome; and to them this threatened subjugation of their country was the only way—a dreadful and sorrowful way, it is true—but the only way of restoring England to the bosom of the Catholic Church. Others there were who while not Protestant, yet preferred their country to the Popedom.

Mary of Scotland, the Roman Catholic heiress of the throne, was dead, and her son James was of the Reformed Faith. Pope Sixtus V. had issued a proclamation absolving the subjects of Elizabeth from all allegiance to her rule, and formally assigning the kingdom to Philip of Spain "as lineal descendant of the Plantagenets." There was also a blasphemous promise that whosoever should help the cause of the Church of God by the conquest of England and destruction of heresy, they should have indulgence for former sins, and remission from scores of years of the pains and terrors of purgatory.

It was, therefore, not only a foreign foe that the country was preparing to resist; men were making ready to strike for all things most precious to them—for freedom, for faith, for very existence itself.

It is difficult to realise now, in these days of stability and peace, what our forefathers felt and feared three hundred years ago. They had no regular army; their coasts were practically undefended; their navy, twenty-eight sail all told, was composed of ships small and few indeed compared with the enormous flotilla which was being prepared in the ports of Spain, Sicily, Naples, Portugal, and the Netherlands. The sailors serving with the fleet did not exceed fifteen thousand men.

But if their danger was great their hearts were dauntless. It was not only Doris's lover, young Robert Bulteel, who believed that England would prove herself victorious, no matter what force King Philip might bring!

And the bravest heart in England was that of Elizabeth, that "lion-like woman" who, despite her faults—and her faults were many—had a courage equal to that of any man. She was not in the least dismayed, the danger only roused her daring soul. She knew her cause was righteous, and she knew also that her people would be true to her and to themselves.

She was not disappointed!

The enthusiasm through the land was boundless. The small navy was almost trebled in those few months by private enterprise and generosity. The queen sent to the city of London to ask what contingent of ships and men could be furnished to meet this direful need. The Lord Mayor asked what force the city was expected to furnish.

"Five thousand men, and fifteen ships," was the royal reply.

After two days of deliberation the Londoners offered ten thousand men-at-arms and thirty well-found vessels; and upon the equipment of this force they spared no care or cost.

But if the preparations had been enthusiastic the thrill that ran through the south country when it was known that the Armada was actually in British waters made every heart beat high as with the stir of victory.

An old writer, Camden, tells how the Spanish fleet came on, "the ships with lofty turrets like castles, in front like a half-moon, the wings thereof spreading out about the length of seven miles, sailing very slowly, though with full sails, the winds being, as it were, tired with carrying them, and the ocean groaning under the weight of them."

And in truth it was the mightiest fleet that at that time had ever swept the ocean—one hundred and fifty huge galleons and men-of-war, having on board twenty-nine thousand men, soldiers, sailors, and galley-slaves. And on the sea-coast of the Netherlands there waited, as was well known, the Duke of Parma, with an army of forty thousand men, ready to fling himself on the shores of Essex as soon as the Spaniards should make good their landing; and then at one blow should be decided the fall and fortunes of England.

The wind blew free and fair, and the crisp waves of the Channel rolled gaily in the sun as the proud array came onwards. One Hemming, a freebooter—a pirate, if all the truth were told—caught sight of their blazoned sails and streaming flags, and he made haste with the news to Plymouth Bay.

At Plymouth were the English captains, the High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, Drake, and Hawkins, and Frobisher, men who had already measured their wits and their stout swords against Spain. They listened to Hemming's eager tale with a grim smile on their lips. They were glad this uncertainty was over at last; they were glad to know that the foe was really in sight.

Over and over again has the story been told of their cool courage and good hope. Poets have sung, and authors written about the little knot of men on Plymouth Hoe that sunny day in July; painters have tried to show the semblance of their intrepid faces and gallant bearing, and men's hearts have been stirred from that day until now, the space of full three hundred years, by the memory of those brave sailors and true men.

NEWS OF THE ARMADA.

"There needs be no hurry," said Sir Francis Drake. "They come, do they? Let them pass on; we will harry them in the rear. We have fair winds and God's favour."

And surely never was the great Name of God invoked in a juster cause than that for which England struck that day!

Stately and tall showed the Spanish ships as they rose and rolled on the running sea. They were crowded with the flower and chivalry of the South. There was scarcely a noble house in Aragon or Castile, in Genoa or Savoy, that had not sent sons or scions upon this quest of glory—and more than glory! for was it not the cause of Holy Church itself? Highborn ladies had sewed those silken banners, priests had blessed them, kings and princes had watched them hoisted to the wind. And there could be no doubt, no doubt at all, but that those sacred standards would presently wave over the realm of England, and over the humbled head of its heretic queen.

In the teeth of the south breeze Lord Howard's little fleet was towed and manœuvred clear of the bay. A shout went up from the English as they sighted their foe from the tops of the Admiral's ship, the "Ark-Raleigh." There was no fear in those gallant hearts, the sight of the odds against them, terrific as those odds were, only roused within them every grain of pluck and valour they possessed. The yards were squared; the canvas every stitch of it was set, and like hounds set free from the leash the small ships rushed forward in chase of their prey.

CHAPTER IV.

On board the Ark-Raleigh was Robert Bulteel.

He was a man worthy of Doris, judging by the look of him, as he stood by the taffrail with folded arms watching the pace at which they were gaining on the Spaniards. He was square-built and wide-chested, with frank grey piercing eyes, and a broad strong forehead, a strong man altogether; one who had mastered life's hardest lesson, that of obedience and reverence, and had thereby grown but the stronger and more fit to rule.

Thomas Clatworthy had been doubtful as to the wisdom of allowing him to try to win Doris for his wife; the girl was young, too young, he said; and the Clatworthys, though simple yeoman-folk, had always been of note and repute in the Exe valley. Doris might naturally look higher—though he, her father, ought not to make that remark; and certainly there was nothing to be said against Robert himself; he was honourable as the day-light, Master Clatworthy acknowledged; but still it would be a comfortable thing to know who a man's father had been, and what sort of blood ran in his veins, if that man was to marry Doris.

For Robert Bulteel was a stranger. He had been brought as a child to Exmouth by an old man—a curious old man—who was reputed by the superstitious to deal in magic and charms, but who lived inoffensively enough by dressing skins and stitching them into the wallets which every traveller and horseman required in those days. After his death, the lad Robert had earned his bread on board first one and then another of the little trading vessels that carried merchandise between England and Flanders; or it might be, as a greater adventure, found their way into the Mediterranean, whence, if they were fortunate, they returned with cargoes rich enough to make ample amends for the risks they had run.

Robert did not come empty handed when he asked Clatworthy to give him his Doris. He had prospered wonderfully, and had won his way upwards until he owned part—but a small part truly—of the craft in which he sailed. And it was not only his prosperity that induced Master Clatworthy to give his consent. Doris loved him; and the father could not bear to see those sweet eyes of hers sad with tears.

So Robert and Doris were betrothed. "You must wait," said Clatworthy, "wait awhile until you know better what are life's meanings. She is so young, Robert; and as for thee, thou hast yet to learn that success, aye, even happiness itself, is not the best at which we can aim. God rules the small as well as the great; think reverently of Him, Robert, and He will teach thee things which as yet thou hast not known the need of knowing."

His words fell on their ears as the rain falls on the smooth shore-stones. They were so happy that they indeed "felt no need" of those higher things of which he spoke.

Then came the rumours of danger, the news of the arming of that huge force that was to overwhelm the land. Not a trader crossed the seas, but brought back word of the terrible engines of destruction that were being forged to hurl death and doom on England. The harbours of Spain were choked with war-like stores, the ports of the Mediterranean were busy with the building of the war-ships that were to bear them. On every side could be heard and seen the preparations for the "Invincible Armada."

It was no time to think of love or marriage. And Robert Bulteel unclasped Doris's hands from about his neck and bade her take heart of grace. He laughed as he kissed away her tears of distress, saying she was not fit to be a seaman's wife if she shook and shivered over sorrow that might never come. "I have joined the Admiral's ship," he said. "It is worth something to tread the same decks with such a bold true man as is Lord Howard of Effingham! Look up, sweet-heart, and give me joy! I am going to fight side by side with heroes, and may end in being a hero myself—who knows?"

GOOD-BYE.

He was a hero already in poor Doris's opinion; but she did not say so for the reason that her bitter crying made all speech most difficult just then. And so he left her, and took his way to Plymouth, where the Ark-Raleigh was getting her powder on board at the quay beneath the Hoe.

And now, on the 22nd of July, the moment of action had come. The time for snatching at reports and vague stories was past; here in the British seas was the great fleet; here before their eyes were the fighting-ships and galleons of Spain.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. V.

1. It contains the account of one sad event, and refers to another.
2. A city is mentioned to which a king afterwards rode attended by a prophet.
3. Four persons are mentioned in it, two of them twice over; one is a servant.
4. Two of them died violent deaths.
5. One afterwards lived at Lo-debar, and was deceived by his servant.
6. Another was deceived by his daughter.
7. Another once spoke these words: "The Lord wrought a great salvation for all Israel; thou sawest it and didst rejoice."
8. One of those mentioned is a woman, but her name is not given.
9. Three are related to each other.
10. The age of one is given.
11. An infirmity is mentioned.
12. The incident recorded in the verse is not of the same date as the rest of the chapter.
13. The chapter contains mention of the deaths of five persons; none are named in the verse.
14. A child is mentioned.
15. The verse contains fifty-nine words, six being proper names, and consists of three complete sentences.

L. T.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER XLIX.—A DREAM REALISED.

A SOLITARY WALK.

SOME days later Joan Edington, still a guest at the Hermitage, was taking a solitary walk one sunny, spring-like morning.

Roy, who had been for a short time in a somewhat critical state, had taken a very decided turn for the better; the anxiety about his condition was now sensibly lessened, and perfect recovery was spoken of with cheerful assurance.

Glad and thankful as Joan was for this improvement, her heart was heavy that morning as she pursued her solitary way, for it had begun to be apparent to her that she and her father could not prolong much longer this pleasant visit to Roy's home. They had come there under peculiar circumstances, and Joan was afraid to think how much she had enjoyed it; but she was dimly aware that the longer they stayed, the harder would be the wrench at the

other end, and she resolved to speak to her father that very day about a return to their gloomy home.

Yet how she shrank from the thought of going back to the life of Windmill House, and the society of her brother Roger and his wife! She felt as if she had been years away from that desolate place, and she was beginning to realise that life could be something different from what she had hitherto imagined it to be. She had been with Muriel to her Sunday-school the previous day, had accompanied her on many of her expeditions to the cottages of the sick and poor during the past week, and had gained a number of new impressions, many of which were very strange to her. Longings and aspirations only half understood were beginning to rise within her, and she felt as if she should be slowly stifled if she went back to the old dreary life of selfish monotony. Her father had taken with marvellous ease to the ways of this new household. He seemed quietly to slip back into them, as if the past fifteen years had not existed for him, and, except that he was very silent, and never mingled willingly in general conversation, there was little to distinguish the silver-headed old man from any other of his age and standing, save perhaps the old-fashioned cut of his coat, and the old-fashioned courtesy of his manners. He spent much of his time in Roy's room, or else in quiet talks with Mrs. Kynaston, who took the old man upon her mind, and soon found out that she really liked him. She made him walk with her in the garden on sunny afternoons, and beguiled him into talk about the days of his youth, when his life had been full of healthy interests, and the demon of avarice had no deep hold upon his heart. Talk of this kind did him good, and Mrs. Kynaston knew enough of his later history to point the moral with a plainness that would have been unbecoming in a younger person. He would catch her meaning quickly, and assent with an ever-increasing readiness. She really believed him sincere in what he said, and Joan had never seen him so content since she could remember.

She paused at the outskirts of the rustic village through which she had passed, and contrasted the peaceful ever-varying beauty of the undulating, wooded landscape before her with the desolation of Abbot's Heath, a deep-drawn sigh escaping from her. A few paces away to the left, in a compact little garden of its own, stood a low little thatched house, rather above the rank of a mere cottage, yet without any pretentiousness or assumption about it. It was empty, a board in the garden announced that it was to let, and Joan's face grew wistful as she pictured to herself what life might be like in some sweet home-like place such as this.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Edington," said a voice from behind; and, turning quickly, Joan found herself confronted by the young doctor, who had grown to be quite friendly since their first odd meeting not so very many days ago.

"I was thinking how pleasant it would be to live there," answered Joan in her direct fashion, as she turned away; and a pleased half-eager look sprang into Frank's eyes.

"You had better try the experiment practically, Miss Joan,"—he often called her so, as if the shorter name pleased his ear better. "It would be a capital thing for both of you to come and live in a warmer place than that exposed heath—a little more society would be pleasant too. It's a capital idea of yours. You should speak to your father."

Joan smiled in a way that spoke more emphatically than her words.

"It would not be any use. It is quite out of the question, save as a pleasant dream."

"Why?"

"For one thing, we could not afford it."

The simplicity of the answer, and the absence of all false shame, gave Frank confidence to speak.

"You might manage to do something to get over that difficulty," he said. "Workers are wanted in this place. It is one of those scattered parishes that one clergyman cannot work single-handed, and Marcus Stratford is organising many schemes for the benefit of the people. I know he wants a capable woman here as deaconess, sick-nurse, Bible-woman—I don't exactly know what the name would be; but some one to visit the poor in their homes, tend the sick, and inquire into cases of want and misery. Why shouldn't such work suit you? Your past life has fitted you to endure more fatigue and hardship than many ladies could, and your knowledge of straitened circumstances, and the necessity of studying ways and means, would stand you in good stead. Think of it, Miss Joan; I can give you an excellent character as nurse, and I believe the life would suit you, and you it."

A flush had slowly stolen into Joan's face, and a light into her eyes.

"If I could only feel myself fit!"

"You would like it then?"

"Nothing better."

Quietly as she spoke, he heard the ring of earnestness in her voice, and felt that an unwonted enthusiasm was kindling within her.

"What is the rent of that house?" she asked abruptly.

"If you were to accept the position I have suggested, you would have it rent free, and a small salary as well. Marcus Stratford owns it; he would be delighted to let you have it for such a purpose."

Joan walked on rapidly, her mind evidently at work on the same subject. Presently she broke out:

"I am very ignorant—not fit to teach others. I should never succeed in such work."

"You cannot tell till you try. I should say, from my observation, that you would do it well. It is better to have too humble than too exalted an idea of one's powers; and experience is the best of teachers."

Joan hardly spoke again all the way home; but when she reached the house she went straightway in search of her father. He was alone in his room, and looked up at her approach with a smile that he had only learned of late.

"Father," she began abruptly, "do you want to go back to Windmill House?"

A startled, troubled look crossed his face.

"Windmill House! Go back? No, Joan. Why should we go back there? We are happy here, we were never happy there. I do not wish to return."

"Nor I, father. I cannot bear the thought; but we cannot stay on here much longer, We must make some plans for the future," and then, unable to restrain her eagerness any longer, she laid before him the suggestion just made to her and begged his consent to it in vehement words.

"We should be so happy together there, dear father; and you do not know how I long to be useful. I would never let you feel neglected, but I do begin to want to do more, to mix with other people, to help them and comfort them. I never could be as other women are. I could not do what they do—go into society, take a place in life such as Miss Kynaston will do, for which she is so fitted; but I feel as if I need not be quite shut out from every one. I believe I could help the sick and the poor and the wretched, because I have known what dreary hopelessness was like before the light came to drive it away. Dear father, do let me try; do let us see if we cannot live in some little place here, and let me work to keep us. I should be so happy, and I think I could make you happy too."

The old man seemed stirred by her words out of the dreamy state into which he after fell.

"Stay, my child," he said, putting his hand up to his head. "I do not know that there will be any necessity for you to work for a living. I have been saving money all these long years, and now it must have reached a considerable sum. I was never quite ruined by that crash. Something was saved, and Alicia was very generous and made up some of the loss; and there was your mother's money too. But I had set my heart on making a grand fortune and finding myself a millionaire, and when that crash came it seemed to take all the life out of me. I set to work then to hoard and scrape and save for myself, and I have been doing so these fifteen or sixteen years. Once it seemed the only pleasure I had; but these last months the pleasure has gone away. I should like to end my days differently, and try to atone a little for the past. Joan, there must be ten or twelve thousand pounds by this time. Roger shall have half, and Windmill House to live in, if he likes; and you and I will live upon the rest in some quiet home of our own here. You need not toil to earn your living. You shall live as an Edington ought to do, in comfort if not in luxury."

Joan's eyes were shining with a strange light; her hands were closely locked together.

"And work for love instead of money," she cried. "Oh, father, how I shall enjoy doing that! I did not want to *sell* my services, I wanted to give them; but I could not see the way. If things are as you say, I can offer myself to help in the work they want done, and that will be, oh, so much happier for me! I could not do as other women do; I shall never be like them, never feel and speak and think as they do; but I could help the poor and the unhappy and the sick, because I have been lonely and wretched and poor myself. I was shown the way out of the darkness. I want now to try and show it to others."

"And so you shall, my child, so you shall. In God's mercy this black cloud that has hung over us so long has rolled away. We will try and show our thankfulness to Him by taking such steps as shall prevent its ever coming back. If we give our lives into His keeping, I do not think we shall have anything to fear."

CHAPTER L.—THE NEW HOME.

"JOAN, dear, I wish you joy."

Joan was standing on the threshold of her new home, a flush of happiness upon her face, a light of hope fulfilled shining in her eyes, and Muriel stood beside her, proud and glad and full of sympathy, the first guest beneath her new friend's roof.

Only two or three weeks had passed since father and daughter had first broached to one another their mutual wish to return no more to Windmill House, but to commence a new and fuller life elsewhere, yet so much energy had Joan displayed, and so much assistance had she received from sympathising friends, that in quite a short time such simple furniture as the cottage home required had been purchased and brought in, a neat handy servant girl had been engaged, and Joan for the first time in her life found herself mistress of a place she could without mockery call "home."

Old Andrew Edington, who had aroused himself to something of his old energy in arranging the division of his property, which he had made over to his two children (with an uncalculating generosity oddly at variance with his past greed and miserliness), had quickly relapsed into the state of placid contentment and docility that had grown so much upon him of late, and Joan had conducted everything with characteristic decision and singleness of purpose, anxious to get her father into a home of his own as quickly as possible, before he should have taken root too deeply at the Hermitage, where he seemed now to feel completely at home. Joan was shrewd enough to see that their presence there was something of an embarrassment to their host, and a means of detaining Mrs. Kynaston from her own family, so that the moment her father's sanction to her plan had been obtained, she set on foot her preparations; and the house being in perfect repair inside and out, a quite short time proved sufficient for the purchase and transport of the simple furniture and fittings that were regarded by Joan as quite luxurious and beautiful. Her native taste, dwarfed and stunted in the past, began to rear its head at last, and showed itself in a sort of graceful severity that was very characteristic, and suited both herself and her dwelling to a nicety. Plain and simple as it all was, it was not in the least like the abode of a common person, for Joan, although inclined to repudiate the attempt to dub herself a "lady," was a gentlewoman to her heart's core, and every-

thing about her testified to this, and bore the stamp of her somewhat marked individuality.

Muriel noted all these things at once, for though she had assisted at the choice and purchase of most of the household goods, Joan had declined all assistance save that of her servant in the final arrangement of her house.

"How pretty and homelike it all looks, Joan! Now take me all over, please; it is so nice to feel that we are really to be neighbours—that we are to have your help in all the plans we are making together."

"I am so happy, I cannot always believe it is not a dream, and that I shall wake to find myself in Windmill House again," answered Joan, who was in one of her expansive moods, once so rare, but commoner now with the few people in whom she confided. "Yes, let me show you everything. This is father's parlour on this side. I dare say he is asleep; he sleeps a great deal now, but you can look round, we shall not wake him; and here is my room, this side, where we have our meals, and where I shall do my work when I want to make a spread. The kitchens are capital; it is all small, but so compact and comfortable. Jane is a merry, willing girl, quite a friend already; upstairs you see is father's room over his parlour, and I have the little one behind, because I like to be near him—he sometimes wanders in his sleep, and seems inclined to get up. I am more comfortable to be close at hand. The other room is for a visitor, if ever we have one"—Joan paused for a moment with her hand on the door, an odd little smile upon her face; but then she turned away and went on with her description of domestic arrangements. "Jane sleeps over the kitchen. If you had ever seen Windmill House you would understand why it all seems so homelike here. When I wake in the morning and hear the birds twittering in the ivy, and see the shadows of the trees on the blind, and remember where I am, I feel so happy I do not know how to be thankful enough."

"You will show your happiness by sharing it with others," said Muriel, as she looked out of the little latticed windows, the colour deepening in her own face. "That is just as I often feel myself—as if I did not know how to be grateful enough for all the gladness and peace; and then I hope and pray that I may be able to do something to show it by teaching, and ministering to, and raising those who have little happiness of their own in this world. I always feel as if that must be the work He wishes us to do in giving so much to us, and Marcus feels just as I do, and you, too, Joan, I think; I am so glad we have you to help us. We want help, and friends are so much better than strangers. Marcus is coming soon to see you and your father, and to arrange about getting the garden properly stocked and put in order. We do so hope you will be comfortable here; you cannot think how grateful he feels to you for giving your time and strength and skill to our poor people. I do hope you will be very happy, Joan."

"I am quite sure I shall be," was the quiet answer, and Joan's eyes were shining with strange brightness and intensity. "And it is not for any one to thank me. I feel as if I could not be grateful enough for all that has been done for us"—they were in the little parlour now, and Joan was looking out of the window, turning slightly away from her companion. "Muriel, did you know that I went home yesterday for a long day—to Windmill House, I mean?"

"Did you, Joan? No, I did not know."

"I felt I ought to do so. I wanted some things from there, and I wished to explain, if I could, why it was we had left them. I did not want them to feel hurt. I am glad now that I went."

"Were they angry at your leaving?"

"I hardly know; Roger has been glad to have his portion of father's money paid over to him, and I think Caroline is not altogether sorry not to have the charge of him in his old age. They have got rather different ideas now about the future; they have decided to sell Windmill House—it is much too big for them, and he has heard of a doctor who wants to buy it if he can get it reasonably, for a sort of asylum for mad people. They mean to take a smaller house in Thorne, so that the boys can go regularly to school; it will be much better for them all, and I think the different things that have happened lately have roused them all up. The old life does not quite satisfy any of us now."

"And what do the little girls think of all?"

Joan was smiling in a subdued fashion.

"The girls never liked Windmill House, and they liked it less than ever when they lost Roy; they were quite in despair when they understood that father had renounced the guardianship, and that he was never coming back; but things have turned out better for them too. The London aunt they visited before Christmas has written to suggest that Mildred, who is near in age to her two eldest daughters, shall spend the next six months with them so as to share her cousin's educational advantages. She is wild with delight at the idea, for she was happy there before, and got on very well with her relations; as for little Nellie, I had my own plans about her. Mr. Lee was kind enough to examine her carefully before he left, when he came to fetch Roy, and he says that he is almost certain he can cure her, if he can have her under his own care for a twelvemonth. So I got father's consent to my plan, and then her parents', and I brought her home with me yesterday. She is asleep now in our spare room, tired out by all the excitement and fatigue of yesterday and to-day; but she will wake up by tea-time and you will see her. Dear little Nellie, I don't think I ever knew before how fond I was of her; it will be so pleasant to have her here to look after father a little when I am out. She is not afraid of him now, and she knows more about his books than I do, and will be delighted to keep his library in order, and wait upon him or read to him. We are to have all the books sent here. Roger does not value them, and even though father may not read so much now as he used, he will like to see the familiar things about him. I am going to have his room all lined with shelves, and he will feel quite at home when he has his library here."

Muriel's interest in this recital was great, and

she knew how pleased Roy would be to hear such pleasant news. The fear that Mildred and Nellie would miss him and be unhappy had been his great trouble, and now he would be proportionately glad to hear what good times were in store for both. And whilst she was saying so to Joan, the door opened and admitted the little fair-haired lame girl.

Nellie looked rather shy at the stranger, but Muriel had a way with children that none of them could resist, and an invitation to come and see Roy next day and play with Lilias in the garden if fine enough, brought smiles of timid delight to the child's face. She was very happy and busy helping Joan to get the tea, and carrying grandpapa's cup backwards and forwards; and it was plain to Muriel that the tonic she most needed was the restful kind of happiness that life in this new home would ensure for her.

Marcus came to fetch Muriel home, bringing an excellent account of Roy. He was pleased and surprised at the addition to the household, and listened with interest to Joan's story. He made friends with the little new-comer almost as fast as Muriel had done, and when the guests had departed, and Joan and her little niece stood at the door watching them disappear in the clear, bright February twilight, the child looked up at her with a gravely questioning face and asked:

"Aunt Joan, what is it makes all the people here so kind and nice? Is it because they live in such a pretty place?"

Joan did not answer immediately, and Nellie continued:

"Roy was just the same, and everybody here seems like him. Do you think we shall get nice too, Aunt Joan, now that we have come to live here near them?"

Joan stooped suddenly and gathered the child in her arms—a most unwonted sign of feeling:

"We will try, Nellie, to grow like them; but I do not think that just being in the place will do it—we must try to serve the same Master that they do."

A sweet serious glance of comprehension shot from the child's eyes.

"I know, Aunt Joan," she said in a whisper. "I should like to do that too."

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

II.—THE APOSTOLIC CALL: "BOANERGES."

THE distance from Bethabara, or "Bethany beyond the Jordan," where the sons of Zebedee and the sons of Jonas had become disciples of Christ, to Cana of Galilee, where we next meet that happy group, is between fifty and sixty miles—a journey to the pedestrian of twenty hours. With the unconscious minuteness of an eye-witness, the evangelist observes that it was on "the third day" when the travellers arrived at Cana, and were called to the marriage feast, where the mother of Jesus was already before them. Their party had been increased on the way by Philip of Bethsaida, and by Nathanael, or Bartholomew, himself an inhabitant of Cana.

By the presence of Mary at the feast, and by the prominent part she assumed, it would appear that the wedding was that of some near connection; but of this there is no certainty. Joseph, her husband, was probably dead: his name has ceased to appear in the narrative. That *John* himself was the bridegroom was an early tradition, mentioned by Jerome; mediæval writers adding, with characteristic monkish blindness to the significance of the miracle, that the young disciple, on beholding it, renounced the newly-formed tie, and devoted himself to an ascetic life! Such fancies we may disregard: there is enough, however, in the graphic narrative to show the keen observation and interest of an actual and deeply interested witness. That Jesus and His disciples were invited as guests after their arrival, not that they had been invited beforehand and went to Cana on that account, seems to be intimated in the form of the word employed.[1] An unexpected addition of six or seven persons to the party would moreover explain the failure of the wine.

The record of the miracle is closed by a remark which occurs several times in one form or another throughout this Gospel—"His disciples believed in Him,"—not only indicating the purpose of the biography, to set forth the Divine greatness of the Redeemer, but with almost unconscious autobiographic touch evincing the writer's presence and interest in the scene. We are all apt to describe occurrences in which we have been actual observers by their effect upon our own minds; and so this repeated statement in the Fourth Gospel, in connection with critical periods of the Saviour's ministry, has been rightly taken as among the strong although indirect evidences of the Johannine authorship.

Which of "the disciples" accompanied Jesus and His mother from Cana to Capernaum[2] we

[1] Not pluperfect, "had been called," but aorist, ἐκλήθη, "was called." See the critical Commentaries.

[2] "They continued there not many days" (John ii. 12). There was nothing special in this visit; nothing seemed to come of it; it appears to be mentioned only in continuance, so to speak, of the writer's journal.

have no means of knowing. John was undoubtedly one of them, Andrew is thought to have been another. The party was most probably broken up; our Lord had as yet given no definite call to apostleship. Those who would now remain by His side were those who felt some special attraction of His love, or to whom some special opportunity of accompanying Him was given. But it seems to us impossible not to feel that in the notice of our Lord's visit to Jerusalem (John iii.), and in the account of His return to Galilee through Samaria again to Cana, we have the narrative of an eye-witness.

This period of our Lord's life indeed is too often passed over almost unnoticed by readers of the Gospel history. It was in reality one of the highest importance, not only from its separate incidents—Christ's self-revelation at the Passover in Jerusalem, the cleansing of the Temple, and the dialogue with Nicodemus—but because it contains glimpses of an extended *Judæan* ministry, implied, though not actually described, in the other Gospels. Thus Matthew (ch. iv. 25) speaks of multitudes of people that followed Jesus (into Galilee) "from Jerusalem and from Judæa," and records (ch. viii. 10, 12) a contrast instituted by Christ Himself between the faith shown by the centurion of Capernaum, and the unbelief with which He had met "in Israel.[1]" There is in Luke iv. 44 a remarkably various reading: "He preached in the synagogues of *Judæa*" instead of *Galilee*; an alteration admitted, though with some doubt, by Westcott and Hort, and placed in the margin of our Revised Version as at least worthy of attention. But we need not press this: it is evident from our Lord's mournful appeal to Jerusalem—"How often would I have gathered thee!"—that He had laboured much among the Jews, although for the most part in vain. That the evangelist (Matthew), who records the words, has said nothing of the ministry to which they refer, is only an indirect proof of truthfulness; and St. John supplies the missing link.

Through these eight or nine months at least,[2] which intervened between that Passover and the imprisonment of the Baptist, the young son of Zebedee was an assiduous attendant upon Jesus. He was in Jerusalem when Nicodemus came to Jesus by night, and may have been present at the interview, in which the Lord's deep and mystic utterances would so well harmonise with the character of his own mind. He accompanied the Master from Jerusalem into the country districts of Judæa, where for a time, like John the forerunner, the disciples of Jesus baptized into the coming kingdom. There John the Baptist was also still labouring, having retired from the Jordan to Aenon near to Salim with its many watercourses—probably in a Samaritan valley to the east of Sychar; whence his last beautiful utterances—his "swan song," as they have been called—would easily reach his former disciple, and are given by him with a deep and solemn commentary, in which the aged evangelist gives his own attestation to the words with which his first teacher in the Jordan wilderness had closed his ministry, once again emphatically witnessing to the Christ of God.[1]

It was now time to return into Galilee, and John was still an attendant upon the Saviour. The charming narrative of the interview with the woman of Samaria plainly contains the reminiscences of an actor in the scene. "Upon this came His disciples; and they marvelled that He was speaking with a woman; yet no man said, What seekest Thou? or, Why speakest Thou with her? So the woman left her water-pot," etc. Here is more than a fine dramatic propriety:—it is a living picture, familiar to the writer's memory and thought, recalled, as an old man recalls the past. So is it to the end of this unequalled story. The narrator gives again an almost unconscious note of time. Jesus abode in Sychar "two days;" then went, to receive at first a welcome in Galilee, and again at Cana to work a miracle, "at the seventh hour."

Here, as we read the story, the disciples left Jesus for a while. John and Andrew returned to Bethsaida, to their boats and nets on the Galilæan lake. The great Baptist was now imprisoned in the fortress by the Dead Sea shore, where his life was soon to end. The time had come for Jesus to enter upon a second period of His ministry, more general, more sustained than the former, with a larger company of followers and fellow-workers. In Galilee, He now first repeats the warning summons, which John had uttered on the banks of Jordan, *Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.* Then followed the call to permanent apostleship of those who were already His disciples, the sons of Jonas and the sons of Zebedee.

Every rule of historical interpretation requires us to distinguish between the call of John and his comrades as described by Matthew, Mark and Luke, from that narrated in the Fourth Gospel. Nor indeed need we spend a word on what seems so obvious, but for the endeavour of some critics to find a discrepancy in the accounts. Thus a commentator so learned and generally so candid as Dr. Meyer, writes that the account in the first three Gospels "of the call of the two pairs of brothers is utterly irreconcilable with that of John as to place, time, and circumstances; and the usual explanations resorted to—that what is here recorded was only a *preliminary* call, or only a *social union* with Christ, or only *the gathering together of the first believers*, but not their call—fall to the ground at once when we see how the narrative (in the Fourth Gospel) proceeds, for according to it 'the disciples' are with Jesus, and remain with Him." Dr. Meyer's argument is plainly inconclusive. In John's language "the disciples" may well mean, as we have assumed above, those who had been called and who associated themselves with Him rather by spontaneous

[1] It is however possible that this was merely the contrast between the Gentile and the Jew.

[2] See John iv. 35: "There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest." If this is to be taken as referring to the actual time of year, it was in December or January. But it is probable that the words were used in a general proverbial sense: "From seed-time and harvest there are four months," in which case they tell us nothing as to the time of year.

[1] John iii. 27–30 are the words of the Baptist. Verses 31–36 seem to be the comment of the evangelist.

attraction than by any formal designation. Afterwards John speaks of "the twelve" (vi. 67), which is the more significant as no account of the choice of the apostles has been given in this Gospel. It is one of those many instances in which the narrative of the other three is presupposed. And again, it is not to be thought that a writer with the first three Gospels before him would have deliberately given another and "irreconcilable" account of *the same transaction*. We therefore regard the two as altogether distinct. The former call was in the valley of the Jordan, the latter by the sea of Galilee; the two were separated by an interval of at least eight months; the former was introductory to Christ's ministry in Judæa, contemporaneous with that of John the Baptist; the latter was preparatory to His more extended ministry which had Galilee for its principal scene, and which began only when the forerunner was cast into prison. And may we not add, as further evidence, that this second call, by Gennesaret, was not the summons of an *unknown* master—that, at His first word, the disciples left all and followed Him? They gladly complied, not as drawn by the magic of a resistless word, but as already His, in heart and life.

This twofold call has its counterpart among ourselves. The summons that first touches the heart and wakens it to faith, is the Saviour's *Come, and ye shall see*. So the disciple is won, and it becomes his choicest delight to follow the Master in every way of appointed service; to behold His glory, as at Cana, to listen to His words, as at Sychar, or else to remember Him in the ordinary and lowly duties of life, as at the Galilæan lake. This is the position of all who know Him. But to some, chosen out of the rest, there comes the call to higher and more constant service. To His *Come, and ye shall see* is added the thrilling, all-constraining word, *Follow Me*. The disciple becomes the apostle; or, to translate the thought into terms of our ordinary life, the youthful Christian, filled with an earnest and noble desire, recognises in this desire the voice of Jesus, *Go forth and be My minister and witness among men*. Gennesaret is finally forsaken—the boats, the fishing-nets, the comrades; and the minister of the church, the missionary of the Cross, henceforth lays his life on the altar of holy service.

The history of John now becomes that of his Master and his fellow disciples. Soon the number of the twelve is completed; in every list of whom the two sons of Zebedee and the two sons of Jonas occupy, although in varying order, the foremost place.[1] On the former pair of brothers Jesus confers the title of *Boanerges*, "Sons of Thunder"[2]—a surname that gives an interesting glimpse into their natural temperament. For we cannot understand it as resting on anything merely superficial, such as "a deep-toned peculiarity of voice." Rather does it denote an intensity of character, possibly not unmixed with gloom, and ready on occasion to flash forth with uncontrolled energy. John the Baptist was a "lamp that burneth and shineth"—heat and light duly blended, and shedding a constant radiance; in his namesake we should rather look for revelations of hidden power, bursting forth in sudden glow, sometimes to illuminate, sometimes to scathe. It was a "son of thunder" whose spirit breathes and burns in the Apocalypse. And even in the ministry of Christ there was need of repressing the exuberant ardour of these young souls which more than once threatened to fall into fanatic intolerance—"Master, we saw one casting out demons in Thy name, and we forbad him, because he followeth not with us." It is *John* who speaks, forgetting for the moment how Joshua in the old time[1] had in like manner tried to silence the voice of unauthorised prophets in the camp, and had been reproved. It was exactly, we feel, what a John would do, in eager loyalty to his Master, leading to an impatience of everything, however good and true, which did not seem to bear His impress. And so it was to John that the simple, sublime lesson of tolerance first was given: "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us."

With an indignation, again, which might seem to have a better excuse, James and John are for calling down fire from heaven to consume the Samaritan villagers who had driven the Son of Man and His companions from their doors. The sons of thunder stand here revealed, in the spirit and power of Elijah! But again, the Saviour rebuked the zeal which even for His sake would do harm to men, and through the sons of Zebedee taught to His professed people a lesson which it would have been well if they had laid to heart in ages to come! Is it not with a sense of grateful delight that we read in the record of John's missionary work in after days, that he himself, with his companion Peter, preached the gospel in many *villages of the Samaritans*?[2]

The appeal to Jesus for an exalted place in His kingdom, in which James and John once more appear in the narrative, is hardly to be classed with the foregoing illustrations of their character. Rather does it seem a sudden outburst of desire, aroused by the mysterious announcement of coming sorrow and glory. It was associated, we must not forget, with the most solemn words in which our Lord had spoken of His agony. In its very ambition there breathed a noble faith; and there is no reason to doubt that the brothers were intelligently sincere when they said *We can*, in answer to the question whether they could "drink of the cup and be baptized with the baptism" of the Son of Man. Matthew and Mark both narrate the incident; and the former evangelist throws some light upon it by recording that it was the *mother* of Zebedee's children who made the request for her sons. In the fact that she prompted it, we may see in it rather the longing of the mother's heart for her children's greatness

[1] *Matthew and Luke.* — *Mark and Acts.*
Peter — Peter
Andrew — James
James — John
John — Andrew

[2] In correct Hebrew *B'ney-regesh*; the *o* inserted after the fashion of the broad Galilæan pronunciation.

[1] See Numbers xi. 28, 29. [2] Acts viii. 25.

than any further revelation of the spirit of Boanerges. There was something better in it, after all, than in Peter's blunt enquiry, made not long before, "Behold, we have left all and followed Thee; what then shall we have?" And once more, through the sons of Zebedee, come to us immortal words: "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."

If the mistakes of the Apostle John are those of a Boanerges, they help us at the same time to understand the secret of the calm which pervaded his later writings. It is the calm of a profound intensity. In the stillness and glory of a summer's day there is the balance of electric forces, which on occasion display themselves in the darkness and majesty of the storm. The greatest natures can be tranquil and serene; and the indignation which, like a thunder-peal, denounces "the liars" that deny the Father and the Son, is akin to the deep and solemn sweetness of the great announcement that God is Love.

LAST HOURS.

THE memorable death-bed to which the eyes of all the world have been recently directed, suggests that we may provide an interesting and profitable subject of thought by gathering together a few anecdotes of the last moments of celebrated men. "Thoughts of mortality," says an old writer, "are cordial to the soul," which is but natural, seeing death is an untried experience which sooner or later every one of us must face.

In the South Kensington Museum another such scene is depicted in D. W. Wynfield's painting, which represents Oliver Cromwell drawing near his end—his wife and children about him, and Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, with a company of others, in an adjoining room pouring out their hearts in prayer for his recovery. That, too, was a memorable scene. The Protector himself was willing enough to have done with the world. "It is not my design," he said, when some refreshment was offered to him, "to drink or sleep; but my design is to make what haste I can to be gone."

He died—"The Lord bore him to his everlasting rest," says one who was in attendance—on the 3rd of September of 1658; it was the Thanksgiving Day for the victories of Dunbar and Worcester. A terrible tempest swept over England and part of the continent just at the time. "It was," says Clarendon, "a day very memorable for the greatest storm of wind that had been ever known, for some hours before and after his death, which overthrew trees, houses and made great wrecks at sea, and the tempest was so universal, that the effects of it were terrible both in France and Flanders, where all the people trembled at it; for besides the wrecks all along the sea-coast, many boats were cast away in the very rivers." The enemies of Cromwell said that Satan came with the wind to fetch his soul away; his friends, that nature could not see so great a spirit take its departure without giving vent to signs of strong emotion.

A resemblance has often been pointed out between the death of Napoleon Bonaparte and that of Cromwell, so far as stormy weather was concerned. On the 4th of September, 1821, the island of St. Helena was visited by a tremendous hurricane which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots, including a willow under which the emperor had often enjoyed the fresh air. The 5th was another day of tempests, and about six in the evening Napoleon passed away. The last words he was heard to pronounce were, "My God . . . and the French nation . . . my son . . . head of the army . . . France! France!"

Beethoven, the great composer, is another who died in a storm. A sudden tempest of both hail and snow came on as he lay with closed eyes and breathing heavily, and it was followed by a flash of lightning and a terrible peal of thunder. The crash roused the dying man. He opened his eyes, clenched his fist and shook it in the air above him. The hail rushed down outside and as the peal died away, the hand fell and Beethoven breathed his last. The storm in the case both of Napoleon and Beethoven, happened in the evening, like the tempest in which the old Scotch lady died of whom it is told that, when she heard the thunder and the rattling hailstones, she looked up and, with a simple earnestness, remarked, "Ech, sirs, what a night for me to be fleeing through the air!"

According to the poet, "all men think all men mortal but themselves." But there are exceptions. Some people have been known so fully to recognise their own mortality that they may be held to have died simply because they had made up their minds that they would live no longer. The holding of a contrary opinion would have saved them. To this class belongs Robert Burton, the author of the often-quoted "Anatomy of Melancholy." Burton had foretold his death from the calculation of his own nativity, and he died at, or at least very near the time, he, strange to say, had predicted.

Mozart is another example. Not long after receiving a commission from a mysterious stranger for a Requiem Mass the composer remarked that he was convinced he should not be long here, and that he was certainly writing the Requiem for himself. His health and spirits gradually sank, and he died within a few months of receiving the commission, the Requiem occupying his thoughts to the end.

Fléchier, a French divine, died after having a dream, which he interpreted as foreshadowing

By permission.]

THE DEATH-BED OF CROMWELL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1658.

[*After D. W. Wynfield.*

his departure. So convinced was he that the end drew near, that he ordered his tomb, saying to the sculptor, "Begin your work at once; there is no time to lose."

Hogarth, when designing "The end of all things"—the print now known as "Finis"—foretold that there would be speedily an end of the painter, and that "the sooner his work was done the better." He died only a few months after the print was published.

There is something mysterious about the way in which Cardinal Wolsey predicted his end. Two days after he had ridden on his mule into the Abbey of Leicester with, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you," he asked Cavendish, his gentleman usher, what time it was. Cavendish answered that it was past eight in the morning. "Eight of the clock," said the Cardinal, "that cannot be; it cannot be eight of the clock; for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world."

He proved to have been mistaken as to the day but not as to the hour. On the following morning the clock struck eight, "at which time," says Cavendish, "he gave up the ghost, and thus departed this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words the day before, as he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposed that he prophesied of his departure."

According to Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of Protestantism in the Thirty Years' War, no man is happier than he who dies in the exercise of his calling. At the battle of Lützen, Gustavus experienced this happy death in his own person. Nelson entertained the same idea, and realised his wish in dying at Trafalgar, where he expired with the roar of battle sounding his parting knell, his last words being: "Now I am satisfied; I have done my duty, thank God! I have done my duty." Sir John Moore was of the same opinion when he fell at Corunna. "You know," he said to Hardinge, "that I have always desired to die in this way."

An illustration in a humbler rank of the pursuit of one's calling carried on with spirit to the very close is found in the piper to Claverhouse's troops at the battle of Bothwell Bridge in 1679. As he was playing "Awa', Whigs, awa'," he was struck by a bullet, and rolled down the bank in the agonies of death; so intent, however, was he on the old party tune that he contrived to finger the pipes and yell out a few bars more till he plunged into the river and was carried away peaceably down the current among a great number of floating Whigs.

Desmoulins, the celebrated French physician, kept up his medical character to the last, mixing a little sarcasm, just to give it a relish, with the good advice to which he gave utterance. His fellow-physicians were crowding round his bed when Desmoulins assured them that they need not be greatly concerned, for he was going to leave behind him three physicians much greater than himself. Each of the doctors thought, "perhaps he will name me," so they anxiously enquired who they were who could surpass the illustrious Desmoulins. Their disappointment may be imagined when they heard the dying man say with great distinctness, "Water, Exercise and Diet."

When the mind grows weak before death, the dying often busy themselves in imagination with their habitual occupations. Opie, the artist, in his last delirium fancied himself employed in his favourite pursuit, and continued painting in idea till his death. Dr. Armstrong drew his last breath in the act of delivering medical precepts. Dr. Adams, the author of "Roman Antiquities," and Rector of the Edinburgh High School, imagined himself in his class. "But it grows dark, boys," he said, "you may go; we must put off the rest till to-morrow," and after saying so he immediately expired. Charles Abbot, the first Lord Tenterden, thought himself still on the bench, and his last words were, "Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict." According to some, however, what he said was, "Gentlemen, you are dismissed."

The good breeding of the Earl of Chesterfield was exhibited to the very point of his departure. An hour before he died, a friend—a Mr. Dayrolles—called to see him. When this gentleman entered the room, the *valet de chambre* opened the curtains of the bed and announced his name. His lordship just found strength in a faint voice to say, "Give Dayrolles a chair." These were the last words he was heard to utter. Charles II. was even more polite; when he died, says Lord Macaulay, "he apologised to those who stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation."

"The sense of death," says Isabella, in her counsel to Claudio, "is most in apprehension." There may be pain, no doubt, in previous illness, and sometimes dread agony of spirit, but the mere act of passing away is often apparently a gentle and painless process; a relief like the laying down of a heavy burden, or the sinking to rest after a hard day's toil. The testimony has been recorded to this effect, of many a dying man who has breathed his last as if Death were really what it has been fabled to be, the elder brother of sleep. Struggle there was none, and the exit was made not only with ease, but sometimes apparently even with pleasure.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." Louis the Great was surprised at the easiness of it. "I thought," he said, "that dying had been more difficult." "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, when near her end, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "My friends," remarked Fontenelle, the poet, shortly before he died, "I have no pain, only a little difficulty in keeping up life." All these utterances, however, have relation only to the physical conditions.

"I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. A similar

testimony was given by the niece of Newton, of Olney. "If this be dying," she observed, "it is a pleasant thing to die." Lord Collingwood, the celebrated naval commander, when near his last breath, said to Captain Thomas who was with him, "I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all who love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." Pope, the poet, died so imperceptibly that the exact moment of his departure was not marked by his attendants.

Such facts may be encouraging to timid natures, but they are of small moment in comparison with those diviner consolations which David knew. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Against sudden death, when in a moment and without warning the soul is called to its account, we pray and with reason; it must be admitted, however, that some have been of a different way of thinking. On the eve of the day that Cæsar was assassinated, his friends at supper were discussing the question which was the happiest death. Cæsar, who was engaged in signing despatches, without looking up, said, "the least premeditated and the shortest." "An instantaneous death," says Pliny, "is the sovereign good hap of human life." Montaigne, the essayist, follows the lead of these two, remarking that death is, in truth, "a morsel that is to be swallowed without chewing." No doubt, as far as man can see, the sudden death would be best if every moment we could have all things in readiness not only for entering the next world but for leaving this.

One of the most striking of sudden deaths was that of Dr. Thomas Sheridan, the grandfather of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. He was in the house of a friend, and they were talking of the direction of the wind. Sheridan said, "Let the wind blow east, west, north or south, the immortal soul will fly back to the destined point," and leaning back in his chair he immediately expired.

About some deaths there is a singular appropriateness accompanied not unfrequently by considerable poetic beauty. Such a death was that of Petrarch whom his servants found dead in his library with his head bent over a book; he had breathed his last surrounded by those silent companions he loved so well. Falconer, the poet, had also an appropriate end; it was he who wrote the "Shipwreck," and after weathering many hard gales of fortune he perished in actual shipwreck when on his way to India.

The last hours of Cavendish, the chemist, were in keeping with his timid and reserved life. When his end drew near he dismissed his attendant, telling him not to return till a certain hour. When the servant came back his master was dead. There was something specially beautiful about the closing hours of Sir Walter Scott. The great magician drew his last breath amidst scenes which he had rendered for ever famous; he died on the afternoon of a glorious autumn day, every window open, and the ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles distinctly audible in his room. Turner, the artist, had as poetic an ending. The window of his death-chamber was turned toward the west, and the sun shone upon his brow in its setting and rested there as he expired.

Archbishop Leighton's idea of a fitting conclusion he used often to express to his friends. If he was to choose a place to die in, he said, it should be an inn; it looked so like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn. The wish was granted; the Archbishop died at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane, London.

Of all memorable death-beds few leave a pleasanter impression than that of Susannah Wesley—the mother of John and Charles Wesley. She died when she was in a good old age, ready and willing to depart, and the closing scene was a triumph in its happiness and confidence. "I sat down," says her son John, "on the bedside. She was in her last conflict, unable to speak, but, I believe, quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eye fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing and the wheel breaking at the cistern, and then, without any struggle, or sigh or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech:—

"'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

The last words of remarkable people, as given by their biographers, are occasionally, it is to be feared, apocryphal, and represent, not so much what they did say, as what they would have said if they had only thought of it. Doubt has been thrown on the "Et tu, Brute" reported to have been the final exclamation of Julius Cæsar as he fell beneath the blows of his assassins. And it is not improbable that the "Oh, my country," of William Pitt is a fable, however true it may be that the last words uttered by that illustrious statesman, whilst he knew what he said, were broken exclamations about the state of public affairs.

There are some last words, however, about which there can be no reasonable doubt. When Bunyan breathed his last at his lodgings on Snow Hill, "Take me, for I come to Thee," were the final words he was heard to speak. Holy George Herbert—dying without an enemy, "if," as Izaak Walton quaintly says, "Andrew Melvin died before him"—laid down the burden of life after exclaiming, "And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul." The last words of Tasso were in the same pious vein, "Into Thy hands, O Lord!"

The last word John Wesley was heard to articulate was "Farewell!" addressed to the friends who knelt around his bed. "God bless you all!" spoken to his family, were the last words of Sir Walter Scott. Dr. Johnson's last words also took the form of a benediction. "God bless you, my dear!" he said to a friend's daughter who came to him at the last to ask his blessing. When Boileau, the French poet, was expiring, a friend entered his room. "Good day and adieu," said Boileau: "it will be a long adieu," and instantly died.

Sir Walter Raleigh kept up his character for

coolness to the last. At his execution the headsman made an unexpected pause. "Why dost thou not strike? strike man!" exclaimed Raleigh. When Washington lay dying, he gave instructions to his secretary as to his funeral, then he asked, "Do you understand me?" "Yes," said the secretary. "'Tis well," answered Washington, and never spoke again.

The last words of Lord Byron were "Let me sleep" or "I must sleep now." When life was ebbing with the poet Cowper, he was urged to take some nourishment. "What can it signify?" he said, which was his last utterance. One who was present when the Earl of Eldon died, remarked to him that it was a cold day. "It matters not to me, where I am going," said his lordship, "whether the weather be cold or hot," and so passed away.

"Happy!" was the last word of Sir James Mackintosh, used in answering an enquiry as to how he felt. We have a striking contrast in the last words of Oliver Goldsmith. When the poet was on his death-bed a doctor attending him made this remark—"Your pulse," he said, "is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No, it is not," answered Goldsmith and passed away without speaking again.

Schiller's last words were "Many things are growing plain and clear." This he said looking up with a lively air, then he closed his eyes, and, says Carlyle, "his sleep deepened and deepened till it changed into the sleep from which there is no awakening." About the last words of Goethe there was a singular appropriateness. "His speech," says his biographer, "was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were 'More light!'"

JAMES MASON.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A TRIUMPH OVER CANNIBALISM.

I WAS painfully interested on one occasion by an address delivered by Raekura, who laboured awhile as an evangelist on Lifu, one of the Loyalty Islands. He lived with Paoo, the Apostle of Lifu, assisting that noble man in his work. From Paoo's lips the following narrative was derived.

When Paoo and Zekaria landed on Lifu in 1843, they providentially became the friends and guests of Bula, the powerful chief of the eastern part of the island. On the evening of their first day ashore, Bula asked—

"Why did you come to Lifu?"

"To make known to you the word of God."

"What God?" interrogated Bula.

"Jehovah, who made heaven and earth and all things. It was He who created man."

"Where is that God of yours now?"

"In heaven. He is a Spirit; therefore He cannot be seen by the natural eye. Moreover, He is too sacred for us to gaze upon."

And so the conversation was continued.

Bula was greatly astonished; at some of the statements of the teachers he laughed outright. Nevertheless, his personal kindness and powerful protection were unvarying from that day forth. Several times it was proposed that the strangers should be slain and cooked; but Bula withheld his consent.

Not long after their landing on Lifu, war broke out and the teachers fled to Marè in a canoe. After spending a fortnight amongst their friends there, they returned to their old protector Bula. Paoo was unwearied in teaching the heathen; but, hostilities again breaking out, the teachers gladly took refuge on Marè for three weeks. Upon their return to Lifu, after this second flight, Bula and his people formally accepted them as teachers.

Previously they had been regarded merely as guests and friends of the chief. A grand oven of food was prepared as a welcome and formal installation. Each district subject to Bula had to furnish its quota of food for the occasion; yams, taro, bananas, cocoa-nuts, sugar-cane, and sweet potatoes. The next thing was to get a fat lad as a relish! The universal rule of feasts in the Pacific was this, if the present of food was uncooked, the relish must be uncooked; and *vice versâ*. But should a finger or toe of the victim be abstracted, the thief must be eaten in payment. When all was ready, the contents of the mighty oven were presented to the terrified teachers in the name of Bula and the underchiefs.

The teachers thanked them all for their kindness, but stated "that they could not possibly accept the poor victim, as that would offend Jehovah; that Jesus died on the cross expressly to save men." "What shall we do then with this (the victim)?" "Bury him," was the prompt reply. "Who is to bury him?" "All of us," responded the teachers.

The delighted crowd hurried off at once to dig a shallow grave, and soon returned to report that it was ready. With shouts of joy they bore the victim on a platform professedly to his burial. But each man in the crowd was resolved to have as much of the flesh as he could; so that by the time they got to the grave there was nothing to bury but the skeleton!

The teachers tremblingly followed the crowd, grieving over what they had been powerless to prevent. It was well that so courageous a stand was made at the first; for never again was such a revolting feast made for them.

This same Bula, sovereign of one half of Lifu, had forty wives. As many as sixteen cooked bodies were laid before him at a single meal. Under the influence of the teachers, he gave up cannibalism; but not polygamy and idolatry.

Zekaria eventually returned to his home on Rarotonga. Paoo faithfully plodded on, other labourers joined him; so that in a few years, by the blessing of God, the good work advanced with rapid strides. In 1859, the Rev. S. Macfarlane took the oversight of the work. In 1863, we conveyed Paoo's orphan children to Aitutaki in the John Williams, Paoo being a native of that lovely isle. And now, in 1886, there are 5714 adherents of Christianity on Lifu, and about 2000 church members. So true is it that "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." Lifu is one of the Loyalty Islands now under the flag of France.

CHURCH KITES.

In times of peace kite-flying was a favourite amusement of the Hervey Islanders. Kites were egg, club, or bird-shaped. The first flown was sacred to the gods. Each kite bore a name and heraldic device. Only chiefs and aged men might indulge in this pastime. Tears of joy would be shed by the victor, to whom was given the largest share of the grand feast which followed. During the flight of the kite (or "bird," as the native name imports), it was customary to chant a song, composed for the occasion, which was supposed to aid its ascent.

In these days, teachers labouring amongst the heathen are universally called "kites" or "birds." Some churches boast of having three or four "kites" flying at one time in New Guinea or elsewhere. A church that has not even one "kite" abroad flying is looked down upon as having failed in duty to the Master. It is incumbent upon those who stay at home "to hold on to the end of the string," that is, never to forget these messengers of the churches in their prayers to God. Teachers in the field often write pathetically to their friends: "How can we be expected to fly, if you at home let go the string? If you cease to plead before God on our behalf, we fall and perish."

HELP FOR NEW GUINEA.

Timoteo, of Samoa, ere starting for New Guinea on missionary work, remarked:—

A stump-tailed Heron once pathetically said to a delicately graceful Tropic Bird, "Pray give me one[1] of those handsome red feathers in your tail, for I have none." The proud beauty disdainfully replied: "Be satisfied with what Nature has bestowed upon you; I will not part with my adornments."

Now Papua is the stump-tailed Heron; Samoa with its Christian privileges is the handsome Tropic Bird. New Guinea is asking Samoa to spare some of her feathers (sons) to adorn (instruct) her; but, unlike the stingy beauty of the ancient fable, Samoa is now freely parting with her most prized feathers to beautify the stump-tailed Heron of Papua.

[1] The Tropic Bird is furnished with two red tail feathers, fifteen inches in length, much prized by Polynesians for head-dresses. This bird is unquestionably the most beautiful sea-bird of warm latitudes.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

CHAPTER V

IT was not only Robert Bulteel who watched with flashing eyes and bated breath the lessening line of white water that lay between the Spaniards and their pursuers. Effingham, dressed daintily as a man might dress for courtly service, stood on his good ship's towering poop, searching that serried "half moon" for the noblest game at which to strike.

His glance happened to fall on Robert Bulteel. He had already learned something of his worth, and reckoned him true metal. To him he said, "There must be no grappling-irons used with such fellows as these. The enemy has an army on board, we have none. We must fight and fly, and turn and fight again: our strength lies in our heels to-day, eh, Bulteel?"

And Robert replied grimly, "Our heels have good cock's spurs thereon, my lord. Let them feel the sting of them as soon as may rightly be."

A signal ran up to the peak of the Admiral's ship; and presently a galley, with all sail set, and urged forward also by oars pulled with a will, shot in advance of the English line and discharged her cannon at the huge "San Matteo," the bulkiest and gaudiest of the Spanish rear-guard.

A hoarse cheer rang out from English throats as the sound of the guns trembled and died on the air. But there was little time henceforth for cheering, or little silence in which cheering might be heard; the iron mouths had it all their own way, and the thunder of the cannon roared and rolled, and the soft smoke clouds rose and rioted, until the sweet peace of the summer Sabbath was turned into horror of darkness and death.

The galley which had the honour of leading the attack, was called the "Defiance," a suitable name for her work that day. It was strange to see a thing so small fling itself forward against such odds; the Duke of Medina, commanding the Spaniards, scarcely thought it worth his while to point his ordnance at so insignificant a foe.

But he soon found that his guns, point them as deftly as he might, were almost fired in vain.

For the lofty hulls and huge "castles" of the foreign ships carried their guns so far above the water-line that the shots, in spite of all the gunners' efforts, went clear over the English ships; while every discharge of Effingham's cannon sent their iron messengers crashing through the gilded timbers of those unwieldy galleons.

And still, before the brisk south-west breeze, the battle swept on. Still the great vessels crowded sail, and pressed upon their course. And still behind them hurried the Ark-Raleigh and her scanty fleet of consorts, handled deftly by all the daring of Drake, and the courage of Frobisher; and by that of many scores of other gallant souls, who were as ready as they to dare and to die for the sake of England's queen, and England's faith.

From Dartmouth and Brixham, from Weymouth and the Solent, from Portsmouth and the Sussex fishing-towns, small ships and trading coasters, ran out to join in this huge chase.

Surely never before on the broad seas had such a sight been seen. It was the hawks harrying the eagles, the dog-fish pursuing the sharks!

For four-and-twenty hours the south wind held, and the Spanish vessels, still disdainful of their adversaries, still reckoning on joining the forces of the Duke of Parma, went slowly on their way; and behind them came the English, hovering in their rear, and using with sharp effect the "spurs" of which Robert had talked.

Just as the night had fallen on that 22nd of June, Dan Lavin's sloop made good her way to the side of the Ark-Raleigh, and placed herself under the Lord Admiral's orders.

"Our teeth are not, so to speak, too sharp," shrieked Lavin, his words but half-heard through the rush of the sea (the guns were silent awhile, now that the dusk made cannonading dangerous to friends as well as foes). "We cannot bite very deep, but we have pitch-pine on board, and tar that will blaze fathoms high! Set the old sloop, the Saucy Susan, a-fire, my lord, an' it please you! She'll be torchlight for the others to dance by at the least."

Dan Lavin was just an Exmouth merchant; the sum total of his worldly gear was easily reckoned; a small huckster's shop, and that same sloop the Saucy Susan, constituted the greater part; but he was in down-right earnest as he hallooed out, "Set her a-fire, an' it please you, my lord!"

It was that spirit of self-sacrifice, of willing and heart-whole surrender that went farther than winds or waves to save old England just then.

Once the Duke of Medina turned round on his pursuers and showed determined fight. The wind changed, favouring his plan of driving Effingham on to the lee shore; and he signalled his captains to take the wind of the English, and once and for ever rid themselves of the ships that hung like a cloud of wasps upon their rear.

An easy order to give; a difficult thing to do.

Such seamen as Sir Francis Drake were not to be out-manœuvred; and that affair ended in the capture of the treasure-galleon, "a huge ship of Biscay," which, with her commander Don Pedro de Valdez, was sent by Drake a prize to Weymouth.

At this distance of time, when we know the end so well, it is difficult fully to understand the excitement that filled the land whilst this long sea-fight went on. The first shot was fired on the 22nd of July, it was not until the 1st of August that the struggle was over, and the beaten Armada, the word "invincible" resting on it now as a scorn and derision, made its weary way into the North Sea. Nine days of wild excitement! nine days of terrible danger!

ENGLISH FLEET IN PURSUIT OF ARMADA.

It was no wonder that Doris grew white and sick when she waited, as did many another maiden, woman, wife, or mother, for such news as might come. The thunder of the cannonade had long died away, the chase had swept on towards the narrow seas; but the great treasure-galleon which had been sent to Weymouth, gave ample room for talk. She had been set on fire by her own crew; and Drake, when he captured her and extinguished the flames, found more than fifty wounded men in her, pitifully maimed and scorched.

An awful thing it was to see these wretched beings, so those who came from Weymouth reported; but enemies as they were they had to be tended and succoured—the heretics they came to despoil being of wider charity than their friends who had left them to perish miserably.

Doris listened to these tales, and to others quite as

terrible, and she shuddered to remember that it was against such men that Robert had gone with his life in his hand. And Earle, the young lad Earle?

Her father was very gentle to her in those days. He never seemed to notice the querulous tone that had come into her voice of late, or the nervous way she had of starting at any sudden step or sound. Himself a suffering invalid, he had learned to feel for the suffering of others: though his was bodily and Doris's was mental pain, and some folks fail to see any bond between the two.

He did not fret about Earle. His life had shown him how powerlessly we lie in the hands of the Ruler of the world. Men may plot and plan, and spend their very souls in striving to ward off danger, and to gather good; but the Judge of all things does what seems to Him best; and men's hopes and fears vanish like the smoke of a parched scroll at the breath of His decree. Thomas Clatworthy, through sore sorrow, and wrenching pain, had learned this truth. And he was not only content but humbly thankful to lie still in Hands which were loving as well as great.

To those Hands he could trust his boy.

The house was dreary now that Earle had gone; one missed his foot upon the stair, and the sound of his laughter through the old rooms. There was his last half-finished work, a decoy-cage he had been busy with, standing amid chips and scraps of wire upon the little bench.

He had suddenly left his boyhood behind him, and had gone out with men to bear the brunt of the battle. And such a battle!

"May the God of his fathers bless the lad," sighed Clatworthy, "and hold him safe for life—and for more than life: that he also may know that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

Some such words Doris over-heard, and she moved uneasily; she could scarcely bear the sound of the muttered prayer; it jarred on her nerves like a blow. She did not know the calm comfort that such confidence can bring; but keeping her eyes low down on her earthly love, she beat against her "fate," as Earle's captured and caged wild-birds might beat against the bars.

She went out restlessly one morning into the fragrant airs that come early from the sea across the fields where the clover nestles amongst the stalks of corn. In the year 1588 maidens rose betimes, and Doris was a notable housekeeper. Already she had set the serving-woman to her day's task, and had weighed and measured the day's stores; already she had been busy with sundry cooking contrivances to tempt her father's appetite; and had turned the camomile flowers which were drying in the still room, and filtered the "tisane" which Dame Townshend, a sick neighbour, was to profit by. Already she had fed her chickens, and gathered the eggs from the hen-roost; yet, it was early enough to see the grass all diamonded with dew, and the rays of the sun yet shining bright upon the eastern waves.

Poor little motherless Doris! Very lonely she felt at that hour now that her morning duties were over, and it was not yet time to go to her father's bedside to spell through a Psalm to him as was her daily custom. Doris was no scholar, and "the reading" was more of a toil than anything else; but she loved her father dearly, in spite of her occasional waywardness, and to do anything to please him was almost always a pleasure to herself in the end. How he suffered—that patient kind-voiced father—and how he had suffered in those terrible days before Doris was born, when the old house on the hill had been desolated by cruel men working the devil's work in the Name of Christ.

The girl thought of those times as she stood there, watching as she so often watched that pathway through the rye.

Was it worse to meet and grapple with actual pain, she wondered, than to stand safe and helpless while her dearest and best might be dying or dead? Could the old times of torture and of martyrdom be harder to bear than her own bootless wretchedness?

She thought only of herself, and of Robert, whose love was part of herself. The mole hills of her misery hid from her eyes the mountains on the horizon of wider interests and nobler aims. But she was so young, this little Doris; and as yet she had only gathered life's flowers, and basked

DAN LAVIN AND HIS SLOOP.

in its sunshine; and flowers and sunshine, beautiful as they are, do not fulfil all of the needs of the inner or the outer life. The time was coming when she would get some faint idea, some dim understanding of the events which work out the far-reaching plans of God.

Of which Divine planning all human knowledge must needs be faint and dim.

This morning, as she searched restlessly over the prospect for sign or sound of the news for which she had spent so many days in watching, she was aware of some unusual stir in the little town. She could see the people gathered like bees on the quay, though, as far as she could tell, no vessel had newly entered the port. How she wished for Earle just then! The boy's long legs would have made short work of the distance; but Earle himself was helping to make up the substance of the "story," whatever it was, that had drifted down to Exmouth from the scene of the great doings against the Spanish invaders. If Doris wished to get tidings from the town she must go thither on her own two feet.

She paused, and hesitated for a minute or two, turning her slender neck, peering and listening like a bird about to take flight. It was not her habit to go down amongst the rude frequenters of the quays, being a creature with much weight of household duty on her youthful shoulders, and having, besides, a sick father to tend and cheer. Furthermore, it was not reckoned seemly in those days for a decorous maiden in the position of Master Clatworthy's daughter to go unattended into the thronged places where gossips congregated and revellers might be making riot.

She never bethought her of her father who would soon be watching for her coming, nor of his anxiety if her usual hour for reading passed without her appearance. For a minute or two she lingered to make sure her eyes did not deceive her, to be certain that there really was something unusual stirring in the town.

And then down the field-path she sped, through the acres of the rye where the poppies' glowing blots of crimson showed gorgeous against the silvery green; across the strip of common where the cotters' cows looked up astonished at the flying vision, and started back, half indignant, from out of her headlong way. Cows are contemplative and mild by nature, and choose to chew their quiet cud unstirred by hurrying steps of thoughtless girls: it is very little indeed to them what any Armada might do!

Just where the street came stretching into the common, with small houses scattering themselves as if humbly and with apologies, in broken dots and lines amidst the green ways, Doris ran right into a group of children who were threading daisies, or moulding the dust-cakes dear to childhood of all countries and centuries. She was rushing too fast to stop herself, and more than one unlucky bairn was rolled amongst the daisies and the dust.

Contrition somewhat sobered her. She stopped to wipe away the tears she had caused, although she was too breathless to have many words of comfort to bestow. But she went onward at a moderate speed, and entered the market-place as composedly as might be.

Her heart was beating as though it would knock a hole in her side, yet it gave a bound that almost suffocated her as she caught the words "great losses," "ships taken and blown into the air"—"Ark-Raleigh, and our own brave men." Which side had lost? Which ships were taken? What had befallen the Ark-Raleigh and her crew?

A mist came over her eyes, and a dulness on her ears. She stood quite still. A sorry gleaner of news, in truth, since she could not so much as gasp forth a question!

Then, suddenly, the clash of bells filled the air: bells swinging and pealing as if the ringers were mad with the joy they caused these iron tongues to fling wide upon the world.

How they rang, those bells! and already over half England like music was echoing. Every hour the sound swelled and spread. Just as the beacon-fires flashing from hill to hill had roused the land to the sense of its danger, so the bells proclaimed England's deliverance—towers and steeples catching the sound in their turn and passing it on over town and shire—the joyful sound of victory.

And now Doris was aware of other meanings in men's words.

It was "Victory," and "brave Sir Francis Drake," and again "Victory." While those there were who reverently doffed their caps, and gave "Glory to God, who had not delivered them over for a prey to the teeth of the foemen."

And the girl drew her hand across her eyes, wondering how she could have failed to see at the very first the glad expression on all faces! Men were handshaking with each other, and laughing into one another's eyes—startled for once, by very joy, out of the sober ways of English reticence.

Back up the field-road ran Doris, her young feet winged now with glad tidings. And even as she ran her ears were filled with the sound of the bells, the broken, irregular chiming, as they thrilled and jangled, and caught themselves into time and tune again, only to fall out once more into most uneven and joyous clangours.

NEWS OF VICTORY.

It was not only for victory they rang, not only because the proud had fallen, and the strong had been discomfited; but it was in thanksgiving for freedom, and for more than freedom—for their honour, and their fatherland, and their faith!

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VII.

Pick out eight of the words contained in this figure, and arrange them so as to form a Scripture promise.

That	In	For	On
Everlasting	He	Me	Eternal
Not	Hath	Trust	The
Death	Believeth	Of	Life

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. III.—p. 334.—AHITHOPHEL.

1, 2. 2 Sam. xv. 12; 3. xv. 31; 4. xvii. 3; 5. xvii. 8; 6. xxi. 23; 7. xvii. 23.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

"IT WAS THE TIME OF ROSES—WE PLUCKED THEM AS WE PASSED."

No. 1783.—JUNE 30, 1882.

THE LESSON OF THE ROSES.

THEY blossomed on every side. Great trails of "Gloire de Dijon" flung themselves over the cottage walls, laden with pinky buds and pearly blooms, with hearts of delicate gold, coiled up like shells. Clusters of fragile white ones, whose tiny buds flushed with eager anticipation of full fledged life, peeped in at the windows, nestling among their thick foliage. Standards stood, stately and fair, serenely sweet, if somewhat formal; and, in the borders upon every side, great bushes of old-fashioned crimson and white and pink and moss roses made the summer air rich with rare fragrance of bud and full blown flower. Beneath them trailed the little yellow Scotch briar, massed with tiny golden balls, and wide-spread single stars, among prickles and olive hued foliage; while, near the gate, the sweet briar threw out its pale fragile open hearted flowers among its perfumed leaves. The garden would not contain their wealth, it spread out over tangled hedge and rural lane, unprofitably bordered with bramble and briar, where wreaths might toss themselves unheeded in the soft breeze, above the grass, enamelled with blue speedwell and daisy and buttercup and ragwort and vetch.

Petals of those which had flaunted their day wafted slowly down, hardly distinguishable from the new-born white butterflies that spread their yet moist wings to dry in the sun, ere they could commence their joyous flight. "It was the time of roses—we plucked them as we passed."

Shall we weight our pleasure in the lovely flowers by the thought of how frail and short-lived is their beauty? by memories of sweet small hands that have gathered stores of them erst while, and that now lie, pale and quiet for ever, though the roses bloom again as fair as before? Ah, no, no! These joys are meant to be joys for ever, to remind us that Heaven has roses yet sweeter and fairer than these:—that the little hands we love are plucking them maybe even now, in joy that knows no fading. These roses are sweet even when withered and dead; we gather them up in brown heaps, and entomb them in china jars for delight in winter weather; so the memory of those other buds should be enshrined in tender hearts to make pleasant the path to the black river, and radiant golden gate beyond.

Roses! How lovely they are upon childhood's cheeks, in maiden's blush, on the withered cheek of honoured age; they harmonise equally with the flaxen curl, the nut-brown tress, the silver-hued band; they are welcome in the stately palace parterre, in the homely gardens, on the lonely untrimmed hedge. Who is there that does not love them? The princess culls a knot to adorn her dainty dress; the village maiden plucks one to carry with her prayer-book to church. The world-worn, storm-tossed man puts a sweet bud into his button hole to refresh himself as he toils in the close city streets; and the child pulls his baby fingers full, and carries his pinafore heaped with them to his mother. The girl is decked with them for her ball; the bride is crowned with them for her bridal; the strong man lays them on the pillow of the fading invalid to cheer the fainting soul; the bereaved strews them on the mound which marks the resting-place of the beloved one gone before.

They never come amiss, in gaiety or in gloom, among songs or among sighs; to youth or to yearning age.

Carry a bunch of them through the low quarters of a busy town, and see how children, with longing eyes, will shyly venture to beg "Missus, will you give me a flower?" Take a posy to the hospital where pain and suffering lie drearily on each side, and see the weary eyes brighten for a moment as you lay the cool fragrance in the hot feeble fingers. "They mind me of the place I lived in when I was a girl," some one is almost sure to observe.

Have a basket full in your hand when you enter the busy shop in the heart of a town, and notice how the civil shop-walker is almost certain to linger a moment, after placing your chair, to remark upon them; and the girl who serves you will, with the smallest encouragement, say she supposes the country is looking very lovely now.

Should your garden lie in the track of holiday makers from manufacturing districts, and should you cut a few for some pallid hard worked man or woman, you will be repaid with such a glow of gratitude, as goes far to prove your benefaction has been the crowning joy of an unfrequent pleasure.

Has all this no tale to tell, no simple word to teach? The wealth of roses comes but once a year—gather them while ye may—"old time is still a flying." Yes, gather them. The power of giving pleasure comes but seldom too, yet the life that gives no pleasure would be as incomplete as the year in which no roses bloom. Meagre indeed must be that existence which never owns the power of giving pleasure; but it must seize the opportunity when it can, for "old time is still a flying." There is nothing more sad than to stand by the grave of one who will never be missed by those he has left behind; who leaves no one the poorer, no one the drearier, no one the less happy for his loss, to whom has been said the solemn words "Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?" Far less sad the streaming eye, the heaving breast, the wail, "How can I live without him!"

If our existence is blessed like the rose-tree, with health and beauty and vigour and admiration, will you hug all these delights to your own bosoms, nor give out the fragrance of your enjoyment far and wide to those who cannot share in it, nor own the like?

If our existence is deprived and bare and sad,

is there no balm in making others happy, in cheering others' sadness, in brightening other gloomy lives? Say that our power is but small, shall we hide it in a napkin, and bury it in the ground, because God has not seen fit to entrust us with a larger one? It is the berry from the poorest and commonest rose from which the healing conserve is made. The petals of all alike make the delicious pot pourri. The sweet briar fragrance is richer than ever when drenched in showers of rain. The rose-bush blooms more fully this June because the liberal knife cut freely from it last year.

Ah! let us learn the lesson of the roses. Let us make dark places bright where we can. Let us strew sweet petals of beauty and joy among those who cannot attain them else, and so cheer our own sense of loneliness and gloom. The sad, as well as the poor, are ever among us; and, though the roses are in their glory but through June, they bloom among us, more or less, all the year round.

MARCUS STRATFORD'S CHARGE;

OR, ROY'S TEMPTATION.

CHAPTER LI.—THE HOME-COMING.

"HARK, Joan! Hark, Nellie! There are the bells! They must be coming now. Come, Nell! Come, everybody! We must all be there to welcome them!"

Roy sprang up from his post by an open window, and dashed into the hall with Nellie on his heels. The door stood open wide, admitting the somewhat keen blast of blustering autumn wind, but the servants were assembling there fast enough, ready to welcome home the master and his sweet young wife, and no November gale could chill the warm hearts of the loyal retainers. Cold it might be without, yet the sun shone bright and the joyous pealing of the bells came clearly borne to the listening ears through the clear bright air.

The next minute the clatter of horse-hoofs up the drive became audible, then with one hearty, ringing cheer the escort of mounted tenantry reined back of their own accord, and the carriage bearing Marcus Stratford and his young wife to his ancestral home dashed forward alone and drew up at the door.

"Marcus! Muriel!" cried Roy, throwing himself down the steps and upon the carriage door before any servant could anticipate him. "Ah, isn't this something like, having you both home again! Muriel, if you go on growing prettier at the rate you are doing now, you will have to be put in a glass-case soon and labelled 'for ornament only.' Marcus, you look as if wedded happiness suited your complaint! I'm afraid you both heartily wish me at the other end of nowhere, but I'm afraid I'm a hopeless fixture here."

"Dear boy, you do look well!" said Muriel, kissing him with sisterly affection. "Joan must have taken the best care of you. I hope you have not let them go. I want to see her so much again, and Uncle Andrew, too. My little Nellie, how pleased I am to see such roses in your face!"

"Oh, I kept them here fast enough, though Joan did her level best to escape. Here she is to answer for herself. Marcus, you must have the honour of leading your bride in."

He took Muriel's hand with a smile and slight pressure that said more than words; and as she crossed the threshold he just kissed her brow with a whispered, "God bless you, my sweet wife—welcome home!" and she, answering only by a glance and a smile, turned to Joan with a greeting of warm affection.

"It was so good of you to come, and so good of you to stay. It made us quite easy about our boy all this while. And you, Joan, you look better yourself. Your father, I hope, is well, too? This cold does not try him too much?"

"He grows weaker, I think, but he is very happy and content. His mind wanders sometimes, but in no painful way, and he delights in Roy's merry ways and boyish tricks. He always calls him Hubert, though; he lives more in the past than the present."

The old man came out now to see what the bustle was about, and, aroused to partial recollection, greeted Marcus and Muriel by name; but they could see that an interval of three months had aged him perceptibly, and began to fear that another trouble for Joan might not be very far distant.

"Do you hear from your brother often?" asked Muriel, as, the festal first dinner over in her new home, she sat alone with Joan by the blazing fire in the drawing-room.

"I went to see him once whilst you were away. They have got settled into their new house now, and seem a great deal more comfortable there. They have a few friends now that they are in the town, and Mildred, when she is at home, says it is almost cheerful sometimes. She is very much improved, and looks altogether brighter and happier. Her aunt will remain another year in London, and Mildred is to spend a good deal of the time with her cousins, who seem very fond of her. Mrs. Kynaston was so very kind as to send her an invitation for the

Christmas holidays. She was delighted. She enjoys the society of young companions immensely, and looks forward greatly to seeing Roy again. I have not room for her, because I want to get Roger and Caroline over if I can at Christmas, if only for a few days. Father asks for them sometimes. I think they ought to see him again."

"Will they come?"

"I hope so; they did not refuse, but they are not much in the way of visiting, and I think they are just a little bit afraid of the proximity of your house. They gave me no final answer; but I said that we should expect them, and I really think it is quite possible that they will come. They do not reproach us for what we have done. I told them about father's failing health, and though they said little I think it touched them a little. We may not have him with us very long now. I should like Roger and his wife to be with us this next Christmas, if they will come."

Muriel looked at her with sympathetic eyes. Joan caught the meaning of the glance and answered quickly.

"Oh, but he is so happy and content that I cannot wish it otherwise—it is so different from anything I used to think of that all the sadness seems taken away. I think it was this weakness coming upon him that first seemed to melt him and soften the hard shell that had grown round him all these years. Then he began to be susceptible to influence and to softer feelings, and the old hardness all melted away. I know what it was that really wrought the change; but I think he would have gone on closing his heart against it had it not been for the physical infirmity that began to steal upon him and weaken the iron force of his will. I shall grieve when he is taken, of course, for I love him more dearly the more dependent he grows; but now I shall not sorrow without hope, and I shall know that with him it is well. Lonely? Myself? No, I do not think I shall ever be that now. I have been in my old life, but here I am surrounded by friends, I have my home which I love better every day, Nellie will always, I think, be more or less my child now, and my work—well I need not say how I love my work, nor how its charm grows on me as I learn more experience, more understanding of it, and of those with whom it brings me into contact. Muriel, to you I can imagine that my life looks colourless and a little dreary; but it is not so to me. I am very happy in it—happier than I once ever thought to be, and I think I am not altogether useless. More than that I do not need to ask. I have enough."

"We can none of us wish for more than that," said Muriel with a smile. "It is not often in this world, I suppose, that two people could say, as we can, that they have all they wish for."

Joan looked quietly intent, and presently said in a low voice almost as if to herself:

"Perhaps it is because we have learned that what God gives us is enough, and that the wish for more brings with it only misery."

In the adjoining room Marcus and Roy were enjoying a talk together—a luxury appreciated to the full by Roy—whilst the old man dosed peacefully by the fire. The home news and the details of the three months' wedding journey had been duly discussed and now other questions were being brought to the fore.

"No, no, Marcus," Roy was saying eagerly, "I have quite got over that foolish discontent. I wish to be guided entirely by you. I will not go anywhere or do anything of which you do not approve."

"But I do approve, my boy, and I always did. I am no advocate of exclusive home training, and I think a university course would be the best thing possible for you. If, as you told me once, your wish for the diplomatic service is changing for one of entering the church, you must go, as a matter of course."

Roy flushed a little.

"I do mean it," he said, "I want to dedicate my life in some way—but I am afraid I shall never be good enough."

"You need not harass yourself with that question, Roy; you are too young yet to take any definite step or resolution, but if the call should come with advancing years, you had better feel yourself prepared to meet it. Your mother's sole objection to your leaving home was grounded upon a slightly exaggerated fear of your guardian's power and probable conduct, and especially of the questions likely to be asked you as to your parentage and antecedents. She had a nervous fear of the effect upon you of hearing the true story, and as the name of Edington is uncommon, and as many shared in the ruin caused by your father's downfall, she felt assured that the truth would be forced home upon you in some very painful way. Her peculiarly tender love for you made her most anxious to spare you, and I pledged myself to carry out her wishes. But, as matters now stand, these objections cease to exist, and she would be the first to desire that your very reasonable wish should be carried out. Moreover, I have made careful inquiries on the subject of your father's failure, and I find that he was less to blame in the matter than your relatives have believed—it is often those nearest of kin who are most hard upon a fallen man—he was too sanguine, too rash in his schemes, and led on by success to heights of ambitious daring. He attempted too much, and at last he lost. The failure unhinged his mind temporarily, and the result you know, but I do not consider that any absolute disgrace rests upon his memory, and though you must always regret his conduct, you need not blush to call yourself his son."

Roy looked up with a flush of glad gratitude.

"You are something like a brother; thank you a thousand times, old fellow. I only wish I may live to redeem the name my father has left me, and make myself worthy of being indeed your kinsman."

CHAPTER LII.—CHRISTMAS.

THE festal Christmas dinner at the Hermitage was over; in the square hall, now a bower of brilliant holly and graceful mistletoe, all the

large house party had assembled, and the youngsters were eagerly setting on foot some of those frolicsome games that seem naturally to belong to the season. The Kynastons, together with their popular young guest, Mildred Edington, were all spending this first Christmas in the married home of Marcus and Muriel; the father and mother sat together beside one of the two glowing fires, smiling with well-satisfied contentment at the comely group of well-grown sons and daughters clustered about them. Foremost of these was Muriel, loving and dutiful as ever, both as sister and daughter, yet graced with that nameless charm and simple dignity that sits so graciously upon a young wife who is striving to take up her new position, and blend the new duties with the old in the spirit that actuated her. Father and mother were learning that they had gained a son rather than lost a daughter, and Marcus was showing already in a hundred little unobtrusive ways how good a son he could be.

They had been married six months now; the last part of which had been spent at home in busy, happy usefulness. Roy was with them still, though he was to go to Oxford in January, and his cousins were adopted as cousins not only by Marcus and Muriel, but by the whole of the Kynaston household too. Little Nellie was Lilias's favourite comrade and playmate, and was sharing the visit to the Hermitage, and Mildred, who had been for a week at the Kynaston's before coming to Roy's home, had made her way very fast and was a great favourite already. Happiness had made of her another creature, as it had made of Nellie too.

Christmas had been Christmas in the best sense of the word to all the neighbourhood of which the Hermitage was a sort of centre. How busy Marcus, Muriel, and all her brothers and sisters had been during the past days, to say nothing of their coadjutor Joan Edington, they alone could say; yet their labour of love had in no way fatigued them as it seemed, and as little Lilias whispered to her sister, Christmas had been so much happier because she knew everybody else had spent a nice, happy Christmas too.

It was delightful to all to be assembled again under one roof, and Roy and Marcus were just like brothers to all, adding rather than detracting from the home-like feeling of the house. It was a novelty to the young Kynastons to be actually staying as guests at the Hermitage, and they enjoyed the new experience vastly.

No stranger was of the party, though there was one face they all hoped to have seen at the dinner-table that evening, one face whose absence all had regretted; but even as some words to this effect were passing between the master and mistress of the house, the hall door was opened from without, and two figures appeared both lightly powdered with feathery snow-flakes.

"I have brought her," said Frank Lee's hearty voice. "I looked in half an hour ago, and was charged by Mr. Edington to bring her up, on the principle that late was better than never. May I stay too, Mrs. Stratford? It is so long since I had a good game of blind-man's-buff?"

Muriel smiled a glad assent, and Topsy and Jacko seized on this new recruit with a joyous clamour. Joan went straight up to Muriel, her eyes shining with a strange light of happiness.

"They have come," she said. "I had given them up when it began to grow dusk, but just after dark they came. The trains were so slow and so bad to-day, or they would have arrived earlier. They were tired; but I think our welcome and our home did them good. I was glad to leave them alone with father. The sight of Roger roused him up, and made him more himself, more wide-awake than he often is now. I saw he wanted to talk to him, and I think they will understand each other better without me. So when Mr. Lee offered to bring me here I was glad to come. It is pleasant to see Christmas again. It reminds me of the time when I was a child, and Cousin Alicia used to have a Christmas tree for us. At Windmill House Roy made us one last year. Otherwise, I think we hardly knew when the day came round."

Muriel pressed her hand in sympathy and drew her to a seat beside her near to the other wide fire-place.

"I am so glad, Joan," she answered with glad congratulation, "It seems a time when all feuds should be healed. Does your brother seem changed at all in his feelings?"

"I think so, a little, for he said he should like to see Roy again some time, and was glad, I am sure, that he had got quite strong again. He wondered if your husband would see him, and said with a sort of laugh, that he believed he owed him an apology for several things. It does not sound much, I know; but from Roger it means a good deal."

"I dare say it does, perhaps some day he will be more of a brother to you than before. If Mrs. Edington would like it, I should be so pleased to call upon her. I like her girls very much, she might like to come here some day, and see how popular they are."

Joan smiled, "I think she would like that very much. She has more ambition for her children than for herself."

"That, at least, is something in her favour. I do not wish, nor does Marcus, that Roy's relations should think themselves separated from him, or debarred from seeing him. The guardianship has been formally made over to my husband, but his cousins will always be his friends. He has some very grateful reminiscences of Windmill House, and he is very fond of Mildred and Nellie. Are they going to let the little girl live with you altogether?"

"For the present, yes. Mr. Lee wishes her to do so; and Milly will come and stay with her for a time too when we have room to take them in again."

"Milly has many homes open to her now," answered Muriel, and Joan smiled, thinking how well pleased Caroline would be to see this realisation of her fondest maternal hopes.

Joan was not however permitted to remain long in her quiet corner: Roy came to claim her attention, and to laugh with her over reminiscences of their first introduction (he could look back on

those days with a sense of amusement now, tempered with a deeper feeling of thankful gladness) and then the young Kynastons came up with an eager petition that she too would join the game.

Oddly enough this grave, self-contained woman was an immense favourite with the boys and girls of the place, and she was as pleased to receive their attentions as they were to offer them. Perhaps the very fact that she had known no happy, careless girlhood of her own, gave a sort of fascination to that of others. Her childhood had been extinguished, as it were, in a single hour, and the dreary season that followed had little in it of the spring-tide of hope.

The young bright life around her attracted her strangely, and young people were at home with her at once without understanding why. They felt that she was pleased to be with them, that there was nothing forced or feigned in her interest in their pursuits. She liked to learn all about these, and to join in them when she could, and in consequence they loved to include her in their pastimes whenever it was possible to do so.

It was a very different Joan from the pale, indifferent, care-worn woman of twelve months back. She still dressed with scrupulous simplicity and plainness, always in black and always without ornament of any kind; but there was a grace and dignity in her carriage that had a distinct charm of its own, and there was a sense of rest and harmony about her, much more easy to feel than to describe. Her face had gained in depth and purpose, her dark eyes shone with a light of settled resolution and peaceful contentment. No one could pass her by without a second glance. One felt instinctively that she was a woman with a history, and a history it was impossible not to desire to know.

Muriel's eyes often followed her about as she joined for the first time for so many, many years in the merry games of childhood, that the light-hearted boys and girls set on foot. The fun waxed fast and furious, all the party was more or less drawn into the vortex, and Joan perhaps enjoyed the merry tumult more than any one else there, though her laugh was never heard, and her voice hardly ever sounded in the eager clamour of tongues.

Roy was the life and soul of the games; all his old buoyancy of spirit had come back to him, and was none the less bright and winning for the deepened power of seriousness and concentration that had been developed in him by the events of the past months.

"If only his mother could see him now!" said Muriel softly, as she stood with her husband a little apart, watching with shining eyes the merry party around them.

"Perhaps she does," answered Marcus with his thoughtful smile. "I often think that at this season of all others, the veil between the home here and that above grows very thin. I do not think our loved ones are quite excluded from a share in our happiness, or we from a sense of theirs."

"Nor I, indeed," she answered, "how glad and thankful she will be for all, and how proud of her boy!"

"Yes, he has come very nobly through the struggle, and conquered temptation bravely. He will be all the better and stronger a man for the trial through which he has passed."

"I am sure of it," was Muriel's answer. "I am sure that sorrow and trouble are sent in love and not in anger. See what they have done for Joan."

Marcus looked across at the group, singling out the figure indicated.

"Poor Joan," said Muriel softly, "I am afraid there is more trouble in store for her. Her father will hardly last long. Perhaps another Christmas over, he may not be with her."

"Yet happiness is a wonderful medicine," said Marcus, "and he is very happy. Nor do I think, even if he is taken, that Joan need be alone in the world, unless by choice."

Muriel glanced quickly at her husband and across to the spot where Joan stood in earnest conversation with Frank Lee.

"I see what you mean. I have thought the same myself sometimes; but I hardly fancy Joan will ever give up her work and her independence for another kind of life. She is so useful and so much loved, I do not think she will ever feel alone."

"Nor I. I believe whichever vocation she chooses, she will be a happy and a noble-hearted woman, scattering happiness wherever she goes; but when a year or two have passed, and our hopes have, in part at least, been realised as regards our poor and their needs, I cannot help thinking that she may find room in her life and heart for a closer and more personal individual love. We know how sweet that love is, my Muriel. Surely we may wish that it may be God's best gift to others besides ourselves."

She answered by a look; she had no time to speak, for little Lilias came running up to claim her sister's notice.

"Well, little one," said Marcus, lifting her in his strong arms, "has it been a happy Christmas?"

"Oh, so happy. The nicest Christmas we have ever had. Everybody says that, every one of them."

"And why so, pussy? What has made it the nicest?"

A sweet look of gravity crossed the child's face, but the answer came quickly and spontaneously:

"I think because it has been so like what the angels want it to be—'Peace on earth, good will towards men,' Nellie and I were talking about it just now. She says she never understood about that till she spent Christmas here. But she understands now."

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

SOME ANSWERS REVIEWED.

A GRATIFYING proof of the interest which these papers have excited lies before us now in a number of letters, in which our answers to many of the queries are criticised; different solutions of Bible difficulties being in many cases proposed, and other questions raised. We now propose to lay before our readers a selection from these papers, with further comments of our own. A miscellaneous arrangement must needs be adopted, according to the great variety of subjects which our readers have thus discussed.

We take first the interesting and important topic of Christ's DESCENT INTO HADES.[1] A correspondent, "W. G." proposes to interpret the words "Thou wilt not leave my *soul* (*nephesh*) in Hades (sheol)" by certain passages in the Law of Moses, and one in Haggai, in which *nephesh* is applied to a recent corpse (Lev. xix. 28; xxi. 1, 11; xxii. 4; Num. v. 2; vi. 6; ix. 6, 7, 10; Hag. ii. 13). Hence our correspondent understands the declaration to mean, "Thou wilt not leave my corpse in the grave to see corruption." It is not however the case that, apart from one particular connection, *nephesh* ever signifies a dead body. The phrase, literally meaning "unclean by a soul," is applied by a metonymy to the body from which the soul has recently departed. This is the phrase employed in six of the above nine passages; in two (Lev. xxi. 11; Num. vi. 6) the word for *death* is added to *nephesh*, "a soul of death," or "souls of death," *i.e.* a dead *person*, or "dead *persons*;" and in one (Lev. xix. 28), "Ye shall not make any cuttings in your flesh for *the dead*," the rendering is literally "for a soul," *i.e.* for the life that has gone from the body. This particular application of the word cannot authorise us to understand it in other connections as itself signifying a dead body. *Nephesh* occurs in hundreds of places in the Old Testament, and with the above exceptions always means *soul*, *life*, *self*. The possessive form *naphshi* (*my nephesh*) cannot possibly be construed *my dead body*. It may be added that *Sheol*, although sometimes rendered *grave*, does not properly mean "sepulchre," the "place of interment," but is the abode of departed souls.

Another much controverted passage is the apostolic reference to being BAPTIZED FOR THE DEAD.[2] On this "S. V. H." sends a quotation which he has found helpful. "'Baptized for the dead' is to become a Christian, with the view fixed on those who have fallen asleep in Christ, and particularly as being slain for Him. The word translated 'for' is frequently used in these Epistles for 'in view of,' 'with reference to.'

"The 29th verse is connected with the 18th, thus: 'Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished . . . . What shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not?' So verses 30–32 relate to the 19th, thus: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable . . . . Why stand we in jeopardy every hour?'" etc.

The connection of the passage indicated in the latter paragraph, seems to us legitimate and beautiful, although it does not quite clear up the difficulty in question. Our correspondent goes on to ask, "May not 'the dead' be translated 'death'?" Hardly so; although to render the phrase "baptized in view of death" would undoubtedly cut the knot. The only possible translation makes "the dead" *personal* and *plural*—"those who have died"—in many cases no doubt as martyrs to the faith; and the question returns, "What is it to be baptized in view of, or in reference to these?" Our correspondent goes on to suggest that "to be baptized in those days, *i.e.* making a public confession of Christianity, was tantamount to a rear-rank man stepping into a front-rank man's place on his being shot down: saying by his baptism 'I am ready to be pitched to the beasts, as those before me have been.' It is like a man enlisting in time of war for active service, in view of being shot—becoming, as the cant phrase is, 'food for powder'—the *motive*, faithfulness to Christ; the *alternative*, 'absent from the body, present with the Lord;' the *guerdon*, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'" The criticism is at any rate worth attention.

With regard to a very different subject, the NINETY AND NINE JUST PERSONS who need no repentance,[1] "J. J. W." remarks:

"On reading the context I cannot agree with the explanation given. The ninety and nine just persons are compared to the sheep which did not stray at this particular time; surely our Lord would not compare the self-righteous Pharisees to these. The sheep were really safe, and were not so merely in their own imagination.

"I think the just persons are those whose sins have been forgiven, because they have already repented; they are justified by faith. The ninety and nine sheep may have wandered before, and will certainly require watching to prevent their wandering in future. But now they are 'just persons by faith,' they have obtained 'remission of their sins,' they are 'justified freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.'"

Our readers will judge of this for themselves. To bring in the idea of justification by faith, seems to us pressing the words of our Lord beyond their obvious intention, which, we still think, was to take the Pharisees at their self-valuation.

We conclude for the present with an Old Testament question. In reference to the difficulty

[1] See SUNDAY AT HOME, April, 1888, pp. 238, 9.
[2] See SUNDAY AT HOME, Sept. 1887, p. 589.

[1] SUNDAY AT HOME, March, 1888, p. 141.

respecting the early intercourse between SAUL and DAVID[1] "G. S. L." writes that only one of the apparent discrepancies has been met (1 Samuel xvi. xvii. xviii.)

In the sixteenth chapter, David is not only described as an experienced warrior, but it is stated that he repaired to the court of Saul, and ingratiated himself with the king; he must consequently have been well known personally to Saul and all his servants; while in the seventeenth chapter Saul is said not to have known who David was, and Abner the chief captain is equally ignorant. It seems to me that this inconsistency may be solved by transposing the two chapters, and supposing the events narrated in ch. xvii. to have occurred before those mentioned in ch. xvi.

But here another difficulty suggests itself. In ch. xvi., the events of which according to this theory were subsequent to those narrated in chs. xvii., xviii., David has risen high in Saul's favour, and been appointed his armour-bearer. But in the two chapters last mentioned, the events of which according to the same hypothesis preceded the history in ch. xvi., Saul is stated to have conceived a fierce hatred against David immediately after the death of Goliath, on account of greater prowess having been ascribed to David in the songs of the women out of all the cities of Israel. In ch. xviii. 10, 11, it is stated that on the morrow (that is, I conceive, on the morrow after the battle) Saul made the first attempt on David's life. How is this discrepancy to be explained?

It is certainly hard to believe that the youth who had already been Saul's armour-bearer was the ruddy shepherd lad, unpractised in the use of arms, who slew Goliath with sling and stone, and concerning whom the king said to Abner, "Inquire who this stripling is." This may be fairly acknowledged, and yet any attempt to transpose the incidents, as it seems to us, leads into difficulties yet greater. The occurrences after the death of Goliath are consecutively told. When David returned from the encounter, he was brought to Saul by Abner; at the end of the interview between the king and the stripling, Jonathan was attracted to David, and their friendship began. "Saul took David *that day*, and would let him go no more home to his father's house." Saul at once makes him a general in his army; then the king's jealousy is excited by the songs of the women; this rises almost immediately to frenzy, he makes an attempt upon David's life, then removes him from the court and makes him "captain over a thousand." There is absolutely no place in all this history for the incidents related xvi. 14, 23: and, notwithstanding the difficulties of the case, it would appear that these must have preceded the combat with Goliath. Two suggestions will make the sequence of events somewhat easier to understand. One is that the statement "David became Saul's armour-bearer" (xvi. 21), is inserted *by way of anticipation*. When first called to court he was but a minstrel-lad, the historian adding, in the account of this, that he became an armour-bearer *afterwards*. The other suggestion is that, during the interval which elapsed between David's first summons to court and his victory over Goliath, Saul had *actually forgotten* the son of Jesse. That which had happened to the king in the days of his mania became a blank in his memory. No student of mental disease would pronounce this to have been impossible. David had returned to his sheepfold, and came to Saul a second time, as a stranger. This seems on the whole the likeliest hypothesis; but the case is one of those in which, not knowing all the facts, we are necessarily left to conjecture.

[1] See paper by Mr. J. Inglis, SUNDAY AT HOME, Nov. 1887, p. 717.

A.B. writes: "I should be grateful for an explanation of the apparent contradiction between Acts vii. 22: 'Moses was . . . mighty in words and in deeds,' and Exodus iv. 10: 'Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue.'"

It might be sufficient to reply that the passage in Exodus gives the estimate which Moses had of himself, that in Acts the estimate which Stephen had of Moses. Yet, in fact, a man may be "mighty in word" without being what is generally termed eloquent. Great and memorable words have often been spoken with hesitating speech and stammering tongue. Moses very probably was not fluent or ready in expression. Aaron might be the orator; but the utterances of Moses had something more in them than eloquence. Many instances might be given from ancient and modern history of power in speech when the words have been halting and slow, with a meaning and a purpose behind them that have made them far outweigh the rhetorician's most sounding periods.

M. E. P.[1] writes: "Will you kindly give an explanation of Rev. xxi. 8. Why are the 'fearful' classed with murderers, etc.?"

There is undoubtedly a fearfulness that is an infirmity rather than a sin; but there is a cowardice which is base and infamous. The reference is not to such as "Mr. Fearing" in the *Pilgrim's Progress;* but to persons who were led by fear of men to forswear their faith, thus incurring the condemnation of apostates. It was especially needful in days of persecution to show that "cowards" must be classed with the "unbelieving" and with "liars." They renounced the hope of heaven for fear of what they might have to endure on earth, and their doom was in reality self-chosen. A human analogy may be found in the infamy attached to a soldier's desertion in the face of an enemy.

[1] For an explanation, also requested, of Luke xvi. 9, we would refer our correspondent to the SUNDAY AT HOME, for 1887, p. 204.

A Hymn for Nightfall.

O GOD of ages, in Whose light
  The darkness as the dawn appears,
Before whose clear, unclouded sight
  One day is as a thousand years,
Once more at eventide we come
To find in Thee our rest and home.

Like shadows drifting o'er the hills,
  Like waves that vanish on the shore,
Our little life its course fulfils,
  Our days speed on and are no more;
With Thee eternal glories shine,
Unchanged, unchanging and divine!

From Thee are all the joys we know,
  All gladness in Thy presence springs;
By night or day we cannot go
  Beyond the shadow of Thy wings,
Our midnight and our noonday prove
How safe the shelter of Thy love.

Grant now, we pray, for Jesu's sake,
  Such blessing as Thou deemest best;
To hands that droop and hearts that ache
  Vouchsafe the comforts of Thy rest;
Speak peace to those who wake and weep,
And give to Thy beloved sleep.

Reach out Thy guiding hand, O Lord,
  To those who wander from Thy ways,
By Thy great wealth of love outpoured
  Constrain and keep us all our days,
Till, in life's eventide, we come
To find in Thee our heaven and home!

MARY ROWLES.

THE LAST DAYS OF HANDEL.

FOR a considerable time before his death Handel was afflicted with blindness, and was in feeble health, compared with the vigour and energy of his former days. Yet he continued to labour to the end. In 'The Public Advertiser' of April 5th, 1759, there is an announcement of a performance of the Messiah "for the last time this season." There had been nine performances since the opening of the season on March 2nd, all of which had been under his personal direction. In the year previous he had felt himself "declining apace," as he said to a friend. After the performance of the 6th April he felt faint, and on his return home he was placed in the bed from which he never rose.

The few remaining days he spent in pious preparation for the great change which he knew was approaching. He had not left till then his preparation for death. Sir John Hawkins tells how he used to attend divine service in his own parish church, St. George's, Hanover Square; and how he and others saw the half-blind old man "on his knees, expressing by his looks and gesticulations the utmost fervour of devotion."

This blindness had been coming upon him for some time past.

Mr. Sharp, his surgeon-oculist, having asked him if he was able to continue playing the organ in the performance of the oratorios, Handel answered in the negative. Sharp recommended the blind organist Stanley, as one whose memory never failed; upon that Handel said, with a laugh, "Mr. Sharp, have you never read the Scripture, if the blind lead the blind, they will both fall into the ditch?"

He sent for John Christopher Smith, son of his early friend Schmidt or Smith, the son he had himself trained from youth. When Smith played the organ, during the first season of Handel's blindness, Samson was performed, and Beard sang with great feeling,

> "Total eclipse—no sun, no moon,
> All dark amid the blaze of noon."

The reflection that Handel had set this air to music, and was now sitting by the organ blind, so affected the audience that they were moved to tears.

Although no longer able to preside at the oratorios, he still introduced concertos on the organ between the acts. Sometimes he played from memory, at other times he relied on his ready and inventive imagination, charming the audience by his voluntaries. It was a touching sight when, in response to the applause of the audience, he was led to the front of the stage to make an obeisance of acknowledgment.

Not long before his death, the good Countess of Huntingdon went to see Handel, at his own particular request. In a letter she refers to this visit. "I have had a most pleasing interview with Handel,—an interview which I shall not soon forget. He is now old, and at the close of his long career; yet he is not dismayed at the prospect before him. Blessed be God for the comforts and consolations which the Gospel affords in every situation and in every time of our need. Mr. Madan has been with him often, and he seems much attached to him."

In his early career in London, Handel had conducted concerts at the house of the Earl of Huntingdon, as he had also at the Earl of Burlington's, the Duke of Rutland's, and the houses of others of the nobility. Lady Huntingdon was a good judge of music, and was well acquainted with the eminent composers and performers of that time. Giardini, the first violin player in Europe, was also a favourite with Lady Huntingdon, who got him to compose some tunes for the hymn-book used in her chapels. Horace Walpole refers to this when he says:—"It will be a great acquisition to the Methodist sect to have their hymns set by Giardini." In Handel's career Lady Huntingdon had always taken lively interest, especially after he confined his attention to sacred music. We can imagine the pleasure she felt in hearing of the solid and rational piety of his later years, and can understand the satisfaction expressed as to the interview with him. To Mr. Madan and others he often spoke, in these closing days, of the delight he had experienced in setting to music the sublime passages of Scripture; and said how much comfort he then found in those Psalms which suited his condition and feelings.

John Christopher Smith tells that about three weeks before Handel's death he desired him to receive the sacrament with him; Smith asked him how he could join in the communion when he was not at peace with all the world, and especially when he harboured an ill-feeling towards Smith's father, Handel's oldest friend. At Tunbridge Wells, four years before, they had quarrelled, and in disputing, Smith senior had left Handel in an abrupt manner. This so vexed him that he declared he would never see him or speak to him again. Friends interfered to effect a reconciliation, but the offence was only partially forgiven. The younger Smith was with him one day, when Handel took him by the hand and said he was determined to substitute his name for that of his father in his will. Smith declared that if he persisted in that resolution he must leave him, and could no more assist in the oratorios. "What would the world think," he added, "if you put aside my father and leave his promised legacy to me? They will suppose that I tried and succeeded in supplanting my father for my own advantage." It was to this quarrel that he alluded when asked to join Handel at the Holy Communion. Already he had been persuaded by the son's remonstrances as to altering the will. And now, on being faithfully appealed to, and reminded of the necessity of making his peace with all men, Handel was so affected as to express his wish for complete reconciliation, and warmly received his old friend to his heart. He did alter his will, but it was to increase the legacy

from £1000 to £2400. He felt how wrong it was for one offence, however great, to forget the affectionate and faithful companionship of thirty years.

The end came on Friday, the 13th of April, only eight days after he had last directed the performance of the Messiah. On the 11th he had added a short codicil to his will, and signed it himself.

Some discussion has taken place about the exact time of his decease, but the testimony of Dr. Warren, the physician, is decisive. He had expressed a wish to depart on the day of the Passion, and Dr. Warren says that he died before midnight on Good Friday, April 13th, 1759. The burial, in Westminster Abbey, took place on Friday night, the 20th, a vast concourse of people being present. The monument, in Poets' Corner, was erected in July, 1762.

The latest and best biographer of Handel, W. S. Rockstro, in speaking of Handel's early compositions, refers to "the never-failing presence of the religious element." It is in the chapter of his book describing the sacred pieces composed when Handel was director of music for the chapel at Cannons, now the parish church of Whitchurch, Middlesex. The first English oratorio, "Esther," was produced at this time, the first performance being on the 20th of August, 1720.

During many years other themes occupied his time, but in the latter years of his life he devoted his talents and labours wholly to sacred music. It would have been well for his own comfort, as well as for his fame, if he had sooner abandoned Opera for Oratorio. He would have been spared endless trouble and anxiety, as well as great pecuniary losses; and have been deterred from speculations, ruinous to his peace and injurious to his health. In the busiest times of his active life, and amidst the greatest temptations and distractions of the world, he never lost the influence of the early training of his pious mother, the daughter of a worthy Lutheran pastor. The character formed by her pains and prayers proved a protection to him in prosperity, and a comfort in adversity; and the blessing of Providence rested on him in the evening of his days. When he finally resolved to confine himself to sacred music, he said it was "better suited to a man descending in the vale of years." Whatever his immediate motives were in abandoning the lyric drama, his prosperity from that time returned.

It was at Dublin, in 1741, that the first performance of the "Messiah" took place. Dr. Beattie, author of the 'Minstrel' and the 'Essay on Truth,' records an interesting anecdote told him by the Earl of Kinnoul. Calling on Handel a few days after the first performance, he naturally paid him some compliments on "the success of the noble entertainment which he had given the public." "My Lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them, I wish to make them better."

If regarded as "entertainments" there is force in the objection felt by many people to the performance of oratorios, even for charitable purposes. But it is scarcely fair to leave out of view the higher design and nobler feeling by which many are animated in regard to oratorios. In this supreme case of the "Messiah," it is known to every one that it was written by Handel in the most devout and reverent spirit. Miss Hawkins, in her Anecdotes, tells that Handel being questioned as to his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, replied, in his imperfect English, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." While he was composing, his emotion was so great that he would burst into tears. It is recorded that a friend, calling on him when in the act of setting these pathetic words, "He was despised, and rejected of men," found him absolutely *sobbing*. "I have heard it related," says Shield, in his Introduction to Harmony, "that when Handel's servant used to bring him his chocolate in the morning he often stood with silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing with the ink, as he penned his divine notes." A still more touching proof that this feeling was deeper than any artistic enthusiasm or transient sentiment, we have in a letter written by the composer from Dublin (Dec. 29, 1741), to Charles Jennens, who had selected the words for the libretto: "It was with the greatest pleasure I saw the continuation of your kindness by the lines you was pleased to send me, in order to be prefixed to your oratorio, *Messiah*, which I set to music before I left England." The lines or mottoes here referred to as being welcomed with pleasure, were these: (1) *majora canamus* (let us sing of loftier themes); (2) the text, "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory" (1 Tim. iii. 16); (3) "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Colos. ii. 3).

The thankful and joyful adoption of these mottoes surely shows the thoughtful appreciation of the subject of the oratorio by the great composer. We know also that some of the leading performers were of kindred spirit with their chief, not only as to art, but in the pleasure of being associated with him in the charitable purposes to which he was always ready to consecrate his talents. His liberal kindness towards the Foundling Hospital, the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, the City of London Lying-in Hospital, and other charitable institutions, is well known, and he was heartily supported in these performances by some of the first artists of the time.

Amidst the vast audiences there must also always have been many who sought and found more than artistic pleasure in the music. There must have been many who sympathised with the feeling expressed in these lines:

> These hallowed lays to music give new grace,
> To virtue awe, and sanctify the place;
> To harmony like his celestial power is given,
> To exalt the soul from earth, and raise the thoughts to heaven.

May there be ever increasing numbers of those who are thus worthily impressed by the majestic strains of Handel!

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH AT TILBURY.

"THAT hideous tempest which so thundered and threatened out of Spain"—to use the term of the old writer before quoted—did not die down into harmless quiet all at once.

The terror of the Spanish fleet lasted intensely all the time that the Duke of Medina kept on his way, for who could tell that he would not make good his plan of joining the Duke of Parma off the Netherlands, and yet succeed in throwing the united armies upon the English coast?

Queen Elizabeth had given her fleet into the hands of her captains tried and true, but she reserved the control of her army for herself.

The nominal commandant was Robert, Earl of Leicester; a man who, while clever enough at marshalling tournaments and warlike pageants, had not come off with much glory from his solitary experience in real soldiering. The queen, though she was foolishly fond of this bad, untrustworthy man, had no idea of trusting the honour of England in his hands at this crisis. She knew that her handful of troops, undisciplined, and hastily raised as they mostly were, could ill stand the onslaught of so formidable a foe. But she knew that every man of them was aware of the issues at stake; she knew they would fight "as long as they could see or stand."

She rode down the ranks one morning—the very morning that Drake's guns were pounding away at the Armada then rounding Beachy Head—and many historians have loved to tell how her army welcomed their stout-hearted liege-lady.

She forbade her retinue to follow her, and with only Leicester bearing the sword of state at her side, and a page boy following her with her plumed helmet, she rode along the lines amidst the rapturous applause of the soldiery.

She was fifty-five years old, and had ruled England for thirty years. Age had faded her youthful beauty, and cares had furrowed her brow, but her piercing eye was as full of fire as ever it had been, her tall figure as erect and queenly. She looked, every inch, what the daughter of the long line of England's kings should be, and as royal as any Plantagenet of them all!

The words she spoke that day have been conned over and over by every boy and girl who has read their history; but they are noble words, and will bear a good deal of re-reading.

"My loving people," said she, "we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery. Let tyrants fear! I place, under God, my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts of my subjects. And therefore am I come among you at this time, not for my recreation or disport, but being resolved, in the midst and heat of the battle, to live or to die amongst you all—to lay down, for God and my kingdoms, my honour and my blood in the dust. I know that I have the body of a weak, feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king—and of a king of England, too! And I think foul scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms! I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder. Not doubting but by your obedience to my generals, your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a

famous victory over these enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people."

Was it any wonder that the shouts that rent the air were long and loud? Was it any marvel that, one and all, those men resolved to die for such a cause, for such a queen?

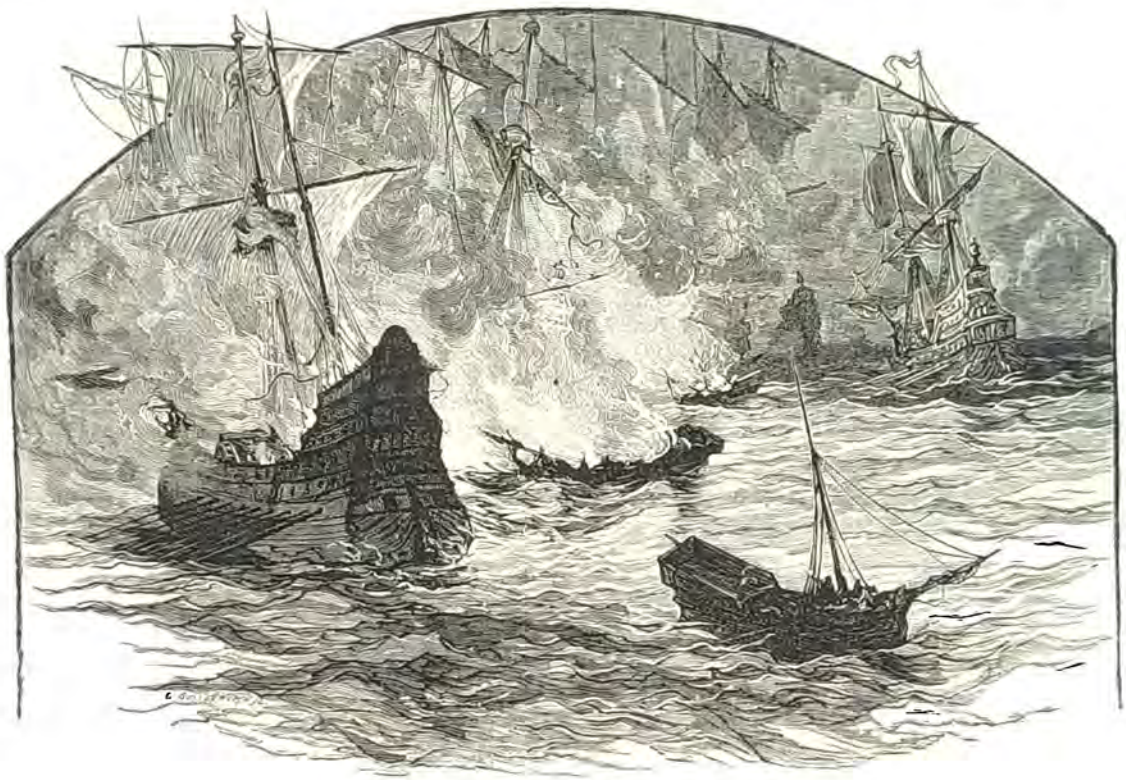
But it was not the queen and the army that won the victory. That was left for Effingham, Drake, and their seamen; for the crews of the ships that fought on, day after day, untiringly, from the Start to Calais-roads.

There were many gallant deeds done in that stretch of blue water. On the twenty-fifth, off the Needles, the Santa Anna, a galleon from Portugal, had her main-mast shot away, and fell behind her consorts. Three small English ships surrounded her, and cannonaded her with tremendous effect until a detachment of the enemy turned to the rescue.

"By towing," rejoined Robert. "We have strength enough, surely; and our ships are but light compared with those yonder. We might easily tow them just where your lordship desires them to be."

The admiral turned his pair of splendid black eyes full on Robert, and his glance spoke volumes although no word said he, at least, to him just then. But presently the order was given, and Lord Thomas had to stop his stamping rage, and get the Golden Lion forward by the help of the strong arms of her crew, and three or four stout hawsers from her bows.

And the end of that affair was that the English "spurs" struck home again, while the "great shot" of the Spaniards whistled yards too high to work much harm; though when the vessels came to close quarters the Spanish



THE FIRE-SHIPS.

and the admiral in the Ark-Raleigh came to the help of his ships. Then the wind fell.

So great was the calm that there lay the big Spaniard, motionless on the water, and there lay the English, just out of gun-range, as helpless, seemingly, as their foes; while, still feeling the breeze, the Armada and its pursuers went sailing, hull down, towards the horizon.

Effingham, the courteous admiral, bit his lips, and held his peace. His kinsman, Lord Thomas Howard, raged and tore not two cables' length away, in his ship the Golden Lion. It was maddening to lie with flapping sails, on an oily sea, almost within hailing distance of their enemies.

"The boats, my lord, the boats might do it." So spoke Robert Bulteel.

"Boats' crews board those floating castles? scarcely so, I think," returned Effingham, measuring with his eye the towering Spanish galleons, whose decks and turrets were crowded with armed men, visible enough, although out of reach.

musketeers galled the English terribly. But notwithstanding this the Santa Anna fell a prize to Howard in spite of all that her unwieldy consorts could do to protect her.

That night Robert Bulteel lay in his berth faint and pallid, but a proud-hearted man! The admiral had knighted him with his own good sword, as he had his sovereign's special commission to do, "in reward for acts of signal valour." He was "Sir Robert Bulteel," but he had a musket-ball in the left shoulder, and had been drained of half the blood in his body.

He had pulled an oar in the foremost boat, and so had earned his honours and his wound: and earned also a few quiet words of Effingham's praise, words which pleased him more just then than the touch of the sword on his shoulder, or the sound of the unwonted title. For Howard of Effingham had that great secret of success as a commander—the power of winning the enthusiastic love of all who served under his flag.

He had also the kindred gift of remembrance of small things, of words and faces.

He had not forgotten Dan Lavin, and his sloop, the Saucy Susan.

On the 27th of July, the Spaniards had made good their way as far as Calais. Here in as sheltered a position as he could find the Duke of Medina cast anchor.

He wanted a little breathing space: a little time to refit and repair damages. He sent messengers to Parma, bidding him to put to sea with his army, "which the Spanish fleet would protect as it were under her wings till it were landed in England."

There just off the French coast lay the "Invincible Armada;" looking splendid and powerful enough yet for the conquest of all Britain in spite of what Effingham and his sea-dogs had done against it, the silken banners still flew in the wind, the gilding upon the prows and "towers" was as bright as ever it had been. The San Mattio, the Santa Anna, and two or three frigates had been lost it is true, but King Philip must have expected to pay some price for the gratification of his darling ambition:—the conquest of England could scarcely be a costless game.

So the Duke of Medina ranged and rearranged his floating castles there in the narrow seas; looking meanwhile at the cliffs of Kent white and fair in the morning sun; and glancing, not quite so contentedly, at the vessels of Effingham's fleet which were lying well in sight. The English also were pausing to gather up their strength for the last struggle, the greatest and most terrible of all.

It was then that the English admiral remembered Dan Lavin's shout, "Set her a-fire, my lord! Her cargo of pitch will prove a torch for the rest to dance to."

The Saucy Susan and a few other such small craft, blazing "fathoms high" as Lavin had said, would prove very pretty emissaries against that wall of anchored galleons.

It was worth thinking about. Many a time, in former sea-fights, had fire-ships done good work; why not try them now?

Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Cecil, Howard, and a few other of the leading captains were summoned on board the Ark-Raleigh. It must have been a fine sight to see those ardent and war-worn men holding conference, while the issues of events yet hung in so ticklish a balance. They were making English history there; and perhaps they knew it!—although, more likely in their simple, honest souls, they thought only of doing the work they had to do, and cared very little for anything just then, but their ships, the Spaniards, and the queen.

The wind blew fresh west-north-west; there were ugly-looking clouds lurking low on the edge of the sea. "A gale," said more than one sailor to his mate, as he marked the sky-signs, and heard the uneasy rattle of the rigging above his head. "A battle and a gale together! well, our tight craft will walk through it better than the strangers yonder, with those high-sided tubs of theirs. But the night looks awkward."

And presently it looked more awkward still.

Eight of the smallest of the English fleet were being crammed with every attainable combustible; pitch, rosin, brimstone, oil, anything and everything that would flare and flame in the strong and rising wind.

And then Lavin—with Earle Clatworthy in his boat—and the owners and captains of the rest, got out their hawsers, and towed these eight exactly to windward of the centre of the great block of blackness, out of which the Spanish masts rose like reeds by the river-side.

Then at midnight, when silence had sunk over the shore and the sea, suddenly as with one flash, the saturated ships burst into light and flame.

Higher and higher the red tongues reached, wrapping mast and spar in their fiery cloak, licking up the shrivelling rigging with their fierce breath. Dan Lavin was right, a cargo of pitch-pine and tar can burn and blaze, and hold a torch that can light up very wonderful "dancing" indeed.

Nearer and nearer, drifting full upon the Spanish fleet, those fire-ships came driven fast and furious by the wind. Dense volumes of smoke rolled low upon the waves, and through and above that smoke the fire-tongues leapt and sprang. Surely a more awful onslaught than any that Effingham and all his crews had managed to make from Plymouth to Dungeness!

Far and wide the blaze was reflected; the waves themselves seemed tipped with fire; the low clouds caught the blood-red hue. And through the smoke and fire came, hot and fast, the English cannonade.

The Ark-Raleigh, the Golden Lion, the Bear, the Mary Rose, and a score of other British ships were speaking again, death and destruction in every roar from their hoarse iron throats. The night was hideous with this noisy storm of fire and shot. The Spaniards were roused in earnest now.

In vain the cumbrous craft strove to weigh anchor with all speed; the haste and confusion threw them against the very danger they sought to avoid. The flaring sides of the Saucy Susan scorched more than one gilded galleon, and sent them crashing one against another in a panic of fear and dismay. Cables were cut, and anchors lost, and the great outcry drowned all orders, making the few cool heads and courageous hearts as helpless as the terrified crowd that tugged madly at ropes, and strove to shake out sails.

And moment by moment the storm rose. Louder and louder the wind moaned and howled. On their lee were the shoals and shallows of the French shore; and ever nearer and faster came the fiery squadron, and the savage cannon-mouths of the English broadsides.

What could Medina do but fly before the howling tempest that had burst on him?

More than one of his great galleons went ashore there and then, presently to be boarded and taken by the foe—the crews and soldiers slain, and the treasure and stores pillaged. But the bulk of the huge Armada got clear of the shallows into the wider waters of the North Sea. And there the full force of the gale fell on the devoted ships.

"Let them go," said Effingham, when the dawn showed him fully what had befallen. "Their hearts have failed them. They will trouble England no more."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ON THE HEROINES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

NO. XIII.

Back through the centuries, as in a glass
We see her still,
Sitting at Jesus' feet, and of His words
Drinking her fill.
O meek-eyed chooser of the better part!
God's wondrous plan
Of love, hath surely been reveal'd to thee,
Who seest the God in man.

1. Sav'd by the daughter of thine enemy;
Thy mother wages earn'd for tending thee.

2. It falls! It sinks 'neath waters dark and cool!
"Alas, my master! 'Twas a borrowed tool!"

3. Forget not thou the sign! Midst deadly strife,
A slender scarlet line shall save thy life.

4. God said to Abraham, His favoured one:
"At this set time, Sarah shall have a son." M. E. R.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury has appointed a committee to consider what new organisation may be needful to enable the church to reach those classes of the population now outside its ministrations. The Bishop of Rochester, who has known South London for more than thirty years, speaking on this subject, bore testimony that never were wiser or better efforts put forth than now, though there is an immense amount of work yet to be done. In many populous places the parochial system had disappeared owing to the unreasonable calls, religious and secular, made on the clergy, who were in consequence unable to do their duties in the way they would like. There had been sporadic efforts going on to evangelize the people, some of a character which drew forth their sympathy, but to which they could not give the concurrence of their judgment and co-operation. The most important movement of the last few years, he thought, was in the direction of what might perhaps be found the best way of approaching those who were outside religious ministrations—he meant the movement by certain public schools and colleges of both Universities for planting settlements in various parts of London, where the spectacle was presented day by day to the people living around them of continuous sympathy, religious life, devotion, and sacrifice. There was also an important experiment going on at All Hallows, Barking, under Canon Mason. In his own diocese he had seven mission stations, maintained at the expense of several colleges and a public school; and they were resuscitating on a new basis the Wilberforce Mission, in South London. He hoped he was not foolish, but he had had long brooding in his mind the conception of a new church brotherhood, to consist of men and women—he said nothing of vows or of details—who should be willing to go and live among the people themselves. He believed it was true that the world was saved by individuals, but when individuals were living together in the manner contemplated, their enthusiasm was more lasting and their perseverance greater. It was in his opinion of immense social benefit that all classes should be included in this kind of work, and he was pleased to be able to state that in one of the South London parishes some young clerks had taken a house where they met and did church work. The Bishop of Chichester remarked that though there were many sources of anxiety, it was solacing to know that fresh life, and life of the very best kind—unpretending, spiritual, energetic life—was showing itself in every possible form.

THE infallible head of the Romish church has made a strange blunder. A book which had received the blessing and approval of the "Holy See" has been found, on further consideration, to be dangerous, and therefore has been remitted to the Index Expurgatorius, or catalogue of condemned works. The story may be told in a few sentences. Colonel Henry Lasserre, an officer of artillery in the French army, was recommended by his friend M. Freycinet to go to Lourdes for cure of weak eyes. He came back better, just as the gouty London alderman came back better when Abernethy sent him on a journey to Inverness, to consult a Doctor Aire, famed in the Highlands. Colonel Lasserre was a devout man, and believed that his cure was due to the miraculous potency of the waters in the cave of the Virgin at Lourdes. He wrote a book called "Our Lady of Lourdes," the style of which was so charming that the fame of the book and its author and of Lourdes spread everywhere. In fact that book was the "making" of Lourdes. After returning to Paris a copy of the Gospels came into the hands of the colonel. He knew nothing of the story of Jesus Christ, except from the passages used in the service book. He was so delighted and surprised by the narrative that he resolved to make a translation from the original Greek, for he was a classical scholar as well as a charming writer. The result was that the French people got the "old old story" told in the brilliant and picturesque style familiar to the faithful in the glowing pages of "Notre Dame de Lourdes." Edition after edition was sold, some of them cheap, others with splendid illustrations in costly form, till above 100,000 copies were in circulation. The Archbishop of Paris had given his *imprimatur*, and the Pope gave his sanction and his blessing. But the Jesuits or other enemies of the gospel took alarm, and induced the Pope to issue a decree placing Lasserre's version of the four Gospels in the index of forbidden books. So effectual was this decree that the book vanished from circulation, and it was only after a careful search that a copy was obtained by Dr. Wright of the Bible Society, who tells all this strange story in the "Contemporary Review" for May.

LARGE numbers of pilgrims have visited Rome this spring—not only has the Pope again celebrated Mass in St. Peter's, but he has given audiences, and made short speeches to the various groups, who according to their nationalities have presented gifts. A large contingent of Polish pilgrims brought rich offerings, but it is said that their visit has been marred by a serious controversy. A concordat with Russia has been negotiated on condition, as the Czar insists, that the Russian language be used in all ecclesiastical functions. The Poles have taken umbrage and declare that rather than renounce Latin and their own language they will form a separate church.

THE attitude of Russia in this matter may be better understood from the fact that after the close of the present year no Lutheran minister in Riga, Revel, and other towns on the Baltic, will be allowed to conduct service in the German language. As the inhabitants mostly speak German, this decree involves great hardship. Another indication of the temper which reigns in Russia appears in the stop suddenly put, without warning, to the operations of the American Bible Society, in the Baltic.

THE Protestant pastor at Malaga, Senor J. M. Villa, has been condemned to two years' imprisonment, and a heavy fine, for the publication of a reply to a violent pamphlet by a priest against the evangelical movement. Senor Villa has appealed to the Supreme Court at Madrid. He had dared to assert that the manger out of which the priest's horse ate, and the image of the Virgin of Sorrows, were made out of the same timber, and had one as much virtue as the other. The pastor has popular sympathy very largely with him, and has had crowded services since the trial. From Seville, on the other hand, we hear that there is now no open persecution. Two reformed congregations worship in comparative security in that city—one, occupying the very church where are the tombs of the Inquisitors, the other worshipping in part of the Church of the Ascension, where the Church of England services are also carried on. Both of these congregations are presided over by Spanish pastors, who are doing good work. The services are liturgical, the liturgy in use being based on that of the ancient Morarabic Church of Spain. In all the essentials, the Reformed Spanish Church is at one with the Church of England. The same organisation is adopted as far as possible as is in use in an English parish.

WHILE tidings from Mr. Stanley are awaited with growing anxiety, the aspect of affairs in Central Africa is gradually changing. There, as elsewhere, missionary interests are in danger of being involved in commercial and political questions. The jealousy of the natives also has been aroused by recent arrangements; and the hostilities of the slave-dealers become more aggressive as they find their opportunities becoming more limited. Recent attacks on the mission-stations show a new peril. Meanwhile the Portuguese are advancing impossible claims. Portugal and Germany have partitioned a large tract of territory to the north of the Zambesi. On the strength of possession Portugal asserts a right to block the navigation of that river. Thus, evangelisation and commerce are alike in danger. A deputation from Scotland has recently laid the facts before the premier, and other steps have been taken to arouse attention to the necessity of action. Thirty years since Lord Clarendon gave the express sanction and countenance of the Government to British missions and British trade in the Nyassa region. Both have been pursued with energy, with good results, and with auspicious promise. Both have now been

subjected to unwarrantable molestation. It is stated that the Government have spent 30,000*l.* in that part of the world; the English Universities Mission 50,000*l.*; the Scottish Missions double that sum; the African Lakes Company—the headquarters of which are at Glasgow, and the operations whereof have been carried on in a style which links intercourse, industry, commerce, arts, and the useful sciences with Christian influences, as, unhappily, they have not been always linked—double that again. The questions now raised cannot be permitted to slumber.

THE intertribal war on the south-east coast of Madagascar has ended. "By a little prayerfully directed persuasion and advice," says Mr. Shaw, "I have induced some three of the tribes and their chiefs to make an alliance (according to their custom, by blood), and to agree that they will not only never fight again, but do their utmost to prevent war among any of the neighbouring tribes. They are three powerful tribes, and, I believe, if they chose to exercise their influence with a little pressure, they would be able to prevent war in this part of the country. By attending to the sick and wounded, who have come to me at the rate of fifty a day, I have been able not only to establish the fact that we have come to help them, but also have become known far and wide as a teacher and not a trader. The war has been a serious affair indeed for the vanquished. Many hundreds have been killed (the exact number is not yet known), and about 700 have been taken captive to be sold as slaves on the West Coast. However, 130 of these have been recovered by the Hovas, who, although doing absolutely nothing to prevent or stop the war, evinced an extraordinary anxiety and developed a wonderful amount of energy in recovering the captives. With regard to ourselves, we had twice to pack up in haste and hurry across the lagoon, because of threatened attacks on that part of the town in which we were then living. We are now staying in a native-built house belonging to a Creole on the north side of the Mànambàto. I have been visiting many of the villages around and along the banks of the rivers, as also Ambòhipèno, Imàhamànina and their vicinities. Everywhere the people seem inclined to be friendly."

AN illustration of quiet growth is afforded in a letter from the Rev. W. D. Rowland, of the China Inland Mission, at Pai-chan, in the Cheh-kiang Province. When he first went there in 1870, he found only two native Christians; at a conference held this year a dozen native helpers gathered around him, and many Christians. In two of the out-stations the Sunday services are now conducted by voluntary workers. The work of the Bible-women also is beginning to tell. The native contributions, too, show signs of improvement. "One donation deserves special notice. One of our members had no tidings of her husband for seven years. She prayed that God would either send him home or give her some clue as to where he was. Some time after, hearing that he had been seen in the city of Hang-chau, she determined to go in search of him, and went with a letter of introduction from our native pastor to the pastor there. She was kindly received, and helped in her inquiries; but it was six months before she found her husband, now an opium-smoker. Having no family, she took a place as a servant at Dr. Main's, of the Church Missionary Society, sent two dollars as a thank-offering for having found her husband, and got him into Dr. Main's hospital, to be cured of opium-smoking. The woman was so poor that she only got to Hang-chau by walking most of the way—about 190 English miles! This makes her gift the more liberal."

THE Christian Colportage Association has now ninety-one colporteurs at work. The total sales for last year amounted to 42,363 Bibles and Testaments, 390,950 books, 370,700 magazines, and 152,470 Scripture text cards, of the total value of 11,117*l.* The figures give but little indication of what the labour has been. The seed has been sown in faith and with much prayer, and at a great many houses, when no sales have been effected, earnest words of life have been spoken. Many of the books which are purchased are sent to friends abroad or living at a distance, and tidings of spiritual blessings come from far and near. The Rev. Archibald G. Brown, of the East London Tabernacle, speaking at the anniversary meeting, quoted the words of the late Lord Shaftesbury "England needs 1,000 colporteurs: 10,000 would not be too many."

THE London City Mission met under the presidency of Mr. F. A. Bevan, who spoke in emphatic words of the blessing which had accompanied the work of the past year. From the report it appeared that there were now 473 missionaries on the staff. The receipts for the general fund had amounted to 87,738*l.*, or 24,935*l.* in excess of the receipts of the previous year. Among the speakers were the Rev. Sir Emilius Laurie, the Rev. John Bond, the Rev. G. F. Head, M.A., and Mr. Simmonds, a missionary from Battersea.

THE Young Women's Christian Association met to celebrate its anniversary in great force at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Lord Kinnaird. It was a gathering almost entirely of women-workers, the hour of half past eight, at which proceedings commenced, suggesting its character. Mr. W. T. Paton spoke on "Signs of Progress." He said that in London alone 18 branches, and 1,310 members had been enrolled during the year. The Rev. Marcus Rainsford dwelt on "The Power of Union," and the Rev. F. B. Meyer, on "The Possibilities of a Girl's Life."

THE great success of the Polytechnic since its transformation into an institute for young men has led Mr. and Mrs. Quintin Hogg to attempt a similar work for young women. They have acquired a fourteen years' lease of a large house in Langham-place, and fitted it up with everything that is wanted to enable the business-girls of the neighbourhood to spend their evenings pleasantly under its shelter. There are two large drawing-rooms, which, by means of folding-doors, can be thrown into one, and they are handsomely decorated and brilliantly lighted. Two smaller rooms, called social parlours, are similarly furnished. Another room will contain newspapers, magazines, and a lending library. Adjoining this is a work-room, containing sewing-machines for the use of the industrious. In the upper storeys are four class and music rooms, and, in regard to music, it should be mentioned that the resources of the Institute include three pianos and two American organs. The luxury of a swimming bath is secured for the girls by reserving the bath at the Polytechnic for them one night weekly. Important educational advantages are offered. Twenty-three classes are at work already, and the subjects include dress-making, millinery, mantle-making, plain and art needlework, and plain and high-class cookery. For the moderate fee of sixpence a girl may attend a course of ambulance and nursing lectures. The classes at the Polytechnic, nearly 200 in number, are also open to her at ordinary members' rates. A Bible-class is conducted on Monday evenings.

AT Shaikh Othman, not far from Aden, where the devoted and accomplished Mr. Keith-Falconer died in May 1877, steps have been taken to establish a permanent mission, under the auspices of the Free Church of Scotland. A mission-house, school, and dispensary are now being erected, and the missionaries, one medical and the other an ordained evangelist, have been appointed. The Dowager-Countess of Kintore and the Hon. Mrs. Keith-Falconer supply the salaries, and the Free Church of Scotland is responsible for the buildings and maintenance of the mission premises. Everything promises to prosper, under God's blessing, and the Arabs of those regions retain a warm and reverential feeling for the memory of the too short-lived friend who came to them, Ion Keith-Falconer.

THE jubilee of Dr. Horatius Bonar, whose hymns have carried his name into all parts of the world, was fitly celebrated at the Chalmers' Memorial Church in Edinburgh. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Sir Thomas Clark, presided. Dr. Bonar was presented with four addresses: one from the Chalmers' Memorial congregation, one from the Kelso Free Church, where he laboured for thirty years; and two others from the Free Presbyteries of Kelso and Edinburgh. Sir William Muir, Principal of Edinburgh University, in presenting Dr. Bonar with a silver salver and a cheque for one thousand pounds, said that Dr. Bonar's work and influence had been confined to no time or place or section or denomination of the Christian Church. His hymns were household words in every land where the English language was spoken, and they were used even in Roman Catholic Churches. On rising to acknowledge the gifts, Dr. Bonar received an enthusiastic greeting. He said he rejoiced to think that they would accept his unuttered feelings. He rejoiced, too, that there were in the midst of them so many of different denominations. His concluding counsel was—Brethren, pray more for one another.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO—LIGHTING THE BEACON FIRE.

"On the same day (Friday, July 29th, 1588) and night the blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires, from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was [illegible] on them."—EV.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

"THE EDICTS ARE TO BE ENFORCED."

CHAPTER I.—THE MICHAELMAS FAIR.

DOWN a narrow, ill-lighted street in Valenciennes, a small procession of eight persons wended its way late one September evening in the year of our Lord 1561. First there came a man bearing a long staff in his hand. Directly behind him, walking side by side, were two ladies, entirely concealed in their hooded cloaks; and at some paces in the rear followed five more men with baskets on their heads. Arrived opposite an oaken door, heavily barred with iron, and studded with immense round-headed nails, they came to a standstill, while the leader struck his long staff sharply against the panel, at the same time crying out with a loud voice—

"Ho, within there! Open to my lady!"

The challenge resounded through the empty

street, arousing the slumbering echoes, which, however, speedily betook themselves to sleep again among the overhanging gables of the opposite houses. A rattling sound of chains being unfastened came from behind the ponderous door, bolts were carefully withdrawn, the portal swung open and a gleam of light fell upon the group awaiting admittance. A shrivelled-up old woman with snow-white hair kept the door open with one hand, while in the other she held aloft a lamp that illumined the features and figures of the newcomers.

"Hi, sirs!" she exclaimed shrilly, in the rasping voice of old age, "but ye are late. This hour and more have I sat within the doorway listening for your footfall."

"My footfall, Rosa?" inquired the younger of the two ladies with a smile, for the old woman appeared to be addressing her at the moment.

"In faith, no, not yours, my heart's core," answered Rosa; "but I knew you came not without the Vitzel here, and his step is as good as a drummer's. The deaf could easily keep time to his gait."

Here Vitzel, who was at that moment engaged in lowering his large and heavy basket from his head to the ground, muttered something about not treading like a sparrow when one had a ton weight on the pate; but the old woman instantly cut him short.

"Hold there!" she exclaimed. "Thinkest thy lady cares to hear thy silly tongue wag? Keep it quiet in thy head till someone asks thee how thou chancest to be the wiseacre thou art."

As by this time the ladies were no longer present, they having passed on upstairs to the sitting-room, Vitzel ventured on a parting shot at his enemy.

"A bargain—if thou'lt hold thy peace till thou art asked how thou camest to be such a beauty." A sally which was greeted with much approval by the other serving lads.

Rosa permitted herself considerable freedom of speech with her master and mistress, but she was very jealous of any want of extreme deference shown by any of the servants, among whom her sour wit and jibing tongue made her anything but a favourite.

The hall into which the old servant had admitted her two ladies with their attendants was a large apartment which clearly served for other purposes besides that of entrance merely, since it was lined with shelves from floor to ceiling, and on these shelves lay rolls of cloth carefully cased in linen covers. It was, in fact, used as the ware-room and shop where worthy Simon Colberg stored and sold his famous brocades, the one article in which he dealt. Shops such as we know them—vast emporiums where every product of the globe is gathered together under one roof—are distinctly a modern phenomenon, the offspring of railways and steamers; they had no existence three hundred years ago.

Then each small manufacturer, himself probably a skilled craftsman, surrounded by a dozen or more apprentices, worked at his own particular industry. The travelling merchant, illustrious ancestor of the degenerate pedlar, went to these various craftsmen, taking from each a small quantity of goods until a fair assortment was attained, which he then distributed throughout the country. Noble ladies living in far-off châteaux, distant many days' journey from the great cities, were thus occasionally provided with the latest fashions in cramoisie, damask, and brocade, and so life was made tolerable to them. In those unenlightened times, however, the style of women's dress remained unaltered for years. Clothes could not become old-fashioned; they simply wore out, and girls donned their grandmothers' gowns, not as nowadays, only on the occasion of a fancy ball, but as a matter of daily economy.

Twice a year were held those great fairs the memory of which still lingers in Leipsic and elsewhere in Germany. At such times merchants flocked in from the lesser towns and villages, crowding the highways with their waggons and dotting the rivers and canals with their boats.

In the market square of any such city where a fair was in progress arose a multitude of tiny booths in which articles were exposed for sale, and for the time being the whole population lived in the streets and the square. Thither came merchants to buy and weavers to sell, housewives to lay in their half year's stores, and young maidens to spend their little all upon pretty nothings according to their wont. Burghers and landfolk thus met together and exchanged news from all parts of the country. These fairs were great events—at first merely commercial in their nature, they soon acquired a political significance. They were the railways and the newspapers of the age, since they brought together men and ideas which might otherwise never have been associated, while in times of trouble they formed the only safe means of communication.

It was from such a fair that dame Colberg with her daughter and six attendants was returning on the evening when our story opens, and the basket upon whose weight Vitzel had commented was one of the five containing the good wife's winter stores.

Ascending a narrow winding stair, built in the thickness of the wall, they entered the sitting-room overhead and found the house-father awaiting their return.

Simon Colberg was a man about fifty years of age, tall and strong-limbed, his broad shoulders, somewhat bent, however, from long standing over the loom when a young man. His hair, iron grey in hue, was cut close, leaving a massive square forehead exposed to view. The hard white outline of his starched ruff was broken by that pointed beard which gives such a look of precision to the portraits of the time.

"Oh, father, are we very late?" exclaimed the young girl as she followed her mother into the large sitting-room.

"Aye," he answered, laying down the small book which he had been reading, "no doubt you are late in your home-coming, and no doubt you come back with light wallets. I warrant now you have not between you the price of the ferry-

boat out of all the guldens I gave your mother this morning."

"But, father," objected the daughter in excuse, "you know the fair comes only twice a year."

"Thank the Lord it is so," retorted Simon Colberg, "I should be clean ruined if they were oftener."

"And what, I pray you, master, should young maidens do except spend the money their kin have earned for them?" spoke up Rosa, the ancient serving-woman. She idolized her young mistress and always helped her in any argument, sometimes, it must be confessed, with more loyalty than logic.

"Tut, tut, Rosa, wouldst have thy foster-child a spendthrift?" said the master, frowning portentously at them all. But although he spoke thus and looked so stern, the genial smile that lurked about the corners of his mouth betokened anything but wrath towards the culprits.

"Come, come," resumed her father, "spread the cloth and lay the supper, for I'm hungry. While we sup, thou shalt tell me, Margareta, all thou hast seen and all thou hast heard, and so, perchance, I'll get something for my money."

Laying off her hood and cloak, Margareta proceeded to help Rosa to place the supper upon the table, while the father, leaning back in his high-cushioned chair, watched her lovingly. In truth, she was a pleasant sight for a father's eyes, this happy, graceful girl moving deftly about at her work, ever and anon looking towards him with a nod and a smile. The daughter had the same square, open brow, and the same large brown eyes observable in the father, but here the likeness ended, for Simon Colberg's stern mouth and pointed yellow beard were represented in Margareta by a pair of rosy red lips wreathed in smiles, and a soft, round chin wherein nestled a little dimple. Her hair, of a rich golden brown hue, was like her mother's, but while it was dame Colberg's sole beauty, it was only one of Margareta's charms. In a single heavy braid it was coiled at the back of her head, according to the sober fashion of her time.

No slim, die-away maiden was this, with languishing mien and lisping voice, but a strong, healthy woman, tall and well formed, with a voice full and sweet like the softer tones of an organ. A girl of deep and enduring feelings, not to be lightly moved, perhaps, but when once stirred certain to last firm through any trial.

Women such as these seem to belong to a hardier race and time than our own. They are born to be the wives of soldiers, that they may transmit to their sons the stern virtues of men who have to fight. Of such are the mothers of heroes.

"And so the fair has been most splendid, has it?" remarked Simon, as they seated themselves at the table.

"Oh, yes, father," replied Margareta, "it was indeed most fine. I could not tell all we saw, but I think everything that ever was in the whole world must have been collected there. I saw that wonderful merchant from Paris whose silks are everybody's admiration; he has little puppets dressed up in the modes used at the French court, so different from ours. And, father, Beta van Oost is going to have a gown of silk for the Stadtholder's entry. She asked me if I should have a new gown."

Margareta hazarded this remark in a doubtful manner.

"And what did you tell Beta?" asked her father.

"I told her I did not know yet, and then she said 'I suppose it will be a Queen Eleanor dress,'" replied the young girl.

"I hope you said you would be proud to wear a dress like that I had the honour of weaving for our gracious queen, the Lady Eleanor," answered Simon Colberg with stout loyalty.

Margareta remained silent, and her father continued:

"It was a piece of brocade, the like of which never was seen before, so all the world said. I have the secret of the pattern—I doubt if any one else could weave it. Many great ladies have asked for a gown like it, but I would never part with an ell of it. I have, however, the queen's permission to let all the women of my name and house have a dress like the one I wove for Her Grace."

Simon Colberg spoke with the slow deliberation of conscious pride. It was a great event in his life when he was selected from among all of his craft to weave the gown that the city of Tournay presented to the popular queen regent. Margareta, it must be confessed, did not quite enter into his feelings on this head, and did not view the subject with the same complacency. The historic dress was woven before Margareta was born, and instead of feeling elated at having a gown similar to that once worn by the old queen, it seemed to her rather hard that on State occasions she should always be compelled to wear that ancient Flemish costume, when her girlish fancy would have led her to prefer the newer and more captivating French modes.

But Margareta was accustomed to yield the willing obedience demanded by the fashion of the age as well as by her father's temperament, therefore she said no more about the dress, but again reverted to the subject of the fair.

"And, father," she resumed, "I saw the merchant from Rome who has the pearls—oh! such large and beautiful pearls!—and cheap, very cheap. You know they are not real pearls, father, but they look just like them."

"Ah! methought so," muttered Simon under his breath. "The real pearls we Netherlanders have received from Rome, my daughter, have not been very many."

And so they chatted happily on together about one thing and another until supper was over, when Colberg appeared suddenly to become aware of the fact that his wife had not spoken a word since she came in.

"Eh, how's this, dame?" he cried, turning cheerfully towards her, "hast no news for me? Or dost reckon the cost of the day so deeply that thou hast never a thought for aught else?"

His wife being thus directly addressed, raised

her eyes towards her husband. They bore traces of tears while her face was very pale. Leaning across the table towards her, his own countenance assuming a look of anxiety, Simon asked:

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"*The Edicts are to be enforced*," replied his wife in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

Simon dropped his arms heavily upon the table and drew a gasping breath like a man in pain, then he said slowly:

"The Lord have mercy upon us, and preserve us from this affliction."

CHAPTER II.—THE EDICTS.

THE Edicts were a dread reality in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century. The name was used to denote almost exclusively that group of enactments which related to heretics, as all those were denominated who did not profess the Roman Catholic faith. Nearly all the laws which have cast so dark a shadow upon the reputation of Philip II. were in truth promulgated by his father Charles V.; but that very politic personage allowed them to rest long in abeyance, being too busy with his foreign wars to risk irritating his tax-yielding subjects in the Low Countries. Philip, on the contrary, kept out of war for the express purpose of turning all his energies to the purification of the Netherlands. The way he purified was by fire, and the process was very simple. Whenever any person, man, woman, or child, was convicted of heresy, he was forthwith burnt alive. People, even in those times, having a conservative dislike to whatever was new, vast pains were taken to assure them that the objectionable Edicts were an old institution. Knowing as men did what was the character of the emperor's laws, it is not hard to understand the consternation which would ensue upon the news that the Edicts were in future to be enforced.

Now Simon and his wife understood this perfectly, and to them the words were fraught with awful meaning. Not so Margareta, who was too young to remember the emperor's time and from whom precise knowledge about the Edicts had been purposely withheld.

She sat in speechless bewilderment during the colloquy between her father and mother, looking from one to the other as if trying to catch their meaning. At last, unable to restrain her feelings any longer, clasping her father's arm, she cried out: "Oh, what has happened? Tell me, dear father, what is it? Why are you suddenly distressed?"

"Child, child," replied the father in a broken voice, "we are beset by dangers and there is no safety for us, none. The Edicts, oh the Edicts!"

"But, father," exclaimed Margareta not in the least comprehending him, "what are the Edicts to you? Why should you dread the laws? What have you done?"

"Done?" echoed her father, his voice rising louder and louder as the bitter thoughts now surged up into his mind, "what have we done, sayest thou? Know then we have done that which deserves death. We have ventured to worship our God according to our conscience. We have done this dreadful thing, daughter; thou, thy mother, thy father, and Rosa, thy nurse, have all committed this crime; and by the laws of our most gracious king we can all be burned alive for it."

Simon's eyes flashed with anger in uttering these words, and his hand clutched at his belt as if to grasp a sword.

"Husband, speak not thus," urged his wife. "We are in the hands of the Lord, and He will deliver us."

"Peace, Alice," he answered, sternly. "It is time the brethren were up and doing or we shall be slaughtered like so many sheep. These are truly fine pearls from Rome for our Michaelmas Fair! We have been left quiet so long I thought, like a foolish man, our troubles were over."

As he spoke Simon moved towards the corner of the room and reached down his round velvet cap with ruffled edges.

"Do you go out to-night, father?" asked Margareta, seeing him going to the door.

"Yes, child," he replied, "I will go to friend Mallart's; we must advise together at once. I warrant the hell-hounds of inquisitor Titelmann run fast upon the scent. It behoves us to lose no time if we would be prepared."

When the father was gone Margareta seated herself upon a low stool beside her mother, and sought comfort in this anxiety from her who never failed to grant it.

"Mother," she said, looking up with quivering lips, "it is all a mistake, is it not? Surely no law can strike our father—so good, so just, so upright as he is; he need fear no man. We harm no one by not going to mass. Why should they seek to injure us for praying in our own room? We always pray for the king," she added naïvely in conclusion.

"Nay, child," replied her mother, "that we do no harm is not sufficient; it is made a crime to believe in God, and to worship Him according to our conscience. People have before now been burnt for no greater crime than that."

"And does the king command this?" asked Margareta with a look of horror.

"Yes, alas, he does indeed!" answered dame Colberg. "He has long been a scourge to our people."

"Then I shall never again pray for so wicked a man," said Margareta in anger.

"Tush, child!" said her mother reprovingly. "We should pray for those who despitefully use us, and perhaps the Lord will turn their hearts."

For some minutes there was silence in the room, the two women sat wrapped in gloomy thoughts. At last Margareta spoke.

"We have many and good friends, I will never believe they would let harm come to our father. They would gather around him, and save him from any danger; there are the Van Oosts—they have influence, being Catholics. They would save him, I know they would."

She hesitated a moment, and the tell-tale colour rose fast to her cheeks.

"Then there are others too, you know, mother,

who have great influence, and who would never let harm come to him."

"Yes," replied the mother, "I know what you wouldst say. The young knight is a brave gentleman, no doubt; but when it comes to such a test, friends sometimes fail. He is a Catholic, my child."

"I know that, mother; but surely a Catholic may be a true friend, may he not?"

"I trust, indeed, he may prove one," replied the mother. "But if we are in peril we must hold by our brethren of the faith, lest by leaning on a broken reed it should pierce the hand."

Another long silence followed. Finally dame Colberg spoke again.

"Be not too much cast down, my daughter. Perhaps it may not be as bad as the first tidings would seem to warrant. Above all, it were most unwise to let the household perceive that we are terrified. We must be serene and calm before them to give encouragement to those who perchance look to us for example."

She bent down and kissed her daughter's forehead, and then lovingly passed her hands over the glossy braid that crowned the shapely head.

At eighteen the heart finds grief an irksome companion, and it turns gladly towards cheerfulness. When the hair has become grey we find it much harder to do so. Sorrow then is our well-known companion who has spent so many dark days with us, and stood by us during so many bitter nights of watching, that we bear his companionship at least with resignation, feeling how inevitable it is; but at eighteen how different! Margareta had scarce reached even that short span of years, and hitherto her life had been one long summer's day of peaceful happiness. She had never seen sorrow face to face, and she could not realise his stern aspect. It was not that she was wanting in feeling, far otherwise, but she was new to trouble. Her heart had given one great throb of terror when the idea first suggested itself that her beloved father might be in danger; but under the influence of her mother's reassuring words she gradually resumed her wonted cheerfulness of look.

Simon stayed late abroad, not returning till the night was far spent; but the two women at home had no thought of going to rest. On the contrary, they were still in the sitting-room when he returned, eager for any news he might bring.

"Ah!" he said to them as he entered; "my good news must have been wafted before me, you look less doleful than at my going. There were several of the Faith at Burgher Mallart's, gathered to talk over this news; some thought it all a lie, but all agreed that nothing certain is known. There is a report from Brussels that the Edicts will henceforward be enforced; but men say the prince's party is stronger than ever, and we know the heart of Orange is turned towards us. Your countryman, wife, my Lord of Egmont declares for the prince, and he is a powerful noble."

"Does he so?" rejoined Alice, "he is a valiant knight, I trow; but report used to run in Holland that he was not over stable in his wishes. This side one day, that side the next. Men used to say he was a gallant foe, but an unsteady friend."

YOUNG'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

BY THE LATE REV. EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

THOSE of our readers who have passed the meridian of life will remember Young's "Night Thoughts" as a favourite in all serious circles, and the index for most frequent quotation in the pulpit. To say that it has now fallen into something more than mere obscurity and neglect, is, we fear, only to give it a place among many other works not only venerable but inestimable still in their pre-eminent value; fountains of the wealthiest thought, rich in gems of the most brilliant, suggestive, and compact expression; with many such, we say again, the "Night Thoughts" has passed, like a constellation, behind a cloud. But, unlike the "Night Thoughts," few of these other works which we might name, have not had to suffer from deteriorating, and misrepresenting criticism.

It must be admitted that there is much in this great poem which at first sight seems to be out of harmony with the thought and structure of the mind of our own times. Persons who do not, or have not read it, are willing to suppose that it belongs to the less masculine type of our literature—to that effeminate, and, it must be admitted, sentimental vein of expression which our, nevertheless, dear and beloved James Hervey indulged in his Contemplations on the "starry heavens," and other such pieces; and that the sombreness, and even the, so-to-speak, hatchmented grandeur, and hearse-like splendour of this poem is as unreal as the mutes and plumes of an ancient funeral. This estimate is entirely false: the poem is, certainly in parts of it, simply one of the most massive and majestic pieces of work in our language. It is true, if we were to appropriate a term from architecture to describe it, we should call it Cyclopean; its majesties are unhewn, almost shapeless; they are hung together like the awful architraves of Stonehenge; its great words stand in a kind of mysterious solitude like the old men of the Desert, as such stones have been called. Far away from a Corinthian finish, they do not approach even a Doric, or Ionic simplicity of taste; lines and

sentences stand like fragments whose only architects were the fingers of the lightning, or the shivering chisel of the thunderstone; but, if any person said to us, "Do you regard Young's 'Night Thoughts,' as a great poem?" we should reply, "Do you regard Stonehenge as a great building?"

Then another kind of unfairness has been dealt out to this piece of work; some recent critics, and especially one whom we need not mention, have treated the whole poem as a piece of mere unreality, and this is indeed most unjust. Young lived to a great age, and, octogenarian as he was, he lived two different and distinctly separated lives; doubtless the first years of his life were passed in the atmosphere of a court not remarkable for its purity, and in a life and round of fashion, frivolous, and certainly unsuccessful. Assuredly he saw enough of folly and worldliness to justify some of those sufficiently bitter satires in which it seems he took a kind of revenge. It was late in life when he became a clergyman, and a clergyman in a remote country village, and his conduct there was unquestionably that of a faithful, exemplary minister; and the stories which represent him as flying from balls and routs to put down his sombre meditations are without any foundations in fact. His "Night Thoughts" were written in his village rectory when he had pretty much given up the great world, excepting in what may be called a not unnatural visit to it. Far less justice has been meted out to him in those afflictions by which he had indeed been bereft of the persons he tenderly loved. He was a solitary man, with apparently an old woman—a termagant and a tyrant—for a housekeeper; he was a disappointed man, perhaps he had a right to expect that such powers as he unquestionably possessed might have procured for him some position in the church better than an obscure country vicarage. But so it was, and the preparatory exercises for writing the "Night Thoughts" were not, as has been said, routs and balls, but solitary rides on horseback through lone country lanes, and across Hertfordshire moors, especially when storms were up—as on that night when, amidst the wild thunder and rain, he surprised a friend by saying it was "a fine night," and when his friend expressed wonder and surprise, Young replied: "The Lord is abroad!"

Young's poem is indeed remarkable as being with all its splendour and coruscation of expression, the fruit of old age; it was the consistent work of his country vicarage. He always had an ambition to be a poet, and, from his early college days, had put forth efforts more or less successful; but they may be regarded as all, for the most part failures, they would not win our attention, or perhaps even detain us for an hour, if they were not curious appendages to the life of the author of the "Night Thoughts."

Edward Young was born in 1681, at Upham, in Hampshire; his father was rector of the parish, a chaplain to King William, and Dean of Salisbury. Young's college course was, probably, studious and creditable; he studied at Oxford, where he obtained his Fellowships, and took his degrees as Bachelor, and Doctor of Civil Law. We need not dwell upon his literary efforts in his earlier years, or his connection with the celebrated Duke of Grafton. He was forty-seven years of age, when, turning from a life which must be called one of dissipation, and ambition connected with writing for the stage, he entered on the work of the ministry. Satirists have said that in this he was like a disappointed young lady taking the veil, and retiring to a nunnery. In fact, it seems to us, that, before he took this step, for many years he had been panting for a better and purer life than that which the neighbourhood of courts, and the aliment of fashion could satisfy; and probably the disappointment of Young did not arise so much from the unsuccess of his circumstances as from the hunger of the heart. He was very soon appointed chaplain to George the Second; and there is a not uninteresting story told how, upon one occasion, when preaching before the flippant and indifferent Court, when the King himself was present Young was so overwhelmed by the evident and undisguised carelessness of the congregation, that, unable to proceed, he flung himself back, sat down, and burst into tears. This story, surely, is not unworthy of the author of the "Night Thoughts." He did not marry until the age of fifty; his chief support had been derived from his Fellowships, but when, in 1730, he was presented by his college, in Oxford, to the rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, he married the Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and, although young, the widow of Colonel Lee. The marriage appears to have been an eminently happy one, but its relationship on earth did not last long. His wife had a daughter by her former marriage, to whom he was tenderly attached; she married, and Young was as much attached to her husband as to the lady herself. In a short time both of them, with his own wife also, were reft away by death; and it is to this he alludes in that line in the "Night Thoughts"—

> Thrice flew the shaft, and thrice my peace was slain.

It was after all this bitter experience, when he was left a solitary man in his lonely village, that he recreated himself in his solitude, and commenced, when beyond his sixtieth year, his great poem, the "Night Thoughts." Remembering all this, there is something, it seems, not merely wanting in knowledge, but wanting in tender human sympathy, in the verdicts which have sometimes been passed on Young. It is rather remarkable that, in some particulars, the best estimate has been formed of him from a pen we might, perhaps, least expect to understand him, that of Lord Bulwer Lytton. Knebworth, Lord Lytton's beautiful house, is not far from Welwyn, in the same county, and this may, perhaps, in some measure, account for his interested knowledge; but there was something in the course of the lives of the two men which furnished a foundation for Lytton's estimate. They both knew the life of courts and fashion well, and both, after draining that cup, turned to more pure and refreshing draughts for satisfaction. Lytton says: "Young, popular as he is, has not

received justice; he has never yet had a critic to display, and make current his most peculiar and emphatic beauties; he is, of all poets, the one to be studied by a man who is about to break the golden chains that bind him to the world; his gloom does not appal nor deject, the dark river of his solemn genius sweeps the thoughts onward to Eternity—if we recoil and shudder at life, it is as children who, in tears at some past peril, bound forward to their mother's knee; so we hasten, as our comfort and parent, to the bosom of Death." This is the spirit in which the "Night Thoughts" were composed, and thus we are to see Young, an old, but still hale man compensating his solitude in the old Rectory—pursuing his course of thought in his lonely rides; and returning, most likely, often enough to sit up late, outwatching the stars, those dazzling points of fire which brought to his page, in the lonely study, so many and such marvellous ministrations. All this gives a tender pathos to the following lines from the "Night Thoughts":—

> Bless'd be that hand Divine, which gently laid
> My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
> The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
> With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
> Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
> I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
> As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
> And meditate on scenes, more silent still.

As life passed on, and he descended more deeply into the valley of years, some of his habits changed. We do not wonder to learn that he continued always remarkable for absence of mind, strangely forgetful of the times of meals, yet his life was very systematic. He rose very early, and gathered all his domestics round him in family prayer; his walks were now pretty much limited to the churchyard; and unlike the time of the composition of the "Night Thoughts," he retired to bed punctually at eight o'clock. So he lived on until 1765, when at the age of eighty-four, he passed to those regions of immortality which he, beyond any other English poet, had celebrated in glowing and inspiring verse.

Then, as to the book itself, its designation, in a most sufficient and satisfactory manner, describes it,—it is "Night Thoughts." It consists of pearls of speech, or diamonds strung almost at random; no tales are interwoven, nor, in fact, is there much that speaks directly to human sympathy, excepting by a glance of inference; its interest is chiefly intellectual, and, although we used just now the term "random," it is also true that, in many parts, a severely logical process of thought, not the less logical because frequently illative, chains the attention. That would be a large book which should group together all the fine and noble things which poets and others have said of Night. There have not been many finer from uninspired pens than that of Isaac Taylor. "Night," he says, "has had three daughters,—Religion, Superstition, and Atheism;" to this we may add that, of the three, if religion be the oldest, atheism is the youngest, and a very large-headed, wild-eyed, and weak-limbed child she is. Certainly atheism has said nothing about night to exalt or refine our affections.

How true it is that "Night showeth knowledge;" how ignorant we should be concerning the vastness of the material universe were it not that night unveils the heavens and calls upon us to survey those troops of stars which, as he looked up to them and considered, extorted from the great Hebrew poet the cry "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Thus the night side of nature, while it quickens the sense of mystery, widens also the vistas of the majesty of the universe. The wonderful light which breaks from all those spheres, and constellations, proclaims a prevalent harmony and unity,—

> For ever singing, as they shine,
> The Hand that made us is Divine!

And not less wonderful and mysterious than the orderly marching and continuous procession of all those shining orbs, is the blessed arrangement of sleep in harmony with night—that as darkness veils us round, the medicinal lotion bathes the whole body, supples the muscles, gives to joints made rigid with labour a blessed bath; at the same time, most marvellous of all, providing a "balm for hurt minds," often throwing open the gates of fancy, and setting the imprisoned spirit free into a strange dream sphere. Such are the suggestions of Night, and Young has played upon them all as chords, waking what seem to us to be sleepless echoes in the soul, giving a similar tone to that of the Psalmist when he says, "My reins also instruct me in the night season."

We do not much like to refer to that astounding vanity of the modern Frenchman, Comte, in which he denies the truth of the great Psalmist's thought that "the heavens declare the glory of God," and affirms that they only declare the glory of Euler, and Kepler, and Newton. If blasphemy could ever be amusing, surely this provokes at once amusement, contempt, and horror; if this were true, then the little child who learns his alphabet is greater than Cadmus who invented it. One of the most sustained pieces of irrefutable logic in the "Night Thoughts" is that in which Young so sublimely argues with the atheist the existence of the Divine creating and sustaining intelligence, and, in an eminently noble way, long before Comte was born, anticipates, and shivers to pieces his blasphemous fallacy. The argument runs through pages; we can only quote therefore those few lines immediately pertinent to the fallacy. Speaking of those orbs, Young says—

> Much design
> Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
> Design implies intelligence, and art;
> *That* can't be from themselves—or man; that art
> Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
> And nothing greater yet allow'd than man,
> Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
> Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
> Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
> Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
> Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
> Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In mathematics? Has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?

Thus it will be seen that Young brings out the religion of the stars; his inspiration is from Isaac Taylor's first daughter of night, as he says—

Devotion! daughter of Astronomy!
An undevout astronomer is mad.

The "Night Thoughts" remind us of two books; they remind us of Pascal and his Thoughts, where, in a splendid and well-known passage, he speaks of the superiority and infinite value of a human soul in its abiding consciousness, as in contrast to the most magnificent planet, in that, in virtue of its immortality, it would retain its consciousness and existence, while the shivered planet would be unaware of the calamity which had fallen upon its being. And the other work of which Young reminds us, is Nichol's splendid scientific poem, for it is nothing less, "The Architecture of the Heavens." The magnificent language of the man of science may in some measure apologise for those raptures and flights of Young, which have sometimes been thought extravagant; but, indeed, it is rather hard to fall into cold forms of expression, and rein in language to the thin proportion of hedgerows and little garden paths, when an infinite soul dilates amidst the vast avenues of an infinitely extending creation. Time and space seem almost to burst their barriers, and yet vainly to call on words to attempt some adequate expression. Thus the same sense of vastness carries the pen of Young along with tremulous nervousness as he dwells upon the immortality of the soul, and then upon the mysteries and grandeur of the atonement. If sometimes his ideas and his language seem to dilate to extravagance, let us remember that it was an age when a rhetorical mould was thought to be a proper form of literary expression, and in this his Christianity is not more extravagant than the deism of Pope. As to the truths themselves, the time had not set in for paring down their importance. It is manifest in every line that Young believed; and tradition tells us that he preached in much the same massive, moodily bright, and brightly moody manner as that in which he wrote.

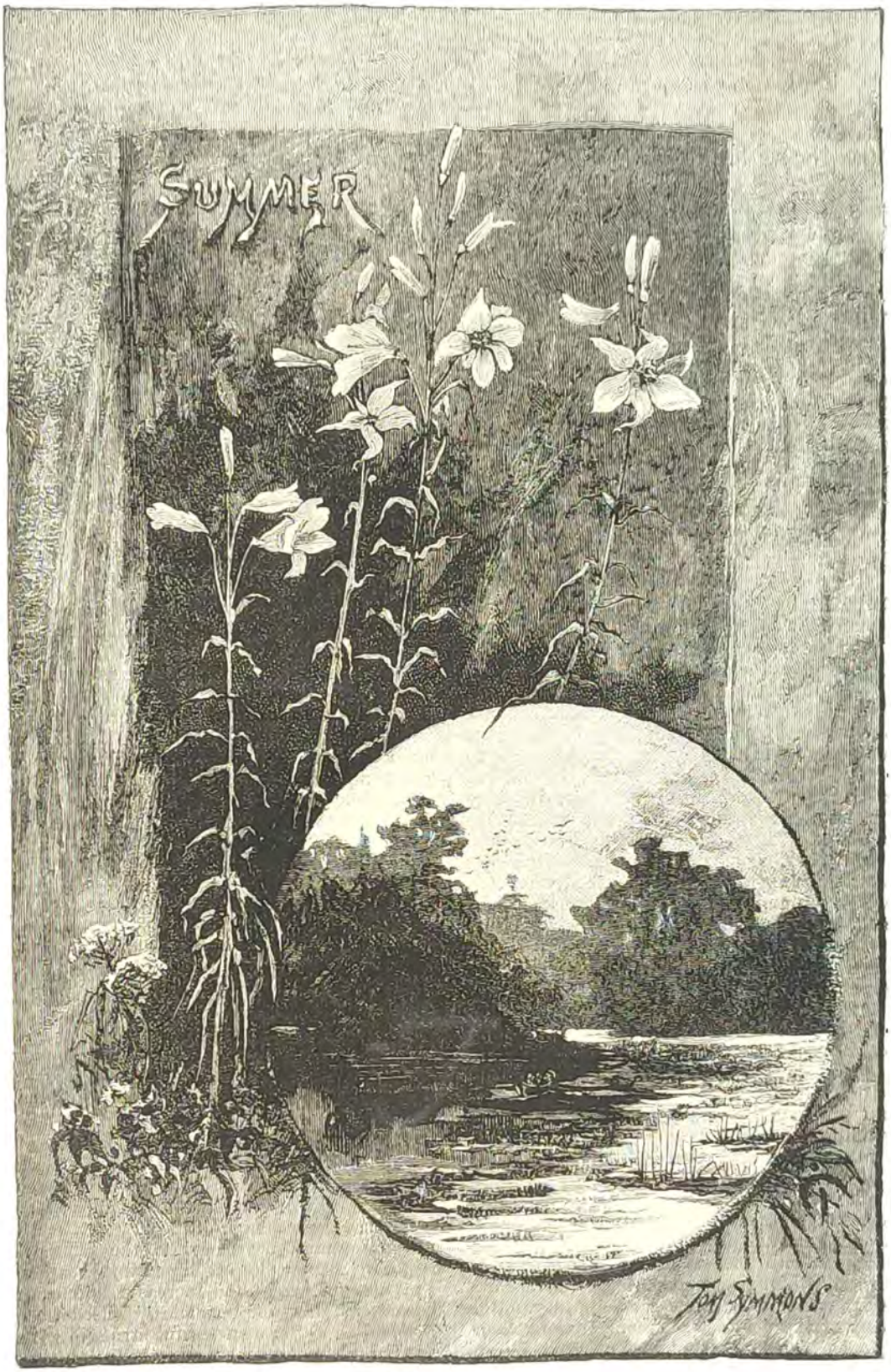
But one of the most noticeable characteristics of the "Night Thoughts" is their intensity, the concentrated sententiousness of expression. Few poems have given to us so many passages, words which pass from lip to lip. Take a few—

"Procrastination is the thief of time."
"All men think all men mortal but themselves."
"Death but entombs the body—life, the soul."
"He sins against this life who slights the next."
"Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud."
"As bodies grow more ponderous robbed of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gained in joy."
"The course of Nature is the art of God."
"How few can rescue opulence from want!
"Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich."
"Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image man admires."
"Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales."
"Learn well to know how much need not be known."
"A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs."
"Tears pumped up by Death,
Are spent in watering vanities of Life."
"Reason pursued is Faith, and, unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more."
"How blessings brighten as they take their flight!"
"Thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun."
"The bell strikes one. We take no note of Time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man."
"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes."
"The world's a prophecy of worlds to come."
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."
"A Christian is the highest style of man."
"Life is most enjoyed
When courted least; most worth when disesteemed."
"Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain."

But we must stop; the work is full of this golden coin. Lord Lytton refers to Young's wonderful powers over metaphor—he says, Milton himself has not surpassed him. This is very true, and, if our space permitted, we should like to give several illustrations, one must suffice. Here is an extraordinary one, the truth of which we realise every day.

Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?

Such, then, was Edward Young, and such are the "Night Thoughts." Perhaps it may be thought that the work possesses merits which might give it a claim to the condescension and regard even of our very dainty and self-opinionated age; we almost dare to say that the book is so full of suggestion in thought, as well as suggestive imagery and nervous expression, that the pulpits in which our grandfathers were wont to lay these "Night Thoughts" so much under contribution, were perhaps, not so badly served after all. But we have been especially desirous to rebuke, and to repel the fallacy that the "Night Thoughts" was a piece of moral inconsistency. This idea seems to have resulted from the fact that he had exhausted life on its side of courtly vanity and fashion, and, trying life in its quieter avenues of home-born loves, he found himself disappointed again. There is no doubt a great deal of the strain of the Preacher: "Vanity of vanity! all is vanity!" He is said never to have been a bright man again after the death of his wife, but from his lone churchyard, from country lanes and their hedge-rows, and from the cottage gardens and farms of his villagers, he looked back, and spake the wisdom of experience with new and living force.


SUMMER
Jay Symmons

Summer.

WHEN summer scents the balmy air,
Earth seems as stainless and as fair,
As free from passion and unrest
As the white lilies on her breast,
Which nothing know of toil or care.

Away in heaven's unclouded blue
The skylark carols lost to view
(More raptured music ne'er was made),
While hidden by yon leafy shade,
All day the happy ringdoves coo.

New beauties every night adorn,
New glories wait returning morn;
And in the noontide's languorous heat
Sweet berries store their luscious treat,
And golden grows the goodly corn.

Most loving Father, Thee we praise,
Wondrous in all Thy works and ways!
Teach us to take as from Thy Hand
The fruitful increase of our land,
And the fair gift of summer days.

SYDNEY GREY.

EARLY MISSION WORK IN IRELAND.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

III.

COLUMBANUS—a namesake of Columba—trod in the steps of his predecessor in his zeal for evangelistic work. He was born in Leinster; and while still in early youth left his home to place himself under a renowned teacher called Senile. He then became a monk in the famous monastery of Bangor, where he spent many years, but at length his desire to preach the Gospel in other lands became so strong, that having obtained with some difficulty the consent of his abbot, he set out with twelve companions. They came first to France, and proceeded to Burgundy, preaching and teaching in all the places they came to. In every house in which Columbanus stayed, he was sure to turn the attention of the inmates to their spiritual interests.

The first place in which he settled was in the department of the Vosges, where he and his companions had to lead much of the life that pioneer colonists have to do in the Australian or West American bush, "roughing it" in every sense of the word, and often suffering from actual scarcity of food. But the missionaries turned their hands to whatever work came in their way; they felled trees, built houses, tilled the ground, and in time founded a regular agricultural as well as educational settlement, and could supply all their wants. Many persons in the neighbourhood came to place themselves under his direction, and he found it needful to erect a larger dwelling to accommodate them; this led to his constructing his famous monastery of Luxeu (or Luxeuil), at the end of the sixth century. But so many of the nobles and others brought their sons to be his pupils, that the place at Luxeu was soon "too strait" for them, and he erected another monastery, which he called *Ad Fontanas* (now Fontaines), from the abundance of springs near it. He placed superiors over these establishments, and took great pains to establish a strict rule of government.

But he was not allowed long to remain in peace. The King of Burgundy, Theoderic, and his mother, Brunehilda, were enraged with the plain-spoken denunciations of Columbanus of their abandoned and profligate lives; and the queen-mother especially never rested till she could have him banished. A band of soldiers was sent to force him into exile, and none of his associates but those born in the British Isles were allowed to accompany him.

The little band of exiles were conducted under a strong guard to Nantes, and put on board an Irish merchant-vessel; but bad weather having stranded the ship, the captain thought his passengers had brought this misfortune upon them, and insisted on putting them and their goods on shore. This enabled Columbanus to pursue his mission work in France; he retired first to the dominions of Clothaire, King of Soissons, who gave him a friendly reception, and then to Paris and towards Switzerland by the Rhine, through the realm of King Theodebert of Austrasia. He settled at last, after two or three changes of place, at Bregenz on the Lake of Constance, where he found a Christian priest named Willima, who showed him much kindness.

He was the means in this new settlement of bringing many heathen into the church, and restoring many who had lapsed into heathenism. But after a while the increased and extended power of his old enemies, Theoderic and Brunehilda (after a successful struggle with the brother of the former), made the neighbourhood of Constance no longer a safe one for Columbanus, and he removed to Italy, finally settling among the Lombards, and founding the famous monas-

tory of Bobio, in the Apennines, near the river Trebia. Here he died two years later. He held views on monastic celibacy, and the virtue of personal austerities, with which no Protestant Christians could sympathize, and which are certainly quite unlike the teaching of the New Testament; but though he had thus imbibed some of the errors of his day, he was an ardent and intelligent student of Scripture, and his writings abound in quotations from the sacred volume.

His companions were animated by the same spirit. One of them, Gallus, was left behind at Bregenz ill of fever; the only one of his Irish brethren at Constance who did not accompany him to Italy. This detention of Gallus proved a means, however, of spreading the Gospel: for when he recovered, he removed to a place on the little river Stinace, where he founded the abbey which has now given his name to the town on the same spot, and indeed to the whole Canton of St. Gall. He was offered the bishopric of Constance, but declined, and spent the remainder of a long life in active missionary labours in the country in which he had settled, and in training others to continue their labours, which have gained him the well-deserved title of Apostle of the Allemanni and Suevi.

Deicolus (in Irish, Dichuill), a half-brother of Gallus, had remained in Burgundy when his countrymen left it, and settled in the neighbourhood of Besançon, where he founded an abbey, and is still remembered in the district under the name of St. Diè.

These were the principal of the immediate associates of Columbanus; but their spirit did not die out with them. Furseus, another distinguished Irish teacher, came to England about the middle of the seventh century, and laboured assiduously among the East Anglians. Later he came to France, and worked at Lagny.

Maidulf, another eminent Irishman, came to England a little later, and opened a school which eventually, like most schools of the time, became a monastery, and was called from him Maidulfsbury.[1] The most celebrated of his pupils was the famous writer and abbot Aldhelm.

Kilian, another Irish missionary, was called the Apostle of Franconia, because the scene of his work was the capital of that district in Germany, Würzburg, now in Bavaria. His labours among the heathen of those parts were extremely successful, and their ruler Duke Gorbert professed himself a convert and was baptised. While a Pagan, Gorbert had taken his brother's wife, Geilana; Kilian wisely waited till the prince had received some Christian instruction, and then faithfully set the sin of such a connection before him, and induced him to promise he would break it off.

But Geilana, like Herodias of old, vowed vengeance on the Christian teacher, and sent an executioner, who seized on Kilian and his two principal colleagues while they were singing their nightly hymns, and put them to death on the spot.

Even as late as the eighth century, Ireland was still a centre of missionary work, both at home and abroad. While the English missionary Boniface was preaching to the heathen tribes east of the Rhine, Virgilius, an Irish teacher, was engaged in a similar work in Bavaria. A controversy, however, rose between the two missionaries. Boniface insisted that if an ignorant priest (no uncommon case) had pronounced the baptismal words incorrectly, the whole rite must be performed over again. This Virgilius opposed, and Pope Zachary, when appealed to, sided with him instead of with Boniface. The latter, probably much disconcerted at the Pope, whose faithful subject he considered himself, having taken part against him, brought forward another complaint against his fellow-worker, which, to modern readers, is extremely ludicrous. He charged Virgilius with the horrible crime of maintaining "that there was another world and other men under the part of the earth they were treading!"

Here he had the Pope on his side. His Holiness agreed that to maintain the existence of the Antipodes was "a perverse and wicked thing," and desired that Virgilius should come to Rome and give an account of his opinions.

Whether he came or no, and what the result, we know not; very likely he was prudent enough to keep out of harm's way and avoid the fate which met Galileo some ages later: his subsequent history, indeed, makes this nearly certain; for he became bishop of Salzburg, and was the means of bringing the gospel into the neighbouring State of Carinthia, of which he was called "The Apostle," and whose duke he baptised. His labours extended far beyond this, indeed, and before his death he made a general visitation of his large diocese, and proceeded as far as the frontiers of the Huns, near the Danube. He died towards the close of the eighth century.

But Ireland was renowned, not only for sending out missionaries to foreign parts, but for being a centre for the best instruction, both in religious and secular learning. Anglo-Saxon writers continually recorded of distinguished men among themselves, that, "He was sent to be educated in Ireland."

It would appear, indeed, that it was from Ireland that the ancient English first received instruction in forming the letters of the alphabet, as the characters of the old Anglo-Saxon language are nearly the same as those to this day used for the Irish.

But these days of glory and blessing were fast drawing to a close. Rome was tightening the iron grasp on the country, and with her complete supremacy, the spiritual religion of the Gospel died out, and with it, the secular learning and civilisation. The church of Rome often seems for a time to be the patron of learning; but sooner or later the countries under her entire and undisputed sway, sink in intelligence as well as in rational piety.

There is a curious legend of a vision or dream said to have come before St. Patrick while engaged in his labours in Ireland. He was said to have seen the country as if on fire, and the "fiery mountains" as it were, in all parts of the

[1] Afterwards called Malmesbury.

country, rising to the skies. This fire, he thought an angel told him, represented the fervour of Christian faith and love. But by degrees the flames died away, and the light was reduced to a few hidden embers nearly extinguished. In deep sorrow the missionary repeated, weeping, the verses of the seventy-seventh Psalm, beginning, "Will the Lord absent Himself for ever, will He be no more entreated?" etc.

The angel then desired him to look to the east, and in that quarter he beheld a light, first feebly struggling with the darkness, and at last illuminating the whole island, till it was restored to its first luminous condition.

Whether this dream, if it really took place, was caused by the fevered imagination and intensely earnest feelings of the Apostle of Ireland, or whether it belonged to one of those curious cases of "prevision" or "second sight," of which we have records in all countries and all ages, it is not here the place to inquire. Certainly the first part of the vision is a true picture of the spiritual history of Ireland hitherto—its early brightness, and its subsequent gloom.

The dark days, alas! are very, very far from being passed. But we do know, if we are Bible-reading Christians, that what Ireland needs is the Gospel; and surely we may trustfully look forward to a time when the third part of Patrick's vision shall be accomplished, and the light of true, Scriptural, pure Christianity be restored to that long troubled land, throughout its length and breadth, to heal her wounds and make her again what she was once truly called, "The Isle of Saints!"

"DOCKY."

THE Isle of Arran is the epitome of the beauty and sublimity, of the majesty, the grandeur, and the "stern frowning glories" of the Highlands and the Hebrides. All who have made the tour of the island, and in their wanderings have paid a visit to Loch Ranza, with its fishermen's huts and its ruined castle, so well described by Sir Walter Scott as "the lone hamlet which the island bay and circling mountains sever from the world," have acknowledged that there is no lovelier or more romantically secluded spot on the western shores of Scotland. In summer time, or, better still, in middle autumn when the heather dons its richest purple, and the birch-trees shake out their golden tresses to the low soft wind of the West—the last sigh of the dying beauty of the year—Loch Ranza is the paradise of seclusion.

Thirty years ago a fisherman, George McKinnon, resided in one of the huts on the shore of the bay, along with his wife Margaret and his only child Alice, a brown-haired little beauty about three years of age. Unfortunately, the wife of McKinnon, after the birth of this child, became subject to spasmodic fits, accompanied by intense agony, which, when they passed off, left her in a state of extreme prostration. These fits attacked her at night when her husband was away in his boat down the Sound of Kilbrannan, whose waves, when the stormy west wind blows, send their spray over the roofs of the cottages that cluster round the bay of Loch Ranza. While the mother lay moaning in bed, tended, to the best of their ability, by her kind-hearted female neighbours, the child would sit by the fire of peat on the hearth, following and noticing everything with her great blue eyes. Wordsworth tells us that a little child can form no idea of death—what understanding could Alice McKinnon have of pain? She might dimly divine from the whispered words of the watchers and tenders that it was something that should not be, something wrong; and she noticed that each time her father returned home and found her mother laid in the bed, he would put his hands over his eyes and sit and shake till the tears trickled out between his fingers. Day or night the child would sit on the hearth, wondering and noticing, till she dropped asleep, and a bed was improvised for her at the fireside.

A few weeks passed on and Mrs. McKinnon's fits became not only more frequent, but began to attack her in the daytime, and they did so one afternoon when her husband happened to be at home. He resolved, whatever the cost, to procure the services of a skilled medical man, and such Dr. Longlands, of Millport, was reported to be; but to bring him from such a distance would involve much expense. McKinnon had some little money laid by, yet he could ill-afford to break upon it, for it was kept against the evil day that might come when his nets should be lost or his boat shattered and swamped. But Margaret's life was more than boat or nets to him. He started at once across the mountains for Corrie, which he reached in time to catch the up Clyde steamboat, to the steward of which he entrusted a letter to Dr. Longlands. At an early hour on the following afternoon the doctor arrived by steamer at Corrie, and, having procured a gig from the innkeeper, in less than an hour stood by the bedside of the sorely-afflicted woman, who was then in a prostrate state, without motion and apparently without life. He felt her pulse, raised her eyelids, and, turning to the women who had been attending to her, gathered from them a tolerably clear and concise history of the case. Little Alice was

[1] For the materials of this article I am chiefly indebted to the valuable "Church History of Ireland," by the Rev. R. King.

seated as usual by the fireside. Her large eyes seemed to grow larger after the arrival of the doctor. She followed his every movement. She saw him take a bottle from his pocket, hold it against the window-light, uncork it, and, putting it to his lips, taste the contents and nod his head approvingly. She saw him pour something out of it into a teacup and go to her mother's bedside, and, after a while, she heard him say, "I am glad, McKinnon, I have got your wife to take it. I will wait for half-an-hour or so and give her another dose." She heard this but knew not what it meant. By-and-by Mrs. McKinnon rallied so much as to be able to sit up and partake of a cup of tea. The first words she spoke were "Doctor, I thank you," to which McKinnon added, "And so do I. In God's good and great mercy you have preserved my wife to me; glory be to His name!"

The doctor, when he was about to depart, said in an encouraging tone, "Now that summer has really set in, and the good folks of Glasgow are making their way to the seaside, I shall frequently visit Arran and will not forget to give you a call." McKinnon and his wife's faithful attendants followed the doctor to the outside of the cottage and wished him God-speed on his journey home as he stepped into the gig and was driven away. Alice also had toddled to the door, and stood watching the gig till it rounded the head of the loch and disappeared among the hills.

Several weeks elapsed before Mrs. McKinnon, in her own phrase, was able to be about the house. In the absence of her husband, she and her child were well looked after by the neighbours, one or two of whom never failed to call during the day. Though the sunshine might be bright and the children of the hamlet running and racing in their joy beside the sea-waves, that came dancing up the sandy shores of the loch, Alice never thought of leaving the cottage, but would sit at the fireside fondling at times the cat, but ever watching her mother or gazing on the bottle, now empty, which the doctor had brought and which was now placed on a shelf at the foot of her mother's bed. That bottle had a strange fascination for the child; she regarded it fearfully and reverently as the savage his fetish, but both it and the bringer of it were things too great for her mental grasp.

Ever since the departure of the doctor she had been repeating his name, as she dimly guessed it to be, to herself. "Docky, Docky," she would lisp in whispers as she gazed alternately on her mother, and the talisman that had silenced her mother's sobbing and shrieking, and made her father and the neighbours all look so happy. Did the thought ever enter the brain of that three year old child, that the bottle possessed no power in itself, and that only in the hands of him who brought it could it work wonders? It did.

It was now the middle of autumn, when the highland mountains clothe themselves in their splendour; when the heather has intermingled its shades of red and purple; when a warm tint suffuses the lichens and mosses on crag and boulder, and the straths and glens are carpeted with velvet wrought in many hues and patterns by the grasses, the rushes, and the wild flowers. Better than all the beauty of mountain and valley to the fisher folks of Loch Ranza was the substantial fact that in this particular autumn, the herring shoals were surpassingly abundant in the Sound of Kilbrannan. The Loch Ranza fishermen landed their catches at Campbelltown on the opposite side of the Sound, and did not set sail for home till the afternoon of the Saturday. During McKinnon's necessarily long absence his wife fell ill, and symptoms of a more than usually alarming nature began to develop themselves.

One Saturday, just before sunset and about the time McKinnon might be expected home, his Margaret was struggling convulsively between life and death. Her kindly neighbours were round her bed, but they were powerless. In their eager anxiety for the mother they did not observe the child climb on to a chair, take the empty medicine bottle from the shelf, pass the door which stood open to admit as much fresh air as possible to the sufferer, and toddle off in the direction taken by the gig on the day when the doctor went away. She, the brown haired, bright-eyed baby passed the half dozen houses which comprised the hamlet unnoticed, for the girls and boys and the old men were away to bring home the turf from the hillsides, and the children had not returned from their play among the shells and seaweed at the entrance of the loch. Beyond the narrow bounds of the village, Alice knew nothing of the road; nothing more than this, that it was the way the doctor went. On she toddled, muttering "Docky, Docky," and looking, doubtless every now and then at the bottle which she carefully and tightly grasped in her tiny hands, fearful, perhaps, that it might fall and break or even fly away. On she went with her eyes fixed on the road, unconscious of the darkness that was following fast on the gloaming. Close by the shepherd's hut on the shoulder of Ben Hoosh she was overtaken by a party of anglers who had been fishing Loch Tanna and were hurrying on to Corrie. One of the party, a medical student, as was afterwards ascertained, stopped to pat the chubby cheeks, and to him she earnestly repeated the words "Docky, Docky," which he supposed was some Gaelic expression of thanks or greeting. So the party passed on, never doubting but that the hut they saw on the mountain side was her home. On she went, until in the darkness she wandered from the road.

While the child was toddling onwards, helplessly lost in the deepening shadows of the night, the father, in his boat, was speeding across the waves of the Sound, that were rising wrathfully with the rising gale. The lightnings were flashing round the summit of Goat Fell. An autumn storm was impending; brief but terrible. The tempest burst forth in all its madness, as McKinnon's boat, pressed by the gale, dashed into the shelter of Loch Ranza. Not a light gleamed in any cottage window but his own. He knew all was not right at home, and he made up his mind for the worst. He halted, trembling, at the door, he scarcely knew

why. He entered; all was still. He gently pushed the women aside who stood round the bed, and looked on his wife. Her eyes were closed as in a painless slumber, and as he bent down to kiss her, her spirit passed away.

He sat down at the head of the bed, but neither sobbed nor wept. The blow had fallen, but not unexpected. Gazing on the dead face, he said softly, "Come, Alice, come to me, darling! You and I are all that are left now." The child was missed for the first time by the watchers. They were afraid to tell him so. Impatiently he cried, "Why don't you bring the child?" and meeting no reply, he raised his head and looked round the kitchen, and into the faces of the women who stood around him dumb. "Where is she?" he asked, with bitter impatience, "What have you done with her? Is she also dead? Oh, God, Thou hast filled to overflowing the cup of my sorrowing, but trusting in Thee I will drink the draught." He sank back in the chair for a moment and then stood up erect and calm. "Can none of ye tell me anything of my child?" and none could. Heedless of the tempest's fury, he stepped into the darkness and hurried along the road leading to Corrie, shouting at every step, "Alice! Alice!" but beyond the roll of the thunder and its reverberations as it shook the silence of the mountains no sound met his ears. He reached Corrie about midnight. The inn was lighted up; the angling party had not retired to rest, and when they heard of McKinnon's trouble they volunteered to assist him in the search. Lanterns and blankets were procured, and when the storm had passed away and the golden dawn was stealing down the sides of Goat Fell, the medical student discovered the child among some ferns that grew around the base of a gigantic boulder-stone. Its eyes were closed, and as he lifted it, it feebly muttered "Docky." The student took the bottle from her chilled grasp, stripped her of her damp clothes, and wrapping a blanket round her, placed her in her father's arms. McKinnon spoke not one word of thanks, but looked a thousand. Unbuttoning his pilot jacket to fold Alice in it, he went his way to Loch Ranza, accompanied by the student. When they crossed the threshold of the house of death the child was dead, and McKinnon laid it on the bed beside its dead mother.

Before the year came to a close, George McKinnon died of what is vaguely termed shock to the system.

When the tourist sets forth from Brodick or Corrie, and passing over the eastern ridge of Goat Fell, or down the grassy declivities of Ben Hoosh, descends on Loch Ranza, he will see the quiet hamlet, the little children playing round the boats drawn up upon the beach, the mothers on the door-steps clasping their infants to their bosoms, and looking across the Sound of Kilbrannan for the fleet of tawny sails, but the memory of little Alice has passed away. Father mother and child, are laid to rest in one nameless grave in a churchyard near Corrie, the saddest and sweetest spot in the island.

R. P. SCOTT.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

BY CRONA TEMPLE.

CHAPTER VII.

"THEIR hearts have failed them." Effingham's words were true. The pride and courage of Spain had broken, broken as a stately tree may be snapped by a hurricane. It was no longer a mighty fleet in orderly array, but a mob of ships, torn and shattered, that ran before the gale into the stormy waters of the North Sea.

"Their hearts have failed them." Yes; it was in vain that Medina strove to rally some few, at least, of his huge craft, and collect strength enough to force the straits in the teeth of the wind and the English.

"He is mad," those highborn and most terrified Dons said as they heard his useless orders and frantic pleadings. "Mad! for who but a madman would talk of taking ships vast as ours through narrow seas into the actual jaws of death? The English—we are men, and can fight with men—we could master the English; but who can battle with the tempest? Who can sail against the wind? Who can control this evil storm?"

So northward they sailed, more willing to try the dangerous navigation round the whole British Isles than to face again those fatal straits.

Disasters fell on them thick and fast.

The wild currents and tide-eddies amongst the western islands baffled them. Dozens of ships were lost on the coasts of Scotland and of Ireland; hundreds of soldiers and seamen were drowned, and hundreds more, reaching land with pain and peril, only met with a more horrible death from the fury or the avarice of the wild clans of the west.

The old historian, Camden, thus sums up the matter in his quaint language:—"This great Armada, which had been three complete years in rigging and preparing, with infinite expense, was, within one month's space, many times fought with, and at the last overthrown; not an hundred men of the English being missing, nor any one ship lost (for all the shot from the tall Spanish ships flew quite over the English) and after it had been driven round about all Britain, by Scotland, the Orkneys, and Ireland, grievously tossed and very much distressed, impaired and mangled by storms and wrecks, the remnant enduring all manner of miseries, at length returned home with shame and dishonour."

And meanwhile the bells that Doris had heard clanged out their tale of deliverance and joy. And Queen Elizabeth went in high state to "Paul's Church" through the city

streets, which were all hung with blue, and there she and her people returned solemn thanks to God—as, indeed, they had good cause to do.

There was wonderful rejoicing through England in the days that followed.

The lifting of the cloud of uncertainty and fear that had hung over the nation for years was in itself a blessing for which to be glad. No one would dare to invade the land now; Philip and the rest of the jealous Catholic kings had received their lesson. England and her religion were safe.

And over the victory itself the nation went wild with joy. The storm had done much: the elements had fought against the Spanish, it was true, but the valour of English seamen had done its work before ever the storm arose. The army had not drawn a sword, but every man felt certain as to what the army *would have done* had the enemy made good his footing on English soil! And as for the queen—perhaps never before or since has sovereign been so firmly fixed in the proud hearts of a people.

On her side Elizabeth did not do all that she might have done for the men who had served her with such ardour. But she showered honours and rewards on the Admiral and his captains. She thanked the volunteers who had fitted out ships at their private cost; and who had themselves sailed off to the fighting, being ready to risk, not only their ships and their substance, but their very lives to defend their country and their faith.

Dan Lavin, in after years, was never weary of telling how in St. James's palace he had stood with his cap in his hand "along with many other nobles and gentlemen," and how the queen came slowly by, with all her gallant train, and how she blazed with jewels, and how the small crown topped her royal head like the vane on a mast, and how she spoke to one and all, but specially and most particularly to him, Dan Lavin. "She held out her hand to me, and I squeezed it with all due respect," honest Dan would say, "and I went down on my bended knee while I held it tight, for I know what is due to a queen."

Earle Clatworthy who, as a gentleman-volunteer, was present at this famous reception, declared that Dan not only held the royal hand "tight," but pulled himself up from his knees by the help of it; but then Earle was always a graceless and a mischievous lad, and was not at all properly impressed by the dazzling dignity of the maiden queen.

"Her gown was very, very, very fine," he said afterwards to Doris, "but her face was as thin as my hatchet, and much about the same shape. She gave me her hand, too, and I kissed it, just as I had seen the Lord Admiral do, but it was hard and bony—not a bit like your hand, Doris. But her eyes—they *were* sharp! Like blue needles. It was good enough hearing to be praised by her, but I would rather face the Spanish fleet over again than earn a scolding from our Queen Elizabeth."

Sir Robert Bulteel was not able to go to St. James's palace. That wound of his went sore with him, and for many days he lay in the narrow cabin of the Ark-Raleigh, too ill to heed either victory or queen. In the hurry and turmoil of those days immediately after the capture of the Santa Anna there was only time for very rough and ready surgery. Robert's wound had been probed and the ball extracted, but no one had much leisure to spend on nursing and tending; and when the Admiral brought his ships into the Thames the man he had knighted "for conspicuous valour" was so near to death that it seemed certain he could never live to enjoy his share of the glory.

Effingham, as soon as he recollected him at all, did all in his power to save him. Like many extraordinarily brave men the Admiral was as gentle as a woman, and his visits to the dark little berth where poor Robert tossed in misery, were the first thing that made the sufferer wish to get better.

For he suffered tortures from his wounds; tortures also from the fever which had followed, and very dark and dreary thoughts took possession of him. Life seemed a queer jumbled thing to him as he lay there on the confines of that "undiscovered country" the looming of whose shore makes our world look so mean.

WORDS OF CHEER.

He had fought up through hardship and through disappointment;—he had succeeded. And of what worth was success to him now?

He had earned a living honestly; and though an unknown unfriended lad, had made himself a place amongst honourable men. He had won Doris's love, and at the thought of Doris that poor despairing heart of his thrilled painfully—it was, after all, hard to die when life held promise of things so sweet! And yet, so the half-formed thoughts went drifting on through his brain—and yet might not love itself prove to be as vain as all the rest?

How he had panted for victory over the Spaniards! Now they told him victory had been given; and what cared he? How he had longed to make for himself name and fame that the girl he loved might be proud of him! He had earned his title: a coat of arms, for a surety, should he wish to take them from the Herald's College; and like the rest he would be praised and rewarded as one of those who had saved England in her need. But how little he cared for it all!

Life, and its good things shrank until nothing remained for him except the dim sense of loss in place of gain, of failure where all had been success. And Robert Bulteel groaned in the bitterness of his spirit as the future rose before him, the future which he was so ill-prepared to meet.

And then to him came Lord Howard of Effingham.

Perhaps the Admiral had fought through some such experience himself—certainly he appeared to divine some part of the trouble that was weighing on Robert's soul.

"You must keep your pluck up," he said, smiling down on him with those dark eyes that always appeared to Robert as though they could see further and deeper than

other men's eyes. "You must look forward to the days when your people down in Devon will nurse their hero back to strength, and soon patch up that angry spot on your shoulder. A whiff of Devon air will bring the life into you."

"I don't know that I want much more of life, my lord; and I have no people."

"But some one you have, who loves you, that I'll warrant, Bulteel. And as for life—why, my good fellow, you have not begun to know the meaning of it yet, and do you want to pack out of it without an inkling of its just value?"

"*You have not begun to know the meaning of it yet.*" Had not Thomas Clatworthy, Doris's father, said some words like those long ago? What did they mean? Was it necessary to pass middle age before a man might comprehend such a simple thing as existence?

"You see," went on Effingham, speaking very quietly, almost coldly, but with an earnestness that showed symptoms of the fire below the snow, "you see we are deceived by our passions, blinded by our wills, tossed this way and that by 'circumstances' as we say, but really by the outcome of our ungoverned thoughts and ill-judged doings. Some men rail at what they call their 'fate,' some men follow what they think is pleasure, and strive to forget there is any 'beyond' at all. And some men just try to do their duty all round."

Robert gazed up at the speaker. Would he not say more? Were there not men who had got further than this? For Robert himself had tried to do his duty, and in these days (which might be the end) he found no comfort therein.

We cannot tell what were the deeper thoughts of the great Englishmen who fought these battles. But we to-day know that there is more than duty required of us: though perhaps that "more" may sound to be less. It is love. There lies the meaning of life. Our Captain above has given all for us: He lived a man's life for us: He died a man's death for us: He loved us, He *loves* us; and He asks for our love in return. Duty—well it seems that none who love Him would wish to leave duty undone: not one of His servants would willingly fail in their service. But our sense of duty can never be the measure of His great love to us.

This wounded man who had found life a pleasant thing, a noble thing—who had faced death calmly half a score of times—felt that in his existence the thought of this love had no place. "The Captain above" had had no service from him.

He had not known the meaning of a man's life. It is just *that*—to use our days and months and years for the service of Him who has granted our time to us: not rendering ourselves up as bond-slaves, held by fear, or by duty, but loving Him because He Himself holds us dear. And in such loving service there is light, and joy, and exceeding liberty.

When Effingham left his cabin that day, Robert Bulteel fell into a long reverie. Higher thoughts came to him.

And Doris? Did she know the purpose for which her earthly years were given?

"We will strive together," he said, "to make life more worthy, if so be that God will grant me yet a little while wherewith to find His face."

Presently, when the sailor who brought his food entered the cabin, Robert Bulteel was asleep; and at the sound of the step he stirred and smiled, and the man heard him murmur the broken words, "Love. . . and light. . . and joy. . ." and then his sleep fell more deeply on him, and he lay quite still; but the smile yet lingered on his lips.

"He will weather it now," the sailor said, as he looked down on the quiet face. "His life has come back to him."

And it was a truer and greater life that had come to him then: although even Robert himself did not know it for many and many a day.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIV.

By the following description find the name of a city in Israel, not far from Mount Gilboa.

1. A woman lived there who became the wife of a good king.
2. A sick man rested there and received a friend.
3. A good man lived there who was basely slandered.
4. It is mentioned by a messenger sent by Elisha.
5. It had a watch-tower and a fountain.
6. Two kings drove towards it in great haste, but at different times and for different reasons.
7. Two kings met there and both were killed; the "destruction" of one was "of the Lord."
8. On two occasions very dreadful sights were seen at its gate.
9. Ahaziah's father had a palace there.
10. A king and a prophet entered it together and afterwards met there.
11. Horses, chariots and dogs are often mentioned in connection with it.
12. A woman lived there who used witchcraft.
13. A public fast was held there.
14. A great slaughter took place in it.
15. The names of four persons are given who were killed there. One was shot, one was stoned, one was "smitten"; the death of the fourth was unlike that of any other recorded in Scripture.
16. It was part of the dominion of a king proclaimed by Abner.
17. Its "rulers" and "nobles" twice received royal commands which involved murder, and obeyed them.
18. Its early inhabitants were very difficult to drive out.

L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IV.

1. He was a companion of an apostle.
2. He is known to have followed a certain profession.
3. He wrote two books in the Bible.
4. They were written specially for a single person.
5. One of them is the only book in the New Testament that contains a song.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. X.—p. 302.—MARTHA.

1.	M-anoah	Judges xiii. 1-20.
2.	A-nt	Prov. vi. 6-8.
3.	R-ameses	Gen. xlvii. 11.
4.	T-aberah.	Num. xi. 1-3.
5.	H-ammedatha . . .	Esth. iii. 1.
6.	A-damant	Zech. vii. 12.

NO. XI.—p. 320.—FAITH, WORLD.

1.	F-ollo-*w*	1 Thess. v. 15.
2.	A-bed-nego-*o*	Dan. iii. 23, 25.
3.	I-nne-*r*	Acts xvi. 24.
4.	T-oi-*l*.	Gen. xli. 51.
5.	H-ee-*d*	Acts iii. 5.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. V.—p. 334.

Hatred stirreth up strifes: but love covereth up all sins. —*Prov.* x. 12.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

BETA THREW A VAST AMOUNT OF MOCK HUMILITY INTO THE LOW REVERENCE WITH WHICH SHE GREETED HER FRIEND.

No. 1785.—JULY 14, 1888.

CHAPTER III.—THE KNIGHT OF THE BLUE RIBBON.

VALENCIENNES, as its name commemorates, was founded by the Emperor Valentinian, and by him it was destined to be a city of refuge for thieves and outlaws. In the times before anything like impartial justice was known, kings of kindly impulse sometimes created these asylums, as they were called, in order to give the weak some chance against the powerful. Soon, however, it appeared that the object aimed at had not been attained, the cities of refuge becoming mere dens of thieves and cut-throats who preyed upon the surrounding neighbourhood. By degrees order asserted itself, and the character of Valenciennes had been thoroughly reformed long before our story opens. Lying in a fertile valley on both banks of the Scheldt it was admirably adapted to become a thriving city in an age when rivers were the best ways of transport. Being near the frontier of France the place was well fortified with castle and walls, but more dependable than walls of stone were those walls of water with which at need the town could be surrounded in a few hours. A few sluices had to be opened, a few dykes struck down, and the kindly river did the rest. It sent great volumes of water over the plain, filling the valley, leaving here and there a church perched upon an island to show the baffled enemy where lay the cunning city they could not conquer. More than once when hard pressed has Holland cast the cloak of her waters about her, bidding defiance alike to the rage of an Alva, the craft of a Farnese, and the might of a Louis Quatorze.

But to-day there was no thought of fighting. Valenciennes was decking herself in banners, and her children were putting on their gayest attire. This was the great day when their Stadtholder, the most noble marquis Berghen, was to make his solemn entry into the town.

Margareta's heart beat high with expectation. She had no longer reason to tremble for her father's safety, for the rumour about the Edicts had not been confirmed; everything seemed peaceful as of yore, and she looked forward to a day of great enjoyment. Her filial pride had been gratified, for Simon Colberg had been chosen for the post of honour—he was to bear the standard of his guild—he would march at the head of his company and be seen by every one.

"Oh, father, how splendid you look!" cried Margareta, clapping her hands for joy as she stood admiring him.

"Yes," assented Colberg cheerfully, as he put his shining helmet decked with plumes upon his head, "fine feathers make fine birds."

"No, it is you who make the clothes seem fine," said Margareta enthusiastically. "That crimson cloak wouldn't appear wonderful on anybody else, but it makes you look like a king."

"Fie, fie, that's treason," said Colberg with mock severity.

"Your father is a much taller man than the king," said dame Colberg in her usual matter-of-fact manner. "I saw him once in Brussels, he is small, and his knees are crooked, and he is very yellow."

"Oh, that's always the way with you fair women," retorted Colberg, "you deem everybody ugly who is not as white as yourselves."

"No," answered the wife composedly, "you had never a white complexion; but I remember I thought you a very handsome young man."

"And so he is now," affirmed Margareta energetically, for she did not approve of the past tense in which her mother spoke. "He is the finest man in Valenciennes, and will be the very handsomest in all the procession, I know he will. There is not one can compare with my father."

"What, not one?" asked Colberg slyly.

Margareta blushed.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the father as he tapped her playfully on the cheek. "I thought so; however to-day I shall walk first, let who will ride after me."

The procession in which Simon Colberg was to take so honourable a part started from the Hainault Gate, where the keys of the city were presented to the Stadtholder by the Burghermeister, and after passing down the principal quay, and through the market square, proceeded to the cathedral, where the chief persons in the pageant heard mass. Of course, throughout the entire length of the way, the windows were crowded with spectators, and every available spot was full of them; but it was chiefly in the market square that the greater portion were collected.

Margareta and her mother had been invited by the Van Oosts to come to their house, from the windows of which, situated as it was in the middle of the market square, a good view could be obtained; and thither they went immediately after the departure of Simon Colberg to join the procession.

Beta van Oost threw a vast amount of mock humility into the extravagantly low reverence with which she greeted her friend—

"Your gracious majesty deigns to honour us with the presence of her gown."

Margareta smiled good humouredly at the short, stout, silk-bedecked figure bowing before her. It is true she wore the famous Queen Eleanor dress, but she must have been more than blind not to know that it became her magnificently. The lustrous yellow-tinted fabric, with its gold-embossed flowers, seemed merely the suitable and proper adornment for her rich beauty. Her splendid figure, though she moved with rare unconscious grace, was set off by its simple folds. A high-backed ruff of transparent Brussels' point lace, seemed to hold her white throat in a dainty nest. Her hands were bare, for in the days when Margareta lived, gloves were worn merely for protection against cold.

Our hands have, in a modified degree, succumbed to the same evil destiny which has overtaken the feet of Chinese ladies. The main object being to convince beholders with the fact that they are undeveloped by any work, they are accordingly forced into gloves far too small for comfort, with the result that each individual finger stands out stiff and shapeless like a wooden peg. They have lost much in character by this senseless compression. The cultured lady of to-day effaces her hands as far as possible, with what evil effect let all artists deplore; and while we train many other members of the body with individual and particular care, we have curiously enough treated with almost complete neglect one of the most beautiful and expressive of them all.

Margareta's hands were large and shapely; they were firm, loving hands, with supple fingers deft in many feminine crafts; hands that would return the clasp of a friend with heart-felt pressure, and not lie limp and nerveless in the grasp with the meaningless flexibility of a dead fish.

It was indeed a gorgeous sight upon which Margareta looked as she leaned out of the window. A clear October day did not a little with its bright sunshine to render the scene brilliant. The square was already filled with spectators, while in every window the sunshine flashed upon a hundred colours in silks, velvets and satins, and lighted up a thousand gems.

The free-handed Flemish nobles, always loving a display, spent immense sums of money upon themselves and their suites on occasions such as this. The city burghers, not to be out-done in magnificence by their neighbours from the castles, had taxed their guilds heavily in order to furnish funds to enable them to appear splendidly in the procession.

"There's your father," said Beta van Oost, as the compact troup of weavers approached immediately behind the city train-bands who led the van of the glittering array.

As Simon Colberg passed beneath their window, he waved his banner slightly, and Margareta acknowledged the salute by kissing her hand to him.

And now a mighty shout rent the air, as the Stadtholder rode into the square, and from every window went forth a white flutter of welcome, as the women waved their kerchiefs.

The Marquis Berghen, governor of the province, was one of the most stately of all the nobles who gave lustre to the court of Brussels. In the prime of life he was a man of commanding stature and military aspect. Although the expression of his countenance was somewhat harsh, he had the reputation of being among those of the Regent's councillors who advocated mild measures with regard to heretics. The Stadtholder rode a superb black charger whose fiery temper he curbed with the skill acquired in a hundred tournaments. He was dressed in a demi-suit of gilt armour, while two curly-haired pages, walking at each stirrup, carried his plumed helmet and his sword.

"Do you hear that, Margareta, they shout, 'Liberty and the Fatherland?'"

Both young girls leaned far out of the window to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the Stadtholder's face when this patriotic cry reached his ears. The shouting continued, almost deafening them. "Long live Berghen!" "Down with the Foreigners!" "Drive out the Spanish dogs!" After every such daring watchword, the cheering became tremendous.

"He accepts the applause," said Margareta. "See! he smiles even."

"Ah, he is a true Fleming at heart," cried excitable little Beta. "A Berghen for ever!"

"Hush!" cried Margareta. "Girls must not shout."

But the warning came too late. The Marquis heard the shrill salute just over his head, and looking up, he waved a gracious acknowledgement.

Margareta drew back confused, but a secret longing impelled her to look forth again immediately. There was one in that throng behind the Marquis, whose eyes would seek anxiously for her, and she would have felt the scene lacked some of its brightness, had she missed that glance.

A young man of about two and twenty, in a gleaming steel corslet, with a velvet cap and plumes on his head instead of a helmet, came slowly on amidst the train of nobles. He rode a spirited dappled grey, but he seemed more intent on examining the windows beneath which he passed, than in paying attention to the restive movements of his impatient horse. At last he found what his eyes searched for, and a bright smile lit up his countenance. He bent low over his saddle, and then standing up in his stirrups, he raised his lance upright. On the end of it fluttered a tiny blue ribbon.

"Margareta, yonder knight salutes us," said Beta. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," replied her friend with heightened colour.

"He has a favour on his lance. Who is he?"

"The Sieur de Swarte."

"What!" exclaimed Beta. "Is that the knight who asked you for a favour at the Midsummer Tilt, and who rode so splendidly?"

"Yes," replied Margareta, watching the fluttering blue ribbon as it was borne onward amidst the waving field of lances.

"He is right to show the favour he maintained so gallantly in the tilt," said Beta emphatically. "I did not see his face then as he had his visor down."

It was now six months since the eyes of this fair-haired young soldier had first rested upon Margareta, and by this time she was conscious that they were different to her from all the other eyes in the world.

CHAPTER IV.—BERTRAND TO THE RESCUE.

It happened in this way.

Margareta had been to the city gate with Rosa to visit a poor sick woman who lived near by, and being detained later than usual, it was dark

before she set out upon her return. In a lonely street they were suddenly accosted by a couple of Spanish soldiers belonging to a troop recently quartered in Valenciennes. These ruffians loudly declared their belief that Margareta was an accursed heretic, and with oaths and insults announced their determination of taking her then and there before their commanding officer, in order to have her orthodoxy inquired into. Just as one of the fellows seized her by the arm, intending to carry his threat into execution, he received a smart blow on his shoulder from a small sword.

"Begone for a dog, lest I give thee a thrust instead of a blow," cried an angry voice from behind, and the two soldiers shrunk away with muttered curses.

This timely newcomer was a young man in military dress, who had been attracted to the spot by Rosa's cries for help. He raised his cap deferentially, and standing with it in his hand, begged to know might he escort the "gracious damoiselle" to her home, and protect her against further annoyance.

Poor Margareta was for the moment too terrified to answer a word. Rosa therefore struck in with great animation and volubility, to declare that her young mistress owed her life to his excellency —that her father would be forever bound in gratitude to his greatness—that they dwelt in the Rue de l'Etoile at the sign of the Crown—that his highness doubtless was acquainted with Simon Colberg the renowned weaver from Tournay. Most assuredly, Rosa would have gone on to relate the family triumph of Queen Eleanor's gown, only that Margareta silenced her, and in a low tremulous voice thanked the young cavalier for his kindness, at the same time intimating that she would gladly accept his escort.

It was too dark for the knight to see the face of the maiden whom he had rescued, but the trembling voice was very sweet, and he rightly conjectured that it belonged to a young girl. Accordingly when she accepted his hand to be led forward, such being the fashion of the day, what could he do but press it reassuringly since it quivered so pitifully in his grasp? They went forward in silence, with Rosa following close behind.

When they had arrived at the door of her house the youth ventured to hope that the lady had now recovered from her fright, and Margareta thanked him for his courtesy. The young man remained beside her in order to render her into her friends' safe keeping, and as it was Simon Colberg himself who opened the door he surprised that excellent man not a little. Instead of Margareta and Rosa merely, there stood his daughter, pale to the very lips, attended by an extremely handsome young soldier, who was moreover a total stranger to him. Seeing the look of amazement which crossed the father's face as this sight presented itself to his eyes, Margareta made haste to explain. She was much indebted to the honourable knight, she said, for having come to her assistance when she was beset by two Spanish soldiers, and for having freed her from them, and afterwards for bringing her safely home. At the mention of the hated Spanish soldiers, Simon looked with a quick glance of pleasure towards the young man, and when his daughter had ceased speaking he stepped forward and said cordially:

"Sir, be pleased to enter and receive my thanks and those of my wife."

The young gentleman was nothing loth to accept the invitation, as he was willing to pursue somewhat further an acquaintance so happily begun, and moreover Margareta's beauty had not escaped his observation during that short pause at the door, and he would gladly see a little more of her. Accordingly he entered the great hall and counter-room where the apprentices were busy putting away for the night the piles of Colberg's rich tapestries. Simon led the way upstairs into the sitting-room where his wife was waiting somewhat anxiously for Margareta's return. He spoke as he entered the room, at the same time indicating the young stranger, saying:

"Wife Alice, here is a gentleman, to whom our very deepest thanks are due for having brought our child home safely out of the clutches of the Spanish soldiers."

The mother uttered a faint cry, and turning hastily to her daughter, who had come close to her while Simon was speaking, said in an agitated voice:

"Oh Margareta! My child!" she then kissed her and passed her hands eagerly several times over her hair and shoulders, as if desirous of assuring herself by touch that her darling was safe. She then turned to their visitor, and holding out one hand to him while with the other she kept fast hold of Margareta, said:

"Sir, be very welcome among us."

Bertrand de Swarte, for such was the young knight's name, did not fail to respond to so tempting an assurance. He came the next and for several succeeding days to inquire for Margareta and to ask if she had recovered from the fright she had received. But at length he ceased to make use of an excuse so flimsy, and came simply because he liked the visits and knew that he was welcome. Bertrand was the youngest son of a noble family of Utrecht, one which could boast of more gentle blood than guldens. Like most younger sons in those times he sought to carve out a fortune for himself by the sword. For the time being he was at Valenciennes performing military service under that excellent commander Louis von Brera, governor of the citadel. Bertrand, though a Roman Catholic, was intensely patriotic, and looked with the utmost hatred upon all Spaniards, though he more than once insisted to dame Colberg that he was much beholden to them, and even owed them the deepest gratitude. For was it not the Spaniards who were the cause of his becoming acquainted with her and her family?

This then was the beginning of Margareta's acquaintance with Bertrand, an acquaintance which was surely ripening into that deeper feeling so apt to spring out of friendships between young men and maidens.

At the jousts on *Johannistag* Bertrand had

publicly flattered Margareta by asking her for a token under favour of which he hoped to win a good place in the lists. As he reined up his steed suddenly before her, and sat silently in the saddle, according to the old-fashioned manner, waiting for her to place something on the point of his lance, she thought this was the finest figure in the tilting yard. Of course Bertrand was clad in armour, and his helmet was closed, but Margareta was not in the least doubt as to who it was.

"What shall I give him?" she asked hurriedly, somewhat embarrassed by the sudden appearance of the knight, for she knew nothing of his intention to try his luck in the tournament.

"A favour, a favour!" cried the bystanders, with that ready instinct of giving advice which makes a crowd yell fiercely to a jockey to ride on in a race, as if he did not already exert himself to the utmost to do that very thing.

"Give him thy neck band," suggested dame Colberg with a genial smile. She suspected shrewdly enough who the armed knight was likely to be, and did not feel averse to having her daughter distinguished by good tilting. For in some inscrutable manner the skill of a knight successful in the lists reflected honour upon the lady whose favour he bore.

Margareta, with her face lit up by one of her rare blushes, accordingly unfastened from her throat the narrow blue ribbon that adorned it, and with fingers trembling with excitement she tied the feeble silken streamer around the lance presented to her. Naturally enough after that, the tilting-yard contained for Margareta but one rider, around whom the rest continually revolved and were interesting only as far as they were concerned with the knight whom she had decorated. It must be admitted that he did honour to her ribbon and bore it gallantly throughout the day, and although not the victor of the tournay, Margareta's champion was among the three who were declared "worthy," and they passed out together to enjoy the acclamations of the delighted spectators. The young girl's heart swelled with pride, as she heard "The Blue Ribbon! the Blue Ribbon!" shouted again and again by those who admired the splendid horsemanship of him who bore that device.

Since this is the history of the Blue Ribbon it is small wonder if Margareta should look for its bearer with secret eagerness when viewing the Stadtholder's procession. Yet when the scrap of fluttering silk passed beneath her window she turned her eyes away from it after the first glance. For beneath the tiny banner her eyes had met a well-known face turned upwards towards her and two deep blue eyes looking straight into her own. She had turned her face away. Unkind Margareta! But the knight did not look much chagrined, he even smiled as if he suspected that she would look at him all the more when he had passed. And this is precisely what she did. Margareta watched that figure alone until the cortége of nobles, passing round a corner and turning down the *Rue de Roi*, was hidden from her sight. Then she gave a slight sigh, and as far as she was concerned the procession was over, although splendid cavaliers were still riding past the window.

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

III.—THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED.

THE prominence assigned in the first three Gospels to the Apostle John is shared by his brother James, and by Simon Peter; in one case by Andrew also. "Peter and James and John and Andrew asked Jesus privately," [1] as though belonging to the inner circle of His fellowship: perhaps as the four original disciples, perhaps from some high qualities marking them out from the rest. The three, again, without Andrew, are the privileged spectators of the miracle wrought on the child of Jairus, and afterwards of the Transfiguration on Hermon,[2] and of the Agony in Gethsemane. That John himself describes none of these memorable scenes is only another illustration, and perhaps the most striking one, of the fact that his Gospel, written with the others before him, was intended in great part to supply their omissions. One reference however he seems to make to the Transfiguration. "We beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father." [1] So had St. Peter written of the same hour of supreme revelation, "We were eye witnesses of His majesty." [2]

We shall inadequately understand that scene upon Mount Hermon if we regard it as simply a manifestation of the Saviour's divine greatness, symbolised by His robes of light and by the homage of celestial messengers. It was that, undoubtedly; but it was something more. Our Lord had gone up into "the mountain," one short week from that memorable interview with His disciples at its foot in Cæsarea Philippi, when He had first spoken fully to them of His

[1] Mark xiii. 3; Luke has "some"; Matthew, "His disciples." Mark gives St. Peter's own report of the conversation, and is naturally more precise.

[2] It may be taken as sufficiently established that Mount Hermon, and not the traditional Tabor, was the scene of the Transfiguration.

[1] John i. 14. Revised Version. See also margin.

[2] 2 Peter i. 16-18.

approaching sufferings and death. The three evangelists who record the Transfiguration connect it by express notes of time[1] with His deepest lessons on taking up the Cross, and on self-sacrifice as a condition of attaining the life eternal. And "after these sayings," as though to throw light upon their mystery, as well as to impress their memory for ever on His disciples' hearts, He led them into the solitude of the mountain height, and called into His presence the saints of olden time, that they might speak to Him and to His future witnesses to mankind of "His decease which he was about to accomplish at Jerusalem."[2] Moses and Elijah—or rather let us say the Law and the Prophets thus impersonated—appear to give their final testimony to those who are to be their successors in announcing God's truth amongst men; from the solemn past there comes a voice to the living present, declaring the mystery of God about to be fulfilled. God Himself proclaims that the ancient covenant was superseded: "This is My beloved Son: hear ye HIM." "And when the voice was past, Jesus was found alone:" the tables of the Law and the harp of Prophecy are at His feet, not indeed to be disregarded and cast away; but that the one may utter its holiest sanctions, and the other breathe its sweetest music, in connection with "the decease to be accomplished at Jerusalem."

The Transfiguration, then, was Christ's great symbolic, outward designation for the Cross. The three who beheld that sight represent the ministry in every age, whose theme should be Christ crucified. In their persons we seem to see the whole "goodly fellowship of prophets, the glorious company of the apostles, the white-robed army of martyrs":—

> Here, where the Apostle's heart of rock
> Is nerved to bear temptation's shock;
> Here, where the Son of thunder learns
> The thought that breathes, the word that burns;
> Here, where on eagle wings we move
> With him whose last best word is Love.[3]

Nor only so. Was there not some special preparation in the case of the several disciples who entered that cloud with their Redeemer?

To PETER, appointed to bear the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, the first preacher to Jews and Gentiles of a completed Gospel: to JAMES, destined to become the earliest martyr of the apostolic band: and to JOHN, who was to be the latest survivor of that goodly company, was this special revelation given. Thus would it be a presage at once of that mighty ministry in which the Cross should be the central theme, and of that last agony in which the Cross held before the closing eyes should take away the sting of death; and of that harder conflict of protracted life, with its temptations to be overcome by the blood of the Lamb, and its sorrows to be soothed by the voice of the Beloved Son. Heaven thus prepared the disciples for work, for testimony, for any fate that life or death might bring; and when the same disciples not long afterwards beheld the sorrow of Gethsemane, the lesson was but confirmed.

May we not note, again, some characteristic distinction between the recorded impression of the scene, as given by the two apostles? To Peter, the practical, the vision brought confirmatory evidence, attesting the claims of the Messiah, and making "the word of prophecy more sure."[1] "He received from God the Father honour and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory: This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased; and this voice we ourselves heard come out of heaven when we were with Him in the holy mount." But John, with quickened insight, pierces at once to the very heart of the revelation. "We beheld His glory: glory as of an only begotten from a Father."[2] That glory at once revealed its source. No need of processes of reason to bring confirmation! The beloved disciple beholds the Light, and whence it flows. From that time the inner glory of Christ's work becomes more and more revealed to His disciple. It is true that, as we have seen, fresh from the wonders of Hermon and the vision of the great Elijah, he was disposed for a moment to take Elijah's part against the Samaritan despisers of the Lord; but the better mind prevails, and the apostle henceforth dwells upon the revelation of the heart of Christ, amid all the external scenes of His last great days on earth. The Entry into Jerusalem, described by the other evangelists with such wealth of detail, is briefly dismissed by him, while the profound words occasioned by the desire of "the Greeks" to see Jesus are recorded by him alone. The saying must have seemed, even to the dim apprehension of the half-instructed disciple, like an echo from Hermon: "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men towards Myself." As St. John records the words, he bethinks himself of the vision which Isaiah beheld: "The Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and His train filled the temple, and above Him stood the Seraphim." Isaiah "saw *His* glory, and he spake of *Him*."

Unconscious, in some measure, may have been the attraction which seemed to draw this apostle closer and closer to the Saviour's side. For he had not as yet fully grasped the truth, and was but a questioner like the rest. Yet a nearest place to his Lord was henceforth his, as if by the right of a deeper comprehension, and a holier love. John himself declares this with a frank ingenuousness; for it cannot have escaped the notice of any student of the Gospels that it is to him alone that we owe the announcement of his high distinction, as the "disciple whom Jesus loved."[3] Of this special affection the other

[1] Matthew and Mark, "After six days"; Luke, "About eight days."

[2] Luke ix. 31.

[3] Dean Stanley.

[1] 2 Peter i. 19. See Revised Version.

[2] John i. 14. Revised Version, margin.

[3] This description occurs five times; once in the account of the Supper (ch. xiii. 23); once in that of the Crucifixion, when the mother of Jesus is entrusted to his care (xix. 26); once in the narrative of the Resurrection morning (xx. 2), (where, as will be noted below, the word is slightly different); and twice in the account of the significant interview by the Sea of Galilee (xxi. 7, 20). In all these cases, there was some special reason, quite apart from the self-consciousness of the narrator, for noting the affection of the Lord for His disciple.

evangelists give no hint. But to John himself it was the one fact which had shed its illumination over all his lengthened life; and he could not but preserve the exquisite remembrance.

When we read, however, of John's "leaning on Jesus' bosom," we must rid ourselves of the idea of sentimental languor, which some minds associate with the phrase, and which has found such abundant expression on the canvas of Italian art. The meaning simply is, that after the Eastern fashion of reclining at table, the place of John was next to Jesus. Every guest was "in the bosom" of his neighbour.[1] Two words, which place the whole scene before us, are used in the narrative of the Supper. John "was at the table reclining in Jesus' bosom:" Peter beckoned to him, and asked him to ascertain from Jesus which was the betrayer. On this, John "leaning back, as he was, on Jesus' breast, saith unto Him, Lord, who is it?" This "leaning back" was to whisper, or to ask the question in a low tone, and our ordinary version, "lying on Jesus' breast," suggests a mistaken idea.

From this time we see and hear no more of the beloved disciple as distinct from the rest who listened with him to those divine discourses which no other evangelist records. These words were addressed to all; all overheard the great high-priestly prayer. Then with his brother James and his comrade Peter, John went forth to Gethsemane and beheld the Agony, of which again he says nothing, as having been adequately described by the other evangelists. But only he notes the divine majesty which prostrated the soldier-band, before Jesus surrendered Himself to their power. Then, as Matthew and Mark expressly state, "the disciples all forsook Him and fled." Was John then a fugitive with the rest? If so, he quickly recovered himself, with Peter his friend. "Simon Peter followed Jesus, and so did another disciple." Archbishop Whately endeavoured ingeniously to prove that this disciple was *Judas;* but his arguments have not carried conviction. The general opinion, identifying the disciple with John, appears to rest on solid grounds: he was "known to the high priest"; he went "and brought in Peter"; the particularity of the account suggesting an eye-witness—a horrified, almost heart-broken, yet silent witness—of Peter's threefold denial! "Peter went out and wept bitterly;" but his companion, intent upon every step and word of Jesus, does not note those tears. With vivid, more than dramatic minuteness, St. John details the trial before Pilate; mentioning, like Mark and Luke, the purple robe and the crown of thorns, but adding to their accounts the wonderful colloquy on the Kingship of Jesus, and the pathetic *Ecce Homo.* Still, our only glimpse of John's personality is when our Lord was actually on the Cross. The disciple was standing in the little group of which his own mother and the mother of Jesus formed a part. In that supreme hour, when the dying Sufferer said to Mary, *Woman, behold Thy Son*, and to John, *Behold thy mother*, He recognised the tie of blood as well as of affection, and hallowed for ever the home of the beloved disciple by the sacred trust. As to the new sonship thus indicated, we may be sure that it did not supersede the old, and that, under the roof of John, Salome and Mary[1] were reunited, as in the old days of their sisterly companionship at Nazareth. Where the home was, at Bethsaida or Jerusalem, we cannot tell; the latter is suggested by the phrase, "*from that hour* that disciple took her," but this cannot be pressed as a certainty. That John was in circumstances to enable him to undertake such a care, we have already seen. One difficulty sometimes raised in regard to the incident, bears upon the question of the "Lord's brethren." It is argued that had these been really sons of Joseph and Mary the mother would have been committed to their care rather than to that of a nephew. The argument has undoubtedly some weight; but it may be observed on the other side that the brethren of Jesus did not believe in Him,[2] and that the circumstances would warrant the withdrawal even of a parent for a time from their unsympathising companionship. It is true that we read in the first chapter of the Acts of Christ's brethren with His mother in the company of believers. Regarding them as the same persons in both cases, may we not seek an explanation of the change in their belief in the statement of the Apostle Paul, that Jesus after His resurrection appeared *to James?*[3] The James best known in the apostolic history was "the Lord's brother"[4]; and it is pleasant to think of him, and of his brothers also, as the first-fruits of Christ's resurrection. Their unbelief, which had resisted the influence of His life on earth, was broken down when He revealed Himself to them as risen from the dead; they enrolled themselves among His willing disciples; and James soon rose to a place of honour in His church. In this case, however, it may be asked, would not Mary have exchanged the home of John again for theirs?—a question which, as we do not know the facts of the case, it is impossible to answer. A late ecclesiastical tradition states that she remained with St. John in Jerusalem for eleven years, dying there in her fifty-ninth year; and from the sixth century the "Tomb of the Virgin" has been shown in the Holy City, beneath the Valley of Jehoshaphat.[5]

The two occasions on which St. John appears after the resurrection of Jesus, are full of interest, not only from their connection with our Lord's crowning triumph, but from the distinct stages which they mark in the spiritual history of the disciple. Very graphic is his own narration of that visit to the tomb, when Mary of Magdala had brought first to Peter, and then to John, the

[1] Professor Westcott observes that John, "reclining on Jesus' bosom," held the *second* place of honour at the side of the Lord of the feast. Peter, on the other side of Jesus, held the first.

[1] The Fourth Gospel does not mention either by name. No doubt Zebedee and Joseph were both dead.

[2] See John vii. 30. Compare Acts i. 14.

[3] 1 Corinthians xv. 7.

[4] It will be seen that we regard this James as distinct from James the Less, the son of Alphæus. The present is not the place to discuss the question, but the reasons for this conclusion seem to us irresistible.

[5] "Land and the Book," p. 635.

two beloved disciples,[1] her breathless announcement of the empty sepulchre; followed by the eager race to Joseph's garden, in which the younger feet of the son of Zebedee outran the tardier steps of his elder companion, who however went straight into the tomb, whereas John, with a deeper awe, was gazing and pondering.

> Reason and Faith at once set out
> To search the Saviour's tomb;
> Faith faster runs, but waits without,
> As fearing to presume,
> Till Reason enter in, and trace
> Christ's relics round the holy place—
> "Here lay His limbs, and here His sacred head,
> And who was by, to make His new-forsaken bed?"[2]

"Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre; and he saw AND BELIEVED." In these words surely we have the dawning in the disciple's mind of a true and noble faith in the risen Lord. He "believed" not what Mary Magdalene had said, "They have taken away my Lord"; but that He lived. He believed, it is added, on such evidence as he had, apart from the testimony of Scripture, which ought, nevertheless, to have convinced him. "So far from the belief of the disciples being based on a previous interpretation of Scripture, the fact itself first illuminated the sense of Scripture."[3]

John and Peter had not seen the angels: "they went away unto their own home:" and to the patient loving watch of the Magdalene the first vision was vouchsafed of the risen Christ.

To the narrative of our Lord's subsequent manifestations to the twelve, is added, in a kind of Appendix to the Gospel,[4] the touching and beautiful account of His appearing to the seven disciples on the Lake of Tiberias, when the apostleship of Peter, who had thrice denied Him, was by a threefold charge explicitly and formally restored. This disciple naturally held the foremost place in the scene: but the incidental part taken in it by St. John was full of expressiveness. At the close of the interview, and after the prophecy of Peter's martyrdom, our Lord, in some symbolic adaptation of His action to the lesson He wished to convey, calls upon the disciple to follow Him. Probably He walked some paces along the shore, summoning Peter to tread in His steps.[1] John with a natural eagerness follows the example;[2] and Peter asks whether the symbolism has a meaning for him also. Jesus replies in the enigmatic words: "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me."

Significant as was the rebuke to Peter, it held a yet deeper meaning concerning the son of Zebedee. The other apostles misinterpreted the saying, in their poor literalistic way: but John saw deeper into the mystery, although he himself could not explain it all: he was content to wait its solution.

Even when the apostle was laid in the grave, there was a widespread belief among his former flock at Ephesus that he really lived, and that the turf above him was softly heaved by the breathing of the buried saint.[3] Professed eye-witnesses of the wonder were not lacking; and it is easy to conceive how their imagination may have deluded them into the conviction of the reality of the phenomenon. We need not stay to show how alien all this was from the Lord's meaning. And yet it would appear that there was to be a tarrying on the part of the disciple until He came, at least, in that great event which was to be the "consummation of the age;" the fall of Jerusalem and the passing away of the Jewish state. Henceforth the life of the Apostle would be a looking onward and reaching forward to the accomplishment of that mystery of God.

[1] John xx. 2: "To the other disciple, whom Jesus loved." Professor Westcott remarks that the form of expression here employed "leads to the conclusion that both disciples alike are described as objects of the same feeling." In the other passages where John describes himself as the beloved disciple, the verb is different, ἠγάπα, *diligebat*; here it is ἐφίλει, *amabat*, denoting warm personal affection.

[2] "St. Thomas' Day."—*Christian Year.*

[3] Westcott.

[4] See subsequent paper of the present series, on "St. John's Gospel."

[1] Trench: *Miracles*, p. 471. Possibly this symbolic act and the lesson it conveyed was in St. Peter's mind when he wrote (1 Eph. ii. 21): "Christ also suffered for you, leaving you an example that you should follow His steps."

[2] Westcott here notes that the description of St. John here given is not that of his "reclining" by Jesus at the feast, but of his "leaning back" to convey Peter's question; showing the close connection between the two apostles.

[3] This belief is discussed by Augustine (in his *Homilies on St. John*, 124) This father seems to think the story worthy of some credit.

THE HEIGHTS OF THE HIMALAYA.

> Man climbs the marvellous mountain, with its deep,
> Rich foliaged gorges, and its ever steep
> And steeper rising precipices dread,
> Until o'erhead,
> In still, ethereal solitude, appears
> Its granite peak, which awfully uprears
> Its inaccessible form, as bearing meet
> Kindred to stars that proudly still retreat.
> The stars look down on the vain mountain's love,
> And man, o'er mount and stars, soars up to God above.

IN the Zoroastrian Genesis we are told how man departed from Paradise to dwell in the first place created by Ormazd for the Aryan race, and how that place was the town in the Zarafshan valley. The town still exists, and will doubtless one day have its railway station, for the valley of the Zarafshan is that of the river, which flows by Samarkand where the great Timur lies buried, and the Russian flag now

MOUNT EVEREST.

[From a Drawing by Colonel Tanner.

floats. Along it dwelt the Fans, an old people even in the days of Alexander, whose name still lingers in many compounds, including the Fanmir or Pamir as we now have it on our maps. It is a lovely country, rich as a garden old, the river in its higher reaches one of the most beautiful in Asia, and flowing from Asia's highest mountains, whence, "as from the higher hills the sweetest river ran," there grew perchance this legend of the first settlement of man. Where could he better make his home than by the side of the rippling stream that gathered its waters from the glittering slopes of the Himalaya, "the abode of snow," the hills of the earth rising nearest to his heaven?

The highest mountains in the world are these Himalayas, stretching for fifteen hundred miles along India's northern frontier, where the Aryan and Turanian meet; but which of the peaks is the highest is not really known. The Hindus, following the great rivers as they came southwards and settling first on their banks, naturally looked on the mountains in which the rivers rose as the highest and most inaccessible. But which were these? The sources of a river are so many. The poets sent the genii floating in thousands round the sacred crests of snow, but so vague were they in their descriptive touches that the peaks they meant are undistinguishable. Meru, "the golden mountain," Srigavat, "clad in all minerals," the Kailas, "formed of gems," and Nilor, "made of lapis lazuli," are but the hills of dreamland to us, and the higher buttresses of the Tibetan table-land that rise behind them might as well be drifting cloud.

The world's highest peak is yet to be found. The encyclopædias tell us it is Mount Everest, and give its height in due number of feet, 29,002, but they do not mention that this is merely the greatest height yet measured by an Englishman; that no Englishman is at present allowed by the Nepalese Government to go within eighty miles of the peak so measured, and that the ranges to the north are still unexplored. Only five persons thought competent to judge have yet seen this northern region, and returned to us, and they all report mountains of enormous height, seemingly higher than Everest. But until such measurements cease to be matters of estimate and become matters of fact, Everest, or Gaurisankar, as the natives call it, may well retain its position in our books as monarch of the hills.

It is, indeed, a mighty mountain. Some impression of its enormous size may be gained when we remember that to see it at its best from British territory we have to go ninety miles away from it, or as far as from London to the Cotswolds. From this spot, Sandakphu, thirty-five miles from Darjiling, the mountain's outline, though fairly sharp, has none of the ruggedness we might expect, but it forms the prominent feature of a magnificent view. A long snowy slope lights up its northern flank, and glorious does it look

> At early dawn, when the first rays of light
> Play like a rose-wreath on the peaks of snow;
> And late, when half the valley seems in night,
> Yet still around each pale majestic height
> The sun's last smile has left a crimson glow;

the snow-clothed peak rising from a ring of other gleaming peaks, which in their turn are girt by dark mountain masses clear of snow.

Sunrise in the Himalayas! What a subject for a painter, if only his pigments were pure enough! In March 1883, Mr. W. W. Graham attempted to scale the heights of Kinchinjanga, the mountain from which the Zoroastrian river flows, and this is what he tells us of his first sight of its summit.

"Suddenly, far away in the dark and yet incredibly high in the sky, a pale rosy pinnacle stole into light. It was the summit of Kinchinjanga. Downwards stole the first glow, tipping the peaks in succession with a golden glory; then suddenly it vanished, leaving them cold and grey against the dim sky. Presently followed the true sunlight, and again the summits flashed forth their glories as the sun leaped suddenly from the horizon. Only this, only the simple warm red tint appeared; we did not see and probably no one ever does see, the atmospheric colouring which is so characteristic of sunrise in the Alps. There were none of those vivid colours, the prismatic green framing to the gorgeous blue, the red to the yellow; no peak gleamed like an opal before the god of day."

Mr. Graham found the snow ten thousand feet above the sea: the rhododendrons, in a thick impenetrable jungle, rising above the trees and leading up to it. From his camp on the moraine of the noble saddle glacier on the summit of the Kangla pass, Kinchinjanga lay to the north-east of him; to the north of him lay Junnoo, with its awful southern cliff; to the east lay Kabru, with its western face like a wall, over which hung glaciers as a cornice breaking off into thundering avalanches. Up among the avalanches and the granite peaks he made his way; but he was too early in the season for his enterprise, and Kinchinjanga remained unwon. Later on in October, he attacked Kabru and reached the greatest height on this earth yet trodden by civilised man. His way lay up the mountain's eastern glacier.

"On its banks," he writes, "we met with immense quantities of Edelweiss, the climber's flower, and success was prophesied accordingly. We climbed up the highest moraine I have seen, fully 800ft. to the base of the eastern cliff of Kabru. There was only one route to the higher slopes, and that we could not find in the mist. Heavy snow fell, and we camped where we were. Next day we found our opening, and worked up it. We then went on ahead, and pushed straight up the face of the ridge, intending, if possible, to camp on its summit. This we reached at mid-day, but found that we were cut off from the true peak by a chasm in the arête, so that we were on a detached buttress. We descended, met the coolies ascending, and turned north along the steep snow-slope, finding at last a small ledge just big enough to accommodate the Whymper tent. This was I think the highest camp we had, being certainly 18,500 feet. The night, however, was mild, and the coolies, who were very tired, preferred to stay up instead of descending as before. We were off next morning at 4.30, and found at once all our work cut out for us. The

very first thing was the worst. A long couloir like a half funnel crowned with rocks, had to be passed. The snow was lying loose, just ready to slide, and the greatest possible care had to be taken to avoid an avalanche. Then a steep ice slope led us to a snow incline, and so to the foot of the true peak. Here we had nearly 1000 feet of most delightful rockwork, forming a perfect staircase. At ten we were at the top of this, and not more than 1500 feet above, was the eastern summit. A short halt for food and then came the tug of war. All this last slope is pure ice, at an angle from 45° to nearly 60°. Owing to the heavy snow and the subsequent frost, it was coated three or four inches deep with frozen snow, and up this coating we cut. I am perfectly aware that it was a most hazardous proceeding, and in cold blood I should not try it again, but only in this state would the ascent have been possible in the time. Kauffmann led all the way, and at 12·15 we reached the lower summit of Kabru, at least 23,700 feet above the sea. The glories of the view were beyond all compare. North-west, less than seventy miles, lay Mount Everest, and I pointed it out to Boss, who had never seen it, as the highest mountain in the world. 'That it cannot be,' he replied; 'those are higher'—pointing to two peaks which towered far above the second and more distant range, and showed over the slope of Everest, at a rough guess some eighty to one hundred miles farther north. I was astonished, but we were all agreed that, in our judgment, the unknown peaks, one rock and one snow, were loftier. Of course such an idea rests purely on eyesight; but looking from such a height, objects appear in their true proportions, and we could distinguish perfectly between the peaks of known measurement, however slight the differences. It has been suggested to me since that we mistook Mount Everest; but this is impossible; for just here occurs the remarkable break in the chain, and there is no snow range at all between Kabru and the group of Mount Everest. However we had no long time for the view, for the actual summit was connected with ours by a short arête, and rose about 300 feet of the steepest ice I have seen. We went at it, and after an hour and a half we reached our goal. The summit was cleft by three gashes, and into one of them we got. The absolute summit was little more than a pillar of ice, and rose at most thirty or forty feet above us still, but independently of the extreme difficulty and danger of attempting it we had no time. A bottle was left at our highest point and we descended. The descent was worse than the ascent, and we had to proceed backwards, as the snow might give way at any moment. During the ascent we saw a pair of snow-white hawks at a height of quite 22,000 feet, and their flight did not seem to be in the least impaired by any atmospheric effect."

This is the highest climb yet recorded. Mont Blanc is, it will be remembered, 15,781 feet, and this was half as high again! But there are many mountains higher than Kabru. Kinchinjanga is 28,160 feet above the sea, and the so-called K2, once claimed to exceed Gaurisankar, attains 28,278 feet. In the central range, near the Dras Pass, are Nun and Kun, each over 23,000 feet, and Nanga Parbat, whose summit has been seen from a distance of two hundred and five miles, has an unbroken slope of almost as much and a total height of over 26,000.

Such a gathering of giants cannot but be impressive. Taking the range as a whole, with its three parallel chains, it is, at a moderate estimate, fifty miles wide, and fifteen hundred long, and there must be quite a hundred peaks in it over four miles high. And it is a picturesque and varied range, not like the Kuen Lun on the other side of the Tibetan plateau, a mere dead wall, for from the gorge of the Indus to the gorge of the Dihong, the rain-clouds break up against it direct from the sea, and their watery burden has in the course of ages sculptured its valleys and ravines and left the serrated ridges of its harder rocks. Geologically, like all mountains, the Himalaya, as we know them, are in their youth, the Sub-Himalayas being built up of soft massive sandstone of late Tertiary age, while the central core is formed of metamorphic rocks not yet determined that have carried the sandstones up with them, at least for a little way, although this later elevation may have been after a sleep of centuries whose number to man's mind is really inconceivable.

But all through those ages the sculpturing has gone on. When Hwentsang, the pilgrim, came from China to India twelve centuries ago, he found Mount Aneuta, the hill of the four precious things, figured as resting on a golden wheel and washed by the waters of the mighty ocean, while from its flanks rushed the everlasting sea divided into four sacred streams which flowed round and round in concentric valleys so as to linger as long as possible near the mother mountain. And these valleys were the ruts made by the chariot wheels of the gods! Think of the grandeur and truth of the image, for did not the Divine forces move in the frost and snow and rain and storm that wrought the denudation?

The Beacon Light.

WHEN storms are wild on life's unresting ocean,
And struggling souls are wearied in the strife,
How strong and clear, through all the dark commotion,
Shines the soft radiance of the Word of Life;
Though fears run high, though griefs and doubts appal,
The good old Book hath strength and cheer for all.

Its precious truths on childlike hearts engraven
Shall guide and bless through all that lies before;
To aged pilgrims, drawing nigh the haven,
Its rays reveal the welcome on the shore;
In life our hope, our trust when shadows fall,
And in the floods of death our All in all!

MARY ROWLES.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

MISS STIRLING'S HOMES.

THE Guthrie scheme concerns itself only with children over six years of age; Dr. Robertson's, as we have seen it carried out in the Vennel, deals only with such children as are of age to come to school; The Industrial Brigade takes them only after they have left school. What is done for the younger children, the weak and helpless, left by the unfortunate, the reckless, or the sodden, to starve and die? It is a horrible thought, and much against what we call nature, but those who know the problem best are only too well aware that among the very poor the child is often regarded as a nuisance, and treated as such, until it becomes old enough to be a paying investment, that by begging procures the wherewithal for its legal owners to get drunk upon. It will be said by many who judge all men by their own measure, that no one would sink low enough to be cruel to a little child. They are mistaken, nevertheless. The world is full of tales of self-sacrifice, in which the parent, even among the lower animals, has died for its offspring, but do not let us forget the other side; we know what we have to encourage, let us see what we have to stamp out; it may enable us to lessen, in some degree, the burden that makes our progress so painfully slow.[1]

What are we to say to a case like this? In a cellar in one of the Edinburgh byways a policeman on his round hears a mysterious noise of stifled sobs and moans. He breaks open the shutter; and there, on the bare ground in the corner of the vault, shut out from all light, is a group of five little children huddled together, and almost in the last stage of starvation. The eldest is a girl of eight, the youngest a baby of eighteen months; four of them are asleep—a sleep leading unto death; the eldest is awake, and it is her cry of grief and hunger that the policeman has heard. For two whole days and nights have they been in this loathsome den, without a scrap of food, locked up and left to perish; the mother dead, the father, on being searched for, found just turned out of a whiskey shop, heavily drunk, and with money in his pocket that he had hoped to spend on further drink.

Or this? Three deserted children, aged six, four-and-a-half, and two-and-a-half, found by the police in a dying state from want of food, to so frightful an extent that they ate everything they could lay their hands on; two of them tottering in the streets picking up crumbs of bread and stumps of cabbages. The youngest, left helpless on a heap of dirty straw, which he had almost entirely eaten, had his hair turned perfectly white by his sufferings, and its true colour only returned after many months of careful nourishment.

[1] We commend to our readers the record and work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Or this? A family of children, aged twelve, nine, seven, five, three years and nine months, deserted by the mother during the father's absence at work in the country. They were suffering dreadfully from hunger and neglect, and when rescued by the police they are apparently as near death as is possible from starvation. The neighbours, though very poor themselves, have given what food they can to the elder children, but the younger ones are too far gone to eat it, and it is only by the merest touch that their lives are saved.

Enough! These three cases, not the worst we could find, will serve our purpose. They are all within the experience of one of the most deserving of Edinburgh's charities, endeavouring to cover the ground left vacant by those of which we have given examples. This, "The Edinburgh and Leith Children's Aid and Refuge," which has the Earl of Aberdeen at its head, took its present shape on the 3rd of March, 1886, when a conference with the directors of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children resulted in the amalgamation of that Society with the older institution, which, under the management of Miss Stirling, had for nine years been at work so usefully and successfully. Miss Stirling's Day Nursery and Infant Homes are, we believe, the only asylums in Edinburgh and its vicinity in which children of tender years can take refuge from the brutality and neglect of their parents and guardians. The Shelter, in the High Street, is open night and day, and is regularly taken advantage of by the police, especially in those cases where the cruelty is such as to justify the imprisonment of the parents. In the year 1886, eighteen of such cases were sent in by the police, and of the other cases three were sent by the School Board, and over a hundred others were brought by missionaries or neighbours, or else came to the door themselves; many of the children being thereby saved from misery and depravity truly dreadful. "Neglected, bruised, maimed, starved, dying children," as Miss Stirling describes them, "who seek the refuge of the high windows, thick walls, and strongly-barred door of the Shelter, knowing that there they will find food, safety, and kindness; and, although my description reads wonderfully like that of a prison, there is a great deal of merriment in the Shelter, and as much bright sunshine as can be had in the old town of Edinburgh. I often thank God for the sun when I am in the Shelter, and see the little ones playing in the sunshine on the floor, the babies even trying to catch the sunbeams as they fall upon them—so many of them have come from dark places of the earth—and I pray it may be the dawning of a better day for them. I have been there often enough to have admitted with my own hands little girls to its

walls, who have fled for refuge, as they might have done to the old cities which God appointed long ago in Israel—mere children, flushed, panting, terrified, as if the destroyer were at their heels."

Sometimes as many as seventeen children are in the Shelter while their cases are being inquired into, the stay varying from a few hours to several weeks, according to circumstances. It is the head-quarters and receiving-house for the Homes into which the children not otherwise provided for are drafted. Complementary to it, and providing for more grateful cases, is the Day Nursery in Mackenzie Place, established in 1877, on the good old principle of helping those who help themselves. To many scores of women struggling for a livelihood, who have no one with whom to leave their young children while they are out at work for them, this Day Nursery has been a great boon. The seed, originally planted at Stockbridge, soon took firm root in the hearts of the people around, and it is now "a big family tree," with its numerous branches, and active, capable boys and girls, who were brought as babies in arms, or "very little children just able to toddle in and out after one like a flock of ducks, whose greatest pleasure was a dirt-pie, and greatest grief to be inadvertently left behind when the rest of the family had adjourned to have dinner in the kitchen. The Nursery still is full of little people. Wee babies go to sleep in the quiet waiting-room, with its good fire, swing-cradles, and low bed in the corner for sleepy day children. There are also cradles with babies put into other quiet warm corners, whose mothers will come for them at night; but," says Miss Stirling, "I do not leave my Home babies there, for I like them to have country air and country milk, and be members of a smaller family than we are at the Day Nursery."

In these homes there are over 160 children, of whom about 100 are girls. There are six houses: one in Mackenzie Place, one at Granton, and two each at Leadburn and Burntisland. Each house is conducted on the family principle and is complete in itself. The treasurer of the house is some friend in the neighbourhood, who is responsible for the management of the stores and accounts, and has to see that the stores are used in the best way, and actually given to the children in the proportions deemed fit by the directors at head-quarters.

The daily bill of fare may as well be noted. Breakfast is served each day between 8 and 9; dinner from 12·30 to 1·30; supper at 5. The breakfast invariably consists of porridge and milk, the supper of bread and milk, but the dinner is never the same two days running. On Monday it is of pea soup and bread; on Tuesday and Thursday of corned beef and potatoes; on Wednesday of fresh meat broth and bread; on Friday of pea or potato soup and bread; on Saturday of fresh meat and potatoes; on Sunday of fresh meat, potatoes and dumpling.

Next in authority to the treasurer, the mother in the home, though she is not called so, is the nurse. It would not do to call her mother—the children would resent it as near akin to sacrilege—but she has to look after her large family very much as a mother, with plenty to do and not much to do it with. Food there is to be cooked in time for the bigger children due in from school, washing and ironing to be done early in the week, clothing to be mended, stockings to be darned, all in a humble way, in much such a home as the children may expect to have when they grow up. "I think it a more wholesome life," says the founder, "for those who are to be working men and women hereafter, than, even if we could afford it, to keep them in a highly polished institution where domestic work is done in classes, food prepared by steam, and washing and getting up clothes by machinery. We have no wonderful arrangements for saving labour of the kind; no ingenious modes of clothing the children in odd patterns that take very little stuff and are made without trouble. When you meet our children on the road, or see them in the public school, they are clad exactly like other respectable working people's children. When they are sick I must do the best I can. There is no means of nursing sick children by machinery. When they are naughty I must just fight the battle with them in the best way that occurs to me, having no stronger motive power to bring to bear upon them than that of a respectable family. Our Homes are not in any sense a reformatory. Ours are perfectly innocent children, whose only crime is their poverty, and that they have in many instances been so harshly treated as to be very thankful for the care and affection which they receive from us. The consequence is things go on naturally; babies grow into trotting children almost imperceptibly, and very soon get big enough to go to school, or play at school at home. Then they soon begin to help a little in the house, and, by-and-by, grow into tall boys and girls able for place." [1]

But the Homes are not enough to hold the children that pass into them through the Shelter, and an auxiliary system of boarding out has gradually grown up. This scheme is also under the supervision of local treasurers and visitors, who do their work thoroughly, and prevent those abuses which are apt to creep in under such circumstances of management as we in England are familiar with. This is, however, but a development of the original idea of bringing up the children in a home instead of in an institution, of training the child as an individual, and not as a wheel in a machine; and the soundness of this treatment is manifest when the child is fit for service or emigration. For the Stirling scheme not only gives the child a home; it looks after it till it is old enough to have a home of its own, even in the New World.

Recognising that in the Colonies lay the best chance in life for those passing out into the world from her care, Miss Stirling a year or so ago bought a farm near Aylesford in King's County, Nova Scotia, to serve as a headquarter, to which those caring for a colonial life could be sent, from which they could be placed in situations, and to

[1] See "Our Children," by E. M. S. First and Second Series; obtainable of the Treasurer, John Macdonald, Esq., Royal Bank of Scotland, Pitt Street, Edinburgh.

which they could return as to a home in case of illness or failure of employment. In most schemes of emigration this institution of a local centre of effort is a detail forgotten. Its advantages are obvious: it not only affords a base to which the young emigrant can retreat in case of temporary failure, but by its presence it continues in the new land, under new conditions, the influence which has done so much for the true welfare of the boy or girl in the old home. We need not wonder therefore that the plan has proved a success. It has commended itself to the Colonial authorities, and the youngsters sent across the Atlantic are welcomed and not despised. They are all satisfactorily placed and thriving, and have done everything to bring credit to their benefactors. As they did well in the old Scotland, so are they doing in the new.

W. J. GORDON.

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN all fear of the Armada was over, and the English ships safe in the Thames, the wounded were landed with all possible care and loving-kindness. It was not only the Devon folk who were anxious and proud to nurse their heroes back to health and soundness.

Queen Elizabeth had some excellent qualities: but open-handed generosity was not amongst them. It was therefore the more to her credit that she took pains to see that rewards and honours reached many of those who had deserved well of their country; adding names to lists with her own pen, making personal enquiry of the Admiral and of Drake as to who had most distinguished himself either for valour or for devotedness; and as far as possible giving every one personal evidence of her pride in her sailors, and in their doings.

DAN LAVIN SHOWS HOW THE FIRE-SHIPS ATTACKED THE SPANISH FLEET.

Sir Robert Bulteel was lodged in a house close by the Tower of London—a house reckoned to be in a fine situation in those days; though now, when the smoke of the huge town has spread north and south, and east and west, the neighbourhood is scarcely what one would select for an invalid.

"At her Majesty's charges," was the order graciously given by the court messenger who was sent to arrange matters. "Sir Robert Bulteel is the queen's guest here."

Earle Clatworthy came to see him the very day of the reception at St. James's. The boy was over-brimming with spirits! Not six weeks since he had left Exmouth, and he had had such great doings as would last through the life-times of twenty such men as lived in those quiet Devon valleys where nothing ever happened.

Something like this he was saying when Robert cut him short.

"Things have happened in those quiet valleys, as I have heard from your father, Earle,—perhaps, if all was over-counted, we might find that he has shewn courage more staunch than either you or I."

Earle knew at once what he meant, and hung his head a little shamefacedly. Then his frank bright look flashed out again as he said, "I believe I've been boasting! But you know the things of which you speak happened long before I was born, and that it is hard to quite understand about them. And my father never refers to them. My father never boasts."

Robert looked at the boy's ingenuous face and smiled. Earle would not "boast" much in the future either, he thought silently;—he was too weak and weary to talk any more.

"And it must have been hard to endure, that torturing and taunting," the lad went on more to himself, than to Robert, "and all alone. Lonely pain. Pain getting sharper and more sickening every instant, when a few words would end it all, a few words of denial and recantation. Yes, Robert, you are right: God's courage is the best courage after all."

"God-given courage" was what he meant. And in the years that were coming that "best courage" was granted in large measure to him also. For when his own hair was grey, and the pride of his manhood passed, he fell into the enemies' hands while fighting the king's battles in the untried southern seas. There was little generosity in those days, still less mercy: and Captain Clatworthy, of the English frigate Triumph, was barbarously tortured to force him to reveal the whereabouts and plans of the British fleet. "You offer me my life to turn traitor?" he said slowly, between his set teeth. "A traitor's life is not worth the

taking at your hands. Do your worst." His own men rescued him:—but not before those stalwart limbs of his were wrenched and twisted by pain. Perhaps he remembered in that time of trial what his father had borne, and gave God thanks that he too had been found strong to suffer for conscience' sake.

There was more bell-ringing in Plymouth when the ships came back to the Haven. The Ark-Raleigh stayed at the Nore, together with the Golden Lion, and most of the larger vessels, but the Little Bear came beating back against the adverse winds, and on board of her were the Devon and Cornish men who had volunteered for the queen's service. And amongst these were Earle and Dan Lavin.

The Saucy Susan was reduced to a few scorched fragments tossing in the tide on the Flanders shores, but Dan had never been so proud to own his sloop as he was to return without her.

"I tell you," he said, when at length he stood again on his own house floor, an admiring audience around him, "I tell you that it was herself, my sloop no less! that very sloop the Saucy Susan that first frightened the Dons. They were not beaten till then, not they! We had hurried and worried them well, that I don't deny; but there they lay in their flaunting lines waiting for the Prince of Parma. When down the wind in dead of night what should come against them but the Susan! A small thing, my masters, say you? aye. But the cargo she carried was large enough to affright Medina and all his men! You might recollect the tar and pine that I did not take time to clear out from her hold, when we rushed off in such haste at the heels of the Dons? Well, that remnant of cargo was what did the business! That tar the Susan carried, flaring and spluttering, right into the Spanish throats. I crave your patience:—see, it was in this way:—here, we will say, lies the Armada.——"

And Dan ranged a circle of working-men's boots (boots being part of the stock-in-trade of his store) to represent the Duke of Medina's fleet; seized a large tin can for the Saucy Susan, and half-a-dozen very small porringers for her sister fire-ships, and finally laid a broom-stick in the background which was to stand for the English.

"There! a fool might understand the thing," cried he, vigorously pushing on both can and porringers, "what could the Dons do in the face of such an onslaught as that?"

And his listeners, hanging breathless on the tale, watching every movement of the queer collection illustrating his story, looked on Lavin himself with a respect they had never before felt for their bustling tradesman. Dan Lavin, shopkeeper and owner of the Saucy Susan, was as nothing in comparison with Dan Lavin whose sloop, though lost for ever, had taken the first place in the rout of the ships of King Philip, and who had been rewarded for his devotion and thanked by the queen herself in her own palace in London!

And as for Dan's wife and three rosy-cheeked daughters, they held their heads higher to the day of their death on the strength of Dan's share in the defeat of the Great Armada.

* * * * *

The news of the return of the Devon men ran through the country like wild-fire. It was not only Mistress Lavin and her daughters that had cause to be proud; other folks living on the shores of Exe had heroes to welcome, and valorous deeds to hear of.

And up on the slope—where the rye was reaped, leaving bare stubble, with here and there a wild pansy, and here and there a struggling poppy-bud, and again a bit of chickweed trailing humbly with its milk-white stars—stood Doris.

It was one of her father's good days; he had been carried into the open air, and lay in the mellow sunshine, his hollow eyes looking as wistfully as Doris's down towards the town.

He knew now how dearly he loved his boy.

He had given him up to danger, to probable death—(for who could imagine that the victory could have been so cheaply purchased, at such small cost of life to England?) And now he was about to welcome him home. Such parting and such meeting times probe to the very depths of human love.

"Doris!"

The girl retraced her steps, and came from the edge of the field to her father's side where he lay, with the late summer flowers making the air sweet above him, and the clematis from the porch swaying its load of blossom above his head.

"Doris, how long is it since he went away?"

EARLE GIVES DORIS A LETTER.

"Nine weeks and three days, my father."

"Nay, child, and that cannot, cannot be——"

She blushed as red as the rose-petals beside her.

"You ask of Earle? Of Earle surely. . . Barely six weeks, dear father. 'Tis now the end of August, and he left us the day the word came that the Spaniards were in sight."

She had been thinking of her lover, it was not alone for Earle she was watching; it was not only Earle who had carried a bit of her heart with him off in the Lord Admiral's ships.

But it was only Earle that came up the hill in the sharp cruel sunshine that showed so plainly the lad's solitary figure. Was Robert loitering then? Had he greetings in Exmouth that must come before his greetings to her? Or . . . and her cheeks faded from rose-red to lily-white,—or had something terrible happened? Was it that he would never, never come back at all?

It seemed like a dream to her, afterwards, that hour that followed. Earle, so full of joy; with his proud glad-heartedness held well in check lest he should again be

betrayed into "boasting." Her father with a light in his eyes that she had not seen there for long years, and on his lips deep broken words of thankfulness for his boy's safety and for his country's deliverance. And above them the deep blue of the summer sky spread like a benediction over the world. While murmurs from afar,—snatches of music, the hoarse voice of British cheers, and those untiring bells —spoke of the great chorus of England's rejoicing. Then neighbours came trooping in,—even old Dame Townshend whom nobody had seen walking for ever so long!

And amongst them all Doris stood like one under the spell of a dream. She would have given the dearest thing she possessed to have had power to ask "Where then is Robert Bulteel?" And yet after all it was the possible answer, not the asking of the question that daunted her.

In the midst of all that joyous talk Earle suddenly caught sight of her face. "Selfish wight that I am!" he cried, "I'm keeping your property, Doris, while I talk you all deaf." And he took from his doublet a packet which was tied and sealed very securely, and superscribed "For the dear hands of Mistress Doris Clatworthy, these."

The girl's reading powers were sadly limited; ladies following the example of their learned queen were yet rare in England, and it is said that even Shakespeare's daughter was unable to write her own name! But Doris managed to decipher every word of that letter, notwithstanding.

It was a strange letter.

There was in it just what she longed to know. Her lover lived, and loved her still. When that was plainly to be read it was easy to bear the next words:—he had been wounded almost to death; but he was mending now, under kind care from noble hands whose tendance was greater honour than he deserved.

Doris did not believe that! Her hero had deserved from England the highest and noblest that England could give. Then what did these next lines mean? Had she read them quite rightly?

"There are many things to be learnt through pain, dear-heart. Some truths there are which show more sharply in the valley of the Shadow than they ever do in the careless light of health and prosperity. I have learned something of the meaning of life:—that Meaning of which thy father spoke one day, and I failed to grasp the sense of his words. Now, day by day, it grows clearer to me. It is not success, Doris, or possessions, or victory, however great and grand, it is not even *duty done* that gives a man peace when he lies as I have lain at the threshold of the Dark Door. But a Message of Peace reached me there, dimly and in wavering clearness; and when I return to thee, sweet-heart, —if such joy there be yet in store—thou wilt help me to understand it more perfectly; that thy life together with mine may be given to that Service which alone is Love and Liberty."

It was no marvel that Doris failed to comprehend such words as these.

They held the secret of all existence, the sum of all knowledge. Our life is our Father's gift, sealed with the Infinite Image, sanctified with the incarnate life of His sinless Son. And this life is not to be spent for man's pleasure or gain or glory, but in the Service of the Father.

And in that Service all duty is enfolded; all love is included; all joy is held. And truest dignity, and highest honour, and widest worth all given to the "meek which inherit the earth."

Not yet could Doris grasp such truth. But it is to the simple and the childlike that such "wisdom" is revealed; and to her simple childlike heart it came at last.

They tell yet on Plymouth Hoe of how the news came of the approach of the Great Armada; and stories yet are handed down amongst the fisher-folk of the sea-fight that was fought off shore. But deeper traces and clearer evidences than any that the weed-grown reef can show exist of the Victory won for England in the year 1588. Once and for ever the bonds that would fain have enthralled men's consciences were shattered and cast to the winds. There are open Bibles in every home,—the pure simple English worship of God in every village in the land. It was not only Queen Elizabeth and her people, not only such as Doris Clatworthy and Sir Robert Bulteel that had cause for rejoicing.

And we ourselves, in this free England of ours, have now, at this very day, cause to thank our God for the victory which He helped British hearts and hands to win three hundred years ago.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. VI.—THE TEMPLE.

1. What is the first mention of David's wish to build the temple?
2. In one of the Psalms he mentions having thought of doing so, long before he was king. Find the passage?
3. Why was he not permitted to build it, and why was the honour granted to his son?
4. We are told that David prepared gold and silver, iron, stone and timber, with a view to building. Find the passage?
5. In order to build the temple, Solomon obtained help from Hiram, king of Tyre. What was the agreement between them?
6. What class of Solomon's subjects were set to this labour?
7. Who was Solomon's chief helper in the actual work?
8. Where were all the molten vessels for the temple made?
9. The pious kings of Judah made a point of repairing the temple. Give three instances?
10. After the captivity, who were the chief persons commissioned by the kings of Persia to rebuild the temple?
11. Which of the prophets encouraged the people in their work?
12. What remarkable prophecy was uttered by one of these with regard to the second temple, which found its fulfilment in our Saviour?
13. When the Jews said to our Lord "Forty and six years was this temple in building" (John ii. 20), to what did they refer?
14. From what part of the temple did our Lord drive the traders and money-changers?
15. Mention two other parts of the temple that are named in the New Testament?

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XII.—p. 368.—DORCAS.

1. D-aniel . . . . . Dan. vi. 1, 23.
2. O-intment . . . . . Luke vii. 37–46.
3. R-od . . . . . Ex. vii. 17; viii. 5, 16.
4. C-amels . . . . . Matt. iii. 4.
5. A-pollos . . . . . Acts xviii. 24, 25.
6. S-anballat . . . . . Neh. ii. 19; vi. 1–9.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VI.—p. 368.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!—*Psa.* viii. 1.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

CHAPTER V.—THE MINISTER.

FUGITIVES IN THE MARSH.

IT was about two weeks after the state entrance of the Marquis Berghen, that the Colbergs were assembled one evening in their sitting-room evidently expecting guests. Several chairs were placed in the centre with certain regularity, while the large long table, which usually occupied so conspicuous a place, was pushed away to the side of the room. By-and-by there entered a tall spare man about forty years of age, with startlingly white hair and beard. He wore a dark brown cloak reaching nearly to the ground, fastened around the waist by a broad leather belt; and on his head was a fur cap. Although he had the air of a person of authority he wore none of those buckles, steel plates or broad ruffs which were supposed to lend distinction to a man in the sixteenth century. The instant he appeared at the door both Simon and his wife

hastened forward to greet him, while Margareta stood slightly behind her mother.

"Ah Brother Faveau!" cried Simon, holding out his hand, "right glad I am to see thee once more, and take thy hand."

"Yes, indeed, Simon," answered the minister, for it was he, "it is with joy we meet again in this world. Each time we say farewell, we feel that very likely it may be for ever."

Dame Colberg, after her own greeting, introduced her daughter by slightly turning towards her, and saying:

"This is the child, she is much grown."

"What," exclaimed the minister, "is this comely maiden the little child I used to know? This then is my little Perlchen." Margareta came forward and bowed her head to receive his blessing. The minister looked at her for an instant with tenderness, and then raising his hands over her, said:

"Child, may thy life be long a blessing to thy father and thy mother. But should the Lord require it of thee, may'st thou be ever ready to join the white and shining company of His martyrs."

For a time after the minister's voice had ceased there was stillness in the room. Every one felt that it was a solemn moment. Margareta, who had hitherto been the child, the one to be shielded from all thought of peril, was now received as one of the fold, one who must be ready to lay down her life for her faith as so many had done before her.

"I see," said the minister, "that some of the brethren are to meet me here to-night. It is well, for I would say a few words to them before I go forth to the preaching to-morrow."

Very soon the guests began to arrive. First to come was a stout elderly man, in a ruff of vast width, and fur-bordered cloak. This was Robert Ogier, a master tanner whose yard lay outside Valenciennes on the road to Cambray. He wore big spurs which jingled as he walked across the oaken floor and took a seat far distant from the fire. Then followed several worthy citizens, an armourer with piercing grey eyes and a kindly smile about his large good-natured mouth, two weavers, friendly rivals to Simon, who came in breezily talking of the sales they had made at the Michaelmas fair. There were besides these a couple of travelling merchants of aspect slightly foreign. They had seen the world. One of them had once even beheld the great Luther and had heard him preach years ago. That sermon had produced a great effect upon him: indeed, considering that the difference of dialect was so great that it prevented him from understanding more than one word in twenty, the effect was little short of miraculous. The good man always alluded to that sermon as the most eloquent and soul-stirring he had ever heard. Though a great admirer of minister Faveau he had often been heard to lament that that very excellent preacher had not had the advantage of hearing Luther, even if it were only once. The men thus assembled in Simon Colberg's house were the elders of the Protestant community of Valenciennes, and were all men of some consequence, though they belonged emphatically to the citizen class. Still they waited. Evidently some one else was expected without whom the minister seemed loth to begin. At last Rosa once more appeared at the door, and this time with great ceremony and many bowings she introduced a tall man who wore a plumed hat on his head. The minister and Simon welcomed the stranger, greeting him by the name of Mallart. All those in the room seemed anxious to show him deference. He was called Francis Mallart, and he was one of the chief burghers of Valenciennes, a man of great wealth and of considerable influence in the councils of the city. He was but a new convert, having embraced the reformed faith a couple of years previously on the death of his beloved wife who was one of minister Faveau's most ardent disciples. Between the minister and Mallart a deep friendship had long existed which was made the more lasting by this fact.

When all were seated the minister rose, and after a few moments of silent prayer, he addressed his small audience as follows:

"My brothers and sisters in Christ, the time of trial is at hand—the time of trials far more bitter than any which we have yet known. The brief period of quiet which we have enjoyed is to be changed for one of bloodshed and cruelty passing the tongue of man to describe. But the Lord watches over His people, and in His own good time He shall stretch forth His hand and save them from destruction. Since I was last among you many of the followers of the Lord have been called upon to testify unto Him. They have not refused the call. They have met death bravely as became Christians. In Antwerp terrible indeed have been the doings of the unholy ones. Men have been burned and women have been buried alive for reading in the Book of Life; yet our men are not terrified, nor are our women faint-hearted. At the last season of preaching at Tournay I gathered many new souls into the garner of the Lord, and perchance I may be blessed with a good harvest in Valenciennes if I receive a blessing upon my labour."

Much more the minister said, and then he referred to the coming meetings, and in a few words explained his plans for the season of preaching. Then they arranged the places of meeting, and after attending to some farther matters of business detail, the minister ended with a fervent appeal to them to stand fast and be true before all and against all.

Margareta had been present during the meeting, and her young heart throbbed sympathetically to the earnest words of the minister. She was fired with holy zeal and began to feel the eager joy of suffering for the truth. But there seemed nothing for her to do at the moment; indeed she almost had a revulsion of feeling when she saw the minister, after his exhortation was over, go among his congregation and speak pleasantly to each one. Margareta's young nerves were strung up to the pitch of some great action. She did not realise the calm continuous heroism of a man who in the midst of ever-present peril could appear placid and unconcerned, yes, even happy.

Yet the minister's gentle blue eyes, now beaming from beneath his grey eyebrows, had looked on terrible scenes; they had witnessed the lingering death of friends bound to the burning stake, while his lips moved in prayer, not for the martyrs, no, but for the miserable beings who tortured and slew his dear ones.

The figure of the white-haired minister was well-known in the Netherlands where he had preached for several years, but he was not a native of the Provinces, he came from over the border, from the pleasant land of France. This is briefly the story of the minister and of his white hair which had looked strange enough when he came to the Netherlands years before while still a young man. His hair had turned white on the night of the sack of St. Quentin by the soldiers of Philip II. of Spain.

The Faveaus had lived in St. Quentin for generations, and had at one time formed a numerous clan. The minister's father was a copier of manuscripts and a man of considerable learning; he died when his son was but fifteen years old, leaving his small store of manuscripts to his family, a legacy of rapidly diminishing value, however, now that printing was becoming so common. The young lad had always shown himself of such a gentle disposition that once his father had declared he was born to be a monk, but the boy himself felt no sort of predilection for that life. Shortly after the father's death, when the Faveaus were plunged in sorrow, an old friend, whom they had not seen for many years, arrived at their house. This man came from Wittemberg, and was filled with zeal. He had just embraced the purified faith of the great monk whose name was then being muttered vengefully in Rome. To the sorrowing family the new teaching was a revelation. Mother, son, and daughter were soon proud to call themselves followers of Luther. The friend went his way after a time, leaving behind him a Bible, and from that day began Faveau's ministry. By nature endowed with eloquence, and through his father's care not without learning, an ardent living faith alone was needed to make the young Faveau a great preacher, and this faith came to him in his fresh youth and grew with his manhood. For years the youthful preacher laboured on in peace, gathering one after another into his fold. The French king, Henry II., was easy-going and too much devoted to his pleasures to be very energetic against heretics, and Catherine de Medicis was as yet his much neglected queen-consort, without influence at court or in council. The minister therefore went his way undisturbed, loving and beloved.

Suddenly all his happiness came to an end; there was war between France and Spain. The enemy was marching upon St. Quentin. The Spaniards in countless thousands were coming, led by their young king and headed by the chivalry of Flanders. All during that terrible siege Faveau went about ministering to the sick and dying, until one day he himself was struck down and was carried home to his mother and sister with a cruel wound in his shoulder. At last the end came, the town was stormed and the infuriated Spaniards rushed in like fiends from hell, killing, burning, and destroying. At the first alarm of the assault, Faveau had crept to the ramparts, and in this horrible *mêlée* he was borne outside the walls by some of the escaping garrison. They spent the night in the marshes without the doomed town, while the demons' orgies went on within. In the morning, St. Quentin was a blazing ruin, strewed with the mutilated bodies of its inhabitants, and the minister Faveau stood before his companions in misery, a haggard sorrow-stricken man with hair as white as snow. He returned to the spot where once had stood his father's house. It was a blackened smoking mass, and there was left no one alive to tell him how or where his mother and sister had died. He could but hope that it was some swift bullet or deep searching sabre which had cut the thread of those dear lives. Escaping into Flanders the minister found refuge with the Colbergs, with whom he spent some months trying to recover his calmness and strength. Margareta, then a young girl, became much attached to him, and her childish affection did more than anything to soothe and comfort his broken heart.

CHAPTER VI.—THE WARNING.

THERE had been several days' preaching since the arrival of the minister narrated in the last chapter, and he was sitting one evening later than usual talking with the Colbergs when a knocking was heard at the house door. As in those unquiet times people did not pay their acquaintances friendly calls at so late an hour, Simon started to his feet in some trepidation, saying,

"I know not who it may be, friend or foe. Bide ye all here. I will go to the door, and hark ye, if I call out lustily and bid the visitors loud welcome, then know it means danger. Thou, Brother Faveau, wilt conceal thyself where wife Alice will point out. But if I make no noise in my greeting, then all is well."

With that he went down the winding stairs, while Margareta stood at the top, her ears strained to catch the first sound and transmit the signal to those within the sitting-room who were waiting almost as anxiously as herself. There was a whispered exchange of greeting in the hall beneath, then silence for a moment, and Simon was heard returning accompanied by the firm measured steps of some one who walked like a soldier. Margareta must have felt suddenly relieved of her anxiety on the minister's account, since she returned quickly to her place beside her mother while her cheeks were lighted with a faint glow of colour, that had not been there when she listened at first. Immediately afterwards Simon re-entered the room followed by Bertrand de Swarte muffled in a long cloak. Margareta's heart gave a bound at the sight of his well-known figure, but the next moment she reproved herself for it, saying to herself: "It must be something untoward which brings him here so late, and so evidently disguised. Dame

Alice looked rather anxiously at the minister, but this latter turned his eyes mildly toward the stranger and said:

"Son, I bid thee God's blessing. I trust thou art of the Fold."

The young man looked keenly at the minister and replied:

"I have not been brought up in your faith, but I wish you no harm, sir. I come now with a warning, and if I mistake not it is you that should receive it. I know that the inquisitor, Peter Titelmann, has arrived to-day, and I believe it is you that he seeks."

At the mention of that dreaded name, a sort of gasp was heard in the room; it seemed to come from the spot where Margareta stood.

"Sir," continued Bertrand, "if you be indeed he they call Minister Faveau, fly, fly ere it be too late! Fly this very night," he went on hurriedly, "to-morrow it will be too late. Make haste! Save yourself!"

The minister put his hand on Bertrand's arm, saying:

"Friend, art thou a soldier?"

"Yes," answered Bertrand.

"Well, then," pursued the minister, a slight smile overspreading his countenance, "if thou wert in a post of danger in front of the enemy, guarding some important point, and if a trusty scout sped to thee crying, 'Fly! Haste away! Save thyself! The enemy comes!' what would'st do?"

"Do," replied Bertrand indignantly, "why fight till death, as I am a belted knight."

"Even so," rejoined Faveau, "think then of me as the sentinel guarding the post, thou art the trusty scout."

"Nay, but you are no soldier," replied Bertrand somewhat at a loss in contending with the minister in wordy warfare. "What good can you do by staying; what can you do?"

"My son, I am a soldier of the Lord, and I can die."

During the short dialogue between Bertrand and the minister Margareta had come somewhat forward, and now as the young man turned his eyes toward her, it seemed to him that he looked upon an angel. She stood with upturned face, her hands clasped before her, her eyes dilated in a sort of ecstasy, while her lips were parted in a smile, as though soft whispers were passing through them. She was absorbed in her own thoughts and utterly unconscious of those about her in the room. She was realising with all the enthusiastic richness of her nature, what it was to be a martyr. She was then looking beyond the stake and her eyes reflected the glory of the shining crown. Bertrand felt as he gazed that she was far away from him; it seemed to him that the spirit of the Madonna had descended upon her, and that he ought to kneel down and pray to her. But the sight of the beautiful girl absorbed in her own vision only increased his anxiety a hundred fold.

"When courage can do but harm it becomes foolhardiness," said Bertrand to the minister, eager to win him to more prudent views with regard to his own safety.

"Truly that is so," assented Faveau readily enough.

"And were I by refusing to seek cover to bring my friends to destruction, I should say I were no valiant soldier but only a foolish obstinate man," continued the young man bluntly.

"Methinks I know the counsellor which prompted that wily logic," answered the minister kindly, not in the least offended at Bertrand's heat.

"Oh, bethink you, sir," cried the young man in desperation. "You would never bring desolation,—bring the fiend Titelmann into this house. Save yourself to save them." His voice had a pleading ring in it as it uttered these words. He struck the right chord too in the minister's heart.

Now Simon, who with his wife and daughter had hitherto been silent, spoke:

"Say not so. I'll have no man slip away from my house like a thief because I fear to harbour him. Nay, my door is strong and so is my heart, Brother Faveau, and you shall test both till they break."

"No, no, Simon, I pray it will not come to that, friend, though I doubt you not. But the young man hath spoken wisdom, I see it. It were wrong not to consider my friends—and the child. My little Perlchen. I pray God to spare the child. I will depart hence instantly." The minister spoke hurriedly and in great perturbation. He rose to get his cloak, but Margareta was before him, and, as it were, mutely opposed his going by standing in front of him as if to stop the way. Bertrand was ready, however, with arguments to convince her that the minister should leave, and like a skilful diplomatist used a perfectly opposite line of reasoning to that so successfully employed against the minister.

"Will you not help me in urging your friend to go elsewhere?" he pleaded to her. "Believe me, he is not safe here. Your father's house is marked. The minister is known to be under your roof. Your house will be searched, your father will be thrown into prison, then who will help your friend to find a place of safety? Urge him to go at once. Save him in spite of himself."

Margareta looked earnestly at Bertrand for a moment.

"Is it so?" she said. "Do they know he is here? Then indeed he must go elsewhere."

But she had no need to hurry the minister's departure. Accustomed to hiding and to frequent changes of abode Faveau was even ready to set out before Bertrand realised that his eloquence had succeeded in influencing the minister's conduct.

"Nay urge me not to stay," he was saying, in answer to some observations from Simon or his wife, "it would be wrong. The young man has shown me clearly that this is not my post. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings shall wisdom proceed. I stand rebuked for my stubborn foolishness. I will proceed to our brother's house, and shall bide there in safety until the scourge of God's people be gone hence. Fear not for me, I shall be safe."

Bertrand offered to escort the minister. "The night is dark," he said, "and I may be able to be

of use, if you will let me go with you. In case we meet any soldiers roaming about I could prevent their molesting you."

"Yes, thou may'st come," assented the minister. He then bade Margareta and her mother good-bye and left the room accompanied by Simon and young de Swarte. They had descended the stairs and nearly crossed the hall when he muttered: "Ah I had forgotten that," and hastily retraced the steps he had come. He said to Dame Colberg in a low tone:

"The youth speaks fair. Is he to be trusted? I don't mean trusted with the safety of my worthless life, that is a light thing, but can he be trusted with the secret of Brother Mallart's house?"

Before her mother had time to reply Margareta said with suppressed eagerness:

"You may trust him with all you hold most sacred. He is true as steel and loyal as light."

The minister bent his glance for an instant upon the fair flushed face and said briefly, "'Tis well."

When he returned to the hall Simon was in the act of giving numerous injunctions to the young knight to observe the greatest caution, and not even to speak in the street. He then bade them God-speed, and the two men stepped into the darkness. The minister led the way through streets now silent and deserted, the only lights being an occasional oil lamp glimmering above the shrine of the Virgin. At last they emerged into the market place, which was of course less obscure, though hardly better furnished with lights than the narrow and crooked streets which they had left, and then they turned under an archway, went down a narrow lane and stopped suddenly at a low door-way. Bertrand was amazed to recognise it as belonging to the house of Francis Mallart, the wealthy burgher and town councillor, but he said nothing. The minister now addressed him for the first time since they had left Colberg's house.

"Friend," he said, "this is now my resting place. 'Tis a dark night but young eyes can see far. I trust thou wilt keep the secret of my passing this door for the sake of thine own conscience, and for the peace of mind of yon sweet maiden, she said thou wert true as steel and loyal as light."

Had the night been less dark the minister would have seen the quick flush of pleasure which overspread Bertrand's face as he heard these words.

"No, by my faith," he replied earnestly, "red-hot pincers shall pierce my tongue ere it reveal the road we have come this night."

"I trust no harm will come to thee through my companionship," pursued the minister. "I would even say I trust I may be the unworthy means of a great good being vouchsafed to thee. Young man, I hope we may meet again, meantime goodnight. I will not summon anyone to the door till the sound of thy footsteps be far away."

Bertrand bade him good-night and left him, but not to seek his own lodging in the round tower of the citadel. He felt little inclination to sleep, so he walked upon the ramparts silently communing with his own heart. His mind was full of the image of Margareta as he had seen her that evening, so lovely, so inspired looking. Surely, he thought, so sweet a being cannot be a heretic. A heretic is one who is burnt in this world and damned in the next. He shuddered at the thought. I will never believe it, no, not if all the priests in Christendom should swear it. And then there crossed his mind the recollection of the minister's words. "She said I was true as steel and loyal as light." The thought sent a thrill of pleasure through him, and deep down in his heart the young man registered a vow that he would be always worthy of her high confidence. These happy reflections by-and-by gave place to others less likely to soothe him.

The image of Peter Titelmann, the inquisitor, suddenly flashed before him. What if that horrid functionary had come for others besides the minister? What if he were going to make another "holy clearance" like that at Antwerp when so many were burnt that even Catholics were shocked. What if he had come for Margareta? Ah! he gnashed his teeth at the thought, and the cold sweat stood out in drops on his brow.

"He shall not get her, my lamb, my saint," he exclaimed aloud. "I would save her, though it were with my heart's blood that I had to quench the burning fire."

With such thoughts as these to keep him company, it is easy to understand how the young soldier let the night wear far into the morning before he sought his own home. At last, very tired, he returned to his lodgings, having come to the determination to seek out Simon Colberg early in the morning and urge him to go away with his family to England, the country of the Protestant queen, where men's lives were safe from the deadly clutch of the Inquisition.

THE DANGER IN 1588.

IN the early part of the sixteenth century everything favoured the rapid progress of the Reformation. Although its advocates suffered many and cruel persecutions, they were full of faith and joy, as men who see the dawn of a better state of things. This faith and joy communicated itself to the people who welcomed the new preachers as the very heralds whom the evangelic prophet describes as bringing "good tidings of good." And this enthusiasm grew until it culminated in great but unsuccessful efforts to establish a new order of things and

render this bright prospect a reality. The disenchantment began early in Germany, and followed in course of time in all the countries principally affected by the Reformation. Thus the history of the latter half of the sixteenth century is very sad; for we see the cause of the Reformation—that eternal cause of Justice and Truth, for which Latimer bid his fellow-martyrs play the man—driven back in all directions, and its opponents everywhere triumphant.

In this great duel the centre of interest passes from Germany to France and the Netherlands, from France and the Netherlands to England. That the Reformation should be forced to find its citadel outside the continent of Europe shows to what a degree it had lost ground, and what would have been the result had the invasion of England in 1588 proved successful.

The two great influences in deadly struggle as to which should have the direction of the life and future of Europe gain distinctness, if we typify them under the names of their representative men—Luther and Loyola. In the popular idea of the former, we have the spirit of the Reformation; in the popular idea of the latter, the spirit of the counter-Reformation.

The great instruments of the reformers had been preaching, education, and the press. These means, than which none can be rendered more subtle, were also among the instruments on which the Jesuits relied. The Order only obtained the approval of the Pope in 1540, but in a short while it had no less than eighty-eight colleges in Italy, while in Spain, where it was opposed by Dominican influence, it had ninety-two; and in Portugal it would appear that its colleges had multiplied on an equal scale.

But it was naturally as a missionary Order, and in Protestant countries, that the Jesuits displayed most vigour and that their successes were most striking. Before Loyola's death in 1566, they were able to say that there was not a town of note in Germany where they had not a college. In 1551, Ferdinand of Austria gave them control of the University of Vienna; in 1556, they obtained possession of the endowed school at Cologne, previously under a Protestant, and in the same year they established themselves at Ingolstadt, where they founded a university. From Vienna they went on to establish colleges throughout Austria. In 1556 they came to Prague, and in 1561 established a college at Tyrnau. About the same time they appeared in Moravia, and were soon found at Olmutz and Brunn. They opened a college at Cologne in 1561, and from thence spread all over the Rhenish provinces. Very soon they had a college at Mayence, and advancing up the Rhine established themselves at Spires. Then they tried their fortune on the Maine, and receiving a cordial welcome into Wartzburg, they spread from thence into Franconia. They came into the Tyrol, and settled at Innspruck and at Halle; and, finally, so well did they succeed at Munich, that that city was soon called the Rome of Germany. Thus in a very few years they had conquered Bavaria and the Tyrol, Franconia and Swabia, and a large part of the Rhenish provinces, besides planting their Order in Hungary, Bohemia, and Moravia.

Submit to the Church, or leave the country—these were the conditions offered to Protestants as soon as the Jesuits obtained power. Strange to say, all but a faithful few yielded. In this way, Bishop Julius, of Wurtzburg, brought back in 1586 fourteen cities and market-towns, and upwards of 200 villages. The same indefatigable prelate is said to have laid the foundation of 300 churches, whose tall and pointed spires are still a feature in the landscape. When Acquaviva, the Jesuit general, told Sixtus v. in 1587 of all these successes, the Pope was in raptures, as well he might be.

Rudolf II., a pupil of the Jesuits, who succeeded his father Maximilian II. as Emperor of Germany in 1576, helped to complete their work in Austria. Notwithstanding the entreaties of the estates, he expelled all Protestants from the Imperial cities and from all offices of State, and refused them any admission into the burgher class, or to allow them to take a degree. No citizen henceforth ventured to attend any other but a Catholic church, or to send his child to any but a Catholic school, and this in a land where twenty years earlier the Protestant cause was making continual progress. Sunday schools were established and catechisms printed for their use, probably the abridged summary of Christian doctrine published by the Jesuits, of which it is stated that there was a copy in nearly every house in Germany; this little compendium of Jesuit doctrine reaching in 1584 its four hundredth edition.

In the Netherlands the counter-reformation was made with a vigour never equalled except during the French revolutionary Reign of Terror. The Netherlands had been in the Middle Ages a land of freedom. Its cities were almost independent states, and there had grown up in consequence a powerful life, political, religious, commercial, artistic. It was here consequently that the more thorough Protestants found a refuge and gathered converts. The Anabaptists were very numerous, the Netherlands were to them what Geneva was to the Calvinists. Under Charles v. the most frightful edicts were enacted for their suppression. In 1529—at the Diet of Spires—he decreed that "every Anabaptist, every twice-baptised person, no matter what sex, no matter what age, should be put to death either by the sword, or by fire, or in some other way, and that without any previous legal inquiry." In 1565, his son, Philip II. of Spain, promulgated an edict surpassing, so it is said, all previous ones in severity, and relegating all religious matters to the tender mercies of the Inquisition. The Protestants broke out in commotion and became iconoclastic. Supported however by the timid and fearful, the Government soon gained the mastery. "Make us more concessions," was the Pope's message to Philip, who in the blackest of humours, owing to domestic troubles with Don Carlos, sent Alva to the Netherlands, to set up his bloody tribunal—the notorious Council of Troubles—and reduced the country to silence. "Monseigneur," someone

asked the papal nuncio at Madrid, "are you now satisfied with the king's proceedings?" "Perfectly satisfied," he blandly replied.

The Netherlands soon awoke to the importance of the struggle, and under the Prince of Orange defied all Philip's armies, tortures and scaffolds, so that in the end the Northern Provinces won a precarious independence, while the Southern had to be allowed what to-day we understand by Home Rule.

The old Dominican style of acting having failed, Philip took his lessons in future from the new Jesuit school. He had in the Walloon Provinces a people naturally disposed to take a different course to the Flemings. The policy was to work on these race antipathies and intensify the Catholic feeling of the Walloons. The Jesuits made the country their own, having a college at St. Omer and a university at Douay. In this manner and by taking care to leave them in possession of their ancient privileges, the Walloons were won over to the King, and Philip's general Alexander Farnese gained possession of Courtnay in 1580; of Tournay in 1581; of Oudenarde in 1582; of Dunkirk in 1583, the capture of the latter place being followed by that of Nieuport and the whole coast to Ostend, Dixmunde and Furnes. He soon took Ypres, Bruges and Ghent, and in this victorious career his most effective instruments were the Jesuits, who entered every fallen city. The assassination of William of Orange, often attempted, was successfully accomplished in July, 1583, and was the prelude to the final fall of religious liberty in the Belgian Netherlands. Brussels was the first to surrender, next Mechlin, last came Antwerp. The Protestants were allowed two years to change their religion or quit the kingdom.

If we turn to France we find the same work going on again under a different form. Cardinal Guise introduced the Jesuits into France in 1574, and the Duke of Guise erected a college for them in Normandy. In a short time they were at Rouen, Verdun, Dijon, Bourges and Nevers. Their advent seemed to give new life and energy to the Catholic party, so that about the year 1580 a Venetian asserted that the number of Protestants in France had diminished by seventy per cent. and the mass of the people had become Catholics. Whatever else this counter-reformation meant, it was earnest, intense and serious, and its leaders saw clearly that the king, though the most fanatical of Catholics, was too degraded a being to lead them to anything but ruin. They accordingly appointed a secret government of Paris, called the League of Sixteen, who looked to the Duke of Guise as their head. The League had agents all over the country and branches at the chief cities. All its members solemnly pledged themselves to labour for the removal of the abuses of the government, and to allow no Huguenots in France. The volcano soon burst into flames, a great insurrection took place in Paris, the king had to fly and Guise was virtually King of Paris.

Meanwhile the Huguenot-Rome, Geneva, the centre of early French Protestantism, was menaced. In 1587 the three forest cantons of Switzerland, in concert with Zug, Lucerne and Frosbury, entered into a treaty with Philip II. in May 1587, by which either party engaged to help the other to the utmost, should a war on account of religion occur. Hitherto the rivalry of France and Savoy had been the protection of Geneva; now Henri III. was so pressed by the League, that he promised the Duke of Savoy that he would not interfere with his designs upon Geneva.

Thus in the centre of Europe the new Jesuitised Catholicism had recovered greater part of the old position. Finally victorious in the Belgian Netherlands, restored and triumphant in Southern Germany, a great democratic power in France, threatening the entire extinction of Protestantism in that country, and Geneva itself, as it seemed, about to be swallowed up, the new Catholicism had only one more great fortress to take, and its ultimate victory was assured. All might yet be undone unless England were conquered.

To effect so great an end Pius V. wished that he could shed his blood, and his successor Gregory XII. had it equally at heart. Ireland offered a tempting ground to his machinations. An insurrection was stirred up, but failed from the Pope not properly supporting it with sufficient money and troops. The English government took fearful vengeance: all Munster was laid waste and occupied henceforth by English colonists.

Meanwhile, the Jesuits starting schools, colleges and universities, sought, as we have seen, to outrival in learning the Protestant doctors. Seizing the printing-press, they inundated Protestant lands with their literature. Above all they cultivated the pulpit and became powerful preachers. But this alone would not have been sufficient. Their reactionary fervour was strengthened by the fact that no Jesuit sought his own individual advantage, each was supposed to sacrifice himself wholly for the good of the cause. They were all bound by one spirit to common ends. From their colleges they came unhesitatingly into a country where, at every step, their lives were in danger, travelling in various disguises and under feigned names. Passing to and fro in all directions they were the delicate fibres which formed the great web of the vast conspiracy of which the centres were in the Escurial or at Rome. The romance of their lives, the welcome they received from the oldest and greatest families in the land, the eagerness with which hundreds pressed to their ministrations, the thought that they were agents in a movement which was to restore the broken unity of Christendom, and to bring to nations and individuals the only true salvation—all these things helped to strengthen their sway.

As many causes had combined to bring about the Reformation, personal, social and political influences mingling in the long religious struggle, so many circumstances had contributed to the early successes of the Jesuits. There was a strange interblending of ambitions and motives, and not loss of means, in this new warfare which the devotees among them held to be sacred. The condition of all Europe testified to the peril of the moment, but if we would realise its full extent with regard to England it must be re-

membered that rarely was this country in greater anguish or more divided than under the Tudors.

To read Macaulay's famous poem, "The Armada," one might suppose that Englishmen in 1588 were all of one heart and one mind. To say nothing of the vast numbers of Protestants who were at variance with the established religion, a large number of the people were still Romanists, conforming to avoid pains and penalties, but ready on the first opportunity to throw off the mask. And we cannot suppose, considering the things they had suffered, that they would have stood by the government of Queen Elizabeth. After the rebellion in 1569 there was not a village in the north of England where some of the inhabitants were not hanged as a warning to the rest. And our old historian, Harrison, tells us in his Chronicle that "in the reign of Elizabeth there was not one year commonly wherein 300 or 400 persons were not devoured and eaten up by the gallows in one place or another." To prefer modern romantic notions to the actual descriptions of the times by eye-witnesses such as Latimer and Bernard Gilpin, may be patriotic, but if we want to realise the dangers from which England was preserved, and the lessons to be learnt, we must be willing to read a few pages of the history usually left uncut.

No one can doubt that the sixteenth century was one of those periods when energetic men are excited to the utmost by the thought of making rapid fortunes, acquiring great estates, and rising to high honour. Those among us who recollect the discovery of the Australian gold-fields and the rush and stir it caused in every circle in England, may have a faint conception of the effect on Europe of the news that there were gold and silver mines in the New World. The gold-hunger aroused gave a new standard to life. If men had not the daring to become pirates and buccaneers, they tried to extract as much as they possibly could of the precious commodity out of the estates they got hold of, or the money they were able to use in commercial ventures. Speculation and usury were the order of the day. Vast quantities of land were withdrawn from tillage and laid down in grass for no other object. Farms were rack-rented, the buildings allowed to go to decay, in order that the farmer might leave and his land be more profitably used for sheep. Bernard Gilpin and Latimer's descriptions of the suffering thereby caused are piteous. Thomas Levin, a grave preacher, in a sermon before a solemn auditory, ascribed to these cruel evictions the number of old fathers, poor widows and young children who lie and creep, begging in the miry streets of London and Westminster. In fact we are told that in London "the poor died in the streets from cold, and laid sick at the citizens' doors and perished with hunger."

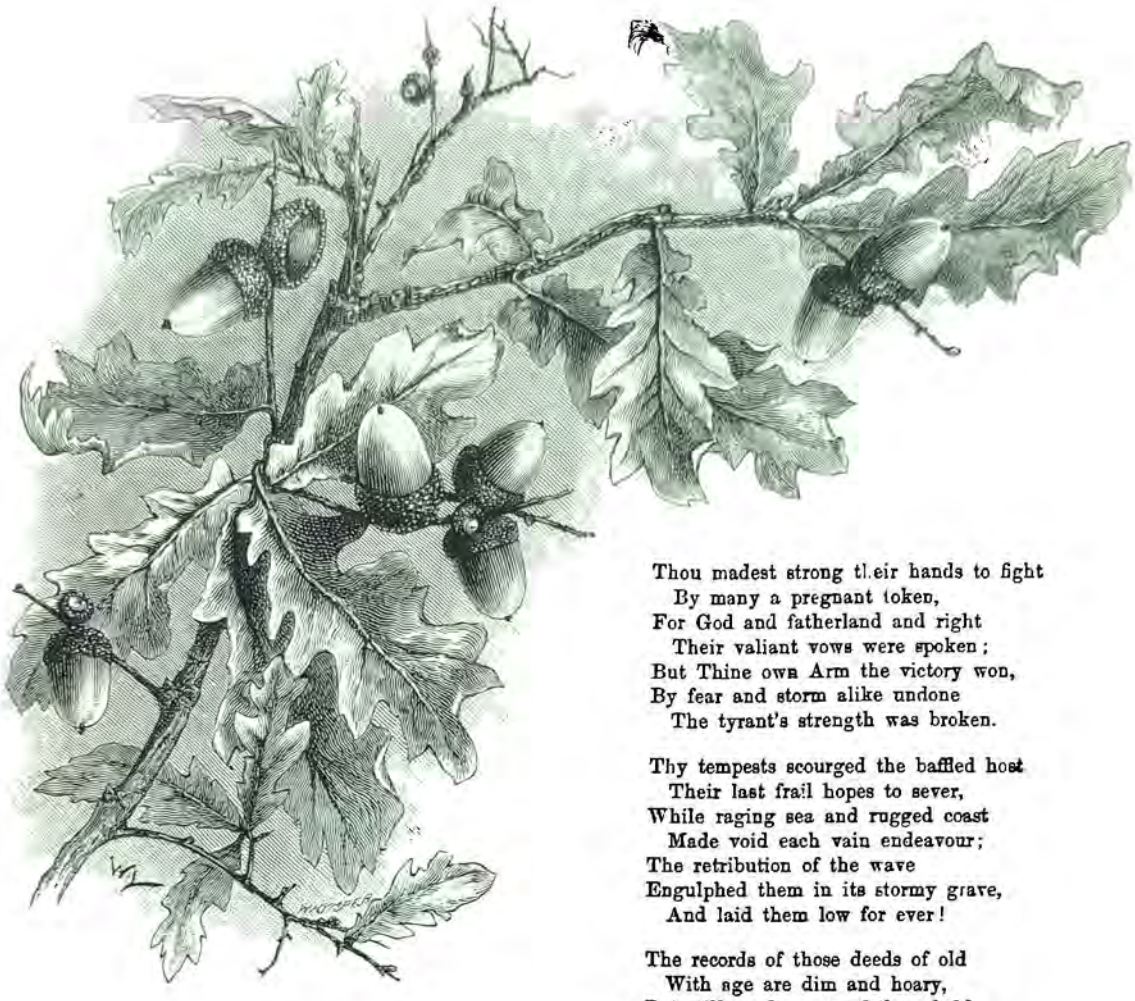
Notwithstanding the strong government of these times, the "sturdy rogues" and "ungratious unthrifts" multiplied in such numbers that, at the time of which we are writing, the attempt to repress them was being given up in despair. There is a statement made by a justice of the peace in Somersetshire in 1596, and preserved by Strypo, which vividly paints the condition of England at the time of the threatened Spanish invasion. In Somersetshire alone, this justice states, "forty persons had been executed in a year for robberies, thefts, and other felonies; thirty-five burnt in the hand; thirty-seven whipped; 183 discharged; that those who were discharged were most wicked and desperate persons who never would come to any good." Yet he goes on to say the fifth part of the felonies committed in the county were not brought to trial, either from the superior cunning of the felons, the remissness of the magistrates, or the *foolish lenity* of the people; that other counties of England were in no better condition than Somersetshire, and many of them even worse; that there were at least 300 or 400 able-bodied vagabonds in every county who lived by theft and rapine, and who sometimes met in troops to the number of sixty and committed spoil on the inhabitants; that if all the felons of the kind were reduced to good subjection, they would form a strong army; and that the magistrates were awed by the associations and the threats of confederates from executing justice on the offenders. It would be strange if this condition of things were not reflected in Shakespeare. That it certainly is in several plays, but most fully and profoundly in "The Tempest," where, in the conception of Caliban, we have some idea of the condition to which vast masses of the poor had been reduced.

Thus England was not secure internally, although she made so fair a show against the Spanish invaders. There were elements of discord, and even of civil strife, that might have been easily fomented by their presence. The same influences were at work as in Europe. Had the Jesuits effected a footing there is every reason to believe that results would have followed in many respects similar to those which accompanied their advance in Germany. The issue would have been the ruin of England. The "Invincible" Armada itself was not more than the herald of a more terrible force.

It would be a blessed thing, if, at this tercentenary of the Spanish Armada, instead of glorifying men, Protestant Christians would strive to understand the lessons God has so plainly taught us in the history of Christendom. Instead of believing with our dear and suffering forefathers that it was His arm and His alone that saved England from the peril, we suppose patriotism demands that we attribute it to English pluck and the Silver Belt, and that the wisest and safest thing is to intensify our insularity.

"Make fast the doors; heap wood upon the fire;
Draw in your stools, and pass the goblet round,
And be the prattling voice of children heard;
Now let us make good cheer—but what is this?
Do I not see, or do I dream I see,
A form, which midmost in the circle sits,
Half visible, his face deformed with scars
And foul with blood? Oh yes, I know it; there
Sits DANGER with his feet upon the hearth." [1]

[1] Henry Taylor's *Van Artevelde*



The Armada.

O THOU who heardest from Thy throne
  Thy people's supplication,
Beseeching at Thy hand alone
  Deliverance for our nation;
For Thy great goodness in the past,
For saving strength around us cast,
  Accept our adoration.

When the Armada stretched afar
  In pride and power unbounded,
And for the fierce, unequal war,
  Its haughty threatenings sounded,—
From cot and castle, shore and sea,
Our fathers' prayers arose to Thee,
  Nor was their hope confounded.

Thou madest strong their hands to fight
  By many a pregnant token,
For God and fatherland and right
  Their valiant vows were spoken;
But Thine own Arm the victory won,
By fear and storm alike undone
  The tyrant's strength was broken.

Thy tempests scourged the baffled host
  Their last frail hopes to sever,
While raging sea and rugged coast
  Made void each vain endeavour;
The retribution of the wave
Engulphed them in its stormy grave,
  And laid them low for ever!

The records of those deeds of old
  With age are dim and hoary,
But still we hear our fathers bold
  Give Thee, O God, the glory;
Though since those far-off hopes and fears
The mercies of three hundred years
  Have filled our island-story.

To that brave past, for which anew
  Our grateful thanks are swelling,
We pray Thee keep us leal and true,
  Its faithfulness excelling;
In us, O Lord, may all men see
A people righteous, strong and free,
  Beneath Thy shadow dwelling.

Preserved and shielded by the might
  Of Love that faileth never,
To keep the faith, to speed the right,
  Be this our pure endeavour;
And high among the nations crowned,
For freedom be our land renowned,
  The home of truth for ever!

MARY ROWLES.

*** *These verses (the first and the last three) can be sung, if required, to the tune "Luther's Hymn."*

HOSPITAL NURSES

IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY opportunity has been afforded me by the matrons and sisters, of watching the daily life of the nurses. They have permitted me to go through the homes attached to the hospitals and to speak with the workers and to witness the day and night work.

Unless they had been good enough to do this, I could have formed no idea of the gigantic proportions of what is known as hospital nursing, nor could I have guessed at the character of work performed.

The nurses are as a rule divided into three classes: Probationers (ordinary and special), staff-nurses, and sisters. The ordinary, or nurse probationers, supply the main body of the hospital and infirmary nursing-staff; while the special, or lady probationers, eventually fill the superior appointments, such as sisters or matrons.

Let us take the work in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which will afford a good sample of what is done by nurses in the twenty-four hours.

Those engaged in day work breakfast at twenty minutes to seven in the morning, then go into the wards to take the places of the night-nurses. They make the beds, sweep and dust the wards, polish the brasses, scrub the pulleys, cupboard tops, and window ledges, cleanse the lavatories, clean out the baths, and do other necessary cleaning.

They then look to those patients who are too ill to be bathed, washing them carefully bit by bit. It is needless to say that in this direction is to be found some of their most unpleasant work. The patients brought into the hospital are often frightfully dirty, their feet being covered with a hard horny crust of thick black dirt, and their heads literally alive. The nurses have to wash and comb these people, using for their heads what is termed a snowball—a mixture of turpentine and carbolic acid. Their caps in a measure preserve their own hair while performing these unpleasant yet necessary tasks. But one of the nurses told me that, however tired and exhausted she was after the long day's or night's work, she never laid herself down to rest without bestowing time and labour on her own hair.

By ten o'clock all is in order for the doctors to make their rounds—all the appliances they may require being set out in order by each bed—the wards looking clean, bright and fresh, and the nurses themselves in clean aprons and caps showing no sign of the rough disagreeable work they have performed.

As soon as the doctors and students arrive, quite another class of work falls to the nurses' lot. They follow each case, and if necessary bind up and replace dressings; they make poultices, dress wounds, attend in the theatre for operations, attend the matron's classes, or the lectures of the medical teachers, and give the patients their physic and their food. In short, body, mind and heart are kept in full occupation.

On asking if it were necessary that lady nurses should waste their time over work which could be done just as well by ordinary housemaids, I was answered by one of the nurses, "Consider what a large staff of servants we should require if we did not do the work, and I do not think they would do it so well or so quickly as we do."

The nurses' dinner is served for one-third of their number at half-past twelve, for a second third at one, and for the last third at half-past one. It is of the simplest character, merely hot meat and vegetables, beer or milk. They are allowed half an hour again for tea, which is taken in the little kitchen attached to each ward.

The night duty is very hard and trying for probationers, who, in full work, have two months of it in the year. The hours are from nine in the evening till seven next morning. There are three night superintendents who visit the wards occasionally throughout the night.

After the long hours of active watching they turn up the gas, if it be still dark, at six o'clock, and give the patients their breakfast. They then make the beds on one side of the ward. Twice a week they have to sort and count the dirty linen, which is kept in a box lined with zinc in the lavatory outside the ward.

Every care is taken to place new patients into clean beds and coverings. Blankets, sheets, mattress, covers, are all changed.

There are 675 beds in this hospital, and reckoning sisters, nurses, and probationers, there are two hundred attendants.

This band of workers has but little relaxation from incessant toil and responsibility.

The sisters have three weeks' holiday in the year, and the nurses only a fortnight.

Twice a week they get out of the hospital from six till a quarter to nine in the evening, and each month a whole day and a half day away from duties.

The probationers wear cotton dresses, the sisters wear dark-blue cashmere. Aprons and caps are alike for all, except that there is some little difference in the quality of the trimming.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital began to take probationers ten years ago. One or two so-called nurses' homes are attached to it, but one, that for special probationers, is nearly a mile distant. The accommodation is not in this respect so perfect as in other hospitals, but the authorities

are striving to remedy the defect by adapting houses outside Little Britain to nurses' homes.

At St. Thomas's the work is much the same for sisters and probationers, but the home is much more comfortable, being on the spot and possessing the best sanitary arrangements possible. It consists of a large dining-room and sitting and class-room combined. In this last the probationers receive instruction by way of lectures from the presiding sister.

There are three floors of bedrooms, and on each floor a bath-room with hot and cold water.

There are no fires in the bedrooms, but glass ventilators over each door to let in warm air.

Each probationer, whether special or ordinary—there are thirty-four of them—has a room to herself, which she must dust, cleanse, and keep in order. Once a week, however, a charwoman scrubs it.

All dine together; but each has her own little teapot and is allowed a quarter of a pound of tea, and one pound of sugar, a week.

The home for nurses at the London Hospital was opened last year. Each nurse, of whom there are one hundred and eighty, is now provided with a separate bedroom, whereas formerly some six or seven had to sleep in one room. A good sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen are attached to the home, and a sister-superintendent looks to the general welfare and comfort. The home has the advantage of joining the hospital.

Probationers suitable for nurses are, after a month's trial, received without payment, and are paid for the first year's service the sum of 12*l.*, for the second 20*l.*, all being found for them, except washing.

A limited number are admitted for periods of three months, on the payment of a guinea a week, and if sent by other institutions, ten shillings and sixpence a week.

Of course no certificates are given, except to those who have passed through the whole training, which in this hospital takes two years.

Here, as in other hospitals, the practical experience is gained in the wards, and in none are the advantages greater for the study of medical and surgical nursing.

The theoretical portion of a nurse's training is made a strong point.

Throughout the year there are three courses of lectures: the first, on the "General Details of Nursing," is given by the matron; the second, on "Elementary Anatomy and Surgical Nursing," by one of the surgical staff; and the third, on "Elementary Physiology and Medical Nursing," by one of the medical staff. At the conclusion of the third course, examinations are held and prizes given.

The subjects of these lectures show what a mass of information, as well as practical experience, is required to make a good nurse.

The Middlesex Hospital affords one or two deviations from the general rule, which render it of great interest.

This hospital receives both lady and ordinary probationers. Of the former, there are twelve, and of the latter, together with the sisters and nurses, there are sixty; but the thing to be noticed is that there is no hard and fast line against an ordinary probationer becoming a sister, provided she is found to possess qualifications of a high order.

The salary received by the ordinary probationers is, for the first year, 12*l.*; for the second, 18*l.*; and an additional two pounds each year until 24*l.* is reached. At the end of the third year of training, the probationer obtains her certificate, and if, as is often the case, she remains for many years, an additional tribute to her efficiency is written year by year on the certificate.

It is quite different with lady probationers; instead of receiving money, they pay a guinea a week, and are exempt from menial duties. As a rule, they come here for a year's training and experience, and generally with some definite object, such as Army or Navy nursing, or to be useful in their families or parishes. At the end of the year, therefore, they are entitled to their certificates.

Two ladies trained here—one the lady-superintendent of Netley, and another who did good service in the East—have been honoured with the Queen's Badge, of which mention has been made.

For more than twenty years this hospital has taken ordinary probationers, and for a still longer period lady probationers, so that it was early in the field fighting against ignorant and uneducated nursing.

The Home for the sisters, nurses, and probationers, joins the hospital, and is in every way good. Sleeping apartments, dining, sitting-rooms, and ventilation, are all that could be desired, and the superintendent most thoughtful for the comfort of the nurses. There is no luxury, but everything needful for rest and comfort.

But that which is specially worthy of notice, because it offers comfort to the sick throughout the country, is the building of a home adjoining that of the nurses, and forming part of the hospital itself. It is called the Middlesex Hospital Trained Nurses' Institute.

It is built upon the site of some old houses in Cleveland Street, and has been opened only a few months. It has no past to record; its work is all in the future.

Its object is to board, lodge, and keep in constant readiness a certain number (twenty-four) of thoroughly competent nurses who have been trained in the hospital for at least five years, and upon whom, from long experience, full reliance may be placed, to be sent out to any part of the country where a skilled nurse may be required. The nurse so sent out has to obey certain rules, which are so judicious that I wish I had space to write them here.

These nurses may be engaged for medical and surgical cases at two guineas a week, with two-and-sixpence weekly for washing, and travelling expenses.

The nurses receive from the hospital a fixed salary of 26*l.*, and a percentage upon what they

earn. As soon as an engagement is over, each one returns to the home.

The home is simple, clean, and pretty, and is fast getting into perfect working order.

Guy's Hospital has at present no special home for its nurses, but accommodates them in dormitories within the hospital.

Each sister has a sitting and bedroom attached to the ward under her supervision.

Those in attendance on the patients have all been trained in the hospital, either as probationers or as lady pupils, the first of these supplying the nurses, the second the sisters. There is a sharp line of demarcation between them; the nurses, no matter of what social position, can never aspire to the office of sister.

As a rule, in this hospital the nurses are of the higher domestic class—daughters of farmers or of tradespeople, with here and there a sprinkling of those who could not afford to come as lady pupils; while, on the other hand, the lady pupils and sisters are all gentle-women.

Lady pupils, the youngest of whom must be twenty-four years old, live in the matron's house just outside the hospital in the courtyard. They pay a guinea a week, and provide their own uniform, so that they are no charge on the hospital.

The matron is generally able to decide at the end of three months whether a lady pupil is sufficiently capable to continue her training. She can, however, only obtain her certificate by remaining at the hospital a whole year.

The probationers do the rough work of the hospital so long as they are probationers, but this ceases when they have obtained certificates, and become nurses. The lady pupils do no rough or menial work, as it is called. In the two last points, this hospital differs from others.

Probationers at first go for a month on trial, for which time they receive no wage. If after the trial they still wish to remain, they must do so for three years—the first year as probationers, the second and third as nurses.

The wages for the first year are 12*l.*, and for the two following years 18*l.*, with uniform.

The hours for day nurses do not begin in the wards until eight o'clock.

Guy's has an institution for trained nurses in St. Thomas's Street, No. 12, and the nurses are in great request, for they not only attend in ordinary illnesses, but in fevers, diphtheria, small-pox, and nervous cases, the payment ranging from one-and-a-half guineas to two-and-a-half a week.

The system of nursing in King's College Hospital was reorganised some two-and-a-half years since, in consequence of serious disagreements.

A matron was selected to replace the nurses who left. From that time to this the greatest harmony has prevailed.

Every ward now bears testimony to a good organiser and to careful, obedient workers. For example, each contains a table fitted up with sliding drawers full of all sorts of bandages (which are made by the nurses), and on the top various lotions and necessaries for a sick room. At the end of each room is a small laboratory, which saves time when every moment is valuable. A circular drain pipe tube is also in use down which all linen from fever patients is passed into a carbolic tank.

The order of ward work is so drawn that there can be no excuse for mistakes, the most trifling work and the time for doing it is written down; but from what I saw there appears no desire to shirk work, but a desire rather to err on the other side.

One thing with which I was struck was the very appetizing way in which the patients' food is placed before them, each having a spotless tray-cloth over locker or board, and the food as well cooked and set before them as would be expected in a good private house.

All these tray-cloths are made by the nurses out of old table house linen, sent by the Queen and by various club houses.

Go where you will, you see hearty earnest work among the nurses and sisters, and the matron evidently the friend of all. There seemed nothing little or mean about the people or their work.

It is a good hospital for training nurses, as all cases except small-pox are received. The theoretical training too is quite up to the mark. The home sister lectures three times a week, and the medical superintendent once a week.

A limited number of special probationers is received on the payment of thirteen guineas a quarter, paid in advance, for which they are trained, boarded, lodged, and provided with a very pretty uniform of Raphael green cashmere with quaint caps, aprons, white collars, and cuffs.

The work is doubtless very hard indeed, but nothing is omitted that can make it cheerful, pleasant, and healthful. The bedroom accommodation is excellent, and care is taken that the nurses get daily outdoor exercise.

I wish I could say more of this hospital, but this paper is only to deal with nurses and nursing power. Perhaps I may be allowed to say that the public, not being aware of its improved working power, have rather fallen off in their subscriptions, and the consequence is that two wards are closed; and this in a neighbourhood almost, if not quite, as poor as that which surrounds the London Hospital.

Flowers, clothing, money, are all wanted. There is a beautiful Children's Ward, and if ladies who have children would remember the wants of this ward, I shall owe them a debt of gratitude.

In conclusion, I would say that it has been my privilege to look over the diaries of some of our nurses, and to listen to the experiences of others. In this way I have become acquainted with some exciting and deeply interesting stories relating to nurses as well as patients—stories which in their pathos and interest would touch the hearts of readers to their depths.

I have been struck over and over again at the curious chain of circumstances; how the most trivial thing has brought the most unlikely people face to face, and unravelled hopeless

tangles; how, too, in moments of pain or exhaustion, a tragic history has flowed from the lips which was never intended to find utterance, but which having been uttered, resulted in happiness.

Even the presence of a piece of orange-peel thrown on the pavement in the city has been known, for example, to effect wonderful changes in certain lives. Go to a hospital if you want to learn that nothing is trifling.

In the diary of one who has now been a quarter of a century actively employed in our hospitals, I learned how and why she became a nurse; how difficult she found it in the early days to forget self; how fretful it made her to be called away from her quiet cup of tea, at the only really peaceful half hour in the day; how her fretfulness affected those under her care; how she was made to feel ashamed by the pathetic look of a patient brought in with a broken limb; and how the better part of her nature was developed by her contact with patient suffering and endurance. Three or four most interesting stories I read in this diary showing that truth is stranger than fiction, but which would be out of place here.

AN INDIAN RECOLLECTION.

IT is now some quarter of a century since I found myself in a military station on the Kashmir frontier; one of a garrison keeping watch and ward over that, and the neighbouring provinces or dependencies of our great Indian Empire.

In those days troops did not often change quarters, and there was often displayed by officers a considerable knowledge of native character, for in various shooting and hunting excursions, they were necessarily thrown much with their guides; and, having once learnt their language, were glad to relieve the monotony of a solitary camp fire by hearing their stories, and remarks on things in general—which, by the way, were sometimes amusing, and displayed no lack of observation on the part of the silent, grave, undemonstrative native.

Now the province in which this military station was situated, had for some years been remarkable for the success which the Christian religion had attained among the natives. The highest officials had been bright examples of what it can accomplish in causing men to carry out the great commandment of doing unto others as we would they should do to us, whilst their faith and dependence on a Superior Being were openly proclaimed whenever there was an opportunity by their acts.

It is not fitting here, nor have I space, to go into details; it is only necessary to read the histories of the great Sepoy Revolt to see how a few brave men, supported by their faith, stemmed the torrent which threatened to overwhelm the Empire, and expel Christianity from India. As I said before, there were a good many natives who had embraced Christianity, whilst others who had not done so still looked up to their rulers as men they could trust, and so stood firm by them.

In the garrison to which I belonged, there was a remarkably good officer, belonging to a most distinguished branch of the service. When I say "good," I mean good in all military details —nothing more, for as regards his religious belief, it was "nil." To him death meant oblivion, or something like it, or, at best, the future was unknowable, so it was of no use to think about it.

One day I returned to my house and found my friend seated on a sofa waiting for me. He had a Testament in his hand; his face was quite calm, cheerful, and displaying no sign of excitement. He said to me, "Have you heard people in the station say I have gone mad?" I replied, "No; but I have heard remarks on your refusing to play cards, and on your having spoken on religious subjects with several of our friends, which, as you never did it before, but on the contrary always averred your unbelief in such matters, naturally astonishes them." He said, "Well, now, I have come over to your house to tell you what has happened to me. You occupy a position here which carries weight with people, and so I want you to hear all about it from me personally."

Then he went on to say that, a short time ago, he went on a shooting excursion, alone, except so far as he had native servants with him; that having encamped a short distance away, and gone to sleep for the night, he was awakened by the sound of a man singing. Thinking it must be dawn, and so time to be shooting, he got off his bedstead and opened the door of his tent; then he looked out and perceived a native approaching, and singing as he walked. He listened to what the man was saying; it was a native translation of a Psalm, the words being, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there are none upon earth I desire beside Thee." He waited in the tent door until the native came close to him and made his "salaam." Then he said to him, "Do you know what you are singing?" The man replied, "Yes," and explained that he was a Christian. Further questioned, he said, "The missionary sahibs had talked to him for some time, and that he felt sure what they told him was true. That he had repeated their sayings to his fellow-villagers; but that they would not listen to him, and had turned him out, that he was a carpenter by trade, and was going to seek for work, and so

support himself." Questioned as to whether his family also had joined in expelling him, he said, "Yes, all." Asked if he believed he should succeed in getting work, he replied "Yes;" he believed what the missionary sahibs had told him, "that his bread and water would be secure."

My friend, wishing the man success, went back to his bedstead, stricken with the thought, "Well, there must be something in this Christian religion, after all, when a man like that will do what he is doing."

In my friend's own words: "I stayed on my bed some hours. I felt I could not shoot. I could think about nothing but this native and his 'talk;' so at length gave the order, 'Strike tents and return to cantonment.'

"It seems inconceivable to me how persistently this incident kept possession of me. In almost a few hours, certainly in two or three days, I had resolved that my soldiering was over; that I must go about, first among my friends, telling them what had happened to me; and how I, who had been foremost in rejecting the Christian dogmas, now felt they must be true; how I, who had lived for self, now felt I must be 'up and doing,' proclaiming the good tidings to everybody of my acquaintance, and urging everyone to take advantage of the offer made them. I had awakened from sleep and was now only anxious to make up for lost time.

"I have done what I could, and this is why there has been talk about me, most people thinking I have gone mad."

He stayed some two hours with me. I was staggered, but not convinced, saying to him that I thought we were a particularly nice quiet little society, living a very harmless life, and so on.

"Well," said my friend, "have you ever read the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans?" I said, "I dare say I have, often." "Well," said he, "let's read it together." We did so. "Now," he said, "if that is inspired, and I suppose you believe it is, I don't think you will say we are so very harmless after all." I argued with him verse by verse, made a strong fight for the language used not applying to us. Altogether he did not make much impression on me, and perhaps I got a little out of temper. "Well," said my friend, "I think I've done enough for to-day, but I am very anxious to bring you over."

When he had gone I walked over to the clergyman's house, and told him what had occurred. He was an amiable gentleman, who took things easily—in fact, to have done otherwise would possibly not have been within the instructions he got from his ecclesiastical superiors, for at the time of which I speak anything like attempting to convert natives was not encouraged by the Government of India. So my reverend friend talked quietly to me, and sent me away with his own impressions of the matter, which were that this sort of thing would never last, that it was too sudden, and that our brother officer would presently be seen in his usual haunts in an ordinary frame of mind.

The result was far different. Daily reports reached us that a large number of people had been visited, the story, as told to me, told to them, and that some were taking great interest in the matter, which now almost seemed to have attracted their attention for the first time—strange as it may seem.

A little later I had visits from the clergyman and one of the principal officers of the station, who told me that a most extraordinary thing was going on; that not only had at least a dozen members of our community established a meeting almost nightly to read the Scriptures, but that the missionaries who were working in the district had been communicated with, and were taking it in turns to come in and join with them; that more than this, a house had been taken, and the soldiers and civilians all invited to come that evening, and that they were taking advantage of the invitation to an extraordinary extent. My visitors wound up by saying, "They have actually been praying for *our* conversion!" In fact it was evident that what is generally known as a "revival" was taking place.

I now went away for about two months, and when I returned I found that my friend had never swerved, and was now more than ever in earnest, giving up all his time to the work of persuading people to take advantage of the offer made them, and that he had had great success. The evening meetings were crowded, and it was evident from the changed tone of conversation, that many people were staggered, if not convinced, and were "set a thinking."

And now, lest any sceptic should say, Were there any practical results beyond praying and preaching? let me say, that presently a famine broke out in the land, and we were all called on to contribute to the relief of the starving natives. I am bound to say our community willingly gave their "mites;" but the subject of this paper, though a man with a family, gave the collector a blank cheque, saying, "If you are disappointed in the amount you expect when you total up the collection, fill in this for what you want."

Shortly after this, having completed the necessary formalities for leaving the service, he carried out his determination of emigrating to a colony and there preaching the Gospel. In due course we heard of his safe arrival, and in notifying it to us, he related the following episode.

On board the steamship there was a company of actors, bound for one of the theatres. With these he passed much of his time, striving to rouse their curiosity or attention. The fact of his having his family on board (whom naturally he had to leave when visiting the fore cabin) he believes caused them to listen with a certain amount of deference and attention, or perhaps wonder, that he should bother himself about them. Anyhow, he said, he had every reason to think they were somewhat impressed. But in addition to this, he mentioned that the chief mate of the steamer was a man who, besides habitually using blasphemous language, did his best to thwart the efforts our friend was making to get the actors and other passengers to listen to him. It does not appear that any altercation took place or remonstrance. Ridicule was perhaps all he suffered. However, when our friend

had landed his family, he left them in the railway waiting-room, and went straight back to the ship. He had the luck to find the man he wanted "off duty," and not busy; so he sat down and told him that he had felt anxious about him, that he had left his family at the railway station, and come off to make another attempt on him, before he went forth into the wilderness to the farm he had taken. The man said, "Do you mean to tell me you have done this for me—a stranger, whom you will never see again?" Then he "broke down." Tears filled his eyes, as he said, "I was not always like this; I was once taught to believe all you have said was true. God help me! My associates have ruined me; but, God helping me, I will yet have another try. Anyhow, just now, I do believe the message you have given me, and will try to sin as little as possible—certainly I will never again ridicule any one who, like you, has endeavoured to call the attention of passengers to religion."

Years rolled away, and afterwards I heard that our friend, living "up-country," where the Gospel message was rarely heard, had been doing a great work, and though giving much of his time to preaching, had been blessed with a fair competence. In fact the words used to him by the native carpenter at the beginning of this story, "His bread and his water should be sure," had been carried out, and the promise had been kept: "My word . . . shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please."

E. J. F.

"I AM BUT A LITTLE CHILD."

"And now, O Lord my God, Thou hast made Thy servant king instead of David my father: and I am but a little child: I know not how to go out or come in."—1 *Kings* iii. 7.

SOLOMON, as you know, was perhaps the richest, wisest and greatest king that ever lived; but he was never so rich, wise or great as when he spoke to God, and said, "I am but a little child." He had just succeeded his father David on the throne of Israel, and he was deeply impressed with the solemn responsibility of his position. The chapter from which our little text is taken shows that he was rich in right thoughts and feelings; that he was wise enough to see that, in spite of all his learning, he did not know enough to rule righteously over so great a people, and that he was great enough to humbly confess the fact to God and ask for His gracious help.

Now, my dear child, if the words were appropriate and significant on the lips of the great King Solomon, how much more so must they be in yours who are in every sense of the term "but a little child." Say, please, "I am but a little child, and therefore I must be humble." Self-assurance and conceit are not lovely in any one, but they make a child very unlovely indeed. I have known some children whose bright beautiful faces drew me to them, and as long as they were silent, I felt I could love them much. As soon, however, as they began to speak, I was disappointed—bitterly disappointed. They spoke just as if they knew everything, and their parents and friends knew nothing. Is not this the reason for that saying which I dislike as much as you—"Children should be seen and not heard"? No, let children be heard, but let them speak and act as those who feel they can know but little, because they have had little time wherein to learn. Always remember this—that the men and women who have known the most have invariably been the most humble, ready even to learn from a little child. When the great astronomer Laplace lay a-dying, a friend said to him, "You have made many splendid discoveries, Marquis." "What we know is a little matter," was the splendid answer. "What we do not know is immense." Knowledge always humbles; it is only ignorance that puffs up. Then, my child, seek each day to learn something new, and learn in a humble, teachable spirit.

Then say further, "I am but a little child, therefore I must be obedient." The heavenly Father who asks obedience from all His children has given, as you know, careful and solemn injunctions to children to obey their parents. The law of the country also enforces obedience upon children in many ways, and strange as it may seem to you, looks upon all young people as infants in the management of affairs until they are twenty-one years of age. What is this but that everybody feels, that until young people have had sufficient experience of the world to allow of them being their own masters, it is best for them to be guided by their parents or friends. Sometimes to obey is very easy, because it happens you like to do what you have been told, but at other times, oh, it is so hard! Your whole nature rises up in rebellion, and you find it almost impossible to give quick and cheerful obedience to the command. Then perhaps comes the whispered temptation—"It is cruel to ask me to do this just now. Why should I do it?" Let this be your answer, while inwardly you breathe a prayer to God to help you—"I am but a little child, and it is God's wish that I obey readily and joyfully, therefore I will go at once and do it."

Yet once more say, "I am but a little child, therefore I must be loving." I do not mean, of course, that people are to cease to be loving when they grow up, but the special work of a little child, it seems to me, is to love. It can do little else, for it is a bundle of wants, and demands constant care from others; but no one can love like a little child. What a beautiful sight it is to see a child put its little arms about father's or mother's neck, and laying its chubby red cheeks upon that of the parent, say, "I do love you so." No one but a parent knows the pain of heart keener than of a poisoned dagger, when a child refuses to return its parent's love. You may not, dear child,

be able to do much; you may be sickly in health, and not at all clever; but if you love, with all your heart, your parents and your God, you will do exactly what God wants you to do.

"I am but a little child" must never be used, as I have heard it, as a mere excuse for ignorance. In their loving pity parents are sometimes anxious to excuse the fault of a child, by saying, "Well, what can we expect? He is but a child." Never be so childish and cowardly as to hide under this excuse. As a little child, you do not know much; but ever say to yourself I must learn something new every day, for God has given me my childhood wherein to learn.

Neither excuse a spirit of idleness, by saying, "I am but a little child." In a home there are a thousand little things which children can do to help their parents, and how beautiful it is to see the children vieing with each other as to who shall be the first to do the little service asked. Instead of this, however, sometimes a child will be found excusing himself or herself on the ground "I am but a little child, and my elder brother or sister can do it." Parents delight to be helped by the little ones as well as the big, and it is only fair they should share with the others the little home services asked by parents.

"I am but a little child" is sometimes used as the excuse for selfishness. Happy is that family where the elder brothers and sisters are always ready to deny themselves to make the younger members glad and contented, but unhappy is that home where a selfish little tyrant is always demanding everything belonging to the others. "Give me that," he whines; "I want it," and when it is not given at once, he cries, gets angry, and says, "You must give me it. I am the youngest, and I ought to have it." Such little selfish tyrants get themselves well hated instead of loved, and what a pity that is! The little child should learn the lesson of unselfishness just as much as the big one.

Shall I tell you how you may safely and beautifully use this phrase? "I am but a little child, but I belong to God." What a solemn and yet what a comforting thought it is that God has made us all in His own likeness; that He lays loving claim to us, and that He wants us all to share His heaven for ever. Sometimes, dear child, you may be made to feel how little, insignificant, and weak you are; but surely you can look up with trustful loving eyes to God and say, "Our Father—my Father who art in heaven."

If you truly love God you will find it a precious and inspiring thought, "I am but a little child, but I am God's child." "I am but a little child," you may say again, "but the Saviour died for me." Little children I know are sometimes troubled about their sins, and wonder if they may know that they are forgiven, and that Jesus loves them. You cannot possibly forget how lovingly Jesus took the little ones to His bosom when on earth, and how tenderly He spoke about them, saying, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Never doubt that the blessed Saviour loves you with a tender, sympathetic, and helpful love. The great question is, Do you love Jesus? Now, do you? If, Yes, then you will rejoicingly say, "I love Him because He first loved me; I am but a little child, yet the Saviour of mankind loves me."

Then, lastly, you can say, "I am but a little child, but I mean to be just as good a man (or woman) as it is possible for me to be." You have heard the story of the little boy who when asked what he was good for, answered, "Good to make a man of, sir." A capital answer it was too. The aged German Emperor one day at Ems was attracted by a young cadet—that is, a soldier officer-apprentice, and beckoning to him to come near said, "What do you mean to be, my son?" "A field-marshal, your Majesty," he at once replied. The Emperor laughed and said, "He knows how to answer." You have your thoughts and wishes about earthly things, but whatever ambition you have let this be first and chief, to be good, to be Christlike—which is the highest good. You may not be great, you may not be rich, however much you may strive, but you cannot fail to be good and useful if you only strive and pray about it. It is not so difficult a thing to be made a knight or even a lord; money or influence can sometimes get such distinctions for those who have never merited them; but to have a good influence you must be good. Never forget that you have it in your own power entirely to be noble in character, and to do good which shall outlive you; and strive after this with a greater eagerness, and a nobler persistence than men strive for the fading honours of earth, and you will succeed.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. V.

1. He was one of three brothers, all men of renown.
2. One of them was killed in war.
3. The man in question avenged his brother's death in a very treacherous manner.
4. He was a distant relation of the king whom he served.
5. Afterwards he killed one of the king's sons.
6. Next he slew another captain of whom he was jealous.
7. He joined another of the king's sons in an attempt to secure the throne.
8. Finally he was put to death by the king's successor.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VIII.

Strike out nine of the words in this figure, and so arrange the others to form a text from Scripture.

Shall	Have	Every	Good	Lips
Speak	My	To	Not	Nor
A	Utter	Be	For	Tongue
Deceit	Lord	Mercy	My	Wickedness

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. V.—p. 352.

1. The prediction of the flood.—*Gen.* vi. 17.
2. That the honour of killing Sisera should not be his.—*Judges* iv. 9.
3. That his two sons should die in one day.—1 *Sam.* ii. 34.
4. That he should rule over ten tribes.—1 *Kings* xi. 33, and the deaths of his children, xiv. 11 and 12.
5. That the dogs should lick Ahab's blood, and that the dogs should devour Jezebel.—1 *Kings* xxi. 19, 23.

5*b*. 1 *Kings* xxii. 38; 2 *Kings* ix. 35.

6. The announcement of his deliverance from the hostile kings of Israel and Syria.
7. *Isa.* xxxvii. 33, 34; xxxix. 6, 7.
8. The first to Nebuchadnezzar, of his madness.—*Dan.* iv. 25. The second to Belshazzar, of his own ruin.—*Dan.* v. 28.
9. To Hananiah.—*Jer.* xxviii. 17.
10. *Jer.* xxxviii. 23; xliv. 30.
11. Hazael.—2 *Kings* viii. 12. Peter.—*Mark* xiv. 31.
12. Agabus foretold the occurrence of a famine.—*Acts* xi. 28; also Paul's captivity.—*Acts* xxi. 10, 11.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

SIMON MAGUS.

A STUDY IN APOSTOLIC HISTORY.

"HE OFFERED THEM MONEY."

THERE are extant two portraits of the Samaritan sorcerer. One, drawn in outline only, with a rapid but graphic pen, by the inspired historian, Luke: the other, a highly-coloured composition, embellished with a profusion of grotesque details, and bearing unmistakable evidence of having been touched and retouched by different hands at various dates extending over two or three centuries. One represents him as a baffled and crestfallen adventurer, whose features are stamped with cunning and greed of power, and who seems to have been nothing more than a local charlatan. In the other and later portrait, he is depicted as a notorious and successful impostor, a man specially endowed by Satan with superhuman magical skill almost

rivalling the miraculous power divinely bestowed upon the apostles. He is the "Father of all Heresy," the first and most daring rebel against the authority of the church, the unwearied adversary of her teachers, and the perpetrator of a foul travesty of some of her holiest and most cherished doctrines. He is represented as the Antichrist—who, with amazing impiety, claimed and received divine honour, and established a religion of which he was both prophet and deity—who, puffed up by his success in Samaria, ventured to propagate his heresy in other lands, and even in Rome; and who, although he was repeatedly forced to retreat before the apostles, and, at length, brought to bay by them in the imperial city, yet maintained to the last an attitude of uncompromising defiance, and preferred suicide to submission. Such is the portrait of Simon which tradition gives us, a curious combination of the daring and pride of Milton's Satan with the subtlety and malignity of Goethe's Mephistopheles.

Even this brief and hasty description, omitting, as it does, all those absurd details which heighten the incongruity of the legends, nevertheless shows how little there is in common between the severely simple sketch of Luke, and the fantastic patchwork of the ecclesiastical writers of the second and succeeding centuries. And yet, as we scrutinise the latter, it is possible to detect, under the thick daubs and gaudy pigments of the later legendaries, a few lines here and there which lead us to suspect that the earliest sketch did actually bear some resemblance to Simon Magus; and that, if we remove the childish and clumsy colourings of the subsequent romancers, we may discern some features which may fairly be considered developments of those drawn by Luke at an earlier date.

The limits of this paper will not admit of a discussion of the credibility of the various traditions about Simon; its object is simply to present to our readers an outline of his surroundings, and of his career and influence, from his first appearance in the Acts, until he becomes obscured, exaggerated, and distorted by the thickening mists of legend and old wives' fables.

Simon lived in an age of imposture and strong delusions, when adventurers and charlatans of various kinds seem to have thriven upon the credulity of their fellows to a degree unprecedented and even unparalleled in history. He lived also in a land where an intense yearning for, and a lively expectation of, the speedy advent of a deliverer, predisposed the people to hail with eager "Lo here! Lo there!" any upstart who, like Theudas or Judas, "boasted himself to be somebody." It is true that Simon was a Samaritan, and that these convulsions of popular fanaticism were most frequent and violent in Judæa and Galilee, but Samaria lay too near the centres of disturbance to be wholly unaffected by these constant commotions. Not only that, but the Samaritans themselves cherished Messianic expectations: "I know that Messias cometh" was a part of the creed of the woman by Jacob's well, and it was a part of her people's creed also. These expectations were, however, not identical with those entertained by the Jews. The Samaritan did not look for a political emancipator and victorious king, but for a prophet, according to the Pentateuchal promise—for one who should "tell them all things," where men ought to worship, and where the sacred vessels of the ancient tabernacle had been hidden. The weary traveller, who sat once by the ancient well, could not be this *Hashabh* this "Restorer," as the Samaritans called their coming Prophet. He could not tell them all things as they wished to be told, and although many believed on Him in that city where He abode two days, yet the vast majority of the people still clung to their own hopes, and looked for another who would acquiesce in their cherished programme.

Nor had they long to wait. Three years or so after Christ's visit, and not many months after His death, the country was stirred by the appearance of a false prophet, who announced that, on a certain day, and from a certain place, he would lead his followers to the spot where the long lost vessels of the tabernacle had been concealed. A promise which tallied so completely with the popular views did not fail to attract a large and eager crowd. But before the procession had well begun to move, a body of Roman legionaries charged in upon it, and the impostor and his unfortunate victims were either put to flight or slaughtered in cold blood. Thus the glowing hopes of the Samaritans were quenched for a time.

But only for a time. Before long an adventurer of a different character claimed their attention. This man was Simon of Gitto, the Magus of the Acts. Being a native of a Samaritan village, he was, no doubt, conversant from his childhood with the details of local tradition. He seems to have acquired sufficient dexterity in tricks of jugglery and legerdemain to bewilder his credulous neighbours, and a sufficient smattering of current philosophy to amaze them with

> "words of learned length and thundering sound."

He may be credited also with the possession of a glib tongue, unabashed coolness and self-assertion, and with shrewdness and tact enough to take advantage of the popular hopes and prejudices, as well as of any other circumstance which promised to aggrandise his power and influence.

Such a man we may conceive Simon to have been, for such are among the essentials which go to the making of a successful charlatan in that, or in any, age or country. There is no need to have recourse to the gratuitous fictions of the Clementine Books to explain how and where he acquired these accomplishments. A true master of the art of deceiving, like a poet, *nascitur non fit*, he is dependent for his success upon his inventiveness, originality, and readiness of resource. He goes, therefore, through the world with eyes and ears wide open, prompt to levy blackmail upon every fact or phenomenon that comes within the scope of his observation.

Simon's sagacious caution in all probability led

him to avoid the assumption of the perilous *rôle* of demagogue; he had no ambition to compromise himself with the authorities, or to share the fate of so many of his predecessors in imposture. He therefore made no direct declaration of a prophetic mission, but contented himself with the announcement that he was "some great one"—a statement which was at once conveniently vague and guarded, and capable of being developed, by dexterous manipulation of the popular mind, into a definite and emphatic article of their creed: "This man is that Power of God which is called 'Great.'"

That word "Power" is the only clue which the New Testament furnishes to the nature of Simon's teaching: and it has been identified with a technical expression, current among the followers of Philo, and in the Gnostic schools of Alexandria. It has, therefore, been inferred, and, we think, rightly, that the Magus had already adopted some of the doctrines, or, at any rate, some of the catch-words of that popular speculation.

Thus far, Simon's career had been a successful one; he had carved out for himself a niche in the Samaritan pantheon, and received the applause and favour of a multitude of votaries far and near. But the advent of Philip makes that position at once precarious, and at length untenable. The sorcerer finds himself foiled with weapons of a higher make and superior temper to those of his own forging. The new comer performs signs and wonders beyond the reach of his magic; and proclaims, in language "understanded of the people," tidings so good, so wondrous, so glorious, that he, and his arts, and his philosophy are alike forgotten in the "great joy," which filled "that city."

The adventurer could not but be keenly conscious of his loss of influence, and of his impotence to charm back again the crowd, which had forsaken him for his rival. There was nothing for him but to descend from his pedestal and mingle with the throng. But neither his vanity nor his professional instinct would allow him to be content with an outside place in that crowd; he must find out the secret, and acquire the art by which Philip accomplished these prodigies, and the only way to attain that object was to be initiated into the inner fellowship of Philip and his converts. So "Simon himself believed also." No conscientious scruples prevented him from making the necessary *profession* of faith, or from submitting to the rite of baptism, since such were the conditions of closer intimacy with the Christian teacher. We may figure him to ourselves hungrily, eagerly, noting each fresh manifestation of the evangelist's power: his astonishment increasing upon closer and more constant observation, for he can detect none of those stage tricks and accessories so indispensable to himself and his fraternity; he can discover no secret spell nor charm—save one most potent invocation—"in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." As long as he continued with Philip, it is clear that it was not the inner doctrines, but the external marvels, not the "mystery of godliness," but of "the signs and wonders which were done," which attracted his attention, and fascinated him.

When at length Peter and John arrived to bestow upon the newly-formed church the gift of the Holy Spirit, under whose auspices the brethren in Samaria were to carry on the work commenced by Philip,—Simon then beheld with still greater amazement the manifestation of that Supreme Power, in the ecstacies and gifts of tongues which followed the imposition of apostolic hands. Was not this crowning marvel the key to the long-sought mystery? Was it not by this same power that Philip had been able to outvie him? Could he but obtain this! He did not want to be a mere *passive* recipient of it; he disdained to submit himself to the subtle spell; what he sought was to be able to produce the same effects upon others. It is not worth while speculating whether Simon would have received the Spirit had he held his peace. He could not wait, and his impatience was divinely instrumental in unmasking him. While the work of laying on of hands is yet in progress, with rash importunacy he interposes his request—"Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands, he may receive the Holy Ghost," and "he offered them money."

The words were hardly spoken before he saw by Peter's glance of indignant scorn that for once his "vaulting ambition" had overleaped itself, and that his speech had betrayed him. Mortified at his blunder, and overwhelmed by Peter's denunciation, and terrified by the penalties threatened, the self-convicted impostor stood abashed, and clutched with the eagerness of despair even at that dubious "if perchance" of pardon which the apostle held out to him. But even then his terror sprang from no consciousness of the heinousness of his sin, from no sense of remorse, but from sheer dread of the unknown consequences—"Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken may come upon me."

Here the curtain falls: when it rises again the scene is changed, and Simon Magus has disappeared. Such an abrupt, not to say tantalising, *dénouement* is characteristic of Scripture narrative. Simon is only one of a host whose sudden exits leave us wondering what became of them. Most of them pass away into that dim realm of tradition, where the ecclesiastical Rhadamanthus sits in judgment, executing poetical justice upon them, when all good men become bishops, and the bad are branded as thralls of Satan for evermore. Had the earliest appearances of Simon in tradition been as fantastic and sensational as his later ones, or as vague and unreal as the legendary accounts of so many other Bible characters, we should not venture to follow him further; but they are not, and we have reason to accept as fairly credible and substantial such glimpses of him as we obtain in the patristic writings of the second century; but after that, fables and myths gather thick around him, and reduce him into a phantom as mocking and delusive as the rest.

Such an emotion as Simon betrayed, before his

disappearance from the Acts, was merely superficial, and from its very character could not long outlast its cause. It was not true penitence, but a mere transient terror, and we may accept it as a probable fact, that after it subsided and passed away, it happened to Simon, according to the true proverb—"The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." His habitual self-assertion and confidence would not be long in returning, and the speedy departure of the apostles and of Philip gave him an opportunity to recover his lost prestige. Although his connection with the Christian teachers had not, as he had hoped it would, put him in possession of the secret of their miraculous power, yet it had given him some insight into the doctrines of the new faith, and some acquaintance with the principal attributes of its Founder. Such knowledge could be easily modified and adapted to suit his own purposes.

That Simon reappeared in even greater glory after his temporary eclipse; that, once again, he obtained an ascendancy over his fellow-countrymen; that he succeeded in establishing among them a religious system, in which some of the most prominent and important of the Christian doctrines were metamorphosed or clumsily dovetailed in with certain tenets of his own invention, and with odds and ends borrowed from other sources; that, for a century, this hybrid heresy struggled hard with Christianity for the mastery in the district of Samaria;—are probabilities which may be accepted both on *à priori* grounds, and on the evidence of the earliest, best authenticated, and most credible traditions.

It has been already noticed that Simon's earlier teaching may have been influenced by Alexandrian Gnosticism, so that we are not unprepared for the presence of Gnostic ideas and technicalities in that heresy which the Fathers ascribe to the Magus. It was at one time the prevailing opinion, based upon the almost unanimous testimony of the patristic writers, that in Simon we have the founder of that very heresy which Paul and John combatted in their Epistles to the Churches of Proconsular Asia. But such a view appears to us to be destitute of historical foundation, and contrary to all probability.

We have only space enough to express our dissent from, and not to discuss, such a conjecture. As to the character of this strange system, it is difficult, if not impossible, to give our readers any clear or coherent conception of it, for the summaries of it given in the writings of the various Greek and Latin Fathers are extremely vague and confusing. It appears, however, that Simon taught: That there had been several emanations from the Supreme God, but that he was the highest and most perfect of all, being, in fact, the Father Himself manifested in the form of a man, though, in reality, still immortal and immaterial. He had come into the world for the purpose of seeking his lost sheep—his "first conception"—a woman named Helena. This person appears to have been his paramour, but, lest such a connection should appear too glaringly inconsistent with his assumption of a visionary and incorporeal existence, it was veiled over with this daring fiction. Helena was associated with himself in the worship of his followers, for they were taught to regard her as his "first conception," by whom he had, at first, created the angels; but they had, nevertheless, rebelled against him, had created the world in defiance of him, and had deluded mankind by means of the Jewish law and prophets; their most heinous offence, however, being that of abducting their mother, and translating her soul from one body to another through the ages, so that it was she who, in the person of Helena, had been the cause of the Trojan war; since then her fate had been sad, she had been degraded lower and lower, until he had come to seek her, and had found her in the streets of Tyre. But now, that she had been restored to him, he intended, by her instrumentality, to deliver mankind from the bondage of the angels.

Such in brief was Simon's system according to the Fathers. Its basis was clearly Gnostic; but many of its ideas are traceable to Christianity, while here and there it is possible to detect an admixture of heathen mythology. In other respects it aspired to the favour of mankind by laying no restrictions in the way of moral obligations. It demanded no self-denial, no separation from the world or from idolatrous customs, no rigid obedience to principles, which might involve scorn and persecution. It made a direct bid for Samaritan favour, for its founder was a native of the district, and it declared itself against the arrogant claims of a hated rival race which boasted itself the sole repository of the law and oracles of God. And we have reason to believe that this bid was effectual in obtaining the suffrages of Simon's fellow-countrymen, and that for a hundred years or more, this heresy was the most formidable local obstacle in the way of the Gospel. Three quarters of a century after Simon's time a Christian writer, a native of Shechem, the Apologist and Martyr, Justin—bears witness that, although he himself had "despised that wicked and deceitful doctrine," yet nearly all his compatriots believed in Simon, and worshipped him as a God.

But the false religion was only of palmchrist growth, and the elements of decay were in it from the first. It had no depth of soil, rooted only in the shallow self-indulgence of its adherents; it had no vigorous principles thrusting themselves deep down into the national life and individual heart; it offered no attraction to earnest seekers after God and truth, for it fell short even of the standard of the heathen philosophies, lacking, as it did, the stimulus of any lofty ideal. But, while it lasted, it caused no little dismay and indignation to earnest Christians, for it appears from Justin's emphatic protests, that the heathen around, in malice or ignorance, classed the followers of Christ and of Simon together, and thus the former came to be evil spoken of by reason of the false doctrines and wicked practices of the latter. In Origen's day, however, that is, in the earlier half of the

third century, we learn that it would be difficult to find as many as thirty professed followers of Simon even in Palestine, while elsewhere his very name would have been unknown but for the writings of Christians. A hundred years before this, another author, Hegesippus, refers to Simon as the founder of one of the seven sects among the Jews, that is, in Palestine. But, in the interval between those independent witnesses, Justin Martyr had given prominence to his notorious compatriot, and he was followed and copied by other fathers, who made no allowance for Justin's perspective. Hence, we believe, arose those exaggerated opinions of the character and influence of the Magus which held their place until recent criticism demanded a re-examination of the case. And this re-examination, we are convinced, disentitles the Samaritan sorcerer not only to any claim to actual participation in the romantic adventures of the later legends, but even to the rank of Heresiarch, outside the narrow limits of the district in which Philip found him at work. At the same time, though we repudiate as distorted and mistaken many of the assertions of tradition in this matter, and many of the hypotheses based upon them, we believe that the earliest traditions, carefully sifted, *do* afford us a credible and probable clue to the sequel of the sorcerer's career, and that a study of them reveals some of the unconsidered difficulties with which the Apostles of the Christian Faith had to cope.

J. M. G. OWEN.

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

CHAPTER VII.—MARGARETA'S SPINNING.

THE next day was the first of November, a great festival and holiday, when all Catholic houses of work were sure to be closed, and even Protestants felt it politic to keep themselves as much as possible in the background by conforming to the general custom. They had frequently experienced the savagery of mobs returning from religious services, inspired by a holy zeal for their church which prompted them to sack the houses of the heretics. Knowing that Simon's warehouse entrance would be closed to all comers, Bertrand made his way to a small postern door and there gained admittance. He was eager to lay before his friends all the reasons he had for their leaving Valenciennes without delay.

"Are they at home, Rosa?" asked the young man of the old servant, with whom it may be said he was a prime favourite.

"Aye, surely, always at home to true friends," answered she, preparing to conduct him through a labyrinth of passages which led from the basement to the front of the house.

The answer was somewhat vague, so that Bertrand was scarcely prepared to find Margareta by herself when he entered the sitting-room. There she was, however, quite alone. A large wood fire blazed in the ample fire-place, casting a gleaming light over the different objects in the room. She had been spinning, and her wheel with its load of snowy wool stood beside her, the slender thread still in her left hand; but the wheel was silent, Margareta had been day-dreaming. She was dressed in a dark green velvet gown, and about her waist was a silver cord, having a large housewife's pocket attached to it. She started up and looked somewhat confused at Bertrand's unexpected entrance.

"My father and mother, whom you have come to see, are both away," she said, as she gave him her hand in greeting.

Bertrand apparently did not find that the absence of Margareta's parents made his visit altogether bootless. He respectfully kissed her hand and said, "I have come to tell you that I left your reverend friend safe last night."

Margareta turned a bright glance towards him; the image of the minister thus brought to her mind set all her thoughts into a new channel. She was no longer self-conscious and embarrassed, as she was when her thoughts dwelt upon herself or Bertrand.

"And do you think," she asked, "that he is safer where he is than we could have made him?"

"Yes," answered Bertrand very decidedly, for he did not wish her again to entertain the idea that the minister might with safety to himself remain under her father's roof. "You are known to be ——" he hesitated.

"Heretics," said Margareta smiling; "it is not a term of reproach to us, but it is rather one of glorious significance.

"I hate the word," said Bertrand vehemently, "heretics are wicked people, and you—why, you are so good, so pure, you are fit to be a saint. I wish you would teach me to be good."

Margareta who had been gazing at the fire while Bertrand was speaking, now turned quickly towards him as he uttered these last words. She clasped her hands together with an eager gesture and said—"Oh, if you would, if you could but come to the Truth! It would be such a joy to me—to all who know you," she added, hastily correcting herself; but the young man had caught the pronoun, and was storing it up in his memory along with what she had said to the minister the night before.

"Will you not talk to our minister?" the

young girl continued in deep earnestness. "He is so wise, so good, he could explain all to you, while I am so ignorant."

"No," replied Bertrand looking straight at her, thinking how lovely was the flushed face with the dark grave eyes. "I think I could learn better from you, if you would teach me."

"How gladly would I talk with you, if I were only wiser and knew what to say; but I am only an ignorant girl. I can only tell you I am so happy feeling myself near to the Lord. I may pray to Him, and lay open my heart to Him, I have no need to approach Him through the priests."

"Ah, yes, that is indeed a good thing," said Bertrand, "I don't think these priests are always holy men. Friar Philip is not very like Christ, he is always preaching destruction to heretics and hatred towards them; his religion has a great deal more of wrath than love in it."

"Yes, it is so," said Margareta sadly, "many are like that, they forget that they were told to love their fellow-creatures. Oh, how they have fallen away from the truth!"

Sadness seemed to take possession of her, and she remained silent. Bertrand did not interrupt her reverie, he was quite happy in being near her; it was not necessary for words to be continually passing between them, their thoughts sometimes held inaudible but yet intelligent converse together.

"Will you not come to the preaching?" she asked at last, "the minister speaks—oh, so beautifully. You will hear no denunciation or words of hatred from him, his heart overflows with love. He is a true Christian; come at least and hear—oh, come!"

There was a pleading ring of great tenderness in Margareta's voice as she uttered these words, which came from her heart; the great desire of her soul had been that Bertrand should be led to the Truth. She prayed for him often and fervently in the secrecy of her own chamber; to the young man himself her tone and manner had an irresistible attraction, so he replied—

"Yes, I will come."

Margareta rose from her seat, and held out her hand to him saying—"Let me be the first to welcome the new-comer. You will be one of us, I know you will. When once you see the Light of Truth, you will not turn away from it. You will go on and on, ever receiving new faith, new joy at each step. You have been a soldier among men, you will be a soldier of the Lord."

The young girl's beautiful eyes shone with an almost divine light, and Bertrand felt as he did when making his vows of knighthood. He seemed to himself to be entering upon a new life and swearing allegiance to a new leader. As he held Margareta's hand in his, he thought it would be easy to follow such a leader to the ends of the earth. She too felt it to be a solemn moment. Both stood silent for some moments, then a sound of steps recalled them to everyday life.

"It is my father returning," she said, as Bertrand let go her hand, and she moved to the door to open it for her parents. These latter were not a little surprised at finding Margareta and Bertrand alone in the twilight. But her mind had been filled with thoughts far too elevating to leave any room for self-consciousness as she said quite simply and naturally:

"The sieur de Swarte came some time ago to say that he had left the minister last night safe at the house of Burgher Mallart, and we have been talking together until you should come."

Now Simon liked the young knight very much, and it had been in his mind that the latter could protect and care for his daughter, were he to be taken from her, so that the thought of Bertrand's marrying her had been a very distinct one indeed to him for some time past; nevertheless, he was scarcely satisfied that they should have twilight talks together. However, he did not show any displeasure, but greeted Bertrand with his usual cordiality, and bade him stay to the evening meal with them.

Margareta put away her spinning-wheel, which, it must be confessed, had not done much work all that afternoon, and proceeded to set forth the supper according to her usual habit. When all was ready, she said: "Father, your seat is placed," which was her way of announcing a meal, and they sat down to the table.

"We have been with the brethren to-day," said Simon, "and some among them are sore alarmed. The coming of Peter Titelmann is like the breaking of a wolf into the sheep-fold."

"Ah, you say truly," replied Bertrand, who was anxious to lead the elder man's thoughts into that channel, in order to urge upon him the necessity of leaving a country where such danger threatened. "Titelmann never comes idly; he is always the herald of some deed of blood."

Dame Alice sighed deeply, and Simon looked very grave.

"We have dread cause to know that," said the mother. "His coming has ever brought sorrow and tribulation. God deliver the house 'gainst which he raises his hand. His message of wrath was to *us* the last time he crossed our path."

Bertrand started, and turned slightly pale.

"What say you?" cried he. "Does the fiend then know your house in that way? Has he ever laid his bloody hand upon your family?"

"Aye," said Simon, "my beloved brother was cast into the flames by him."

"Then," said Bertrand, "what I had in my mind must be spoken at once. I came here this day with the intention of urging upon you to leave Valenciennes. It is no longer a safe abode for those of the reformed faith."

That expression, slight in itself, marked an epoch in Bertrand's mental life. Hitherto he had always spoken of them as heretics or Huguenots. Now he said "the reformed faith." It showed that he had made a great step towards the new belief when he spoke of it as the "reformed" one. The phrase necessarily involved the assumption that the old faith was in need of reform. Bertrand was himself conscious of the new form of expression and dimly felt that it resulted from a new attitude of mind.

"Now that you tell me your house is already known to Titelmann," he said continuing, "it is indeed time to take thought for your safety.

Oh, fly, ere he devastate that house a second time."

Bertrand turned his eyes towards Dame Colberg as being the one most likely to be open to the influence of fear. Simon was a man, and Margareta he already knew could be swayed only by her fear for others.

"We fled from Tournay hither," replied Simon, "and we have been left in peace ever since. Are we again to be driven forth, think ye?"

"God grant it may prove an idle fear," answered Bertrand, "but I have been very uneasy these two days. There are mutterings in the air, and the Spanish soldiers have let fall many a gibe since the Inquisitor came. I have heard myself called 'Heretics' Friend' several times of late. I am proud of the title," said the young man meeting Margareta's full sweet glance, "but it sounds ominous, I fear."

"There is no peace in the land for God's people," said Colberg, looking sadly before him.

"But there are countries where a man may worship God according to his own conscience," answered Bertrand, determined to strike while the iron was hot. "There are countries where one may live in peace, where the Inquisition does not dog one's steps. England is such a country."

"England!" exclaimed Margareta, speaking for the first time. "Oh, England is very far away. We should never again see our friends, the minister or any one, if we were to go to England."

"Yes, it is far away, I know," answered Bertrand, "but it is better to go there and not see one's friends than to be snatched away from them here by a horrible death."

"Aye, daughter, the knight speaks truth. Our brother was urged to fly to England, but he stayed and then came Titelmann."

"I have heard," said Bertrand, "that the English queen holds out all possible advantages to handicraftsmen if they will settle within her kingdom, and set up their looms."

"So men say," answered Simon, and again he relapsed into a reverie.

"There is a fine career also open for young sailors, but soldiers are in less request, the Princess loves not war," remarked Bertrand.

"Are you going to England, then?" asked Margareta, thinking, perhaps, that in such case it was less distant than it seemed at first.

"It may chance that I shall," replied Bertrand. "I would give my life to my country did she need it, but I have little love for Philip of Spain, our king. There is no work here fit for a soldier. Standing guard over peaceable men and women, and then seeing them burned and strangled for religion's sake, are scarcely deeds of valour for knights who have vowed to aid the oppressed, and succour the defenceless. I am sick of such doings. We Flemings don't pull well in harness with the Spaniards. If it were to fight them now—ah! that were different."

Bertrand's eyes gleamed dangerously as he uttered these last words. If, indeed, the time ever came to fight the Spaniards, it would go hard with any who chanced to meet that blue-eyed cavalier in a fair field. There was a deadly hatred of the foreign masters lying deep down in the heart of the ordinarily gentle Fleming, which might, under provocation, flame up into daring acts of vengeance against them, should war ever break out between the two peoples.

"I must go now," said Bertrand at length when the evening meal was over, "and I pray you bear in mind what we have been talking about. To-morrow I am leaving Valenciennes for some days. I am ordered to go to the Château de Montéval to convey home some stores. When I come back I hope you will have decided upon going to England."

Simon did not answer, but turned towards the door, Bertrand moved near to Margareta and said in a low voice as he bade her farewell: "If you go away, I shall follow, so you would see a friend in England sometimes. You call me a friend, do you not?"

The young girl did not reply with her lips, but she looked up at him for an instant with a smile and a slight blush which was no doubt found satisfactory and intelligible by her questioner. Having bidden Dame Colberg adieu, Bertrand followed after Simon whom he found standing in the centre of the hall downstairs.

"'Tis a fair store," he said to Bertrand pointing to his well-filled shelves, "and I meant to leave it all to the wench; but, if we fly, I'll e'en have to leave it behind to be seized and wasted by our enemies."

"No," returned the young man, "not so. If you wait till the storm breaks, why then, of course, you must save yourself as best you may; but if you prepare beforehand you need lose but little. Take your bales into a safe place before the Inquisitors are at the door, that when they do come they may find an empty ware-room and a cold hearth."

"Young men talk lightly of going to foreign lands. Their blood moves swifter than ours. We gladly stay by the old fireside among people who understand our tongue. Would God we were safe!" exclaimed Simon as he opened the door for his guest.

"Aye, safe in England," replied the young soldier.

Simon looked after him as he moved away at a brisk pace.

"A kindly heart," he muttered, "and a stout arm. Methought the child looked often towards him this evening. He could defend her, if the mother and I were torn away."

And then as the image of his daughter left all alone forced itself painfully upon his mind he exclaimed in a broken voice:

"My child, oh, my child! Would God thou wert safe!" Deep down in his heart there came the echo of Bertrand's words saying, "Aye, safe in England!"

DAY DREAMS.

Lettice and Kate.

"I ONLY wish I was rich and grand,"
Said merry Kate as she sat by the sea,
Mending the nets with a ready hand.
"O that a fortune was left to me!
And that there was no more work to do,
But a carriage waiting for me and you!

"You know folks say 'When the ship comes home,'
Yet our ships bring us but daily bread:
I wish they went to some desert isle
And brought us rubies and pearls instead;—
That father was made a duke or lord,
Who all we wanted could well afford!"

Then answered Lettice, so still and sweet,
"I sometimes wish I was wealthy too,
For in a world of such woe and want,
There seems so much for the rich to do.
I dream of blessings my gold should win
For those I'd rescue from need or sin."

Ah me, that was thirty years ago,
And now Kate sits on the sands no more,
But lives in a city's gloom and glow,
For days of labour have long been o'er:
Kate walks in the gloaming of middle life,
A great inventor's respected wife.

Has gold brought the bliss she dreamed it would?
Her face is furrowed with fret and care;
Her spouse is kind and her home is grand,
Yet is she often repining there!
The wealth she wished for herself alone,
Lies on her life like a churchyard stone.

But Lettice still toils for daily bread,
Goes in and out 'mid the sad and lone,
And serves them with heart and hand and head,
And makes their struggles and hopes her own.
Her dreamed-of blessings her heart has won,
For what could gold do, which Love has not done?

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

A DAY AT CANTON.[1]

HONGKONG is all very well as regards scenery, but necessarily lacks variety, and one gets tired of looking at the same hills and water every day, even through the wonderfully clear atmosphere of this time of the year. I am coming to the conclusion that the heat of Hongkong has been very much exaggerated, and that so far from being extreme in summer it is one of the coolest places for its latitude. The highest temperature in my room last year was 88° and that only on a few days; this year (1887) it has not been above 86°, while at Manila and other places on the mainland to the south it is often up to 90° even in winter. The drawback to this climate, for some people, is the humidity, and of course this makes a low degree of heat less tolerable than a much higher one in a dry climate; for instance, 80° with a saturated atmosphere is more oppressive than a dry heat at 100°, and the former is often experienced here in summer. The really warm weather only lasts about five months, from the middle of May to the middle of October, and during the remainder of the twelve months the climate is quite cool, and at times cold. My thermometer at present (9 P.M.) is 83°, and writing with only a thin gauze vest and white trousers on, I am quite cool, though the absence of the punkah makes a great difference.

We started at 8 A.M. on Whit Monday for a sail to Canton in cool and cloudy weather with a strong N.E. breeze. The boats are most comfortable, they are large and airy, with a capital saloon on deck, surrounded by a verandah, and having an upper deck on top. They are only suited to river traffic, and are worked by an old-fashioned beam-engine, the beam of which oscillates on the upper deck. I was much struck with the wonderful cleanliness of the boat we went up in, one could literally have eaten off the deck. The first part of the passage was through the numerous islands that stud this part of the coast on one side of the estuary of the Canton River. The rain which set in prevented us from seeing much of the scenery of this part. About noon it cleared, and we found ourselves approaching the narrow entrance to the north mouth of the river, which is separated by a large delta from the larger or west mouth. The entrance is well fortified, judging from the number of guns mounted; and there is, moreover, a little higher up, at Whampoa, a barricade thrown across, originally intended to prevent the French from coming up, but not removed, although the circumstances which rendered such precautions necessary no longer exist. However, they have been good enough to leave a passage way for vessels, which they kindly light up at night; but the trade with Canton is too small to be much inconvenienced by the obstruction.

Whampoa, about fifteen miles below Canton, was once a thriving port, and is still the residence of a vice-consul, though it has sunk to an insignificant village.

Leaving Whampoa after only a minute's stay, we steamed up the river, now pretty narrow,

[1] The following communication reaches us from a correspondent some years resident in Hongkong.

between flat banks extending for miles inland to the hills in the distance. These banks are given up to the cultivation of rice or "paddy" as it is called, and the beautiful green of the young crops is very refreshing to the eye. Many of the fields are surrounded by plantain hedges which have a pretty effect. We passed one or two pagodas, one especially noticeable on account of its great height, and the shrubs or rather trees growing out of its walls and on the top. These pagodas are mostly of great age, their walls are immensely thick, and they are built in storeys, between which, however, there is no means of communication. They are not temples, but merely landmarks, and are supposed to watch over and protect the land in their immediate neighbourhood.

The first object in Canton that met our eyes some eight or ten miles off, was the French cathedral, a handsome and lofty building with two steeples, which is right in the heart of the city, and I believe was erected on a sacred spot, much to the disgust of the Chinese. Now, however, they are said to be more reconciled to it, and even connect the two towers with the ram's horns with which the origin of the city is connected (it is called the city of rams). The cathedral towers far above everything else in the place, and is in fact the only object visible until within a short distance of the city. On near approach one gradually becomes conscious of the existence of a large town, and notices several tower-like buildings scattered about the place which one at first takes for fortifications, but which turn out to be *pawnshops!* These buildings are quite an institution in China, they are the depositories of a Chinaman's valuables, including his best clothes which only appear on New Year's day. They are therefore built of stone and of a great height, so as to render them fireproof.

After threading our way through scores of sampans, house-boats, cargo-boats, &c., which throng the riverside, we at last arrived at the wharf and disembarked. Canton is built entirely on one side of the river (here about a mile wide); but an island in the middle of the stream is thickly populated, and is really part of the city, though called by a different name.

Let me give you a short description of the different boats that one sees in the rivers in China. There is the junk, or cargo-boat, a huge unwieldly structure with high poop and bow, closely resembling the ancient style of warship. They are propelled by large sails rigged Chinese fashion, with ribs of bamboo across them, and manage to get through the water at a very fair rate of speed. Then there is the opposite extreme: the slipper boat, so called from its shape, which is only for river traffic, and can accommodate painfully one or two passengers; these boats are propelled from the stern by oars, and can shoot along at a tremendous rate, as they, like all Chinese boats, are flat bottomed. The house-boats, something like a floating circus-van, are, I believe, very comfortable. They are principally for passenger traffic, and in them one can travel for days in comfort without any of the inconveniences and fatigue of land journeying. Rivers and canals are at present the great means of communication with the interior of China, and will probably continue so until the advent of railways which will simply revolutionise the country. The great feature of a Chinese city on a river is the vastness of the floating population which at Canton is between 50,000 and 60,000, the population of the city being one and a half millions.

On landing we were conducted to "Shameen," an island conceded by the Chinese for European settlements. It is severed from the city by a canal, while the river runs on two sides of it. The island is well laid out with avenues of trees and public gardens, and the houses are substantial, and of course thoroughly European, as no Chinese live there. The contrast between this quiet spot, with its bund facing the river, its tennis-courts, &c., and the vast Chinese city close at hand, is very striking.

In order to economise our time we paid a visit the same afternoon to the island in the middle of the river, where are the principal tea-houses, and also a large Buddhist temple and monastery. The process of preparing the tea for export could be seen from the newly-imported leaf to the roasted article packed in the next chest for export. The scenting of what is known as scented tea is done by mixing the leaves with the petals of a white flower of delicious odour which is brought down from the country in large quantities for the purpose. The fragrance of the tea-houses was a pleasant change after the various odours in the stuffy streets. The temple had little of note about it besides its extent and general cleanliness (which seems to be the exception in Chinese temples). The figures of the different presiding genii which graced the entrance, as well as the three Buddhas at the shrine, are of colossal proportions. The priests or monks, of whom there are a large number, are a middle-sized, lean-looking set of men with heads perfectly shaven, and dressed in dingy tunics, except when at worship, when they don a yellow shawl. There was a service while we were there; only the priests were present, arranged in two bodies facing each other on either side of the shrine. The worship consisted of a kind of litany monotoned by the whole body, closed by a procession three times round the chapel. The gardens belonging to the temple are very large and are devoted chiefly to kitchen produce. We saw some lovely lotus flowers in a pond in the grounds, the flowers about twice the size of one's fist, and of a delicate pink colour and delicious smell. Two other features of the place were the crematorium at one extremity of the enclosure which was simply an outhouse without a roof; and the sacred swine: these animals are well kept, and are allowed to die of old age!

That evening at Shameen was simply perfect; it was full moon and delightfully cool and clear, and the place looked lovely. I may mention that I saw fireflies for the first time on that evening; one was caught in a handkerchief and gave out quite a strong phosphorescent light from the tail. Next day was gloriously fine and cool, and we started about 9.30 to explore the city, which we managed to do pretty well. The streets or rather alleys, for they are nothing more, are all extremely

narrow, about the width of a London pavement, while most of them have planks and lattice work thrown across from one roof to another to keep the sun out, so that they are pretty cool. There is no wheeled traffic in the place, everything and everybody being carried on men's shoulders, and in this respect Canton is a great contrast to Hongkong. After walking about four miles through interminable alleys and having a look at some of the silk factories, where the beautiful work they turn out is all made by rude hand looms, we came to the English Concession in the heart of the city, where the Consul has his official residence. This place is completely cut off from the surrounding population by a high wall, and is a perfect oasis in the midst of a desert of houses. It contains some fine trees, and the ruins of an ancient palace, and has a beautiful little deer park attached to it, in the middle of which is a mound with a summer-house, which gives one the idea of the most perfect seclusion from the outer world. Everything is so quiet in this charming spot that it is impossible to realise the propinquity of a large population.

After a look at a pagoda close by, which is of great age, and has a beautiful outline, we repaired to a Chinese eating-house and indulged in a native tiffin, chopsticks and all. The "chow" was very good after one had got over first prejudices, and the tea which accompanied it was delicious, though of so pale a colour, that I am afraid most people at home would condemn it at once as "wash." The chopsticks required instruction, but after a little practice we managed to convey to our mouths quite sufficient to satisfy the inner man. The "chow" consisted of dumplings containing mince-meat, roast chicken in pieces, rice, and small squares of jelly. The absence of bread is a want to which I suppose one would soon get reconciled. After the meal they brought us each a bowl of warm water and a napkin for ablutionary purposes, also pipes for those who wished for them. The Chinese pipes have a chamber in the bowl which is filled with water, through which the smoke passes up the stem, thus preventing the juice from passing as well; of course one has to be careful not to draw too vigorously, otherwise the consequences might be serious.

After tiffin we paid a visit to the city temple which is in the most crowded part, and the approaches to which are thronged by fortune-tellers, and people of all classes. In a room close by a Buddhist scholar was preaching Confucius to a large and attentive audience. Near the entrance to the temple are a series of little rooms depicting by life-size figures the "Inferno" of the Buddhist religion, and exhibiting the torments of the lost in painfully realistic "wax-works" or rather "tableaux." Before the shrine with its three figures were several women engaged in prayer. These people have a curious way of ascertaining whether their petitions have been answered or not: they take two semi-circular pieces of bamboo, and throw them up three times; if they fall both in the same way it is a favourable sign, but if not, more joss papers and incense sticks must be burnt until the desired sign is obtained, when the petitioner goes away happy. There is always a vessel containing sandal-wood burning before the altar, and quantities of incense sticks ready for the worshippers to burn.

We next visited the Emperor's temple which is only opened for worship once a year on his birthday, and which presents at all other times a most untidy appearance. We managed to get a glimpse through a hoarding of the Emperor's tablet which is suspended over the altar, and to which homage is paid every year by all the grandness of Canton; it is a piece of blackwood, about 6 or 8 feet long and 2 feet wide, covered with gold characters. We had, unfortunately, no time to see the Examination Hall, and other sights of the place which would have required another day; so these were reserved for our next visit.

We left the city that evening by the river boat, and arrived at Hongkong about eight the next morning. The steam down the river in the moonlight and the beauties of the sunrise next morning formed a delightful termination of a most enjoyable visit.

T.

NOT OUT.

"LOTS of new boys this term!" exclaimed Robert Ainsworth, in rather a loud whisper to the possessor of the desk next to his own, on the first day of his return to college after the Easter vacation, looking round the large class-room as he spoke, and curiously eyeing the new-comers.

"Lots," repeated his companion, raising his head for a moment from the paper before him.

Seated near the head-master's table, and awaiting their turn to be told off to the different classes, the arrivals in question did not appear to be much at their ease, and were evidently examining their future associates with some interest.

A little later on, when the boys were up for their mathematical lesson, utterly regardless of the problem that was being chalked upon the blackboard by the master, Robert continued to stare idly about him, until amongst the four new boys that had just been drafted into his class, one in particular attracted his notice.

Charlie Durnford was a lad of some sixteen years, Robert's own age. He had a kindly, honest face, and strong, muscular frame. Unlike Robert, however, his whole attention was fixed upon the work he had to do; his large, intelligent eyes followed eagerly every word traced before them, and he appeared to be entirely unconscious of the presence of any one near him.

To Robert such unremitting zeal was a novel study, and he set his brain to wonder how it could possibly be, that a boy should, on the very first day of his entrance, work away as if he had a slave-driver behind him. Day

after day passed, however, and whatever class they happened to be in, there was Charlie still industrious as ever, and always eagerly intent upon what he was doing.

The new scholar, contrary to the habit of most of the others, joined but little in the games, generally returning to the boarding-house in which he lived as soon as school broke up, and reappearing only when work had to begin again. As time went on, his continued industry appeared to have an irritating effect upon Robert.

"He is a regular swat, and can't so much as handle a bat!" he exclaimed to a chum, as Charlie with a good-natured nod passed into the school before the two.

"That he is!"

"Can't we take a rise out of him?" suggested Robert.

The other laughed. "It would be a capital joke," he said.

An opportunity was soon afforded for the carrying out of their amiable intentions.

Two or three weeks later a cricket match was to come off between the boys in the boarding-house in which lived Robert Ainsworth, and those in the one inhabited by Charlie.

It was a half-holiday; the boys turned out in excellent spirits. Robert was captain of his eleven; his side won the toss, went in, and the contest was soon a lively one. To the surprise of many, more especially of Robert, there stood Charlie Durnford watching the game with evident interest. It had not proceeded very long before one of the boys fielding was struck by a ball and obliged to leave the ground. A bright thought suggested itself to Robert.

"Here, swat!" he shouted, addressing himself to Charlie, "here's room for you. Come and field in Harry's place; the captain will let you if you ask him." There was a contemptuous smile on his face as he said the words.

Charlie hesitated.

"Come along, don't be afraid!" continued his tormentor.

Just then the captain was in consultation with two or three of his side, as to whom to select in the place of the absentee. Charlie went up to him and offered his services.

"Can you play?" he asked in surprise.

"I can," was the unhesitating reply.

"Well, we'll try you;" and in another moment, after pulling off his coat, Charlie strode forward and took the absent lad's place.

To the no small astonishment of Robert, who was one of the best cricketers at the college, and who had a keen eye for every defect in his comrades' play, Charlie's fielding was of no mean order from the first. As the game proceeded, it could be termed nothing less than brilliant, and more than one hearty "Well fielded" and "Well caught" burst from the players and lookers-on.

When the eleven were out, Robert, who was always accustomed to be number one, feeling for the first time perhaps a little curious, called out once more—

"You fluked it this time! Why not let him have his innings?" he went on sarcastically.

No notice was at first taken of this suggestion; but three wickets having fallen rapidly for very few runs, the captain came up to Charlie.

"Can you bat?" he asked rather anxiously.

"I have batted before now," was the reply.

"Here, take my bat then," said the other, handing it to him.

Charlie took it from him, walked quietly up to the wicket, and placed himself in front of it.

Much curiosity was manifested as to the capabilitities of the new batsman; but soon curiosity was turned to admiration, when, after a steady little play, Charlie began to get his eye in, and to hit freely about him. The score rapidly rose to the no small delight of his own side, whilst cheer after cheer re-echoed through the playground.

Soon, however, Charlie's partner was cleverly caught. The remaining six batsmen were disposed of in due course, after more or less success, and Charlie triumphantly carried his bat out for a heavy score.

From that moment Charlie Durnford rose high in the estimation of Robert Ainsworth, though why so good a cricketer should be such a "swat" was a greater puzzle to the latter than ever. Feeling a little ashamed of his previous utterances about him, Robert resolved to solve the riddle if possible, and one day questioned him as to his refusal to join in future matches.

"I have no time to play," was Charlie's reply.

"No time!" echoed Robert. "I can make as much as I like."

He then learnt from Charlie that his father, a clergyman, had died only a year or two previously; that he had a widowed mother, and five sisters all younger than himself, and that his object in life was to become their support. He was studying for the Indian Civil Service, and most anxious to pass for it as quickly as possible. He did not tell him, however, that he was an ardent lover of cricket, and that he had to exercise constant self-control in the execution of what he considered a most sacred duty.

Charlie adhered firmly to his principles of self-denial. He took part in no more matches, and at the end of two years went up from college to his examination, and passed first on the list.

With Robert matters were different. He, too, was destined for the Civil Service for India, and his parents were anxiously looking forward to his passing a successful examination. Six months after Charlie had left college, it was his turn to go up; but, alas, although not wanting in ability, he was hopelessly plucked.

What was to be done? There was nothing for it but to send him at once to a clergyman in the country to be coached for some months' time. The Rev. William Clevelands was found to undertake this task, and Robert was soon on his way to Wanston Vicarage.

Although quite prepared to dislike the vicar to whose care he had been confided, Robert's animosity was soon disarmed by the kindness of the reception given to him. As he looked from the dining-room window, across the broad sweep of lawn, into the hill-girt meadows beyond, a murmur of admiration escaped him.

"Not half a bad place this, after all," he thought. "I daresay a fellow could be happy enough here."

"I will call my nephew," said the clergyman, after about a quarter of an hour's interview. "He only arrived on a visit to us about an hour ago. You must make friends." So saying, he left the room.

Robert was in no particular humour for making another new acquaintance just then; but on the return of Mr. Clevelands, he was in duty bound to come forward and greet his nephew.

What was the surprise of the former to find that the lads were no strangers to each other; his sister's son being no other than Charlie Durnford.

At the expiration of his time, Charlie who had obtained a good appointment left to complete his preliminary studies; but previous to his doing so, during his stay at Wanston, he steadily helped his friend both by example and personal aid.

Nor was cricket forgotten by the kind vicar as a wholesome recreation; yet Robert learnt to feel somehow, without a word being said on the subject, that no game ought to be a lad's first consideration when at college, and that self-denial is a great and noble virtue, a tribute of gratitude acceptable in our Heavenly Father's eyes.

After Charlie left he continuously strove to exercise the same self-control as he had done during the time of his companionship with him. In due course he passed his examination, and afterwards went out to India.

The two men are now stationed near each other. Robert, like Charlie Durnford, has become a judge, and he is never tired of telling his friends that he owes his success in life to the example and kindness of the college chum whom he once designated by the non-euphonious appellation of "swat."

MRS. HENRY CREWE.

Things New and Old.

THE FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE SOUTH SEAS.—Upon the accession of a new chief on the island of Mangaia it was customary for "the wise men" to charge him to rule well in the following terms:—

Auā ei vuu te rango="Let not the flies (=the serf population) be swept away."

Auā ei ngaae te rauika="Let not a banana leaf be split," i.e., Let not the State (symbolised by a newly-opened banana leaf[1]) be rent by a breath of discord.

Should the paramount chief hear of any trouble, he would visit in state that district and, after the usual feasting, address the under-chiefs in the following terms: "Prop up my rule, not with rotten sticks, but with ironwood. Let this palm grow tall, and not soon be felled. Therefore have I come, with your help, to make peace," &c. At the commencement of each reign the paramount chief planted cocoa-nuts as a visible token of his authority. The hope was that these young palms would be permitted to grow on and bear fruit for many a long year. By the phrase, "Let this palm grow tall," he means, "Let my rule over you long endure."

In a letter lying before me Ioane pathetically says: "My chief food as I live here day by day is tears, as I am compelled to watch the unchecked growth of evil." This is not, as some might imagine, a reference to Jeremiah ix. 1, but a very ancient proverbial expression, denoting intense grief. In their classic laments for the dead this phrase is of frequent occurrence.

At Rarotonga a dying man will say to his friends, "The reef is nearly dry,"[2] i.e., death is near. The idea is, the tide is running out, leaving the coral reef dry.

When a serious quarrel is being composed, a friend of both parties will exhort both the aggrieved "To bale out the canoe,"[3] i.e., "Out with all your grievances, so that peace may be made."

At Rarotonga a tenant-at-will is called an *unga*, i.e., a tiny tuber of the indigenous arrowroot, or of the "teve" plant[4]; the big tuber or corm being the chief or real owner of the soil.

In the olden times at Rarotonga, if a man were killed, an inquiry would be instituted by the elders of the tribe, the slayer being required to confess by whose authority the deed was done. The interrogator first demanded, By the *loins* (slapping that region), i.e., common people? The answer would probably be, No. The inquiry would next be, By the *ribs* (slapping his sides), i.e., lesser chiefs? The reply would again be, No. Lastly it would be demanded, By the *head* (touching his head), i.e., the supreme chief or king? If the reply came, "Yes, by the head," no further notice would be taken and no vengeance exacted.

Queen Makea once said to me, "Your word is medicine. Should any sickness (=evil) grow in any part of the island, go quickly and cure it. If I myself become sick, heal me" =if I err, set me right).

In preaching to Polynesians it is well to imitate the example of Him who "spake unto the multitudes in parables; and without a parable spake He not unto them." —*W. Wyatt Gill.*

[1] Of exquisite delicacy, split by the gentlest zephyr.
[2] Kua rikiriki te tai.
[3] Kua tata i te riu i te vaak.
[4] *Amorphophallus campanulatus.*

ONE CORN OF WHEAT makes many; one wee stone
Strikes countless dimpling rings upon the lake;
One act of love abideth not alone,
But love begetting love, for love's dear sake
Makes barren hearts a garden, where God's praise
Breathes perfume through earth's weary nights and days.

M. E. B.

"The Lord is thy Sun."

O LORD, Thou art not fickle,
As man is wont to be:
Who halts and doubts and changes,
And sometimes trusteth Thee.

But Thou art ever constant,
Like Thy sure sun on high,
That floods the earth with blessing,
Though clouds may hide the sky.

These clouds that rise and gather
Between ourselves and Thee,
Are but the shifting vapour
Of our inconstancie.

Though from us Thou art hidden,
With darkness—to our shame—
'Tis we ourselves have covered:
Thy Face is there the same.

As pours the sun for ever
Its gracious influence round,
Cleansing the dome of Heaven,
Drying the humid ground;

So, Lord, shine Thou upon us,
Put Thou our mists to rout;
Beam on our stagnant vapours,
Burn up our sloughs of doubt.

E. S.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. IV.—p. 368.

Then the king made Daniel a great man, and gave him many great gifts, and made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon, and chief of the governors over all the wise men of Babylon.—*Dan.* ii. 48.

(1) Dan. ii. 48; (2) Ezekiel xiv. 14; Gen. v. 25–29; (3) Mark xiii. 14; (4) 2 Kings xxiv. 1; 1 Chron. vi. 15; 2 Chron. xxxvi. 6; Ezra i. 7; Jer. xxxiv. 1; Ezekiel xxvi. 7; Dan. i. 1; (5) ii. 46; (6) iv. 32, 33; vi. 22; (7) No mention; (8) Dan. iv. 31; (9) ii. 12, 13; vi. 15, 16; (10) ii. 6; (11) Ruler and chief governor ii. 48; (12) Babylon Gen. x. 10, see margin; (13) Dan. ii. 48.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE anniversary meetings of these summer months cover so wide a field, and include so many diversities of action, that it becomes increasingly difficult to summarise their results. There is this year again abundant evidence of genuine and aggressive Christian life; the advance in this respect has been well maintained. There has been perhaps a more sober recognition of the difficulties yet to be overcome; in some directions grave anxieties have been expressed; but there has also been manifest a strong desire to adapt existing organisations to the fresh aspects of their work, as well as to try new methods and machinery where they may seem to be required. The sums contributed for missionary and Christian purposes were probably never so large—there are indications of the awakening of a rare spirit of generosity, but they are distributed over a larger number of objects, more than were the gifts of earlier years, and it is possibly due to this fact that some of the older societies find it difficult to sustain their funds at the necessary point. The speeches have, we think, as a whole, fallen a little below the level of some years; there has been less of valuable fact, rather more of rhetoric and platitude. On the other hand, many most touching facts have come to light, and the revelations of quiet, faithful service have been full of encouragement. Home questions have occupied a much larger place; and there is again a vigorous discussion of clearly defined evils, with a view to remedial measures.

THE *Religious Tract Society* met under the presidency of Lord Balfour of Burleigh. The report, which was read by the Rev. Dr. Green, stated that the receipts of the Society from all sources during the past year, including the balance at the commencement, were 211,108*l.*, of which 169,884*l.* were from sales, 10,065*l.* from part payments for grants, and 29,340*l.* from donations, subscriptions, and legacies for the Society's missionary work. These contributions show an increase over those of the previous year of 13,982*l.*, due entirely to legacies, which were exceptionally large. As there was a decrease of nearly 5,000*l.* in the sales, the net increase had been 9,098*l.* The total expenditure had been 208,662*l.*, including the investment of part of the legacies for future needs. Grants had been made during the year to the value of 41,708*l.* Setting against the total amount the part payment by recipients of grants, the net value of the Society's gifts during the year appears as 31,643*l.* 5*s.* 1*d.*, being an excess of grants over missionary receipts (deducting from the latter the amount invested for income) of 12,539*l.* 18*s.* 10*d.*, which has been furnished by the trade department, in addition to its bearing the whole expenses of the Society's missionary work. The number of new publications issued during the year amounted to 757, of which 214 were tracts and leaflets. The circulation has reached 61,061,050, including 24,590,600 tracts. To this number must be added that of the issues from foreign depots, estimated at 15,000,000; the total amount being thus 76,061,050, a slight diminution upon the whole as compared with the issues of the previous year, although the circulation of the tracts has shown an increase of 870,300. The work of the Society touches many lands. In India, increasing use is made of the printing press, as national education spreads, and the diffusion of infidel publications, both in English and in the vernacular languages, calls for increased activity in the teachers and defenders of the Christian faith. In the Punjab, a new "Aryan" and anti-Christian movement is being met by the delivery and publication of lectures on the contrast between the Vedic teaching and the Christian faith. In Amoy the assistance given in the preparation of a primer in raised characters for the blind has been very gratefully acknowledged, and as the Island of Formosa alone contains no fewer than 5,000 blind persons, it is evident that the aid thus provided will be of the greatest value. In Africa a Christian literature is springing up in regions which a generation ago were plunged in barbarism. From Basutoland the Society is asked to prepare a Concordance and Bible Dictionary. In Bechuanaland a grant has been made to aid in the publication of "Precept upon Precept" in the Bechuana language. Passing northwards, the missionaries at Freretown have been assisted in the publication of a new hymn-book in the Swahili language; and the first part of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is ready for printing in the same language. From Central Africa, a missionary writes that people in far-off Uganda, on the Victorian Nyanza, "are found going for hours over such printed matter as the Society is able to place in their hands," and he earnestly pleads that in its efforts for the spread of wholesome literature a place may be given to Uganda. Turning to the west of the Dark Continent, we have again the "Pilgrim's Progress," completed and published in the Fanti language for the natives of the Gold Coast; and, to mention but one more instance of progress, there are the beginnings of a Christian literature in the Kongo language. The "Peep of Day" is now nearly ready for the press. Much work has also been done in North and South America. The home operations of the Society have been carried on with undiminished energy. The Rev. John Piper, formerly of Japan, moved the first resolution, which was seconded by the Rev. T. Eynon Davies. The concluding address was given by Canon Fleming. A choir of children, selected from the public elementary schools of the metropolis, were on the platform, and sang a number of hymns in the course of the evening. The usual *Missionary Breakfast* brought together a larger number than ever before. Sir John Kennaway presided, and the meeting was addressed by representatives from various countries.

THE *Bible Society* held its annual meeting, at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Lord Harrowby. The report stated that during the year the total number of Bibles and parts thereof issued had been 4,206,032—an increase over last year of 273,354. The gross total income of the year was 250,382*l.*, and the expenditure 224,823*l.*, but the receipt of several legacies left a surplus of 15,000*l.* Lord Harrowby said that as 100,000*l.* of the total income was but the price paid for the books sold, the net income was really only 147,000*l.* They spent their money on foreign agencies, on auxiliaries abroad, and on kindred societies. He took a hopeful survey of the progress of Bible distribution through many of the chief countries of Europe, and through Central Asia, and spoke of the indirect beneficial results to churches in various places from this sowing of the Scriptures. He paid a high tribute to the work of the colporteurs, men of humble origin but of singular zeal and discretion, who pushed on the distribution of the Holy Scriptures with every fresh advance of civilisation, especially instancing this by an account of the work connected with the Russian advance into Central Asia, where the frontier outposts of the Russian army had carried the agents of the Society with them. Indeed, Russia had been one of the most encouraging fields of the Society's labours, and the Muscovite soldier always proved a ready buyer of the Bible. No message of the year was brighter than that which came from Japan. The sales of colporteurs in that country had nearly quadrupled, and from a total circulation of 6,000 copies, the return had reached over 16,000. The first resolution was moved by the Lord Chancellor, who began by referring to the forces now arrayed against them, which must not fail to be watched. It was idle to ignore them, but they must comfort themselves with the thought that the Word of God had survived similar enmity in the past. Yet he must protest against the action of those who were bringing their own doubts into the Christian pulpit, and against the literature which was promulgating a religion that was curiously mixed with Buddhism. The Bishop of Auckland showed the beneficial change wrought in the South Pacific Islands by the distribution of the Scriptures, and the teaching of truths which some people thought out

of date. These Maories were close students of the Scriptures. The Rev. Probendary Edmunds moved the second resolution, which pleaded for increased distribution of the Bible. It was important that native races on the eve of embracing Christianity should have the Scriptures placed in their own hands at the first opportunity, that they might not have an intermixture of error or superstition at the beginning. So thought the early church. Hence the Syriac version provided by the church in the Greek city of Antioch, and the Coptic version provided by the church in the Greek City of Alexandria, and the Gothic version provided by the church in the Greek city of Constantinople, for the populations round those cities that did not speak the Greek tongue. The speaker then referred to the further supply of versions, such as the Armenian, by the efforts of individual men, by great religious movements like the Reformation, and by the widening diffusion of common religious convictions. He said the first New Testament in Europe was printed in Spain by a cardinal and dedicated to the Pope; the moral of which was that at that time the church of Rome was at the parting of the ways and had not yet taken her fatal choice of restricting the use of Scripture. The parting of the ways came to societies as to churches, and it had, perhaps, now come to the Bible Society, if they perfected their denominational machinery so much as to be unable to work in common. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. T. Eynon Davies.

THE meetings of the *Church Missionary Society* were overshadowed by the news of a great calamity. There were the usual preliminary gatherings. At the morning meeting in Exeter Hall, the President, Sir J. H. Kennaway, took the chair. The report stated that the total ordinary income amounted to only 194,557*l*, the lowest in the past five years, owing to a falling off of nearly 14,000*l*. in legacies. But the receipts, apart from legacies, came to 173,765*l*. the highest in the past five years. In addition to the ordinary income there had been important gifts for special purposes, and the total receipts from all sources amounted to 221,331*l*; but the expenditure had exceeded the income by 12,000*l*. Forty-three candidates for the mission-field had been received, of whom twelve were ladies, and seventeen University men, eight being from Cambridge and two from Oxford. Cambridge had furnished no less than twenty missionary candidates in two years After giving in detail instances of successful work in various parts of the world, the report referred to the fact that the Gospel of St. Matthew had been translated for the first time into the language of Uganda and into that of the Ainu Aborigines of Yezo. The special winter mission to India had, it was believed, inaugurated a new epoch in evangelistic work in India, preaching by interpretation having proved an unexpected success. Eighteen had been added to the roll of native clergy in India, Ceylon, China, New Zealand, and Africa. In India perils beset the church, as at home, from the spread of sacerdotalism. The adoption of the report was moved by the Bishop of Rochester. The Rev. Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, and late Head Master of Harrow, who came next, uttered a warning word as to the danger of discords. "There is nothing which young men more cordially detest than religious quarrelling. It seems to them to be the very meanest and poorest part of the Christian life." Sir Rivers Thompson, K.C.S.I., gave interesting details respecting India. Hundreds of men of high social position and education had made great sacrifices, and accepted with all their hearts the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and had become faithful servants and workers in the missionary cause. There were also to be counted by hundreds of thousands those of whom no record existed—as of old, in the case of Joseph of Arimathea,—who were secret disciples of Jesus, but did not confess Him for fear of the people. The Rev. Dr. Bruce, from Persia, said it had been his privilege to labour for thirty years in mission work—the first ten in the Punjab, the last twenty in Mohammedan lands. When he was in the Punjab it was thought a great success if one or two converts were baptised. The other day he got a letter stating that 2,000 converts had been baptised in the last two years. Although the work in the Punjab was so new, he believed God had raised up a witness there, for the work so long carried on by natives. Referring to the controversy on Mohammedanism, Dr. Bruce said those made a great mistake who spoke of the Mohammedans as if they were exceptionally bad people. They were just as bad as Englishmen, and no worse, and they needed the Gospel for the very same reason that we did. Mohammedanism had, he thought, an elevating effect on individuals, but not on nations. In Persia, Mohammedanism had for centuries only gained converts by oppression. The Bishop of Waiapu from New Zealand, and Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Bart., also spoke. It was at the evening meeting that the news to which we have referred, came with painful force upon the audience. From the chairman's opening words it became evident that something was amiss. Amidst breathless silence Mr. Wigram, the hon. secretary, rose, and announced that a telegram had been received; that afternoon from Zanzibar. It was as follows: "Blackburn dead; ill ten days. Bishop Parker dead; same sickness; ill one day." Bishop Parker, our readers will remember, was the successor of Bishop Hannington. A little later in the evening another telegram was received, it came from the Consul-General at Zanzibar —"Mwanga, King of Uganda, is incensed and terrified by reports which have reached him of German and English proceedings on the coast, and this renders the position of the Rev. Cyril Gordon, who is in Uganda, pre-eminently perilous." This news made a profound sensation. Prayer was offered with much solemnity. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Rev. R. Lang, Bishop Crowther, Rev. J. Bambridge, of Scinde; Dr. Elliott, of Gaza; Mr. J. Roscoe, of Mamboia; and Rev. R. Baring-Gould, who has returned from the Special Winter Mission to India.

THE series of meetings held by *The Baptist Missionary Society* offered many points of interest. The members' meeting which came first, was held in Holborn Town Hall. Mr. Charles Townsend, of Bristol, took the chair. Mr. Baynes stated that although the balance-sheet exhibited a debt of 5,859*l*, the ordinary receipts for the past year showed an increase of 2,938*l*, the total income being 61,341*l*. The debt arises from success which brings a growing expenditure. An offer of 15,000*l*. had been made by Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, to the Society, in conjunction with two other missionary societies, for the purpose of carrying the Gospel to the tribes on the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries, but its acceptance would have involved heavy and permanent additional expenditure, and it had, therefore, been reluctantly declined. Freemason's Hall was crowded on Tuesday evening when the Missionary Soirée was held, under the presidency of Mr. Edward Rawlings. The Rev. George Cameron, from the Congo, described the work on that river. Amongst other speakers was the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who referring to the Moravian settlement of Herrnhut, said that of the 70,000 people it included, such was the missionary spirit, that 2000 went out to preach the gospel of God, and he asked, if so, "how many ought to go forth from this little island?"

At the Baptist Zenana Mission Breakfast Mr. J. H. Tritton took the chair. Dr. Underhill stated that the income had amounted to 6,586*l*. Mrs. Colonel Urmston said the ladies engaged in mission work were the friends, and counsellors, and spiritual guides of the oppressed women of India. "A native princess told a friend that her poor mother was growing old, and was much vexed by the thought of what would be in the future. She did not wish to be a frog, or a caterpillar, or a cat, or a mouse. Oh, that she might attain to the best thing any one could be—a cow. Her religion held out nothing more for her than that; that was her greatest hope." The Rev. G. S. Summers, of Serampore, taking a general survey, said that an attentive investigation would show that the severities and hardships of the Zenana system were concurrent with the spread of Mohammedism in India. He mentioned a remarkable case of one woman in Nepaul, who had gone forth on a religious pilgrimage, and after wandering hundreds of miles, had heard of Christ, and instead of returning home had continued her journey from village to village, telling of Him.

The ninety-sixth annual meeting of the Baptist Society was held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Rev. H. M. Matheson. The Rev. Francis James, of Shantung, North China, described the difficulties and successes of work in that region: "Such were the restrictions in the early part of this century on Christian labour that Protestant missionaries can hardly be said to have commenced their labours until 1842. In 1853 they had 351 converts; in 1863 they had 1,974; in 1873 they had 8,000; in 1881 they had 13,035; in 1884 they had 26,200; and at the present time they have over 30,000 Christians. Within twelve years they have more than trebled their numbers.

The greater proportion of converts in China are poor, some of them very poor. But their contributions for religious purposes average fourteen shillings per head taking the country through." The Rev. F. B. Meyer, of Regent's Park Chapel, alluded to the general quickening of interest as evidenced amongst other things by the fact that more than 2,000 students in the United States were willing to go forth as missionaries. After a reference to the exchequer, and the insufficient scale of contributions in some quarters, he said there was another side. "One whose income is 2,000*l.* lives on 200*l.*, and gives 1,800*l.* away. Another whose income is 8,000*l.* lives on 250*l.*, and gives the balance away. Another, a lady, spends her time as a governess, and out of the 100*l.* that she earns keeps 50*l.* and gives the other 50*l.* away. (Applause.) Another who earns 1,500*l.* a year lives on a 100*l.*, and gives 1,400*l.* away." These are figures that remind us of donations on the most liberal scale from servants and others, which have come to light in other associations. The Rev. R. H. Roberts, of Notting Hill, was the last speaker, and he argued that there was no upward movement among the heathen, and that nothing but the gospel of Christ would lift them into nobler life.

The Young People's Meeting had Mr. Alderman Belsey, J.P., as chairman, and was addressed by the Rev. Ossian Davies, the Rev. A. Tewson, of Commillah, the Rev. W. Cuff, and by Mr. Charters, the captain of the *Peace*.

The London Missionary Society celebrated its ninety-fourth anniversary, under the presidency of Lord Brassey, who bore "the personal testimony of an old sailor and a wide traveller to the good and noble work being done in distant lands." The total income of the Society for the year was 157,000*l.*, but of this 27,000*l.* was derived from legacies and uncertain sources. There, moreover, still remains a balance against the society of 7,960*l.*, and an earnest appeal was made for additional subscriptions to the amount of 16,000*l.* to enable it to maintain a steady progress. The Rev. R. Wardlaw Thomson moved the first resolution, based on the report, recognising the importance of seeking to develop a free, intelligent, and strong Christian life in the churches gathered from among the heathen, and appealing "to the leaders of Christian thought and life in Britain to exert their influence for the purification of commerce, and the maintenance of moral principles in the political relations of Britain with the races of the heathen world." Referring to his recent visit to Africa, he said he had come home more deeply convinced than before that the religious condition of the native population in the Cape Colony is such as to awaken very grave anxiety. Touching upon other parts of the mission-field, he stated that the work in Madagascar was advancing steadily, but that every year brought into more distinct operation the sifting process with which we are familiar in this part of the world, by which the true Christian is distinguished from those who only bear the name of Christ. In India evangelisation is being pushed forward with greater vigour than ever. In South India the workers have combined for itinerating journeys, and gone forth in a body. Mr. Albert Spicer followed with an interesting account of his recent visit to Samoa. One stray sentence of practical bearing, though a parenthesis, should be noted at home: "If you want to give a helping hand to any missionary, there is a way in which you can render them very great help, apart from the ordinary ministerial preparation, and that is to put them in the way of learning how to handle an oar, sail a boat, swim a stream, and ride a horse." Describing the Malua Institution, he stated that the native pastors in Samoa, to the number of 180, had been educated there, beside those who had gone to New Guinea and to other distant islands. "The population is about 35,000, while the adherents of the Society number between 26,000 and 27,000—a band of people who build their own chapels free of cost—who support their own pastors free of cost to the Society, and who give them salaries ranging from 3 dollars to 200 dollars per annum; and a people who have contributed for some years nearly 1,000*l.* a year in addition to the funds of this Society. As to the people themselves, they know and love their Bibles. I would guarantee to take the first twenty Samoans—men, women, and children—that I should meet with in Samoa, and I would back them in Bible knowledge against any twenty I should meet with in this country." The Rev. George Owen, of Pekin, spoke of China. "I hear," he said, "that some people in England talk of adopting Buddhism as their creed. China, after centuries of trial, will make you a present of it for nothing. She has found the light to be perfect darkness." The next resolution was moved by the Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., who dwelt on the need of spiritual interest in the work of missions. "Christ," he remarked, "takes every element of truth in heathenism and gives it life, and He draws together all the elements of truth in heathenism and makes them one; and then over and above it all, He gives us what the world never knew—the Son of God laying down His life for the salvation of men." He spoke of the great enterprises of the past. The Crusaders had not the spirit of peace, nor the Dominicans that of liberty, nor the Jesuits that of truth, but the Spirit of the Lord was that of truth, gentleness, liberty, and peace. Mr. A. T. Swan, of the steamer *Good News*, plying on Lake Tanganyika, came next, with some strong words on the slave trade, protesting against the statement that slavery in Moslem hands is "a mild institution." The Rev. J. Jones, of Maré, was the last speaker, and he narrated the circumstances of his recent expulsion by the French, with which our readers are already familiar.

THE *Wesleyan Missionary Society* met at Exeter Hall, with Mr. Isaac Hoyle, M.P., as chairman. The report stated that the total income for the year was 131,800*l.*, and the total expenditure 137,967*l.*, showing an excess of the latter over the former to the extent of 6,100*l.* There had been an increase of 114 during the year in the number of chapels; also an increase of nine missionaries, of 175 paid agents, of 208 unpaid agents, of 1,037 full members, of 577 members on trial, and of 1,508 scholars. The Rev. J. Walton, President of the Conference, explained the falling short of income by the number of new doors that were being opened for work. The Rev. Silvestre Whitehead spoke of China, and urged that in spite of the essential atheism of the popular systems, gods and temples were everywhere, and idols in every house, while superstitions abounded. Mr. John Barnsley, who spoke next, was followed by the Rev. W. Burgess, who described his first entrance into Hyderabad, and the changes that had been wrought since—a story almost of romance, in which many fears had been scattered, and many hopes encouraged. At the Missionary Breakfast, Mr. S. Osborne repeated the argument in favour of not neglecting the small contributions. There was a debt of 10,000*l.*; if the 400,000 members of their communion would only contribute one penny a day each, the funds would receive an increase of not less than 1,500*l.* a day.

THE *United Methodist Free Churches* reported a total missionary income of 21,876*l.* Among the speakers at the annual meeting was Mr. Thomas Wakefield, who gave an account of the mission to the Gallas, in East Africa, which, in spite of serious disasters is expanding, and asking for reinforcements. The Rev. C. A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, said that having travelled much and in many places for the missionary cause, he was convinced that the missionary spirit was strengthening, and taking more resolute and intelligent form in the various churches. He objected to results being so often judged numerically. "I think that the statistician ought to be treated as dynamite—put under government control, and only allowed to come out by license—because the statistician by his counting and by his comparing eats the very soul out of endeavour. There is a place for him, but, as I said, it is under government control. Our measurement of the work we are doing must never be purely and simply the statistician's measurement."

THE *China Inland Mission* held its annual meeting in the Mildmay Park Conference Hall. Mr. Broomhall said that the one hundred missionaries who had been asked for in prayer in 1886 had all arrived in China in 1887; then the income for the year had been 33,717*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.*, an increase in answer to the prayer of 11,000*l.*, not a penny having been specially solicited; but better than all there had been a large ingathering of souls, no less than 551 being added to the Church during the year. A Home has been opened at Cambridge for accepted candidates anxious to have the benefits of a University training (not however supported by the missionary funds). The Rev. J. Hudson Taylor narrated many encouraging facts. He made a careful estimate, and he thought he was considerably under the mark when he said that 4,000 souls at least had been gathered into the fold by the agency of the China Inland Mission.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PRISONERS.

"WHO IS IT?"

FOUR days later, a little before sunset, Bertrand rode into Valenciennes at the head of his convoy, returning from Montéval. The haste of the young leader to execute his commission "in all dispatch," as his commander had ordered, was a cause of no small vexation to his troopers, who saw no reason in the world for not enjoying their little outing and spending several

relief to the young man to find that it was Favreau who was taken and not Margareta's father. All the same, however, he waited most impatiently for the friendly night under cover of which he might seek the dwelling in the Rue de l'Etoile, well knowing that there was grief and dismay in that household over the calamity which had befallen their dear friends. At length it was quite dark, and muffled in a cloak with a drooping Spanish hat concealing his face, Bertrand made his way by back lanes to Simon Colberg's house. He avoided frequented streets as if he had been a conspirator, and was devoutly thankful that during his passage he had encountered no one likely to recognise him or pay attention to his appearance. When the Inquisitor was in the neighbourhood every one became suspicious of his fellow men, and Bertrand knew that he was already a marked man, owing to his friendship with the Colbergs.

During his walk through the dark and silent streets the young knight's mind was busy upon one subject, that, namely, of getting Margareta out of harm's way at once. The danger that he had spoken of to Simon as being possible was now imminent. It was clear that Titelmann had come to purge Valenciennes of heretics, and his blood ran cold at the thought of Margareta, his love, his darling, being caught in the deadly clutch of the Inquisition.

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CHAPTER IX.—MARGARETA'S TEST.

MARGARETA had spent the weary hours of that long winter's afternoon in the deepest anxiety. Ignorant of what had really taken place, but a prey to a thousand fears, she had alternated from feeble hope to the wildest despair, until Rosa, who had in the course of her long life as a heretic lived through many days of similar trouble, was much alarmed about her. No sooner had Bertrand been announced than she sprang forward to meet him, in the hope of learning some tidings of her parents.

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days in reposing themselves at the château. Many and fervent were their objurgations upon the haste of the young seigneur captain.

There was quite a stir in the streets when de Swarte entered the gates, and an evidently excited and angry crowd of people stood talking outside the drawbridge of the citadel. He paid but little heed to them, however, until the words, "dragged out of his own house" fell upon his ear, and made his heart stand still with fear.

Who was dragged out of his own house? Bertrand scarcely dared to ask the question, so much he dreaded to hear the answer. Inside the portcullis gate the guard was drawn up in unusual strength, and a group of men in blood-red garb, the most fatally appropriate livery of the Inquisition, stood on the other side of the castle-yard surrounding two dark figures. Bertrand's eyes were riveted on this centre-point of the group, but they were so far away he could not see their faces. In as careless a voice as he could command he said to an armourer who was polishing a steel helmet: "Willmen, who are the men yon red-hoods have caught?"

The armourer without raising his eyes from his work replied briefly: "A brace of heretics, caught at a preaching like rats in a hole."

Bertrand did not derive much comfort from this answer. He hardly dared to ask at whose house they were taken, fearing to hear the name of Colberg, but the gruff armourer had not heard the name of the particular rat whose hole had been cleared out, so could not say. One great dread however had been removed from Bertrand's heart: neither of the dark figures was that of a woman. The worst therefore had not happened. Determining in his own mind to see the Colbergs that very evening, he forced himself to attend to his duties, and proceeded to direct the bestowing of his forage.

In the year of which we write, namely, 1561, Philip II. of Spain was vigorously prosecuting his darling scheme of forcing the Inquisition upon his reluctant Netherlandish subjects, and thus clearing the country of heretics. In this nefarious scheme he was ably seconded by Cardinal Granvelle, a creature of his own, whom he had raised from the dust to be prime minister to his sister, the Duchess of Parma, who was Regent of the Netherlands. One of the ways in which these two conspirators against mankind hoped to effect their object, was the creation of seven new bishoprics in the United Provinces, with "right of inquiry" reserved to the bishops. To "inquire" all the more thoroughly prisons had been filled with men and women, gallows had been erected, and the unhappy beings "inquired into" had been tortured and burnt by hundreds and thousands. The right-hand man of this episcopal Inquisition was Peter Titelmann, a wretch who went raging through the land leaving a trail of blood and desolation behind him; he is one whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity as that of a demon in human shape.

In early life this man had been a monk, and was conspicuous at his monastery for wishing to force all the brothers to perform their most arduous duties to the last degree of severity. When, for instance, it was his turn to ring the bell that summoned the monks to midnight prayer, he used not to do it gently like the others, so as to let the sound sleepers dream on, but he tolled the bell with a rapid swing, making it clang out a wild alarm, loud enough to startle the laziest and make him leap up in sudden affright. As long as Brother Peter was an inmate of the monastery it was anything but an abode of peace, for if not occupied in tormenting the monks he would worry the animals belonging to the institution. Once during his novitiate he had shut the cat up in a cell until she was nearly starved to death, and when remonstrated with, had excused himself under the plea that all should fast during Lent. On the accession of Philip, Titelmann was summoned from his retirement, to exercise, as Inquisitor, his perverse ingenuity on mankind in general, and his brethren rejoiced greatly at his departure from among them. Already he had acquired a wide reputation for refined cruelty, so that his mere appearance in a town was the signal for something like a panic among the inhabitants.

At the time of this, his first professional visit to Valenciennes, Titelmann was about forty-five years of age. He was a short man with broad shoulders and arms of extraordinary length. His small bullet-shaped head, standing on a thick neck, gave him a brutal aspect which the sight of his face did not at all diminish. A low forehead with a shock of black hair, two small watery grey eyes one of which had a slight cast, a large hook nose, a mouth of huge dimensions, and a heavy under-jaw formed the facial characteristics of this energetic inquirer into the most sacred thoughts of the human heart. Titelmann's dress was a mountebank uniform of his own invention, intended to lend additional terrors to his aspect. He wore a close red hood with a black cross worked as an emblem in front, a mantle of the same fiery hue came down to his knees, while a pair of heavy leathern boots without spurs defended his extremities. His familiars were four ill-looking fellows dressed in the same bloody hued colour, and within this red and most fatal circle were the two figures, not unknown to us. The minister Faveau and Francis Mallart stood quietly there side by side, occasionally exchanging a few words with each other. The serene aspect of the minister would have made one think he was conversing in a circle of dear friends, instead of being within the grasp of his blood-thirsty foes. Mallart looked pale, and several times he cast an anxious glance about him. The terrors of his situation seemed to be keenly felt by him. For some time the two prisoners remained in the court-yard, while the November twilight gradually changed to darkness, and then at last they were taken to a tower, known as the Moon, where the iron-spiked door speedily closed on them and their red-hooded jailers.

In the meantime Bertrand had learned who the prisoners were, and how they had been taken at the house of Burgher Mallart whither many of their brethren had gone to attend an afternoon preaching. It was, it must be confessed, a great

relief to the young man to find that it was Faveau who was taken and not Margareta's father. All the same, however, he waited most impatiently for the friendly night under cover of which he might seek the dwelling in the Rue de l'Etoile, well knowing that there was grief and dismay in that household over the calamity which had befallen their dear friends. At length it was quite dark, and muffled in a cloak with a drooping Spanish hat concealing his face, Bertrand made his way by back lanes to Simon Colberg's house. He avoided frequented streets as if he had been a conspirator, and was devoutly thankful that during his passage he had encountered no one likely to recognise him or pay attention to his appearance. When the Inquisitor was in the neighbourhood every one became suspicious of his fellow men, and Bertrand knew that he was already a marked man, owing to his friendship with the Colbergs.

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She held out both her hands with a helpless,

imploring gesture towards him, saying: "What has happened? Who has been seized?"

Bertrand took one of the imploring hands between both of his, and said gently while holding it, "Your father and mother are quite safe."

Margareta drew a quick sigh of relief, and her lips quivered with the intensity of her emotion, so that she could not speak for some moments. Suddenly she seemed to awake to the fact that Bertrand was looking at her very tenderly, for she became slightly confused, and said hastily that perhaps he would be seated. No, he would not be seated. "I have yet more news, but it is bad," he added.

Margareta raised her face and looked at him, her large brown eyes shining with the tears that were ready to start.

"Peter Titelmann," continued Bertrand, "went to the house where to-day's preaching was held. He was long in obtaining admittance, so that all the brethren had time to escape—all, save two."

The troubled brown eyes swimming with ready tears looked very pitiful indeed. It went to Bertrand's heart to go on, and add: "All escaped, save Burgher Mallart and the minister, they were taken."

"Our minister—oh, our minister!" cried Margareta in a tone of pain. "O beloved pastor, who will guide us now!"

She paused for a moment, looking blankly before her, when suddenly a hideous thought flashed upon her mind. Her eyes dilated with horror, and snatching her hand from Bertrand's gentle custody, she grasped his arm with convulsive energy, saying in a loud frightened whisper: "What will they do to him? Tell me. Will they burn him? Can they do that? What will be his fate?"

Bertrand could not bear to tell her the destiny in store for her reverend friend. The white scared face was too pitiful for him to blurt out the horrid truth. He must try at least to comfort her.

"For the present, at least," he said soothingly, "nothing will be done to him. The prisoners are shut up in the castle until they shall be brought before the Court of Inquisition."

That last word, fraught with awful meaning to all Reformers, was like a spark to a powder magazine. Margareta's indignation blazed out.

"Ah!" she exclaimed bitterly, "and what a court of justice is that! Who are the judges in it? The chief is that very Titelmann who is himself also the accuser. When about to pass sentence he covers his garments of blood and fire with the white robes of outraged justice, and then coming down from the judgment-seat he is executioner as well, and lights the fire under his victim. This is the court of the Inquisition, before which holy men are dragged to have their inmost thoughts inquired into. This is the justice our countrymen may now expect from the hands of Spain. Did the men who won our privileges from the proud dukes of Burgundy leave no sons? Is the race of patriots extinct in Flanders, or have the men become cravens? Must women lead the way nowadays?"

Margareta was beautiful in her wrath, and Bertrand stood entranced looking at her flashing eyes and heaving bosom. An inspired prophetess, a most soul-stirring leader, surely. But while she spoke with such vehemence, a new fear took possession of him. Suppose that she should do something rash in her young ardour, should defy Titelmann, and avow her faith, seeking the martyr's crown! The thing was possible. Young souls in the fire of their zeal had done the same before now, offering a spectacle of useless heroism which men shudderingly admired. The thought rapidly took shape in his mind and spurred him to instant action.

"Margareta," he said—and was it something in the tone of his voice which made her stir slightly, or was it because he had called her by her own name for the first time, and she had noticed it?—"don't say that we are all unworthy of our brave free-born fathers. The time has not yet come to fight, but some there be who think it will come ere long. Then patriots will appear who are ready to die for their country. I know they will not be wanting, nor will they be few in numbers. But, Margareta," he went on more disconnectedly and hurriedly, "we are in great danger—you are, that is. I would give my heart's blood to save you. You know I would, don't you? You must have known that. But it would avail nothing. You must fly. There is no safety for you here with that human fiend prowling about. You must go—at once—to-night. I will stay by your side and shield you with my life. Don't send me away. Let me save you. I cannot live except near you."

A slight tremor passed through the maiden's frame which Bertrand was quick to notice.

"Nay, my sweet, do not shrink from me," he said entreatingly. "My heart, and my life are yours. If you ask my life, ah! it would be sweet to meet death at thy bidding in the cause of freedom and right."

Margareta stood silent. She was trembling now in every limb. Bertrand took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"Margareta, speak to me. Shall I, like the knights of olden time, ride forth with spear and sword to do battle for you?"

A moment he waited for the answer which came not, and then more timidly he continued: "But those knights fought under the protection of a token from their fair ladies. I entreat you, Margareta, can you not give me a word?"

The young girl raised her eyes for an instant, and Bertrand looked down eagerly into their dewy depths for her answer, and saw that it was there. It beamed from out the brightness of her eyes, and it fluttered about the tender curves of her mouth.

"Margareta," he said in a low tone, "what is the test you will set your own true knight that he may prove himself?"

Then Margareta, stepping back from him and raising her head proudly like a young queen, answered clearly in her rich sweet voice: "Yes, I shall test my true knight. A task shall I set before him more glorious than any battle with dragons. Free those prisoners. I cannot give one thought to myself or my own happiness until this dread calamity be averted. Save

them. Be their deliverer, and then claim from Margareta whatever reward she can bestow, and it will be thine."

To win so sweet a prize what knight would not perform deeds of valour? For Bertrand nothing would henceforward be impossible. Inspired by such a hope, the very stones of the citadel must yield before his strength, and let the prisoners free.

Margareta stood motionless as he withdrew, intent on action. Then a doubt came into her mind, which had no place there as long as he had been present to fill her with heroic enthusiasm. She pressed her hands to her head with a low moan. Poor girl! The day had been one of the keenest emotions following each other with such rapidity, no wonder she felt bewildered and almost stunned.

"Oh," she exclaimed at length, "have I sent him to his doom, my friend, my hero!"

She took a hasty step towards the door. A momentary despair had swept over her soul. She would call him back: he should not go forth to danger, perhaps to death, urged on by her voice. For one instant only did she falter, her woman's love overcoming her faith.

"Ah, no," she cried, checking herself. "I may not call him back from this work. God will preserve him in this glorious task. He will succeed—I know he will—Bertrand, my knight, without fear and without reproach!"

Again she repeated softly to herself "Bertrand," as though her lips found pleasure in forming the name. Her half sweet, half painful reverie was suddenly broken in upon by Rosa who entered the room exclaiming:

"My faith upon it, mistress, but yonder sweet gentleman could hold his own with any knight in Flanders. He walked so proudly through the hall and with such a flashing eye, methought he looked like one of the grand nobles in Brussels when entering the tilting yard to joust. Ah! but I should like to see the Seigneur de Swarte ride a tilt against some good knight. He would bear himself gallantly, I trow. Think you not so?"

"I should be very sorry for him to waste his strength in an idle pastime," replied Margareta, "when there is need for brave men to fight the battle of God's truth."

"Hein!" exclaimed Rosa, looking at the young girl's flushed cheeks and dewy eyes, "is he then going to fight? There be much whispered talk of fighting nowadays. 'Tis said that the Hollanders are waxing uneasy, and I have heard of a band of gallant gentlemen under Count Brederode threatening to do great things if the Spanish king's orders be not milder towards us. But, hark ye, my heart's own, if you can command the noble gentleman, and I doubt not but what you can, let him beware of my lord count Brederode, he drinks too deep to have a clear head."

"No no," replied Margareta, "there is no present talk of going to Brussels. The Sieur de Swarte brought tidings of how the minister and Burgher Mallart have both been seized by Titelmann, and are cast into the dungeon."

"Now my curse be upon thee, Titelmann, and may'st thou one day feel the touch of thine own faggots and writhe in thine own fire!" cried Rosa with most unchristian vehemence.

"Rosa, Rosa," said Margareta, much scandalized, "Hush! Is this the way thou hast learned the dear minister's lessons of forgiveness? Thou mayest not speak so, even of Titelmann. Vengeance is the Lord's."

"Aye, I know, I know," returned Rosa, "but it is hard to wait when one is so near on to eighty for retribution one may not see. The minister taken! That is indeed a calamity. Know you, child, what they do to heretic ministers? They burn them. They chain them living to the stake and light fires under them, and burn them. Aye, burn them till there is nothing left but black cinders. Does not that make your blood boil with rage? When I think on it, I feel as if I could fight myself. Aye, faith, old and withered and weak as I am, I would like to strike one blow before I die."

RELIGION IN RUSSIA—THE PEASANTRY.

I.

ALTHOUGH we may speak of Russia as an empire under one monarchy, the vast territory embracing one-sixth part of the land of the earth, is rather a number of countries which require to have the Bible given to them in many languages. The area is between eight and nine million square miles, or more than eighty times the area of Great Britain. This is a great world in itself; but it is so sparsely peopled in parts, that its population of a little over one hundred millions is considerably less than three times the number of souls who are found in our own Islands. The mind is as incapable of forming any worthy notion of the size of such a territory as it is of calculating its resources. Then, when we consider that large portions of this wonderful region are still covered with interminable tracts of the virgin forest in which wolves and beasts of prey roam and multiply, one cannot wonder that it has remained until a comparatively recent date an unknown land even to adventurous travellers. Our sources of trustworthy information are now more plentiful however; for in addition to the revelations of English and American travellers, we have Stepniak's very original book on the "Russian Peasantry," and Tikhomirov's interesting work "Russia, Political and Social."[1] We are gradually getting at the truth about the social

[1] Both of these are published by Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., London.

and religious condition of the Russian peasants who constitute the bulk of the population; and the shortcomings of the Government which has not done what it might have done for these poor illiterate tillers of the soil since their release from serfdom about a quarter of a century ago. The country is not only in a backward condition, but according to the representations of the best informed writers, the state of those on whom the Czar is largely dependent for taxes is becoming rapidly worse. The revolutionary forces, which for years have defied the authorities who have sought their suppression, ask for reforms which to ourselves are the merest common-places of freedom; and so long as crying abuses abound the forces in question will gather strength.

The Church in Russia is an extensive organization, having nearly seventy bishops who are under the Patriarch of Constantinople. There are over forty thousand orthodox churches, besides some fourteen thousand chapels; there are thirty-seven thousand priests, seven thousand deacons; and a number of monks, nuns and aspirants of both sexes, the religious houses being foundations possessing great wealth. God's work requires men and women with enthusiastic hearts rather than money, however; and if the Church does not retain its hold upon the well-to-do, and does not command the love of the poor, it must be because the pastors have not commended their cause and their work to the public conscience. The authorities are even afraid to allow lectures and Sunday-schools; and ordinary seminaries are so scanty that comparatively few of the people are able even to read. The subject is altogether one of no common interest, so great are the possibilities of the future, when one judges of them in connection with the natural characteristics of the people. Shall we not pray that the needed reformation may come, so that in a manifold sense Russia may be free and prosperous?

In connection with the subject of the state of religion in the country, something must be said about the general condition of the peasantry, in order that other matters may be more clearly understood. In a general way, according to Stepniak, the great body of the peasants have gained nothing, so far as the betterment of their social condition is concerned, by the ukase of Alexander II., which is supposed to have delivered them from serfdom; for while nominally free under the present system, they are nevertheless the subjects of wrongs and oppressions which keep them down, but which the authorities in their own interest ought to remove, because the peasants, as the principal tax-paying class, are the main support of the Government.

The taxes appear to be collected soon after the time of harvest; and hence it is a common custom for the peasants of a community to dispose of corn which will really be wanted for household use in winter; and then, under stress of extreme poverty, money is borrowed from local usurers on painfully ruinous conditions. As the peasant can only mortgage himself, that is, his labour, he will virtually sign away his privileges as a citizen as well as his liberty, agreeing "to work at night," and admitting "I have no right to keep Sundays and holidays." The inevitable consequence is, that even in tracts of country which possess the rich black soil, that is so wonderfully fertile, the people are becoming impoverished; and cattle, which are absolutely necessary for work on the land, are fast disappearing in an alarming manner. Then, as severe poverty means an increase of the death-rate, we find that "in Russia, with its thin population and a climate as healthy as that of Norway or Sweden, the mortality is one hundred per cent. greater than in Great Britain; thirty-seven per cent. greater than in Germany; and thirty-nine per cent. greater than in France." The high mortality in the more central provinces, more especially, is confessedly caused by want of bread; it is said to have already reached an average of sixty-two per thousand per annum, while still showing a disposition to increase. There is at the same time a decrease in the birth-rate. Hence, as Stepniak remarks, "in the heart of Russia the population is being starved out"; and as this is occurring in territory where the land yields the fullest supplies, the prevailing distress is artificially, and not naturally, produced. Even while they are wanting in all ordinary modern sanitary appliances, the death-rate in the towns is far less than in the naturally healthy open country.

Then, while the poor peasant is the chief tax-payer, the State does not show him that consideration which would characterize those who understood the working of economic laws. The tax-collector in Russia goes to work in a very drastic fashion; and even if famine is in a village, the household and farming effects will be sold off, thus transforming an honest industrial community into beggars. Otherwise the labourer who is unable to pay, is flogged, and to an extent which reflects little credit on an age of enlightenment and civilization. "During the winter of 1885–6, a tax-collector of Novgorod province reported that in one district alone 1500 peasants were condemned to be flogged for non-payment of taxes," says Stepniak; and after remarking that more than a third of these had received punishment, while the remainder were awaiting their turn, he adds that it is "open to doubt whether even on the old slave-owners' estates there was ever so extensive an application of the rod as there now is in modern Russia twenty-five years after the emancipation." This appears the more barbarous when it is remembered, that the taxes demanded represent something like half that the peasant is enabled to earn; but still, no complaint would be made if sufficient land were allotted the hard-working people, to pay and live. As it is, the peasant is in the anomalous condition of the Hebrews in Old Egypt; he is required by the harshest of task-masters to make a full tale of bricks without straw. The oppression to which he is subjected means the gradual but inevitable impoverishment of the country, however; and only by introducing reforms on an wholesale scale will the Government prolong the life of the goose that is laying the golden eggs.

In such a backward country as Russia, the

peasant is also subject to many other hardships, chief among which is the embezzlement of money by administrators of the laws in rural districts. It is said: "Robbery goes on unchecked, hardly concealed by even the forms of decency. It not unfrequently happens, that the money paid for taxes is embezzled, the peasant in this case being compelled to pay a second time. The sums sent by the *Zemstvos* for the relief of the hungry are embezzled; the funds advanced for the purchase of seed-corn are seized; the very corn which is stored in communal granaries as a provision for times of scarcity is stolen." It is hard for us to comprehend the condition of a State where things go on after this fashion; and it is still more discouraging to find what now Stepniak calls the bureaucratic despotism, also "hindering the diffusion of primary education, impeding the foundation of new schools, and blocking the wheels of the old ones." The idea of a literate peasantry does not find favour with the privileged classes. The old order of things is prolonged, dishonest police and public servants continue to thrive; while the industrial classes have been transformed into beggars by having their households broken up by hundreds of thousands, half a million a year virtually dying of starvation.

Despite the heavy drawbacks to which the Russian peasants are subjected, they are still an interesting people whose characteristics and aspirations are many of them very hopeful. The way in which education spreads among them, notwithstanding the many obstacles that hinder its progress, is in itself a healthy symptom. Thus, in 1868 only eight out of a hundred army recruits were able to read; but fourteen years later the proportion had increased to twenty. What would be accounted slow progress in other countries has to be regarded as rapid in Russia, for less than a quarter of a century ago reading was hardly customary among any save the upper classes. The ability to read is now spreading among the peasants, however; and the result is, as we are told, "popular literature of all kinds has received an unprecedented development in the last ten or fifteen years. Popular books run through dozens of editions, and are selling by scores of thousands of copies." The spread of knowledge alone may become the corrective of a crowd of abuses.

As regards temporal wealth there are different grades of Russian peasants, and all alike are interesting subjects to observers of national manners and customs. The typical household, the members of which are tolerably well-to-do, remains much the same as it was centuries ago; and even in cases where more comforts could be readily commanded, the domestic arrangements are no less primitive than squalid. The homestead may be a room some twenty feet square, and that serves the entire assembly both by day and by night. The furniture consists of one rough table, and hard benches, which are used as seats by day and beds at night, the genuine northern *moujik*, unlike the more effeminate Tartar, despising soft couches and delicate fare. The spacious top of the stone oven is reserved for the sleeping place of old people in severe weather; and if there are many in family a tier of shelves above the benches provides additional accommodation. For clothing the peasant prefers a home-spun woollen coat in summer, and one of sheepskin in winter; while, as Stepniak says, "the *bast* shoes, which were used in the Middle Ages in Europe, and have since disappeared, are in common use among the bulk of the Great Russian peasants." Their diet, whether animal or vegetable, is what they can raise on their own land. The richest of them are what we should call poor, but their charity towards one another, when in the straits of poverty, is of the most ardent kind. One reduced to want, who goes the round of the village collecting "morsels," is not regarded as a common beggar; and no one would incur the disgrace of refusing the dole.

Though it is so vast, that it may be compared to a world in itself, the Russian empire cannot possibly remain closed to outside influences; and the spread of knowledge, slow as it may seem, is stimulating a religious revolution among the peasants which will probably be more far-reaching in its consequences than the political agitation which reigns among the educated classes. The peasant is no sooner able to read than he also thinks for himself; and thus it has come to pass, that in the course of about a single decade numbers of new religious sects have come into existence, embracing, as we are assured, millions of adherents. Movements among the poor take a religious colouring; their social superiors are more political. This movement is even compared with the Reformation which agitated other parts of Europe in the sixteenth century; and it is the more remarkable in a theological sense, because it has originated among the common people. "The sources of religious enthusiasm are dried up, we think for ever, in the Russian intellectual classes, their enthusiasm and exaltation having found quite another vent," remarks Stepniak; but he thinks that, "the genuine development of earnest thoughts and feelings," to which allusion has been made, to betoken the sure progress of a mighty but slow-moving revolution, which in time will supersede by something better the effete formalism of the Greek church, old time customs and stereotyped traditions.

It seems to be a peculiarity of the Russian peasants, that they are more gregarious than those of other nations. In a territory of such vast extent there will necessarily be many who differ in social station, some being comparatively rich while others are terribly straitened: there will also be numbers of different nationalities with varying intellectual characteristics; but under all circumstances, and from one end of the empire to the other, they live in communities and are devoted to the village Mir—the peasants' local tribunal whose judgment is, or ought to be, recognised by the law. To the Russian peasant there is no conceivable council of greater authority than this—one which in cases of emergency would probably make a law for itself. Thus, as we are told, "in the olden times, as late as the sixteenth century, it was the Mir who elected the parson (as the dissenting villages are

doing nowadays), the bishops only imposing hands on the Mir's nominees."

This is very significant when taken in connection with what is happening at the present time in Russia; for if something better than the deadness of the so-called orthodox church is preached, the Mir can reject or accept the new doctrines. "A dissenting preacher comes to a village and makes a few converts," it is said. "For a time they zealously preach their doctrines to their fellow villagers. Then, when they consider the harvest ripe, they bring the matter before the Mir, and often that assembly, after discussing the question, passes a resolution in favour of the acceptance of the new creed." The result is that the community becomes evangelical, "changing creeds as small states did in the times of Reformation." Thus wonderful opportunities for the circulation of the Scriptures and for the diffusion of the pure Gospel are occurring. Even the state-elected parish-priest who has to live on ecclesiastical fees, comes under the power of the Mir; for should he become too exacting, the villagers can forsake him, and under a pastor of their own choosing, set up another congregation. Thus, from his earliest days, the experiences of the Russian peasant teach him that the Mir is neither more nor less than "the personification of the living law, speaking through the collective voice of the commune." The degenerate Greek Church has so far lost its hold of the people individually and collectively, that unprejudiced observers can hardly doubt that even the peasants are already ahead of the priests in their conceptions of Christianity. The peasant, we are assured, never regards the ordinary priest as a pastor; he is merely an official and a depredator; he is something very opposite to the poor husbandman's ideal saint—"a man of the Mir, a man of practical piety, a teacher and benefactor of the people." Earnest evangelists of this type would soon become popular in modern Russia.

It is a fact striking in itself, and one that ought to be of good augury for the future, that in the main, the peasant does his best to come up to the ideal that he has formed in his own mind. Broadly speaking, he seems to be about as far removed from selfishness as it is possible for one with a family to be; for at all times, and in all places he is more solicitous for the prosperity of the Mir than for his own individual benefit. The effect of this sentiment is continually finding expression in the peasant's everyday life; and at times it will lead him to make great sacrifices. Under stress of poverty it is becoming more necessary than in former days for the people to engage in other labour than husbandry during certain months of the year. Some of the most improved goods of the best Moscow houses which trade in furniture, and linen hats, and lace, &c., are manufactured by villagers; but in this respect the hard times are becoming harder. Indeed, it is said, "the crushing competition of large factories working with machinery," and the swarms of usurious jobbers, have together by steadily cheapening the products, driven these small artisans to lengthen their hours of labour to a frightful extent. Nevertheless, in one instance, when in consequence of slackness of trade, half of the working staff were about to be dismissed from one factory, the whole of the people employed resolved that, rather than part company with any of their comrades, they would work only three days a week.

While work in moderation, that is properly remunerated, is a blessing, an excessive burden of toil, badly paid for, is a heavy drawback in any sense; and it is especially likely to be a serious impediment to anything like a religious reformation such as many are longing to see settle down upon these people. Abuses akin to the worst that were once prevalent in connection with our own factories are now rampant in Russia. Of the mat makers, who carry on their industry in hundreds of villages in more than twenty provinces, it is said: "They sleep three times in the twenty-four hours at about equal intervals: first at dark until 10 P.M., when they awaken for their night's work; then after the early breakfast at dawn, and again after the dinner-hour." Millions of persons, including women and even little children, are compelled by stress of adverse circumstances to toil during sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. Even of the labourers on the land it is said by one authority: "They get so exhausted that, if the fine weather lasts for a long time, the peasant will in his secret heart pray to God for rain, that he may have a day of rest. In fine weather, however, the peasant, however weary, will never desist from his labours. He would feel ashamed."

Thus, while the Russian peasant has many characteristics which commend him to our judgment, there are many things which remain as obstacles to his advancement and enlightenment; and it may be, that when the time comes for more active service in the evangelistic sense, the superstitions which have lingered like poisonous growth coming down from Pagan times will die as unwillingly as hardy weeds. These superstitions abound—they may be said to be universally diffused—because the people have been so ill-taught. Indifference in the priesthood, whether White or Black, has stimulated indifference in the people until those who ought to be faithful shepherds are despised by the poor and avoided by the rich and educated.

Various answers have been given to the question, Is the Russian peasantry religious? Observers have looked at the matter from various standpoints, or they have allowed pre-conceived notions to bias their judgment. It would appear to be true beyond doubt, that the peasants are so far religious that they represent a very promising field of labour for such preachers as Luther would have liked to send among them. The language of religion enters into their everyday life; and it is always promising when an intellectual awakening intensifies religious interest. Of the many sects of Christian which have sprung up among the wide-scattered villages we will speak in another paper

G. H. P.

THE FIRST SHEAF.

THE LESSON OF THE PRIDE OF LIFE.

HIGH summer lay in sunny splendour upon the land. Soft clouds floated over the azure vault, and hot rays streamed from the regal orb over sea and shore.

Passion and pride had taken possession of the country's heart; pride justified by lavish beauty on every hand; passion fainting into dreamy languor from fulness of gratification. Why exert oneself to seek the charms of nature when they are spread on every side, and one need not move to enjoy them? The garden-seat beneath the spreading tree is blissful content; one can hardly care even for the volume of melodious verse which forms an excuse for laziness. It drops from the hand; the hum of insects is more melodious to us to-day. The busy bees are buzzing in the lilycups beside us; the painted butterflies hover and toy above the crimson roses; the tiny gnats are swarming in clouds beneath the over-hanging branches, dancing out their little day in the shade of the lime-tree.

The birds do not sing, they are too busy teaching their little ones to take short flights with their newly-fledged wings; only the swallows are still feeding their broods, and flit by, hunting upon the wing, and calling to each other with short sweet shrillness.

Beyond the garden gate is a meadow where the grass is close cropped, and the daisies are dead in the heat. An old horse, turned out to pasture, stands, patiently looking over the hedge, for hours together, only switching his tail from time to time, in the hope of persuading the flies to leave him alone.

In the next field the bearded wheat is erect and still. There is not the faintest breath of air to heave its ripe heavy heads, or to cause shadows to sweep over its golden wealth.

Farther away are trees in the dense richness of summer green, deep and full. Their branches also are motionless, not even the flutter of a little bird disturbs their sleep.

Living, alone, is sufficient on such a day as this; why exert oneself when all nature is so full of enervation?

But the stillness is broken, the charm of dreaminess is fled. Girlish laughter ripples, merry young voices approach, and a pony-carriage draws up at the entrance.

"It is too hot for lawn-tennis before evening," they cry; "come with us for a drive, we are going to see a beautiful old church."

"Is it not too hot to drive?" we ask.

"You are growing lazy, actually lazy," is the reply, "it will be good for you to be stirred up. Come, put on your shadiest hat, there is no escape for you. You are wicked, and shall have no rest unless you do."

It is less trouble to comply than to resist, and the good-natured maidens have their will with me.

While necessary preparations last, they roam the garden, and rifle the rosebushes.

"See" they cry, "here are your choicest treasures stolen."

They are like roses themselves, with the flush of youth on their fair rounded cheeks; the light of life in their happy eyes, and the knots of roses adorning their cool summer dresses.

We drive through deep sandy lanes, and over stony roads; past whitewashed cottages, whose thatch is thick and brown; where larkspur and Canterbury bells bloom in the little gardens, and children stand at the wickets, and push tangled hair from their eyes with chubby arms as they gaze after us.

Over a little stone bridge, spanning a sluggish stream; by a farmhouse where the white rose blooms freely in the surrounding hedge, casting a snow of over-blown petals upon the grass beneath. Then away, away, for miles, over a level moss, where the golden iris rears its stately head in the water-courses, and the toad-flax casts its lemon-hued flowers, in a sheet, over the bank; and the forget-me-not is blue as the skies; and the meadow-sweet makes the air rich with fragrance.

Here are reapers, thrusting their sickles into the earliest ripened corn. They have already done good work; and the figure of a portly country woman—with the sleeves of her lilac bed-gown rolled up, displaying comfortably plump arms, and the fastening at the neck thrown loosely open for the heat, and her cotton sun-bonnet tilted over her eyes—is seen approaching, laden with creature comforts and cooling drinks for their refreshment. They notice her approach, and already begin to straighten their weary backs, and stray off into the welcome shade of the hedge, for their short rest.

Then come lanes, where honeysuckle and wild roses deck the roadside, and purple fox-gloves stand erect.

Here is a tiny village which has hardly owned a new cottage for a century at least. The ancient Manor House, which once sheltered its lords, is now the dwelling of the farmer who employs the people. The change is little more than in name alone, the relationship between master and labourer is practically the same.

This village is separated from the next but by a winding lane among the fields. Here the Hall of the old owners has been divided into three dwellings of humbler pretensions. The family who once dwelt there in dignity and state have died out, their place knows them no more; the name exists but as the name of the spot, and is owned no longer by knight or squire.

Great revels were once held there; wit and wassail flowed; and the great ones of the earth flourished and loved, and sinned and sorrowed for a day. Not one remains, and the county history must be an old one which contains mention of the last of the race.

The church stands close at hand, a magnificent erection of great age, on which riches had been freely lavished centuries ago. The walls are yet

massive; the oaken doors thick and weighty. The carvings are rich; what endless patience was in the fingers which elaborated them;—the fragments of stained glass are gorgeous, what wealth and skill were originally employed to bring their fragile beauty from far distant lands!

Here is the crypt where the treasures of the church were concealed, but the rich plate and jewelled garments are gone. Here is the prison where the mighty incarcerated their foes;—oppressor and oppressed, judge and condemned alike are gone.

Here are winding steps of stone, worn away by the tread of many feet; here loopholes whence many eyes have gazed; here places where generations have knelt and prayed. Where are they all? Who were they all? Their very names on the tomb-stones, thick in the grass without, are obliterated from the lapse of time.

A beautiful altar-tomb represents a knight and his lady lying side by side. Shields are sculptured around the sides, but the armorial bearings are quite defaced. His feet rest upon his favourite hound; their garments were once sculptured in semblance of exquisite embroidery; they must have been people of consequence who lie below. Who were they? Their very names are forgotten.

Another altar-tomb has the figure of a bishop lying on it. A canopy is carved above him; the insignia of his office are there; his vestments are intricately adorned. When did he live? What did he do? How did he die? Was he beloved, or feared, or hated, or regretted? No one knows.

Golden coins were discovered in this cunning hiding-place. Who put them there? Why were they secreted? Whose hoard did they form? For what purpose were they amassed? Wherefore were they never employed? None can tell.

Great and powerful; wealthy and pious; priest and lord and captive; young and old; husband and wife; loving and loved:—they are all gone, nor left their histories behind them.

Their names are forgotten; few care to hear about their grandeur or their power of yore; it is nothing to those who gaze upon such relics of it as are left. But the work which they did remains.

The patience which carved that stone; the skill which tinted that glass; the honest labour expended upon the building where the mortar remains hard as iron, though the stones which it bound together are worn; the beautiful hint at allegory which is suggested by the beams and rafters of the roof being formed as those of a ship, built to conduct the souls of the faithful to the harbour where they would fain be: all this remains.

The love of the church, which expended such lavish care upon the decoration of that remote corner, which has to be sought out to be seen; the faithful completion of every task; the riches spent upon the best material and the most skilful hands to manipulate it,—these all remain in startling evidence still. The pride of life has gone;—the work of life remains.

The world knows the men no more, but the labour of their hands exists for the use and the instruction of generations; evidence, not to the honour of any individual, but to the honesty of love and labour.

There is indeed a sermon in these stones; they are silent witnesses to the fleeting character of greatness and glory; and the enduring character of thorough work. The finger of Time effaces all mortal beauty, honour, dignity, affluence and pride; while the labour of the hands resists its ravages, and bears its dumb testimony to the piety, the love, the devotion, which could leave nothing in the sacred building incomplete, or inefficiently handled.

Where is thorough, good honest work we may trust our "Tutamen Deus."

G. N.

A CORNISH STORY.

THE place I was staying at was a Cornish fishing village — far away from rail — almost unknown to tourists. In summer time it has for visitors, an artist or two; a strange little village it indeed is, no regular driving road leads to it, no shop exists there; perhaps, more wonderful still, there is no public-house or beer-shop. The nearest inn is about three miles away, there is no baker nearer than two miles, no regular butcher nearer than seven miles, though a farmer two miles away does in summer now and again kill a sheep, and then information is sent of the event. The inhabitants are all fishermen; they, their wives and families live principally on fish and puddings—a fine healthy race. The men especially are frank and handsome.

There is no church or chapel nearer than two and a half miles, and yet they are a religious God-fearing race of people, nearly all Wesleyans. While boats are launching, or fish are landing, you hear in place of music-hall songs, the strains of well-known hymns, whistled or sung. The men are, as a rule, hard-working, usually rising before sunrise, coming in about one o'clock to dinner, and then off again; they are all temperance men, going to their boats with a bottle of water or cold tea in their hands. There is little poverty, and no wealth, and, as usual with all fishermen nowaday, their only complaint is the poor price their fish realise, owing to excessive railway charges and the profits of the middleman. It does sound strange to be told that often when they get good catches of mullet that these fish are sent off to Paris, and that it pays them to trust their fish to French salesmen rather than to London agents. What will lovers of turbot say when I tell them of that grand fish being gladly sold for two shillings, and the men quite obliged to you for buying large plaice at sixpence, of herring or pilchards being quite a

drug in the market? The rent of land is high, three pounds and more per acre. The few farmers about say they are all quite ruined by high rents and bad times.

At this place I love to stay, knowing everybody, and liking them too. I was sitting one day last summer, at my work close to the shore, when I saw a boat come to her moorings outside; and soon in the small punt the three men landed with the catch, an old man and two younger ones. The latter carried off the fish, and the elder walked up to have a chat with myself. He was an especial favourite of mine—a man who had seen much of the world, and the wonders of the deep, and had told me many things of great interest. So, after a few words about their catch, I said, "Well! did you, like the rest, go to Penzance to see the Jubilee Show?"

"No, sir," said he, "I told 'em I hadn't the heart or mind to go; for you see, sir, I went to mother's funeral the day before, and I couldn't go from one to tother."

Looking at his age, I was surprised at the statement, but said, "I am most sorry to hear you have lost your mother."

"Well, you see, sir, I beg your pardon, she wasn't my own real mother, but I always called her such, though she was no relation of mine. This is how it was—she lived at M——. You know M——, sir? No? Well, it's the great fishing port this side Mount's Bay. Well, sir, forty odd years ago—I was a young man then—I had been to the North Sea in lugger-fishing off the Dogger Bank, fishing for cod in winter. It was my first voyage to the North Sea, and the work is hard and it is often cold. Getting wet through, and no dry clothes to put on, I took ill and couldn't at last get out of my bunk. Well, we comes back in time, and puts into M——, and two of my mates say, 'Tom, the best thing we can do for you is to take you to mother.' So they carries me ashore, takes me to a house, 'mother' meets us on the steps. 'What's the matter with the poor lad?' says she. My mates up and tells her how ill I have been. 'Poor lad,' says she, 'bring him into the house.' They carries me to bed; she looks after me, nurses me, feeds me, prays for me, reads the Bible to me; and I had never known her or seen her afore! When I got better, she says, 'My lad, whenever you come ashore again, never you go to any other house, always come here, and while I am alive there's food and shelter for ye.' And ye see, sir, she was not what people called a 'Lady,' but only a fisherman's wife, and kept a ship chandler's shop, and her husband was captain of a lugger. But sir, the good that woman did! You see sailors often come back from the Dogger Bank ill. Then there was 'mother' to the fore with food, and nursing, praying with 'em, and reading the Bible to 'em. How we loved mother!

"Well, sir, for more than twenty years I was coming on an off to that port, and as soon as ever my boat put in there I'd see 'mother' standing on the steps of her house, a-waving a something to show me she had seen me. She said as how she knew my boat the moment it came in sight; so I always went to 'mother,' you see, sir. I never knew my own 'mother:' she died when I was a little kid.

"You suppose I loved her? I should think I did—ah, I had done *anything* to please her. Yes, you may well say she was a Christian: not much a talking one, but a doing one. Well, sir, she died lately, so, of course, I goes to her funeral; and there was seventy-five men and women followed that body. She was seventy-seven years. There wasn't a dry eye among us; we all had something to tell of 'mother.'

"We goes back to the house, and her husband says, 'Tom,' says he, 'you have been coming here nigh on to forty year, and if ever you are here again, I hope you will make this your home.' Kind wasn't it? But I says, No. I says, 'You see mother's gone, and I couldn't come to this house again. Mother's dead;' and then we all set a-crying, sir—ah! tough old man as I am, I am not ashamed to say, I was a-crying like a little child, and so was we all. You'd have cried if you'd a-known her, and felt what it was to lose 'mother.'

"Well, she's gone home, if ever a soul did; she did love God; and many and many's the soul has been saved through her. There isn't too many of her sort, I take it, in the world. I could yarn on for hours about her. If a poor fellow was hard up, she'd say 'Come into the store, and take what you want, and make good use of it, lad; and if you can, why pay me some day; and if you can't, why you're welcome.' So now, sir, you see why I didn't go to Jubilee—I couldn't go, says I to the others, you see I can't go from one thing to another, so I sat at home all day, sir, and had a sore heart."

Such the story; and my friend went on his way.

And years ago this very place had a bad reputation for wreckers and smugglers. Local Wesleyan preachers went to it and were much abused. They worked on and we now see the fruits of their labour. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearce sometimes visits this little village. All love him there, and speak of his sermons.

HENRY A. HARPER.

Children's Hymn.

THOU, Lord, hast made us for Thy praise,
And we belong to Thee;
Oh, help us in Thy blessed ways,
To walk obediently.

Thou gav'st for us Thine only Son
To bear our guilt and shame;
Teach us to trust in Him alone,
And glorify His name.

And Thou hast sent Thy Spirit down
To raise our hearts above;
Oh, may He make these hearts Thine own,
And fill them with Thy love.

Thus may we, while we walk below,
Fulfil Thy blest design,
And in our daily conduct show
That we, O Lord, are Thine.

S. GERALDINA STOCK.

VISIT TO A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

THE celebration of the Passover is one of the chief festivals in the Jewish calendar. It continues during eight days, commencing on the fifteenth of the month Nisan, or rather on the evening of the fourteenth (as all Jewish sabbaths and festivals commence at sunset of the preceding day), and ending on the twenty-second day of that month. The new moon which marks the beginning of the month Nisan, corresponds in each year to different dates in our own calendar. This year, in 1888, it fell on the 22nd of March, and "the eve of the Passover" was on the 26th, the festival ending on the 3rd of April.

By invitation of a Jewish friend, I went to one of the London Synagogues on the second day of the Passover, Saturday, March 28th. I had been told that the first two, and the last two of the eight days of the festival, are celebrated with special pomp and extraordinary services, so that it was a favourable opportunity. A brief account of the service may interest the readers of the SUNDAY AT HOME. I ought to say that it was the Reformed Synagogue, as it is called, that I attended, where the service differs in some respects, to be presently mentioned, from that of the "Orthodox" synagogues. There are several reformed synagogues, I believe, in Berlin, New York and other places, but as yet only one in London, in Berkeley Street, Portman Square; the chief minister of which is the learned and venerated Professor Marks.

The chief difference in the service of the Reformed and Orthodox Synagogue, so far as can be observed by a stranger, is that the Reformed Synagogue has finer music in the form of a grand organ and a well-trained choir of male and female voices, while in the old synagogues the whole service is chanted by male voices. The sermon in English is, I believe, common to both synagogues, on special occasions.

There are other differences, of course, as my Jewish friends tell me, especially that in the Reformed Synagogues the portions of Scripture, as appointed to be read in order, are shorter, because they are distributed over a cycle of three years, instead of being gone through in one year. This one point is an indication of the differences which justify the charge of the Orthodox that the Reformed brethren do not pay the same respect to the traditions of the fathers, and for this and other reasons their synagogues are looked upon as irregular places, or *tiphlas* as they call them.

But at the great festivals, as at this Passover season, there is substantially the same service, except in regard to the music.

With my friend, I went to the gallery, as is the custom for females. The body of the house was filled with male worshippers. All the men had their hats on, the conductors of the service wearing peculiarly shaped black head coverings. All of them wore *tallithe*, *i.e.* cloths with fringes, like white scarves. There was an air of solemnity and interest pervading the whole vast assembly, upon which I had to look with feelings of curiosity rather than intelligent sympathy, the whole service being in Hebrew. I had to depend on others to inform me what were the portions of holy writ that were being read or chanted. But of the magnificent effect of the music any one could judge. The sound of many voices in the responses and in the chanting, was most imposing, and the music of the organ and of the choir equal to what is heard in any place of worship.

On this day, after the usual morning service, consisting of readings from the Law and the Prophetical books, and responses by the congregation—the Hebrew scrolls having been taken from the ark and borne to the reading desk with great solemnity—the special portions for the Passover festival were chanted. These were Psalm 107, and the collection of Psalms known as "the Hallel," from Psalm 113 to Psalm 118 inclusive. The chanting and singing of all these sounded admirably, and the outburst of joyful song towards the close was magnificent—a soprano voice of great power and compass rising above the choir, and thrilling every listener in the words: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; because His mercy endureth for ever." The choir is stationed in the body of the house, behind the ark.

The congregation seemed very cheerful and complacent as they came out, with more of friendly recognition and salutation than one commonly sees after ordinary church services. The Jews are no doubt on the whole more united and sociable than Gentiles of the same class in society; it is a community where many are known to each other, for there are few poor Jews in the west compared with the east of London. I left the place greatly delighted with the whole service, although the pleasure was strangely mingled with surprise and with regret that all this joy and thanksgiving arose from the commemoration of a mere external and national deliverance, experienced by ancestors so many ages ago. Thankfulness for present mercies no doubt helps to inspire the service, and the future redemption of the people, and restoration to their own land is professedly hoped for; though it is doubtful how many of the prosperous Jews in England would regard this as a blessing. Nevertheless it is a wonderful sight to see the celebration of an ancient historical event maintained by all Jews in every land, after the lapse of three thousand years. Surely for some greater purpose than yet appears, with all the wealth and prosperity of the people, has the race been preserved by Divine Providence, scattered among all nations, yet separate and distinct from the people of the lands where they dwell. What kingdom or dynasty or institution can boast of such remote antiquity, and such continuous vitality, as is

witnessed among the Jews, in their rites, and usages, and religious services?

It is a marked feature of the Jewish religion that its ceremonies are not limited to the house of worship, but that they are for the most part practised at home in the family circle. This festival of the passover is specially a home service in its beginning, and in its spirit. Great preparations are made in every Jewish dwelling, and the festival begins with the assembling of the family on the eve of the passover. In the SUNDAY AT HOME for 1877 will be found a full description of all that passes on that evening in the Jewish household. The sacred object-lessons, as we might call them, taught by the various things that are placed upon the supper-table are there clearly set forth. But it is the fulfilment of the ancient precept, as if with prophetic certainty, that is most striking. In the book of Exodus it is written "And it shall come to pass, when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? that ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's Passover, who passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt, when He smote the Egyptians, and delivered our houses" (Exod. xii. 26, 27.) To this day in every land, on Passover eve, the youngest male child who is present, asks "Wherefore is this night distinguished from all other nights?" And the head of the family or household explains the reason of the celebration, and the meaning of the peculiar ceremonies and objects before them. "All these several rites and ceremonies," says a learned and eminent member of the Jewish community, "have for their object to recall to the Israelite the severe bondage his ancestors endured on the one hand, and on the other to commemorate the glorious deliverance which the Lord wrought for them with a mighty and outstretched arm. One principal constituent, however, in the celebration of the festival is wanting at the present day—the paschal lamb—as since the destruction of the Temple sacrifices are no more offered. Still the Passover has lost none of its importance; its precepts are still observed with scrupulous conscientiousness by the Jewish people, even by those who otherwise do not strictly adhere to the ritual injunctions of the Mosaic faith."

It is impossible for a Christian visitor to witness these Passover services, or to remember the ceremonies connected with the season, without thinking of the greater events of which they are types and symbols. The unleavened bread, the bitter herbs, and above all the indication of the slain lamb, recall the great paschal sacrifice made once for the salvation of the world. The slavery in Egypt prefigured a more terrible bondage to sin and Satan; the exodus denoted a greater deliverance; the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs were symbols of the purity and the penitence of those who are partakers of so great salvation. It was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, Paul the pupil of Gamaliel, who wrote, "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." (1 Cor. v. 7, 8.)

It is from the books of Moses and of the Prophets that we know how this paschal lamb prefigured the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. In these sacred books we are also taught that the promised Messiah was to come first in humiliation, and thereafter to be exalted as a Prince and a Saviour. The two lines of prophecy are not conflicting, but both meet in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

Let Christians who owe so much to the Jewish people, who were the custodians of the Scriptures, and from whom, according to the flesh, Jesus the Messiah came, unite in the prayer that the true significance of the festival of "the Passover," and of the still more momentous "Day of Atonement," may be understood by those on whose eyes the veil still rests, so that they may see the glory of the Redeemer, who died, according to the Scriptures, and rose again, and who is to come the second time as the Judge of the quick and the dead!

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XV.

Faithful and tender—wife, widow, and daughter—
Well may we praise her for all she has been;
Blest be the trials and sorrows that brought her
In the cornfields of Bethlehem to follow and glean.

1. As the sun falls on rock, or the dew on the dust,
He sends *this* alike on the unjust and just.
2. A *land* that is wholly forgotten, save when
We think 'twas his home—that, most patient of men.
3. O gentlest reproach from lips human, divine!
"Were there not *these* cleansed? But where are the nine?"
4. Impious, ill-fated, of cursèd renown
Art *thou* who rebuildest this waste-lying town!

M. E. B.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. V.—p. 384.

"And Jonathan, Saul's son, had a son that was lame of his feet. He was five years old when the tidings came of Saul and Jonathan out of Jezreel, and his nurse took him up, and fled; and it came to pass, as she made haste to flee, that he fell, and became lame. And his name was Mephibosheth."—2 *Sam.* iv. 4.

(1) 2 Sam. iv. 4; 1 Sam. xxxi.; (2) 1 Kings xviii. 45, 46; (3) 2 Sam. iv. 4; (4) 1 Sam. xxxi. 6; (5) 2 Sam. ix. 5, 6; xix. 25, 26; (6) 1 Sam. xiv. 49; xix. 17; (7) xix. 4, 5; (8) The nurse; (9) Saul, Jonathan and Mephibosheth; (10) Mephibosheth, five years old; (11) Lameness; (12) see 1 Sam. xxxi.; (13) 2 Sam. iv. 1, 8, 9-12; 2 Sam. i. 13-15; (14) Mephibosheth; (15) 2 Sam. iv. 4.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VII.—p. 400.

He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.—*John* vi. 47.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER I.—BERTIE'S BIRTHDAY.

"WELL, this is a jolly birthday! I declare it isn't a bit cold, and with the sun shining like this, you could fancy it was summer;" and as the little boy spoke, he skipped along the field-path, while his brother, a year or two older, walked thoughtfully behind.

Presently the skipping and whistling were brought to an abrupt close by the elder one saying: "Tommy, we must be very poor, I think, only to get an orange and a new penny this morning."

The boys had always shared similarly on their birthdays, which had been made days of general festival, when presents were freely given. But both had been disappointed of the particular present each desired this time, although it was Bertie's birthday, and if there ever was any difference made, Bertie, as the elder, was considered to have the right to the most consideration, and the best present.

"I did think I should have had a knife to-day," grumbled Tommy, who had suddenly forgotten the brightness of the day in the disappointment concerning the knife.

"I thought I should get a big 'Robinson Crusoe,' full of pictures, to-day. I told mamma about it weeks and weeks ago, and that's what made me think we must be poor. Never mind about the knife, Tommy; I'll lend you mine—only you must take care of it, for I don't think mother could buy me another now."

"Why couldn't she? I'm going to ask her to buy me one," said Tommy. "It isn't no good having one lent to you; I want it in my pocket always."

"I'll lend it you to keep in your pocket sometimes; but you mustn't worry mother about buying one," said Bertie, "because I don't think she wants us to know we're poor—she's never told me about it, you know," he added.

"But why should we be poor?" demanded Tommy. "Father has a lot of men working for him in the factory; I've seen them, and so have you, Bertie."

But Bertie shook his head, "I don't think they're at work now," he said. "I heard Ann tell somebody the other day that the factory was closed."

"I don't believe Ann knows anything about it," said Tommy passionately. "We can't be poor—how can we? Mother is a lady, and father is a gentleman; and how can we be poor, dirty people, like the men at the factory?"

But the conversation was interrupted here by a big slouching boy rising suddenly from the ground, and shaking his fist at them in a threatening manner.

"Don't you see my trap?" he hissed, in a tone of suppressed passion. "Can't you go somewhere else with your chatter?"

Bertie was startled for a minute, but soon regained his courage, and looking round he saw three or four bricks placed so as to make a trap for any unwary bird that ventured to pick up the crumbs that were scattered inside.

"Ain't you never seed a trap before?" demanded the owner, but still in a whisper, for fear of scaring the birds.

"What right have you to set a trap to catch the poor little birds?" asked Bertie calmly, and looking in the boy's face as he spoke.

The bully was evidently taken aback by the little boy's undaunted manner.

"Well, that's a good un, that is," he said, as soon as he could recover from his astonishment; "what do I catch birds for? What did your father go shooting 'em for? Just tell me that."

"You don't know my father," said Tommy, now stepping forward.

"Oh, don't I! You just come out o' that path, and let the birds alone, and I'll tell you who your father is, and why he don't live at Beachcliff with yer too," said the boy, and as he spoke he hustled them away to the shelter of a neighbouring hedge. "There now, don't talk too loud, and we can have it out here without scaring the birds away from my trap. I 'spose you and your fine lady mother thinks nobody don't know you here in Beachcliff; but you're just mistaken. Everybody knows everybody else in less than a month, and you've been here close upon three months. You lived in a big house at Esterfield, and had a factory before you came here; ain't I right now?" suddenly demanded the boy, in a triumphant tone.

Bertie nodded.

"I don't know how you know so much about us," he said.

"Why, everybody knows it," said the other, with a short laugh. "Everybody is saying this is a pretty bad time for you, and what's more it serves you right, for none of yer ever tried to make things a bit brighter for them as you might have helped—them as was poor and hungry, when you was rolling in riches. And now your turn's come, and it serves—— Hi, hush; the trap's down, I do believe," broke off the boy, suddenly lowering his voice; and he ran across the grass, leaving the brothers looking at each other in such blank astonishment that neither could speak for a minute or two.

Bertie's eyes were full of tears, while Tommy looked angry as he clenched his fist at his retreating foe.

"He is a wicked, cruel boy," he said passionately.

"But, suppose it should be true, Tommy?" said Bertie.

"What! That we're so poor?"

"That we never tried to help anybody when we had plenty of everything for ourselves," said Bertie, sadly.

"Well, suppose we didn't. Hasn't everybody got to look out for themselves?" said his brother. "I've heard father say that a good many times," he added.

While they had been speaking, they had slowly walked towards the field-path, and there met the bird-catcher with his prize.

"It's a young thrush," he said, "and I shall soon have another too," he added, glancing back at the trap which he had again set.

"Let's look at it," said Bertie, eagerly; and Tommy pressed forward too, to peep at the poor palpitating little prisoner that was held fast in the boy's hands.

"Oh, do let it go!" said Bertie, in a voice of entreaty.

"What do yer take me for?" said the other, with a harsh

laugh. "D'yo think I ketches birds to let 'em go agin? Not much! Why I've been waiting nigh upon two hours for that trap to go down, and when it goes down with a beauty like this un in it, you comes and says, 'Let it go.'"

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Tommy, who thought he should like it for himself.

"Do with it! Why sell it, to be sure. How am I to get any breakfast, let alone dinner, if I can't make a penny by the bird?"

Bertie glanced at the boy's face and saw now that he looked pale and hungry.

"Haven't you had any breakfast?" he said, and he put his hand in his pocket, and fingered his penny thoughtfully.

"Oh, it doesn't matter so much about breakfast if I can get a bite of something by-and-by! Coves like me can't afford to think much of a meal more or less, like you lucky chaps do."

Bertie looked at him pityingly.

"I wish I had known you had got no breakfast, I would have brought you half of mine," he said.

"Would you now?" said the other, with widely opened eyes.

"Yes, lad; and if you'll let the bird fly, I'll give you this," and he drew the bright new penny out of his pocket and showed it to the boy.

"Is it a good un?" he asked, taking it out of his hand to examine it.

"Oh, yes, it's quite good!" said Tommy. "It's a birthday penny."

"And you've got one, too, I s'pose?" said the boy sharply, thinking he saw the chance of getting another penny.

Tommy nodded.

"It's all we've got," said the boy sadly, thinking of the knife he had wished for.

"Well, it's more than I gets," said the bird-catcher; "nobody ever thinks of me. Here's yer penny, little un," he added; "I couldn't let a beauty like this go for a penny."

Bertie took the penny, but looked appealingly at his brother.

"Couldn't you spare yours, Tommy?" he whispered, drawing him aside.

Tommy shook his head.

"It's all I've got," he said; "and we never get pennies now like we used when father was at home."

"But the poor little bird, Tommy, it will be shut up in a cage and never be happy again."

"How do you know that?" demanded Tommy.

"Ann told me about it the other day. She said it was very cruel to shut up poor little wild birds; they were always trying to get away, and unhappy because they could not."

"He's a cruel boy to catch them, then," concluded Tommy; "but it isn't our business."

"Yes, it is, if we've got the money that would buy its freedom. Oh, Tommy, do give your penny, too! He'll let it fly for twopence, I think."

"Why can't he let it go for a penny, then?" said Tommy, slowly drawing his hand out of his pocket, and looking at the bright new coin.

"Well, he's hungry, you see; and perhaps nobody ever told him about it being cruel to catch birds. He won't get much of a dinner even for twopence," concluded Bertie; "and Ann told me she was going to make a plum pudding for us."

"I should think so," said Tommy, in a half resentful tone. "Why don't we have dessert now like we used to?"

"Ann says little boys don't want dessert when they're at the seaside; but I don't believe mother has it either, and it must be all because we have got poor somehow."

"Well, then, if we're so poor, what do you want to give our pennies away for?" demanded Tommy, discontentedly.

"To help the poor bird, and—and we might help the boy get some dinner, you know," added Bertie. "He says we never helped anybody. I'm afraid I never thought about it before; we always had what we wanted, and somebody to take care of us, but I've thought that perhaps boys might help a little bit in some little way, and I'd like to begin with that bird, if I could, only you see I can't unless you will too."

Tommy slowly turned over the penny in his hand, looking at it lingeringly; but at last he gave it to his brother.

"It's your birthday," he said; "we shall have some pudding for dinner, but he won't, I suppose." He spoke of the boy, not the bird.

Bertie ran back to where the lad stood, still holding the thrush in his hand.

"Will you let it fly for twopence," he said; "it's all the money we've got, but if you come to our house at dinner-time, I'll ask Ann to give you something to eat."

The boy looked at the twopence and then at the bird.

"Well, I dunno," he said slowly. "I've been thinking I might get fourpence for it to-morrow, even if I should not find the man to day."

"But you want some breakfast and dinner," said Bertie by way of argument.

"Didn't you say you'd give me some dinner?" insinuated the boy.

"Yes, I'll ask Ann about it, and I'm almost sure she will. But wouldn't you like to be kind to that poor bird?" added Bertie, questioningly.

"Oh, the bird won't hurt; whoever gets it will feed it well."

"But they'll shut it up in a cage to keep it from flying away," said Bertie.

"Of course they will; people don't buy birds to let 'em fly away agin."

"But I will, if you'll take my twopence and let it go," said Bertie, holding out his two bright new pennies.

"Well, you're a rum chap to part with your money for nothing like that. Look here, the bird won't hurt, I tell you; somebody's sure to buy it that's fond of 'em."

"But think of it being shut up in a little cage instead of flying about in the fields and among the trees. Why it's like putting boys into prison," added Bertie.

"What do you know about boys being put in prison?" fiercely demanded the young birdcatcher.

"I've heard about it from Ann; and I know I should not like to be shut up in a little room, and never run on the sands and climb up the cliffs again. And birds feel the same about their wings, as we do about our legs," replied Bertie calmly.

There was still a lingering gleam of suspicion in the boy's eyes as he looked keenly at Bertie; but the appeal to his love of freedom had evidently touched him.

"I shall lose tuppence by the bargain, if I lets him go for this," he said slowly, taking the money out of Bertie's outstretched hand.

"Ah, but think of being kind to the poor little bird," said Bertie joyfully, as he saw his money transferred to the boy's pocket.

"I'll make sure of that first," said the lad, with a knowing nod, "and you'd better take the bird, and then you can do as you like with it."

Bertie just took the poor frightened fluttering bird into his hand, but the next minute it was flying upwards towards the nearest tree to rest and recover from its fright, and the clumsy handling it had endured.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

"WHO WANTS TO BURN THESE MEN?"

CHAPTER X.—AN ANXIOUS CHRISTMAS.

THE merry season of Christmas was just at hand, but few in Valenciennes felt joyous or inclined to mirth. There, as elsewhere in the Netherlands, men's minds were greatly perturbed. The struggle between people and king, between liberty and the Inquisition, was daily becoming more fierce, and the wise foresaw that it could only end in a death-grapple. Philip II. sat dark and gloomy in his far-away capital, like a morose spider in the middle of a gigantic web, and was fain to keep his eye upon all his millions of subjects. He had been told of the two heretics caught by his well-beloved and trusty Titelmann, and had especially commended the deed of this trusty well-beloved, exhorting him to persevere in the same path for the glory of God and the

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

honour of the king. Philip expressing his satisfaction at the seizure of the pestilential heretics had intimated to his Regent sister his desire that they might forthwith be burnt. When the Duchess Margaret repeated to her council these gracious commands of His Majesty, Marquis Berghen, the stadtholder of Valenciennes, started up and very hotly exclaimed:

"Madam! I do not see my way to burning two of my fellow-creatures on account of their beliefs."

It being impressed upon him that, when the king ordered, the faithful subject should hold no opinions of his own, this haughty noble declared that Philip was no king to him. His Majesty was sovereign in Spain no doubt, but he was only duke in Brabant, and count in Flanders, and if history spoke true a Berghen's name had been shouted on many a battle-field before Burgundy's standard was known. This happened at Brussels early in December, whence accounts were written to the Spanish monarch detailing the treasonable behaviour of Marquis Berghen. Philip was roused to extremest fury by the news. He sent back answers breathing fire and destruction to all heretics, or sympathizers with heretics. He even intimated that it might be a good thing to take off a noble head or two, Berghen's, by way of example; but the Duchess, better acquainted than her brother with the men she had to deal with, made haste to hide this private note in her very most secret cabinet. Before there was time however for this interchange of letters with Madrid, the Regent and her chief councillor, the Cardinal Granvelle, had determined to let the execution of the two prisoners take place in Valenciennes on New Year's Day, as a fit and fair beginning to the young year.

But what of the two prisoners about whom king, duchess, nobles and councillors were so busily writing all these weeks? Titelmann, as we have seen, lodged them in the strong tower which was known as the Moon. Having done this he left them to the care of his satellites and betook himself to Brussels. His departure relieved Bertrand from an intolerable dread, that, namely, of seeing him lay hands upon others besides the minister and Burgher Mallart. The tower occupied by the two prisoners was a semicircular edifice abutting on the street, whence the small grated window of their prison chamber could be readily seen. As soon as it became known that they were lodged in that particular cell, the low wall opposite the tower was never without a string of persons engaged in looking at their window. By-and-by friends came who exchanged greetings with them, and the minister was observed to extend his hands towards these latter in an attitude of blessing.

One evening, about ten days after their incarceration, a poor idiot boy, who had often experienced the charity of Mallart, espied his benefactor behind the barred window. He thereupon set up such a wild pantomime, expressive of his joy, that his gibbering and his antics speedily collected a large crowd in the street. This poor creature, who was popularly known as Tollchen, sprang upon a cart that stood hard by, with some confused idea perhaps of reaching the window. Foiled in this intention he began a rambling address to the crowd. In a high shrill voice he related how he had found his good master up there in a cage, pointing to the grated window, and how he had been set up there by the devil—the devil all in red with black cross-bones on his hood—a description which called forth laughter and angry shouts of Titelmann. The poor lad, excited by the noise, was becoming wilder and wilder in his gestures when Mallart coming close to the window called aloud, "Tollchen, Tollchen!"

The sound of the well-known voice made him pause in his capering, and turning around he knelt down on the top of the cart, lifting up his hands to Mallart with a pitiful gesture of supplication. Some soldiers from the guard stationed at the draw-bridge, who had come out with the intention of knocking the boy off the cart, stopped an instant to see what would happen next.

"Tollchen," said Mallart slowly and distinctly, "go home, my lad. Don't stay there, the soldiers will beat you, if you do. Go home, and Martha will give you some supper. Tell her the master sent her word to do so from behind the cage. Good night, go home."

The idiot was proceeding to get down very slowly when one of the soldiers gave him a shove with the butt-end of his lance. The lad slipped and fell to the ground, striking his head against the edge of the cart. The boy was greatly terrified and set up a dismal howl. The crowd answered by an angry murmur, and the teamster whipped up his horse so suddenly that he knocked down the *lanzknecht* with the shaft of his cart. For a moment a disturbance seemed imminent. The citizens hustled the soldiers about and broke one of their lances, while these latter, on the other hand, shouted loudly to their comrades at the gate to sally out and beat the Flemish dogs. Before this could be done, however, the citizens had disappeared down the side alleys much ruffled in temper.

There had been one unseen but deeply interested spectator of this little street drama. Bertrand, inwardly pondering over the task set before him by Margareta, had looked out at the first intimation of a disturbance and had therefore seen all that had passed. His room was situated exactly beneath that occupied by the two prisoners, so that he had ample opportunity for viewing the incident which was very significant to him. Ever since his last memorable visit to Margareta, his mind was constantly at work upon the one theme of how to liberate the prisoners. He had not seen her since that day, as he deemed it safer for them all that their names should not be associated in men's minds. Nevertheless he was not entirely without news from her. The day before, for example, he had received from her a little silken purse or case, worked daintily with a white marguerite. This was in return for a little Bible, which he had sent her, with the message, "I daily read one like this." Rosa had brought him the little packet in return, and had put it into his hand, with many a smile and nod, indicative of good-will and pleasure. He hurried to his room, and when he saw the sweet little

emblem he kissed it rapturously for the sake of the dear fingers which had wrought it.

The day before Christmas the commander of the fortress, Louis von Brera, deputed his command to Bertrand, while he proceeded to Montéval to pass the day in suitable feasting with his friend the Baron of that name. The following morning a courier arrived from Brussels, with a Royal packet containing urgent and most important despatches for Louis von Brera, and also for the magistrates of Valenciennes. The commander summoned from his Christmas feast in all haste arrived in a fine rage, after his long ride in the driving snow. The packet contained orders from the Regent to have the two prisoners burnt on New Year's Day. Louis von Brera, was commanded to see that it was "duly and well accomplished to the enlightenment of the poor people, much led astray by those viperish perverters of the truth." All of which was greatly to add to the glory of God, the honour of the King, and the advancement of Louis von Brera. Orders were likewise given to the magistrates to command that the executions should take place, intimating that with the governor of the citadel would rest the responsibility of seeing them neatly and decorously accomplished without let or hindrance.

"How now!" exclaimed the dinnerless and thoroughly angry commandant, "Madam Regent thinks I can quell a furious mob as easily as she quiets her Italian pup by a kick of her royal foot. I would have her know if she wants men to be burnt she must send Spaniards to do it."

He was striding hastily up and down the apartment, while Bertrand sat at the table reading and re-reading the fatal orders in a dazed kind of way.

"Who wants to burn these men?" pursued the elder knight. I don't, nor does any honest Fleming. It is all the doing of these Spaniards. I hate them! Sneaking dogs! Why don't they bide in their own country, instead of coming here to suck our blood and filch our gold? My curse upon them! I would liefer burn a score of them than hurt a hair of honest Mallart's head."

Thus stormed the old man while Bertrand remained speechless. After another tramp down the room he returned to the table once more.

"What say you, Bertrand de Swarte? How will the people relish this New Year's show which our gracious Regent has ordered for their amusement?"

"Your excellency," said Bertrand rising, "will find it impossible to execute these orders without troops enough to overawe the city and protect the castle. The people will be beyond all control."

"I'll do none of it!" said the commandant stamping his foot. "I am a soldier, not an executioner. I'll to the Council House to speak with the magistrates, and you, De Swarte, do you attend me to do aught that may chance with the quill. I'm an old soldier, and write my letters with the sword. Good sooth! it writes a clear hand still," continued the veteran as he buckled his heavy belt around his ample waist. The two men proceeded through the snowy and deserted streets to the Council House where they found the magistrates already assembled and in great trepidation. The disagreeable walk had in nowise soothed the ruffled temper of the commander who began at once on entering the room:

"How now, good sirs? This is a fine Christmas greeting to us all from the Regent! What is the opinion of your worships? Can these men be burnt this day sennight without a riot?"

The magistrates were unanimous that it could not be safely attempted, and the result of their deliberation was a very humble remonstrance, which was signed by all and duly forwarded to the Regent, praying her to bear in mind their loyalty and devotion to herself and the King and at the same time begging her to reconsider her decision in the matter of the executions.

It soon became noised abroad what was the purport of the orders that the magistrates had received from Brussels. Then the citizens of Valenciennes swarmed into the streets in spite of the snowstorm and thronged about the castle. One would imagine the city had become Protestant to a man, the crowds were so large and appeared so angry and excited. In answer to their repeated calls, the minister came to his prison window and said something to them in a loud voice, but the trampling of feet and the driving storm prevented him from being understood by any, except those directly underneath. However, the sound of his voice and the sight of his face seemed to have a quieting effect upon the minds of the crowd, as shortly afterwards they began to disperse. By nightfall all were gone but five men who remained behind. They were clad in warm fur cloaks, and carried upon their shoulders long staves somewhat after the manner of lancers on guard. These men placed themselves in certain positions in the street whence they could command the best views of the grated window, and began pacing up and down after the manner of soldiers. At last it dawned upon the castle guard that this was a volunteer patrol sent by the citizens to keep watch over the prisoners and to give notice if they were secretly removed or if aught unusual happened at the prison.

And so Christmas night passed away in Valenciennes. The faithful guard was twice relieved during the night with perfect regularity, and the prisoners were each time challenged to know if "All was well?"

CHAPTER XI.—THE KING COMMANDS.

THE long weary winter had at length given place to spring, and still the two dear faces, very pale and worn now, looked from the small window down upon the anxious crowds below. Each day the minister had addressed some words of advice or encouragement to his open-air congregation. Never had words of his so stirred the hearts of his hearers as those which he uttered from his iron-bound pulpit. At first but a few score came to the window; later on they thronged thither in hundreds, and as the kind-hearted commandant, Louis von Brera, refused to hear or see anything amiss in all this, the preaching continued without interruption. The people's guard

had watched all through the dark nights of the winter, and by day women, children, and old men, the weak and the aged, all crowded to listen to the minister's words of love and wisdom. They had watched and prayed through the snows of winter, through a stormy, blustering March, and now it was the first week of April, and the face of Nature began to smile and look bright.

To the casual observer everything seemed as usual. Men worked at their trades, women went and came about their business, little children played in the streets. All the town was quiet, but it was the quiet of a fierce watch-dog lying still with eyes intent upon some suspicious object. Let the thing but move one inch and the dog will spring.

Suddenly, without any warning, the gates of the city were opened one Sunday afternoon and a small body of troops entered. Fifty swarthy halberdiers came marching in with the steady tramp of the famous Spanish infantry, and the sound of their footsteps echoed painfully in the hearts of the citizens. The advent of these Spaniards boded no good to the imprisoned men. Like ill-omened birds of prey they were known to gather wherever there was bloody work to be done.

The people in great alarm hurried to the citadel. Soon the newly-arrived soldiers began to show their dark faces at the castle gate. They jeered at the citizens and bade them guard their friends close and straight, and see if they could keep their breath in their heretic bodies in spite of gentle Peter Titelmann: bade them bring water—turn in the river—and see if it would quench the fires deserved by such accursed ones. Taunts such as these did not tend to allay the fears of the people. Add to this the fact, which soon became known, that the commandant, Louis von Brera, had received an express from the Regent, and after reading the same had refused to eat his dinner—a most portentous omen—and it may be imagined how uneasy was Valenciennes on that Sunday afternoon in April.

Next morning a placard was displayed on the door of the Council House. This document, emblazoned and sealed with all possible splendour of royal arms and wax, set forth how closely the happiness of the people of Valenciennes lay to the heart of their king and master, and how it had grieved that kingly heart to learn of their having been led astray by some accursed and most pestilential heretics, sons of the devil, chief among whom were Francis Mallart and one Faveau, mis-called minister; and how considering all these circumstances, his Benign Majesty had of his goodness ordered these men to be burned in the market-place of his good city of Valenciennes on the twenty-seventh day of that month of April, which would be Saturday. All of which was especially ordained for the good and well-being of his dearly-beloved subjects. The paper was duly signed by a large sprawling "Margaret, Regent." The magistrates having refused to sanction the execution, the order had come from the central government at Brussels.

Side by side with this proclamation was another intimating that the command of Valenciennes would be taken by Don Pedro da Silla, captain of the Aragon halberdiers, for the space of one week, to enable the trusty and well-beloved Louis von Brera to seek a little rest and refreshing of his health, much impaired by the rigours of the winter. So, cried the people, the governor was to be replaced by the blood-thirsty Spaniard because he was not favourable to the executions. The noble and gallant chevalier Bertrand de Swarte was likewise to recruit his health for the space of one week, so that none, said the people, might be left to interfere with Don Pedro and his burnings.

The news of these placards spread like wild-fire through the city, carrying terror and dismay to many hearts, but only serving to deepen in some the determination to defeat so detestable a project.

The moment Bertrand heard of his leave he proceeded to take advantage of it in his own way. The honest old commander wished Bertrand to accompany him to Montéval to forget it all in a week's merry feasting, but, much to his disgust, the young man said he was quite unable to go to Montéval. He did not say where he was going, and no one knew, for he disappeared from the castle that same evening and was not seen again by any of his comrades in arms.

The morning of the 27th of April broke dark and lowering over Valenciennes. Heavy black clouds seemed to try to hide from the face of the sun the direful deed which was to be done that day. At earliest dawn men were seen in the Market Place, some working, some idling about. The workers were fitting up stages, driving in low palisades, and erecting two rather high piles of light dry wood around a couple of posts. The posts were young green trees full of sap with the bark just stripped—young green trees full of sap burn slowly, and were calculated to stand firm in the flames long after the throbbing quivering bodies of those bound to them had been burnt to black cinders.

The idlers in the square were mostly young men of sturdy limb who walked listlessly about, apparently taking little note of the proceedings of the workers, save when two or three of them happened to meet out of earshot of every one else. Then these listless idlers exchanged rapid eager words, with flashing eyes, and orders seemed to be issued by one among them, a miller with a large flapping hat, of very dusty exterior, and who was more listless if possible than all the rest. After a while, before it was fully daylight, these young men sauntered away, and the crowd began to collect.

This awful day found Margareta in an agony of despair. She had hoped desperately from day to day during the week to hear of an escape. But the days passed by and the suffering faces of the beloved prisoners were still seen behind the prison-bars. The minister was more prayerful, more gentle, more loving than ever now that his life seemed on the point of passing away. What time was not spent beneath the prison window Margareta passed in a mute agony of prayer in her chamber. She remained hours upon her knees with clasped hands, but no audible sound escaped her pale compressed lips. Those who

saw the bright merry girl at the Michaelmas Fair only a few months ago would never have recognised her in the pale stricken woman with those large pitiful eyes who moved about Simon Colberg's house without speaking.

Beta van Oost had been with the poor girl several times during this terrible week in the hope of comforting her and perhaps of rousing her from the despairing state into which she seemed to have fallen. That vehement little woman found no small relief to her own feelings in pouring out a torrent of wrath against all the Spaniards, both at home and when in Margareta's presence.

"Those miserable wretches!" she exclaimed the day before that appointed for the execution, "I saw them arrive looking so fierce with their black eyebrows and beards as if they would like to kill and eat us all. And that oily Don Pedro! He is to be left in command instead of good honest Flemish knights. Ugh! I hate the man! He tried to get brother Johann into trouble at Cambray. Tried to make him talk treason in order that he might then betray the poor lad. He is a viper, is Don Pedro. He said my friend would miss her cavalier now. I don't know what he meant. I wonder who he meant, do you know, Margareta?"

"No," answered she whom Beta addressed, looking vaguely about like one scarce awakening from a horrible dream. "I did not hear what friend you said."

"Ah, you poor darling," cried Beta throwing her arms around her friend's neck and kissing her white cold cheeks, "you are breaking your heart over this. I wish that you had never been a Protestant, for then you would have been only very enraged to-day like me, which is quite healthful, whereas you look as if your heart was broken."

"I think it is," said Margareta looking away.

She remained silent a long time, while Beta looked longingly at her, cudgelling her small brains for some means whereby to console her dear, sweet Margareta.

At length the latter spoke again, in the same dreary lifeless hopeless voice as if her life were going out of her and leaving nothing but a soulless frame to do duty as a woman.

"Beta, I want you to do something for me—to-morrow," the last word came with a gasp.

"Yes, dear, tell me what it is. I will do anything, everything you want," replied Beta.

"I want to go to your house and see the——; see it, and I want you to stay with me."

"Daughter," said Dame Colberg with tender solicitude, "is it well for thee to go?"

"Mother," said the poor girl going to her and throwing herself on her knees before her mother, "I must go. I shall die if I stay here through that dreadful day. Oh, I can't bear it."

"Do as seems to thee best, my daughter," said the mother infinitely sorrowful, yet powerless to soothe or comfort her child.

A TALK WITH COUSIN MABEL ABOUT PERFECTION.

BY E. J. WHATELY, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN MABEL'S SKETCHES OF CHARACTER."

I.

"I AM so glad they are all gone!" said my young friend Katie Wynyard, when the last straggler of a little missionary working party, who had lingered with more "last words" after the rest had departed, had finally gathered up her various belongings and closed the door of my sitting-room, leaving the speaker and myself the only inmates. "I thought that good Mrs. Long would never take herself off, and I was so wanting to have a little talk with you, dear Miss Selwyn."

"Well, my dear, I am quite free and at your service, if you like to stay and have a 'crack,' as our old Scotch friend used to say. I knew you had something on your mind; you have not looked your old self to-day. I hope there is nothing wrong at home?"

Katie, I should say, has a rather anxious home-life; having an invalid and rather incapable mother, a busy, hard-worked father, and being the only daughter beyond the age of childhood, all the family burdens have come on her young shoulders, and I must say she carries them in a brave, cheerful, unselfish spirit; and if occasionally flashes of a naturally impetuous temper may show themselves, it is not often. She is a useful and also a happy person, who gets more real enjoyment out of her busy, self-denying life, than many girls who have far more of what is called pleasure. To-day, however, the usually bright, happy face was clouded, and its expression told of some real care.

"Oh, no; all is quite as well as usual at home; it is only my own trouble. There is a question I should like to ask."

"Well, dear, what is it?"

"Did you ever know, dear Miss Selwyn, of any one who prayed constantly again and again for something quite certain to be according to God's will, and yet never got an answer?"

"I have seen plenty of cases where it seemed so for a time," said I.

"And why was it, do you think?"

"Generally, I believe, from one of two causes: either we ask for a right thing in the wrong way, or we expect the answer to come in our way

instead of God's, and so fancy it withheld because we look in the wrong direction."

"I wonder which is my case?"

"If you could tell me a little more, perhaps I could help you."

"I will. Mine—I mean my subject of prayer—was wishing to overcome sin and live more becoming a Christian. I have been feeling, lately especially, that it is such a disgrace for those who do believe and look to Christ for daily strength to resist their sins, to be so continually beaten as we—at least—I am. And I was sure that there was a mistake somewhere—at least I heard something which I thought would set it right, but I seem more puzzled than ever now."

"On that very point?"

"Yes; I will explain. You know what a friend of mine Eleanor Fordyce is? I don't think you know her well, for she lives far from you, and is often away and always busy, but you have heard of her?"

"I have, very often, as a very useful, active Christian worker."

"Yes, that is just what she is. Whenever I have time for work of that kind, you know, outside home, it has always been with her I have gone, and she has been a great help and comfort and adviser to me; she is much older than I. Well, she had been a long time at N——, where she always stays a good deal, and the Sunday after she came back I was going to the Sunday school and morning service as usual at the —— street church (Mr. Benson's), where I and so many of our friends on that side of the bridge go, and where she was always to be found. To my great surprise, I met Eleanor coming the opposite way. I could hardly believe my eyes; but she told me she had given up —— street church and Sunday school because she did not agree with Mr. Benson's views on some points, and she now meant always to go to a chapel of ease a little way off where Mr. Lowndes preached."

"I have heard of him; I believe he is a very powerful preacher."

"She said no one was like him, she thought; she wanted me to accompany her there, but, of course, I could not leave my school; however, I went in the evening, and Mr. Lowndes did preach a beautiful sermon on Christian holiness, and said many things which struck me very much. He said that Christ was as able and willing to free us from the power as from the guilt of sin, and that we often quite forget that. Don't you think that is true?"

"Indeed I do; we cannot keep it too much in mind, that all must be His work, in us as well as for us."

"I began to think this was just the key to my difficulties; but then he went on to say some more things I did not understand, and then he announced a sermon on the Monday evening, at a kind of meeting he holds at his house, when he said he would follow up the subject. It was a free evening with me, fortunately, and I went with Eleanor; but I was very much puzzled by his sermon. I wonder what you would have thought of it?"

"Tell me what he said."

"He told us, not only that God would overcome sin in us, but that we ought, if we had faith to believe it, to be ever really dead to sin, so that what would once have tempted us would actually lose completely all its power, and we should have no fight at all to carry on, just, he said, 'as I can pass by those glittering, gay shops in the High Street, and never think of wishing for the contents; they are as if they did not exist for me—so it would be with sin.'"

"I believe," I said, "that as we overcome our besetting sin day by day, the temptation to sin will become less and less. Just as it was said of David and his enemies that year by year he 'waxed stronger,' and his enemies weaker, so it should be with Christians."

"Yes; but Mr. Lowndes meant more than that, as I said. He said we should come to a state in which we could feel that sin is absolutely dead within us altogether, and our hearts be altogether free from it; and he urged us to seek this blessing and never be content if we fell short of it. We were to pray and wait on God, and consecrate ourselves wholly to Him, and give up anything which might be a hindrance, even though innocent in itself, and the blessing would come. He mentioned several persons, and he seemed to mean himself too, who, after such full consecration of themselves to God, and waiting on Him, felt a most wonderful peace and joy come upon them, and felt then and afterwards, quite raised above all temptation.

"I was very much stirred up. I asked Eleanor, as we went home, and she said she had found it so, and there was no reason why I should not have the blessing that very night. So I determined I would seek for it and try, and I did pray very long and earnestly, and try to give myself to God, and asked if there were anything I ought to give up or change in my way of life, that I might do it at once. I could not think of anything except trying to keep my temper when I get provoked, and that was just what I wanted strength to enable me to do. But no change came; I waited and hoped I should feel something; but no, it was just the same; I felt no difference. I thought if I went to sleep on it, as it were, I might wake next morning, as some had done I was told of, with a feeling of calm and rest and new power; but no! I only woke feeling very tired with having been up so late, and very much afraid I had overslept myself, and so I had. I was late downstairs for breakfast; papa was annoyed, and everything went wrong; he had to go to his office in a hurry, and it was altogether what we used to call 'a day of misfortunes.'"

"No very uncommon case, dear, with us all."

"It was no real excuse, I know; I don't think I actually broke down, but I felt cross, and I am afraid I spoke impatiently both to the cook and the little ones, and had to bite my lips not to say more. The whole day I felt wrong, and I was very much humbled and determined to try again, and ever since I have been praying for the change to come, but it doesn't; all seems just the same. I have not got the blessing!"

"Did you ask your friend about it?"

"Yes; she asked me if there was anything that

I ought to give up that hindered me. I could not remember anything. Then, she said it must be my want of faith; if God was able and willing to help us, and we were willing to be helped, what should prevent His doing it? I said, I knew my faith was weak, but I thought I truly believed all this. She said I ought to be sure I should get the blessing, and it must come; the fault must be in me. I can say I am willing and longing for the blessing; but"—and the tears choked her voice—"there seems none for me."

"Don't be discouraged, dear, you have not yet found the right way out of your troubles; but you will yet, I am sure. Have you seen Mr. Lowndes since? Were you able to speak to him?"

"I went with Eleanor to some meetings last week which he and one or two friends had been holding. I had no opportunity of speaking or being introduced to him, so many were round him; but I heard a great deal, some of which was, I am sure, very true and good, but other things which not only puzzled me but seemed, I hope it is not wrong to say so, rather presumptuous. One person said, his mind was always the same as the Lord's mind. I could not think how any one could venture to say that, but when I asked Eleanor, she said I quite misunderstood him, and perhaps I did, I don't know. I told her Mr. Benson, who always seemed to me the best and holiest man I ever knew, always spoke so humbly about himself. She said he took very low views of the sanctifying power of grace, and that he chose to be 'left out in the cold,' and would not seek the blessing others had received, so it was no use asking him. It puzzled me more than ever, and when I tried to defend Mr. Benson, Eleanor seemed quite annoyed, and I think she thinks I am not really in earnest. Oh, Miss Selwyn, could you tell me what there is wrong which keeps me back? Is it that I am not really consecrated, as Eleanor says?"

"I think, dear child, that a good deal of misapprehension exists about that very word. Some people speak of consecrating themselves to God as if they were free to do it or not as they chose, just as the Israelites might bring their gold and jewels and purple, etc., for the tabernacle in the wilderness, as a free offering, or not, as they would. But nothing we have is really our own; we have been 'bought with a price,' the price of the blood of our Saviour; we can only give Him what is His already. What these persons mean, I think, is consciously and willingly offering our bodies and souls as a 'living sacrifice' to Him."

"Yes, and I mean and wish to do that; but I am constantly told I must be keeping back something. But, indeed, I do ask to be shown if I am."

"And such an honest prayer cannot fail to be answered, dear Katie. 'Cleanse me from secret faults,' is the prayer of the inspired Psalmist, and it should be our daily prayer too. Only we must not be content with making it once for all, and thinking the work is done. That is the mistake some make about self-consecration. They think it is one act, instead of which it needs to be renewed day by day. David surely consecrated himself when he made that prayer in Psalm xix. and yet he suffered himself to be off his guard and fell into grievous sin when he forgot to renew that petition."

"Only it is so difficult to know whether one is carrying it out really, when one has prayed and made resolutions. Some people say one ought to put away all one's ornaments, or leave off singing songs that are not sacred, or playing games, or such things, and that then one is really consecrated and has full peace—but you see, with me there does not seem to be anything of this kind I ought to do. I have no ornaments that would fetch five shillings if I sold them, except the locket with father's and mother's hair, which I could not part with without vexing them seriously; then, if I did not sing and play to father in the evening, and play tennis and chess with the boys, and so on, it would make home disagreeable to them and do harm instead of doing good. Then we have no gaieties, at least what would be called so here; our going out is only to visits and 'afternoon teas,' and such things which for me come under the head of social duties, as I have to replace mother and take her part amongst our acquaintance; and my time is so filled I could not go in for much of mere amusement, if I wished. And yet, Eleanor keeps saying, I must have something to give up."

"I will tell you, dear Katie. There is something, it is true. I believe what you and your friend, and a great many of us, have to give up is, not our lockets, or songs, or games, or visits, but something a great deal more difficult and less easily perceived—our own will. What we want, is to be willing to get the blessing we seek in God's way, not our own. I speak from experience, both of my own and that of others. We are very often just like the Jews who were always calling for a sign from heaven, and would not be satisfied with the proofs Christ gave them."

"But what sort of sign could I have been seeking?"

"Just what you were speaking of—a feeling of peace and calm coming over you, or some other kind of sense of a great change being wrought in you—something which you could define at the moment, as a distinct and sensible answer to your prayer."

"And so many have had that answer!" sighed Katie.

"Granted; but it does not follow, even so, that the same kind of answer is given to all, or would be fit and desirable for all. Some of God's prophets, and even some who were not themselves prophets, were allowed to see such a heavenly sign as the Jews wished for—like Elisha and his servant with the chariots of fire; but the fault of the Jews in our Lord's time was in insisting on this kind of sign being given to them when they had already what ought to have convinced them."

"But they had the miracles of healing, and the feeding the multitudes, and many such wonders. But we do not live in the age of miracles. What have we?"

"Not signs of that kind, I allow. But is it no sign, dear, that you are wishing and longing for the power of God to conquer sin in you? Could

that desire come from your natural heart? When we are led perseveringly and earnestly to seek such blessings as these from the Lord, it must be because He implanted the desire in us, and is leading us to Himself in this very way. And after all, this is a much surer sign than any frames of mind or feelings could be; for the feelings might come from mere excitement, and the calm felt might be reaction from long mental struggles; but the desire after holiness must come from God."

"Yes, but the desire is not enough, unless it is carried into practice, and sin overcome."

"No, it is only a pledge of 'more to follow.' But has God ever promised that sin would be conquered in a moment; and is it like His dealings in other things? If you have been ill and take a tonic to restore your strength, do you feel strong again the moment you have swallowed it? Sometimes for days there is no perceptible effect, till after a while you look back and find you are able to do now what you could not do some time before; but it is only in this way the progress can generally be perceived."

"Yes, that is quite true; but I have not even this comfort, for I can't look back and say I am able to stand temptations I could not bear last week or the week before."

"Perhaps not, at first; but you may be making progress for all that, without its being recognised by you. Remember it is much easier to measure our increase of physical than of moral strength; and again, it is much easier to judge in cases where outward sins have to be put down at once, as with those who are tempted to drink, or steal, or gamble, than with the inward difficulties most of us have to contend with, such as movements of pride, or temper, or self-seeking. It must take much longer before any one can judge of these sins being in the way to become subdued; and in our own case, we may probably be the last to find it out. Perhaps it would make us self-confident and careless if we could do so sooner."

"But, then, Eleanor says, that is putting a limit to God's will and power to overcome sin in us. It cannot be His will that any sin should remain unsubdued, even for a moment. There can be no need that we should fall, even to keep us humble."

"No; certainly. It is our fault for not bringing the power of grace sufficiently to bear on the evil, which prevents our conquering. We must never lose sight of that. But we cannot judge of the way in which God may be pleased to cure us of our sin-sickness. In the case of pardon for sin and reconciliation with Him, the only condition required is our acceptance of His mercy, the hand of faith stretched out to receive the blessing, and this may be done in a moment. But the overcoming sin in ourselves, which is equally a part of His work of salvation—for He sent His Son to save us from sin in both ways—requires not only acceptance, but co-operation on our part, a willingness to follow His commandments and consciously to yield our members as instruments of righteousness to Him. We are to work under Him, and with Him, because He works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure."

"But could not God do the work in us at once, without our bearing any part?"

"Yes; but the question is, what His will is, and not what we should think desirable or likely beforehand."

"But Eleanor says, a will should be utterly and completely lost in His—passive, so that it does not exist at all."

"The question is, does the Scripture say so? I do not see how the putting on the armour of God is consistent with a paralysed, annihilated will. It seems more like the allegory of Bunyan's 'Holy War,' where the will is represented as the former enemy enlisted in the king's service and becoming an active soldier under him instead of against him. But I think our time is up now; you and I have both engagements, I know; but come to me, if you are free, this time to-morrow, and we will finish our talk."

THE CONGO AND ITS MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY, AUTHOR OF "THE DICTIONARY AND GRAMMAR OF THE CONGO LANGUAGE."

I.

TWO years have passed since our last chapters on the Congo were penned, meanwhile the exploration and development of the whole region has been going on apace. The mission steamer the *Peace* has traversed most of the available waterways of importance, and the Rev. G. Grenfell with rare ability has prepared, in elaborate charts, the results of his careful and constant observation. So well has the work been done, and so valuable is the information collected over the vast area, that the Royal Geographical Society awarded their gold medal for the year 1887 to Mr. Grenfell. But these journeys were not undertaken in the interests of pure geography; we have now the information he went to get, we possess a good idea of the field to be evangelized, the strategic points to be occupied, the direction and value of the waterways, the distribution of the peoples.

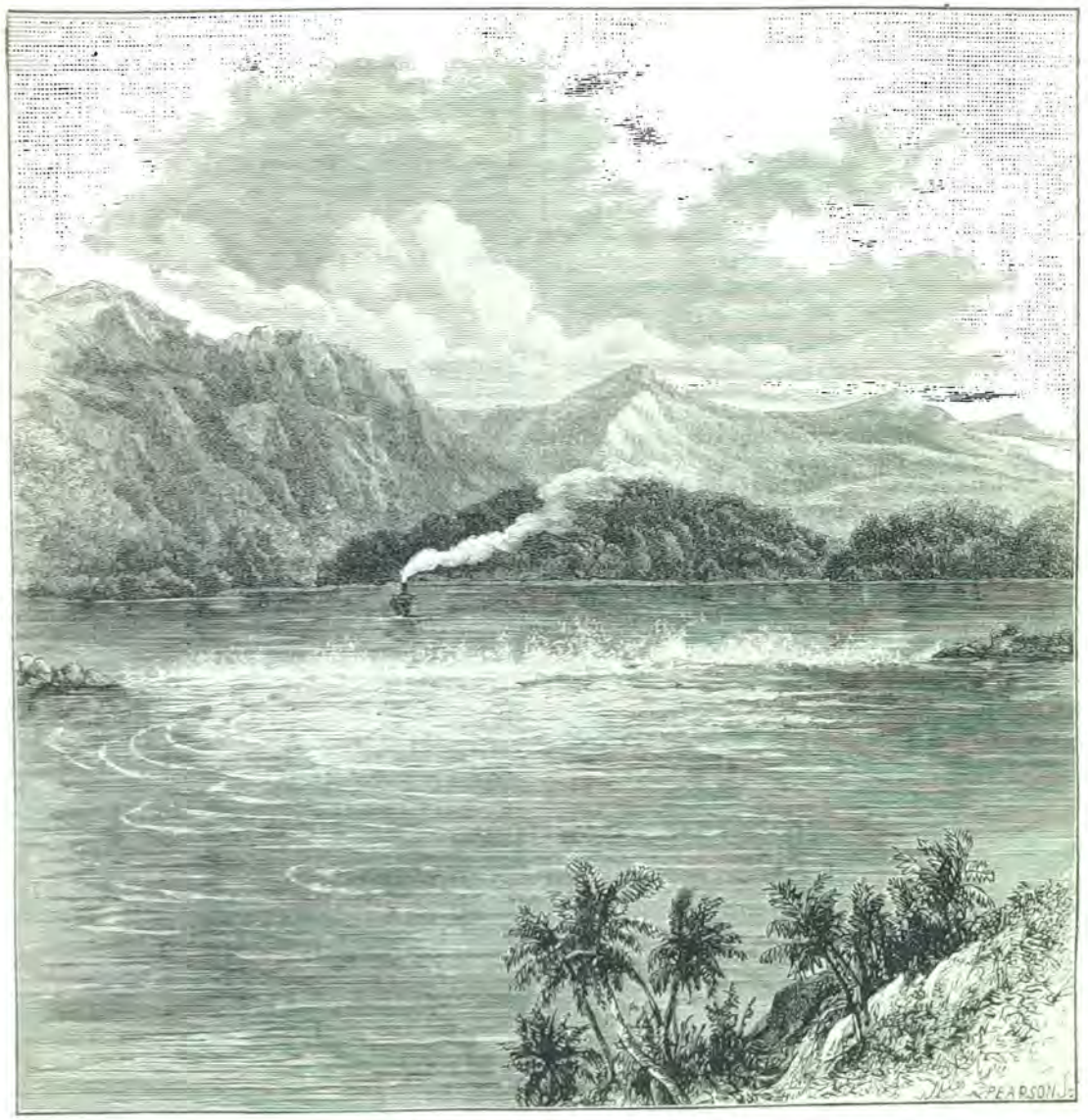
Here then is the sum of his report: "What we know of the Congo and its tributaries proves it to be one of the most wonderful systems of natural canals on the face of the globe. If we take a quarter of a million of square miles occupying

the central portion of the basin of the Congo we can find no place within that area more than fifty miles away from one of the navigable arteries. If we extend that area to half a million square miles we cannot reach any point more than one hundred miles away from one of the navigable channels in communication with Stanley Pool." "Six thousand miles of waterway."

But death has been busy in the ranks of the

are very favourably impressed with the quiet white men who have come to tell them about Diyanza.

Bishop Taylor's Congo Missionaries arrived in 1886, a much smaller band than that which is working in Angola. Their base is now at the old station of the International Association at Vivi. A large steamer for them is out, and it is expected that it will take some two years to



KINGUNGI REEF, KWANGO RIVER.

mission, and the founding of stations has made but slow progress in consequence. The Livingstone Mission which has been handed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union has one station above Stanley Pool at the Equator, where a good knowledge of the language has been acquired. The Baptist Missionary Society of England has also one station beyond the Pool, at Lokoele (Lukolela). There in the dense forest which lines the banks, near to the native towns, the study of Kibangi is progressing and the people

transport it and the necessary stores. The field that they have chosen as their sphere of labour is the Kasai; they have a station on Stanley Pool at Kimpoko, but nothing beyond. Theirs is regarded as a self-supporting mission or rather as an attempt at Christian colonization. At Kimpoko the missionaries have partly supported themselves by hunting the fast disappearing hippopotamus, and selling the carcases to the natives; with the proceeds they have assisted their stores, buying their food with the brass

rods thus obtained. They have not passed yet into the self-supporting stage, whether they will ever be able to be independent is still a great question. It is difficult to understand how a white man can earn his living and raise his food with his own hands in Central Africa and be able at the same time to do much missionary work. Those of us who have every assistance from home feel that we have far too little time and energy to devote directly to the great work to which we are called.

The other band of the Bishop's folk in Angola have mastered some of the difficulties of the early days, and have established themselves in several places. Where there are many white men, as in that Portuguese colony, it is possible for a handy man to get on who can mend watches, sole boots, do some carpentry, use a soldering iron, or the like, and so they manage there. From Benguela the American Mission is working its way into the interior, and slow but sure progress is being made. At Gaboon the troubles of the American Mission have resulted in the transfer of the mission to the Missionary Society of the Reformed Church of France, the same society which supports M. Coillard on the Upper Zambeze.

The American missionaries had conducted excellent schools, and many of their scholars could use English well, but altogether the influence of the mission was too "English" to please the officials of that French colony. They saw the French influence making little, if any progress; and while English, German, and American houses flourished, somehow or other the French houses did not achieve such good success. The American Mission, with its English speaking, was regarded as the root and source of the evil, and it was persistently harassed until work was effectually brought to a standstill. Now the French Protestant Mission has undertaken the work, and the officials regard with favour the potent French influence thus introduced. It is a repetition of the difficulties of the Baptist Mission at the Cameroons which has resulted in the work there being transferred to a German mission.

It is a very open question as to whether it is advisable for a mission to teach largely and thoroughly the English language to the natives of a colony of another European power. Why should English be taught at all out of British colonies? Would our officials, at the Cape, where the Boer element gives so much trouble, view with pleasure the activities of a powerful Dutch mission teaching widely to the natives of the Colony the Dutch language? This is the real cause of this hounding out of English and American missions from the Gaboon and Cameroons. True, no German colony had pre-existed at the Cameroons, it was a new annexation, but the same principle underlay the action of the officials.

This helps us to understand these arbitrary and relentless expulsions, although in no way to excuse them.

May we not learn a lesson from these things? Instead of teaching English to a few to enable them to read (?) our English Christian literature, should we not make it our business as missionaries to give a Christian literature in the native language? Would not that after all be a surer, more effective, assistant in the elevation of the people? It would avoid such complications in the future. Teaching a foreign language is certainly a work of supererogation. Half the energy spent in teaching English would supply the needed literature in the vernacular.

May the French Mission be abundantly blessed, and may its directors and missionaries have the grace and energy given them to push into the interior, and take up the work of the evangelization of the French-Congo districts.

The pioneer of another mission has lately reached Stanley Pool, Mr. G. Wilmot-Brooke, who is seeking to reach the Central Soudan by way of the Mobangi or one of the northern affluents; he is accompanied by Selim Wilson, a Christian Dinka, who has received training at Harley House College. If Mr. Brooke is able to penetrate those regions *viâ* the Congo, a regular mission is to be established and the work of evangelizing the Mohammedan States of the Southern Soudan pushed on, before contact with "Christian" traders or "Christian" powers has produced an impression unfavourable to Christianity. It is a great enterprise which will be followed with lively interest.

The Roman Catholic missions at San Salvador, Mboma and Linzolo (near Stanley Pool) are maintained. A new station is to be built at Brazzaville on a large scale. The station at Kiva mouth is likely to be transferred to French soil. Cardinal Lavigerie sent a band of his Algerian missionaries to the Upper River. They settled at Kiva mouth, twenty minutes distant from the French Catholic Mission there, and much bitterness of feeling existed between them. At the end of 1886, orders came from Rome for their return, so the Algerian Frères have left the Congo. A great college is to be erected in Belgium for the instruction and preparation of Belgian Catholic missionaries who will be coming out in a year or two to work in the Congo Free State. Politically there has been considerable development.

The Congo Free State (État Indépendant du Congo) has now this long time been recognised by the European Powers, and King Leopold has become its sovereign, although there is no connection between the State and Belgium, everything being entirely distinct.

Governor-General Camille Janssen is assisted by a small council on the Congo, but the seat of government is at Brussels. The seat of administration is at Mboma. The organisation of the State, creation of departments, appointments of officials, promulgation of laws, decrees and regulations are well advanced.

The State has entered the International Postal Union, and a parcel post delivers as far as Mboma and Matadi.

A currency is being struck, the copper coins having a hole pierced in the centre to allow of their being kept by the natives on a string. There exists a small standing army, trained Bangalas and Hausas.

Above Stanley Pool, the State has a fine station at Bangala (Iboko), another at Luebo on the

Upper Kasai. The other small ports of the old International Association have been abandoned as unnecessary. The natives are quiet and well disposed, and the necessity for watching the movements of the French officials has ceased since the recognition of the State by the French Government.

The State established a post of vigilance at Stanley Falls, in the hope of checking the slave hunting on the Upper Congo by Tipu Tib and other Arab marauders.

The post was all too weak to withstand the force which the Arabs could bring to bear upon it.

A dispute arose over a woman who, fleeing for her life from her cruel Arab master, sought the protection of the State. After sharp fighting which lasted several days, the ammunition was exhausted, and the State force retired under cover of night; one Belgian officer was drowned, and an Englishman was picked up by a State steamer sent to his relief in a most destitute condition, some days later.

The Arabs are now strongly established as far as the mouth of the Lomami (Lubila-Loomi) River. The State thus has its Arab question, and a very grave one too. Tipu Tib was away at Zanzibar when the fight occurred. As soon as the news of the loss of the "Falls Station" reached Europe Mr. Stanley was telegraphed for by King Leopold, the sovereign of the Free State.

At the same time Junker brought tidings of Emin Bey, governor of the Egyptian province of Wadelai, who had long been shut off from the outer world. He was holding on amid many difficulties, and badly needed supplies; he had with him some sixty or seventy tons of ivory.

Seeing that the English Government was for the time managing the affairs of Egypt, it was felt that in some measure it was a national duty to attempt the relief of Emin and his garrison. No military expedition could be sent, but a committee of gentlemen induced Mr. Stanley to take the command of a relief expedition. Accordingly he started early in 1887 on a twofold errand; viz., to relieve Emin, now Emin Pacha, and to treat with full powers with Tipu Tib for the recovery of the Falls Station.

He found him at Zanzibar, and as the best way to check the Arabs, gave their leader a State appointment. It was arranged that Tipu Tib should be commissioner for the Stanley Falls division, the State flag should be respected, the Arabs hindered from raiding on the River, and that a European official should be appointed to the Falls as resident. For these services Tipu Tib was to receive an allowance of £30 per month.

Tipu professes to be anxious to stop the raids and to see a legitimate trade established; he says that he has been wicked and cruel in his past days, but he is getting old now and must become a good Moslem. "If a man did not become religious by the time he is forty he is never likely to." It remains to be seen how far Tipu Tib will carry out all these good promises and resolutions, and whether he will even be able, if he wishes it, to turn back the flood of Arab slavers. Apart from the establishment of a sufficient force of European soldiers it is the most promising scheme yet suggested, desperate as it is.

Mr. Stanley decided finally on the Congo route to Wadelai, where Emin Pacha was living.

Leaving Zanzibar February 23 the expedition reached Banana March 18. On April 20 Mr. Stanley arrived at Stanley Pool with some 750 men, including Tipu Tib and his retinue. Food was very scarce in the country, and the influx of such a number of people completely exhausted the supply and famine became imminent. Some hippopotami were shot and helped to victual the expedition.

Only one of the State steamers was available to transport this great crowd of men. The English Baptist Mission, at Mr. Stanley's urgent request, and seeing the desperate condition of things, granted the use of their steamer the *Peace*. She was in dock under repair after several months' running; but the repairs were pushed on with the utmost despatch and in ten days she was ready. The steamer of the American Mission could not be placed at Mr. Stanley's disposition, as the missionary in charge was then starting down country, neither had he any authority to charter her; Mr. Stanley's request was therefore refused. Under the trying circumstances in which he found himself placed, Mr. Stanley seized the steamer and compelled a charter. The missionaries yielded to superior force, and thus Mr. Stanley was in possession of a fleet large enough to transport his great expedition.

I recall these facts, long since familiar to English readers, in order to preserve the continuity of my narrative. Mr. Stanley started from Stanley Pool May 1, and reached the Yambuya Falls of the Aruwimi River June 19, sending on the *Henry Reed* under command of Major Barttelot to Stanley Falls with Tipu Tib. Tipu was well received by his friends, but there was a large raiding force under Said-bin-Habub, on the point of starting. The steamer did not remain at the Falls, so we do not yet know how Tipu gets over his first difficulties, or how far he means to keep his word. He did not send his promised gang of men to aid Mr. Stanley, but this may be due to his need of all his available force rather than to bad faith.

The *Henry Reed* returned to Mr. Stanley's entrenched camp on the Aruwimi, and a few days later the expedition started inland, leaving a sufficient force to protect the camp and its stores. Mr. Stanley was heard of after ten days progressing favourably, but in great straits for food; for the next news we wait with anxious interest.

HENRI LASSERRE.

M. LASSERRE is known to most English readers as the author of a French version of the Four Gospels which received the Pope's malediction twelve months and fifteen days after it had received his benediction.[1] Many readers will be pleased, I think, to learn something more than has yet been made public in England regarding this Frenchman who seems to have started so suddenly into fame.

The full name is Paul Joseph Henri de Monzie-Lasserre, but the author is simply known as "Henri Lasserre." He was born at Carlux (Dordogne) on the 25th of February, 1828, and is therefore now a little over sixty years of age. He is descended from an ancient family of Bourgogne, a branch of which established itself at Perigord some time during the 15th century. The Lasserre family seem to have been endowed with qualities of head and heart that have secured for them an abiding place in the affections of their neighbours.

Henri's father was a distinguished physician and professor in the medical college at the port of Toulon. His mother's name was Christine Regnaud. She had been early left an orphan, but in the home of her guardian, the Comte de Fermes, she became acquainted with the most distinguished persons at the close of the earlier empire. By her accomplishments and transparent simplicity she lent a charm to the brilliant society in which she moved. Like a sunbeam shedding light around her, she moved unsullied among the social exigences of her station.

Dr. Lasserre found Christine Regnaud the sweet and artless flower among her gorgeous surroundings. Their tastes were similar, their hearts were one, and in the year 1818 they were married. They resolved that they would devote themselves to helping others. He gave up his professorship at Toulon, and transplanted his young and happy wife to a little farm at Coux, on the banks of the Dordogne.

Dr. Lasserre and his bride, on their retirement from the conspicuous positions which they were so well qualified to adorn, did not settle down into sentimental seclusion or luxurious indolence. They resolved that they would support themselves by the produce of their farm, and for thirty years they lived in frugal comfort by the result of their own industry.

The famous physician of Toulon did not sink into a mere agriculturist. For thirty years he placed his healing skill at the service of rich and poor in his neighbourhood without other recompense than the consciousness of doing good. Whenever calamity darkened a home, Dr. Lasserre arrived intent on beating back the darkness.

The bruised and mangled, the fever-stricken and dying, looked up with trust and love into the face of the eminent physician who bent over them and did his best to alleviate their pain. In his offices of mercy he was generally accompanied by his high-born French wife, whose indefinable charm of manner, backed up by an inexhaustible grace of pity and a deliberate sweetness of mercy, won for her the respectful reverence and lasting devotion of all who came within the sphere of her influence.

Living by their own practical industry and supplying the daily bread of their rustic home by the labour of their own hands, they had hearts and leisure from themselves to soothe and sympathize.

One who has a right to speak on the subject says:—

"This excellent couple have gone to their rest, but their memory is still as fresh as if it were only yesterday that they had been snatched from the love and veneration of their fellow-creatures. The people in whose society they lived and moved still recall with benedictions their deeds, their counsels, their words, still commemorate their innumerable benefits; and the youth of the land glory in being the descendants of those who were the objects of the tender affectionate regard of the Lasserre family."

Henri Lasserre spent his childhood and youth in this home of loving deeds, and now, when his fame has gone forth beyond the horizon of France, he has retired to the green fields and rustic home by the banks of the Dordogne consecrated by the lowly services of his ancestors.

On the authority of the Paris correspondent of the "Gazette de Bruxelle," who professed familiar acquaintanceship with Henri Lasserre, he has come to be spoken of incorrectly as a colonel of artillery. He completed his law studies in 1851, and in the year of the *coup d'état* he was called to the bar in Paris.

Ten years later he was the brilliant and chivalrous champion of the cause of Poland. What Henri Lasserre did he did with all his might, and he not only wrote with great force in favour of the downtrodden nation, but he undertook a mission to Rome, and was influential in inducing the Pope to look with favour on the people struggling to be free. His views at the time are embodied in a book entitled "La Pologne et la Catholicité."

He was for a time editor of the "Réveil" and "Pays," but he ceased to edit the "Pays" when the Imperial Government ceased to act in harmony with his views.

On his return from Rome he published "The Gospel according to Rénan," a successful reply to the "Vie de Jésus." The little book ran through twenty-eight editions in one year. About a dozen other books flowed from the same sparkling pen.

In the year 1862 M. Lasserre felt with dismay that his sight, which had been remarkably good, was beginning to fail him. During the two previous years he had brought out five important books: "L'Esprit et la Chair," &c., 1859. "L'Aveugle et sa Campagne," 1860; "La Prusse et les Traités de Vienne," 1860; "La Pologne et la Catholicité," 1861; "Les Serpens," 1861–62.

These books must have cost the writer infinite pains. It pleases dull and slovenly writers to

[1] See "The Power Behind the Pope." Nisbet & Co.

speak with contempt of books written in picturesque and glowing style, it is enough for them to say "flowery," ignorant, as they are, that such a style is only reached and maintained by the most laborious and constant effort. Under the incessant strain M. Lasserre's eyes gave way. It was a sad blow to a man who had always a cause to serve to be obliged to stand aside with idle hands. He retired by the advice of his oculists from the arena in Paris to the companionship of his widowed mother in the old home at Coux.

The intimate friendship of Henri Lasserre and Charles de Freycinet, the present French minister of war, has passed into history, but the history has taken many liberties with facts. The two students met at college when young, and a very happy friendship was formed. It was the meeting of David and Jonathan—"First love, first friendship, equal terms." They were inseparable companions, and they used to discuss the problems that perplex students "until the broad light of day caused their lamp to grow pale." Their friendship was enduring. Writing of that friendship in 1883 M. Lasserre declares: "Neither differences of opinion, nor change of country, nor long voyages, nor long absence, nor marriage, nor any of the crises to which ordinary friendships succumb, could alter ours. He was a Protestant and I was a Catholic. He had known me at college when I had lost my faith, and he had seen me regain my faith at the age of twenty. I was then a bachelor, and he was married. Like himself, his wife was a Protestant. A distinguished engineer and mathematician, he published volumes bristling with figures, while I was invincibly drawn towards religious and literary studies. But neither time nor space, nor differences, nor opposition could touch our friendship, and whether far apart or in each other's society we were still the friends of other days."

From his country retreat M. Lasserre wrote to his old friend by the hand of his secretary. M. de Freycinet was distressed on account of his friend's failing sight. He had passed through Lourdes a few days previously, and had heard many local stories about wonderful healing, and he replied as follows: "If I were a Catholic, believing as you do, and if I were ill, I should not hesitate to have recourse to Lourdes. If it be true that the sick are suddenly healed, you may hope to swell the number; if it is not true, what do you risk by making the attempt?"

A short time after the receipt of this letter, Freycinet and Lasserre met in Paris. Freycinet urged Lasserre to put the water of Lourdes to the test, and Freycinet's sister, an ardent Catholic, joined her entreaties to those of her brother. The result was, that Lasserre dictated and Freycinet wrote a letter to Mgr. Peyramale of Lourdes, asking for a bottle of the water. I have a facsimile of the letter before me. It is dated October 2nd, 1862. The letter gives a simple account of Lasserre's condition. It declares that he had consulted in vain the two most distinguished specialists in Paris, Messrs. Desmares and Giraud-Teulon. Lasserre signed the letter with difficulty. M. de Freycinet, as a man of science, and wishing the experiment to have fair play, urged Lasserre to put himself, by acts of devotion known to his Church, in a condition favourable for the exercise of faith. This science, which makes no distinction in its advices between credulity and true faith, will not commend itself to English Protestants. M. Lasserre, however, complied. The bottle of water duly arrived. Lasserre, in great trepidation, opened the bottle, applied the water to his eyes while praying most fervently to God, and he believes that his eyes became better from that hour.

The story of "Our Lady of Lourdes" is now thirty years old. It is familiar in this country as one of credulity and delusion, by no means creditable to the nineteenth century. But Protestantism gains nothing by closing its eyes, and at Lourdes, as elsewhere, if a cure is reported, it should ask a full explanation of the facts as viewed in the light of science, which includes many marvellous transformations within its knowledge. M. Lasserre tells his own story with the simplicity of a child. He is an intensely earnest man. His eyes had been overworked, and he was taking rest, that best of all medicines for weak eyes. He was anxious that his eyes should be healed not only on his own account, but that his Protestant friend might be saved through the miracle. Owing to his previous simple life he had sound health. All the conditions were favourable—rest after labour, a sound constitution, and a temperament of childlike enthusiasm—when M. Lasserre knelt at his bedside and prayed straight into the ears of the Merciful Father, "My God, I am a miserable sinner, unworthy to lift up my voice to Thee, or to touch an object that Thou hast blessed. Let the greatness of my misery stir Thy compassion. . . from the deep pit I raise my cries to Thee. Pardon me, O Lord, and heal me!"

There does not seem to be anything here that would come under the definition of a miracle. There was no "*suspension of the laws of nature*," nor was there necessarily anything "*above the laws of nature*." There was nothing even beyond the range of common occurrences, and certainly nothing on which to found the unlimited pretensions of Lourdes. The whole matter is reduced to the simplest dimensions. The Great Healer, without whose permission a sparrow cannot fall, seems to have acted in the restoration of M. Lasserre's sight along the lines of the most natural causes. Nor is M. Lasserre's experience very different from our own common experience, when in response to our call God lifts us out of the depths.

If the incidents of his personal history do not follow the ordinary course of biography, this peculiarity, it must be remembered, is a feature in times of transition, which often strangely blend contradictory elements in the same career. No Protestant will alter his general judgment as to Lourdes and its fables because of this statement of M. Lasserre. All will rejoice that his restored sight has been dedicated to the translation of the Gospels, which have been read by hundreds of thousands, and which will, we trust, open the hearts of many Frenchmen to receive the love of God.

WILLIAM WRIGHT, D.D.

ANECDOTES OF JOHN WELSH, OF IRONGRAY.

SOON after the Restoration of Charles II. the persecution of the Covenanters, which had ceased during the time of the Commonwealth, was recommenced with greater cruelty than under Charles I. In 1661 the Marquis of Argyll was executed, the first martyr since the days of Popery in Scotland. James Guthrie, son of the laird of Guthrie, a man of great learning and deep piety, was the next victim. In the following year prelacy was restored at the mere will of the king, acting with the same counsellors who advised the Bartholomew Act in England. All Scottish ministers who would not submit to re-ordination were ejected from their parishes. Four hundred churches were shut up on one day. Among those ejected was John Welsh, of Irongray, one of the most devoted and popular of the Scottish clergy. He was grandson of the still more famous John Welsh, of Ayr, who married the daughter of John Knox. Josias, the father of Welsh, of Irongray, had gone to Ireland, among those who settled in Ulster in the reign of James I. and was minister of Temple-Patrick. He was an eloquent preacher, and was called the "The Cock of the North."

Messengers had been sent to Irongray to arrest the minister. The whole parish was stirred, and the people gathered at the manse, but the minister prevented any resistance. They clung to him on all sides and refused to part. When he left, after they had accompanied him some way, he knelt with them in prayer, and, mounting his horse, rode quickly away. Although thus compelled to leave the scene of his regular labours in the ministry, he did not remain idle, for he was constantly employed in preaching at field-meetings or on the hillsides, often to vast audiences. Notwithstanding the edicts passed against him, he frequently returned to his old parish, preaching, and baptising all the children. Many a narrow escape from arrest he had on these occasions. He was present at all the risings, in the time of persecution,—at Pentland, Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge. Kirkton, the Scottish Church historian, says of him, "He was a godly, meek, humble man, and a good, popular preacher, but the boldest undertaker (adventurer) that ever I knew as minister in Christ's church, in olden or later times; for notwithstanding all the threatenings of the State, the great price of £500 being set upon his head, he maintained the difficult task of preaching upon the mountains of Scotland for nearly twenty years, yet was always kept out of his enemies' hands. It is well known that 'the bloody Claverhouse,' upon intelligence that he was lurking in some secret place, would ride forty miles on a winter night; yet when he came to the place he always missed his prey. I have known Mr. Welsh ride three days and two nights without sleep, and preach upon a hillside at midnight on one of the nights." After all his perils, he died peaceably in his bed, in London, in January, 1681.

That he often, under Providence, owed his freedom to his own intrepidity and self-possession the following anecdote shows. On one occasion being closely pressed, and at a loss where to conceal himself, he went boldly to the house of a laird, well known for his bitter hostility to field-preachers in general, and to himself in particular, as he knew from violent threats he had heard of. As a stranger and traveller he asked shelter at the house, depending upon Scottish hospitality. He was kindly received, and his genial sociable manners delighted his host. In the course of conversasion Welsh was mentioned, and the difficulty of getting hold of him. "I am sent," said Welsh, "to apprehend rebels; I know where he is to preach to-morrow, and will give him into your hand." The gentleman, overjoyed at this news, agreed to accompany his guest the next morning. When they arrived at the place of meeting, the congregation made way for the minister and his companion. He asked the laird to sit down on the chair, whilst he stood to commence the service to the amazement of his host of the previous night. During the sermon the laird was very attentive, and seemed much affected. At the close, when Mr. Welsh, according to his promise, gave him his hand, he said: "You said you were sent to apprehend rebels, and I, a rebellious sinner, have been apprehended this day."

One instance is recorded, in which a remark of John Welsh was afterwards regarded as almost spoken in prophetic spirit. When preaching at St. Andrews, some of the students behaved in a rude manner, and one of them in mockery threw something which struck him. Mr. Welsh paused, and before the large multitude who heard him, said: "I know not who has put this public affront on a servant of Jesus Christ; but be he who he may, I am persuaded there will be more people present at his death than are hearing me this day!"

It turned out to be a son of Sir James Stanfield of Newmilns, near Haddington; and, strange to say, some years later, the unhappy youth was executed for the murder of his own father!

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER II.—THE BIRD-CATCHER.

AS the boys were returning from their walk an hour later, the bird-catcher ran to meet them. "I'm in luck to-day," he cried before he reached them; "those bright pennies have been a fust-rate hansell, and yet I have not got a single bird."

"Haven't you caught any more?" asked Bertie.

"Oh, yes, caught another soon after you went, but there was an old cove the other side of the hedge as had heard all about our bargain, and when he sees me come back with the bird he pops his head over, and, says he, 'You'll let me buy that one for twopence like you did the little boy awhile ago.' But, you see, I couldn't let another go for twopence; and, besides, he seemed a real gent as could well afford fourpence; but, seeing as he wanted to let the bird go, and I begin to have a kind of feeling that maybe they don't like being shut up in a cage, I said he should have it for threepence, and threepence it was. Then he asked a lot of questions about you, and how long you'd been here, and what sort of chaps you was."

"You did not tell him we were poor, did you?" said Bertie quickly.

"Why shouldn't I? You are poor—poor as church mice, as folks say," exclaimed the bird-catcher, without the remotest notion that he could be paining the little fellows, for whom he had conceived a great admiration.

"You're a rude boy," exclaimed Tommy angrily.

"Am I?" laughed the bird-catcher. "Well, never mind. But I ain't told you all yet," he exclaimed, as the boys attempted to pass him. "The old gent I told yer about offered to give me sixpence if I'd go and kick the trap down, and not catch any more birds to-day."

"And did you do it?" asked Bertie eagerly.

The other nodded. "I dunno as it was much of a bargain," he said, "but I ain't done so badly to-day, between you and the old gent, so I could afford to let the birds alone for a bit."

"I'm so glad," said Bertie. "They can come down and pick up the crumbs, and those nasty bricks won't fall down and shut them in. What are you going to do now?" he added, as the boy walked on beside them.

"Ain't I going wi' you to get some dinner—didn't you say so?"

"I—I said I'd ask Ann about it," said Bertie in an embarrassed tone.

"Is Ann your mother?" asked the other coolly.

Tommy looked at his brother horrified at the question, and drawing himself up as high as he could, he said, "My mother is a lady."

But Bertie said quickly. "Ann has been nearly as good as a mother. She was our nurse when we kept a lot of servants, and she was my mother's nurse when she was a little girl, and she takes care of all of us now."

"And she gives you your dinner?" asked the elder boy, to whom the question of dinner was of more importance than anything else just now.

"Oh, yes, she just does everything for us," said Bertie, "and I think she'll give you some dinner too when I tell her how you let the birds go. I'll run on first," he added as they drew near home, and he and Tommy ran on at the top of their speed.

Ann did not look altogether pleased when she heard the story of the morning's doings.

"He was a greedy boy to take your two bright pennies, and I don't think your mother would be pleased to hear that you talked to such a lad," she said rather severely.

"But he came and talked to us," said Tommy, "he said we were frightening the birds away, and I would have made a noise if I could only——"

"He was so hungry, Ann, that's why he caught the birds," put in Bertie. "Couldn't you give him a little bit of dinner," he pleaded, "I'd like him to have half of mine if you haven't got enough."

Ann looked as though she did not understand. "Haven't got enough, what do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"The boy says we're very poor now, and everybody knows it."

For answer Ann dropped into a chair, and threw her apron over her head. They were in the kitchen, whither the boys frequently followed her, and she was able to indulge in her emotion for a minute; but it was only for a minute that the genial old face was hidden, and then snatching the apron down she said: "Boys, boys, you must not talk about this, not to your mother."

"But is it true, Ann?" asked Tommy, feeling strongly inclined to cry himself.

Ann nodded. "We hope it won't last long," she said, "or it will kill your poor dear mother." In truth Ann looked upon her mistress as being quite as much a child as these children, and to shield and shelter her from every care and trouble, she was willing to endure any privation herself, and had taught the boys to do the same. So they received Ann's warnings to keep this matter a secret and promised not to say a word at dinner time to make their mother think they knew of the trouble that had brought them to Beachcliff.

Just at this moment there came a knock at the back door, and on opening it Ann was startled to see a sharp hungry-looking lad. "What do you want?" she said quickly.

"I've come to dinner; my name's Jack Bond, and the youngsters told me to come."

"Oh, yes, Ann, he is to have half of mine," said Bertie, pushing forward. "It's quite fair, you know; he let us have the birds to let loose for less than he would have got in the town."

The boy looked at Ann and then at Bertie. "Yer don't mean to give me half of his do yer?" he said.

"Well, I don't know. What do you think about it?" she said, feeling somewhat amused now.

"Well, I know I ain't going to take nothing off that little chap," said the boy; "and so, if yer can't spare it without, I'll just get a pen'orth o' bread and cheese somewheres, only I thought I'd like something better, if I could get it."

"Well, well, come in," said Ann, "I don't like to turn you away, although we are not very rich just now."

The boy nodded. "Rich," he muttered half aloud, "nobody ever thought of coming to yer when you was rich."

"Now, Bertie, run and wash your hands ready for dinner," said Ann, turning him out of the kitchen; then facing round upon the bird-catcher she said fiercely, "What have you been telling those children?"

"Just what everybody else knows," said the boy, coolly; "I knowed you Danbys before you came to Beachcliffs; my father worked in the factory—worked himself to death, I've heard my poor mother say," said the boy, hastily drawing his sleeve across his eyes.

"But—but what did you want to tell these children about such things—about being poor, I mean," added Ann.

"Why shouldn't they know it," demanded the boy, "didn't I know it when father died; didn't my little brothers and sisters know it, till they died too; didn't I know that mother came to ask the master to help her a bit over her troubles, and didn't he tell her everybody had to look out for themselves?"

"Well, well," said Ann, who did not want to hear any more, "come to the table and I'll give you some dinner," and she gave him the remains of a cold joint, that she had reserved for herself, and promised him a slice of plum-pudding when she had her own.

Meanwhile Mrs. Danby was listening to little Tommy's account of their walk, and was not a little disturbed to hear they had been talking to a "rude boy," as she called the bird-catcher. The lady was in weak health, and the present trouble was making her peevish and fretful, and when Ann brought in the dinner, she seemed ready to burst into tears as she said, "These naughty boys are going to give us fresh trouble, Ann."

"Oh no, no," said Ann cheerfully, "Bertie has told me all about the birds. You will be careful, won't you, my dear?" she said, as she placed a chair for the little boy, who had just come in to the room.

He gazed up into her face with a look of intelligence. "I'll take care of mother and Tommy too," he whispered.

Presently there was a loud outcry from Tommy: "Only boiled mutton," he exclaimed.

"But it's good for mother," said Bertie quickly, "and you know we always like what is good for mamma."

"But I don't like boiled mutton on your birthday," whimpered Tommy. He was only eight years old, and a little spoiled, and Bertie, from his manly age of ten, looked upon him as a baby.

"He can't help it, mamma," he said; "he forgets we are at the seaside," which was the excuse always presented to them as a reason for the difference in their style of living.

With the pudding came another outburst of grumbling from Tommy. It was a plum-pudding, certainly, but the merest pretence of a birthday pudding, and Tommy declared it was "too rich with flour," which brought a smile to his mother's lips, but made Bertie wonder what he could do to stop this grumbling.

"Never mind," he said at last, "we are going to have dessert to-day; Ann told me so." But, alas, the dessert proved a worse failure than the dinner, for although Ann had exerted all her skill to make the few apples and oranges she had been able to get look as nice as possible, nothing would change them into hot-house grapes, and rich crystallized fruits, which had formed the staple of birthday dessert in the old days. Even Bertie could not help feeling disappointed, when he saw the poor little plates of apples and oranges placed on the table after dinner; but he restrained his tears, and proposed to Tommy, that they should roast their apples, and ask Ann for some sugar afterwards to make a feast with them.

It was their first birthday at Beachcliffs, and, boy-like, they hoped it might be the last, knowing nothing of the gloomy forebodings that filled the minds of their mother and her faithful servant, who feared that all too soon this shelter, and the few comforts they now had, would have to be given up. Neither of them knew much of business matters, but they heard now and then, from the gentleman who had the winding-up of Mr. Danby's affairs in his hands, that things were going from bad to worse every week, and so it was little wonder that the lady felt anxious and dispirited, often fretful and complaining, for, alas! she knew nothing of that Friend who sticketh closer than a brother, and is ready to help in every time of need.

But while the dinner and dessert was grumbled over in the dining-room, it gave immense satisfaction to the visitor in the kitchen.

As he was walking down the street after this feast, he met the old gentleman with whom he had made such a good bargain in the morning, and touching his cap, and pointing backwards with his thumb, he said, "They're awfully poor."

"Who?" asked the gentleman.

"The Danbys—the youngsters that bought the birds of me this morning. I've been there to dinner; it was part of the bargain you know."

The old gentleman seemed interested, and somewhat touched by this recital. "And the lady—did you hear how she was?" he asked.

"Well enough, I expect."

"Do you know," said the gentleman, "where Mr. Danby is—does he live here too?"

"Oh, no; he's gone off to foreign parts, to look after business there. Serve him right, I say, if he never comes back any more. I used to hate the very name of Danby, but, somehow, what that little one said about the birds, makes me feel like forgiving her after all, or else I wouldn't have gone there to dinner, hungry as I was."

The gentleman laughed. "Then your eating their dinner was a sort of outward and visible sign of your forgiveness?" he said.

"That's just it, sir. I'd took a sort of oath that I'd never forgive the Danbys, and never accept no sort of kindness from 'em, and when they came to live here, and I heard they was come down in the world, I took to watching these boys as they walked about the beach together, though I never spoke to 'em till this morning."

"But why should you feel so bitter against these people?" asked the gentleman.

"Wouldn't you feel bitter, if somebody had ground down your father and mother, and brothers and sisters, till you were left all alone in the world? Well, that's just what the Danbys have done for me, and I am not the only one neither," said the lad fiercely.

"But—but I thought you told me you had forgiven them?" said the gentleman, noting the angry gleam in the boy's eyes.

"So I have, sir; but you asked me what I had to forgive, and it ain't good for me I 'spose to rake over the old trouble. But I've forgiven her now for the little un's sake, and 'cos I think if he ever has a factory, he won't grind out the life of the poor."

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VI.

1. He was a captain in the army.
2. He was remarkable for his furious driving.
3. He was anointed king by command of a prophet.
4. His fellow-captains supported him readily.
5. He was very prompt in acting against the reigning king.
6. He was anointed king for the purpose of executing vengeance on some guilty persons.
7. He was very zealous in putting down idolatry.
8. Nevertheless he did not serve God with all his heart.
9. A certain reward was promised to him for his services.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

MARGARETA COLBERG.

A TALE OF THE REFORMATION.

CHAPTER XII.—THE STAKE.

BLESSED UNCONSCIOUSNESS HAD COME TO CLOSE HER EYES TO THE HIDEOUS SIGHT.

THE kind-hearted Beta herself came to fetch her friend in the forenoon of the dreadful day, and led her to their house in the Market Place by roundabout and unfrequented routes, in order that she might not be distressed at the sight of the multitudes who were thronging towards the square. Margareta, enveloped in a large black cloak, looked like a nun. In her

hands she clasped Bertrand's little Bible. She, poor girl, clung to that as to a pledge which he must redeem, though hopeless despair had well-nigh taken possession of her heart.

In the house of her friend, Margareta encountered no one. Beta had so ordered everything that her sorrow should not be intruded upon. She felt that it was not out of curiosity that Margareta had come to view the awful spectacle. The room which they entered was that fronting the square, from the gay windows of which the two young women had been the joyous spectators of Marquis Berghen's entry, six months before. The windows, then so highly decorated, were now all closed, with the exception of one whose shutter was half thrown back. To this window Margareta at once proceeded, and looked out into the Market Place.

There lay the two horrid piles surmounted by the cruel stakes, there stood the raised platform for the clergy and magistrates, with the red-draped seat for the Inquisitor, and there was the palisade enclosing this erection of horror. With aching, tearless eyes, Margareta noted all this, and she noted, too, the yellow-jerkined Spanish soldiers with their gleaming lances. She looked at the crowd surging round the stockade. Was there no help? Where was the deliverer? Was Bertrand not there? She looked wearily at the crowd while these fateful questions continually racked her brain, and even in all her anguish she observed how many old men there were in the square.

"Ah! but the old are feeble," she murmured, "and the young are afraid."

Indeed, the number of aged men present in the Market Place was quite surprising. They seemed, too, very feeble, for they all supported their tottering steps with stout staves. Some of these venerables were, doubtless, hard of hearing and dim of sight, for they had placed themselves in the crowd close to the palisade, apparently in order that they might lose nothing of the edifying spectacle.

One octogenarian, accompanied by an aged woman, huddled in a scarlet cloak of most remarkable brilliancy, took his stand on the topmost step leading to the Council House, exactly opposite the window whence Margareta was looking out. This personage was so bent with the weight of his years that it was impossible to see his face under the large hat which he wore, but his long white hair and flowing beard impressed beholders with a sense of respect. He and his scarlet dame stood there isolated, quite conspicuous all over the square. More than once poor Margareta's eyes had rested upon this pair, as, hoping against hope, they had wandered over the crowded square, vainly searching for the well-known form of Bertrand.

At length there was a stir and a murmur, which announced the approach of the procession.

First came a few soldiers to open the way, then little children in white stoles. Immediately behind them, side by side, marched the two prisoners. Both were dressed in yellow, sleeveless robes, embroidered all over with the figures of devils, and on their heads were conical mitres made of paper. Their hands were bound behind their backs with cruel cords, and they walked barefooted. The minister's face, though wan and pale after his long imprisonment, looked calm and serene. His eyes rested mildly upon the little children in front of him, and those near by heard him murmuring words of prayer and calling down blessings upon their infant heads.

As they came in sight of the stakes he said to Mallart: "Brother, the way is short; the goal is almost attained. Look not upon yonder posts as the stakes of torture. They are the portals of our Father's house in the skies. They are bright and shining as of gold, and the glory of heaven beams upon them. We are going home—home at last."

Here a crouching figure, which had kept pace with them, raised a frightened, tear-stained face, and called in low, piteous accents: "Take me home with you, my master. Let me go through the shining gates to heaven, and go home, too. I'm aweary, I'm aweary!"

It was poor Tollchen, the idiot boy, who had joined the procession as it left the castle-gate, and upon whose wandering mind the great spectacle had a terrifying effect. Mallart smiled sadly at him, and the poor child, with the devotion of a spaniel, kept as close as possible to his master as the procession entered the palisade.

All passed in, the little children, the pale victims, the priests, the Bishop of Arras in all his pomp, the Inquisitor Titelmann with a sneer on his face, and the black Dominicans with their torches burning. When the last was inside the guards placed themselves across the entrance, and the ceremony began amid the awful stillness of the multitude.

The bishop rose, delivered a short address lauding the Holy Inquisition and the clemency of his Majesty, and reviling the condemned. Finally he delivered them over to the executioner hypocritically praying that they might be dealt with "tenderly and without shedding of blood."

A hollow sound as of distant thunder resounded through the square as the bishop sat down.

Then Titelmann got up. He looked for an instant searchingly over the Market Place. He did not quite like that muttering sound, but as the crowd was wonderfully quiet he concluded that they were completely overawed by his Spaniards and dared only to express their anger by that deep murmur. He proceeded therefore to read the sentences individually to each prisoner in a loud defiant voice.

Margareta stood at the window with white face and dilated horror-struck eyes, gazing on the beloved form of the minister, but she uttered no sound. Once or twice Beta, frightened at that dreadful rigid look in her face, had begged her to come away, but she did not move, doubtless she did not even know that she had been spoken to.

The doomed men mounted the piles and were bound to the stakes by chains, one about the neck and one about the waist.

Then the black-hooded Dominicans advanced with their burning torches.

At this sight Margareta sank on her knees with clasped hands and cried out in a loud voice, "Oh, merciful God!"

The convulsed fingers slowly unclenched, the wild eyes looked up once more, and with a gasp of "Bertrand!" on her lips the unhappy girl fell backwards upon the floor. Blessed unconsciousness had come to close her eyes to the hideous sight.

Beta, usually so solicitous about her friend, never even turned her head now to offer her a word of sympathy. She was leaning far out of the window looking with all her eyes at the strange things that were at this very moment happening in the square.

When the two monks, torch in hand, bent forward to light the pile, the little scarlet woman on the Council House steps suddenly threw her wooden shoe high into the air, exclaiming as it fell with a clatter: "A rescue! a rescue"

The venerable greybeard by her side no sooner heard the cry than he leapt to the bottom step with one bound, brandishing the oaken-staff over his head, and shouting in the clear ringing tones of two-and-twenty; "Down with the Spaniards! Brabant for ever!"

At the sound of their leader's voice all those elderly men who leaned against the stockade sprang into life and youth, and seizing the woodwork with one united mighty swing they threw it down. In an instant the surging crowd poured over the fallen structure in a perfectly irresistible flood, and swarmed about the raised platform, but he of the Council House steps was the first to reach the burning pile.

At the cry of a rescue Titelmann had called upon the guards to secure the prisoners, but being taken completely by surprise and being isolated at different points near the palisade they were instantly surrounded, and each halberdier had all he could do to defend himself. Their weapons were snatched from their hands even before they knew they needed to use them. It was in vain that Titelmann caught and tried to hold that white-haired man who leaped upon the platform, and dashed at the burning pile.

The Inquisitor was famed for the strength of his arms, as many a poor struggling victim had ere this learned to his cost, but he was no match for the man he now endeavoured to hold. Wrenching himself free, this latter seized a burning piece of wood and flung it into Titelmann's eyes with such force that he ever afterwards bore a red black scar aslant his eyebrows in honour of it. Furthermore, that burning faggot set the fiery red cloak into actual flames, and as the terrified Inquisitor darted shrieking among the priests who were huddled about their bishop, he caused those solemn ecclesiastics to fly in all directions.

Such was the rapidity with which this extraordinary scene was enacted that in a very few minutes the two prisoners were unbound from the stakes, and spirited away, the palisades, platforms and piles of wood were entirely demolished and scattered about the Square, the guards were soundly beaten and driven off, and the Market Place of Valenciennes was in possession of an excited roaring crowd that surged hither and thither, bearing aloft the unburnt faggots as trophies of their victory.

The fugitive guards and priests quickly carried the news of the riot to the Castle, whereupon Don Pedro da Silla summoning all his remaining Spaniards, instantly set out to take vengeance upon the people. Before he was able to reach the square, however, the crowd, in anticipation of his coming, had melted away into bye-streets and down lanes with magical rapidity, so that on his arrival he found himself in bare possession of the field strewn with broken boards and faggots.

Many heads were broken by the old men's walking staves, and no doubt the memory of their defeat by those Flemish dogs, never died in the hearts of the enraged Spaniards. Perhaps it would have been less galling to their pride could they have known that their famous halberdiers were not routed by a mere riotous mob, but that the whole thing was the result of a carefully planned and brilliantly-executed military manœuvre—planned and executed, too, by one who, even in those warlike times, had few who could surpass him in keenness of forethought or recklessness of daring.

One life alone paid for this great victory. One of the huge stakes falling in the crush when the wood was hurled from around it, had struck poor Tollchen as it fell. His wish had been granted. He passed the door to heaven and was at rest, poor boy; he would never again be "aweary."

When Beta had seen this wonderful tumult, and beheld the rescue of the prisoners, she turned towards Margareta and then for the first time became aware that her friend was lying insensible on the floor. Kneeling down beside the inanimate form, she raised Margareta up, at the same time calling out loudly and excitedly; "Margareta, Margareta! Open your eyes! A rescue! A rescue! Margareta look up. They are saved, they are saved!"

The sudden change of position together with Beta's voice recalled her somewhat to her senses. She opened her eyes slowly and stared at the excited face beside her.

"A rescue I tell you," exclamed Beta. "Do you hear what I say? They are saved!"

The words at last took effect upon the girl's numbed brain. "Thank God for this mercy!" she cried brokenly as the tears which had been denied her during all this week of anguish rushed to her eyes and she wept in Beta's arms. When her excitement was somewhat calmed, she said amidst her sobs: "He did it. Oh, that I should have doubted him! I might have rested secure. It was he, was it not Beta?"

"He?" asked Beta puzzled. "Who do you mean? Why, it was that old man on the steps opposite. You saw him, did you not, along with the woman in the red cloak? He led it all. Such a marvellous old man! How he leaped, when the old woman gave the signal!" Then she described the scene to her eager listener.

"Oh, no!" said Margareta incoherently, "it was not the old man, it was he. It was my hero. I knew he would. Why did I doubt? Is he not true as steel?"

"Doubted who? Your hero! Ah! I see," exclaimed Beta with an indescribably knowing intonation. The truth began to break in upon her, for she was a shrewd little body and Bertrand was not unknown to her.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PRIZE.

After the joyful ending of the tragedy begun under her eyes nothing could exceed Margareta's impatience to be gone. It seemed that she was selfish every moment she delayed in sharing this glorious news with her mother. And then, too, there was Rosa. She would enter into the joy of the rescue as eagerly as any of them, and she would not fail to give the honour of it to whom it belonged.

Escorted by two stout serving men, she had reached in safety her father's door when a halting step behind her caused her to look around. Could it be possible that this was Rosa, the respectable old serving woman! This dishevelled tattered creature limping along with a wooden shoe protecting one foot while the other was bare. Was this Rosa waving a torn scarlet cloak over her streaming grey hair as she said excitedly: "It was I gave the signal! I with my sabot! I did it. I sounded the assault! Oh, it has been a glorious day!"

Yes, it was a fact. She had been the red-cloaked woman on the Council House steps, whose shrill old voice had called, "A rescue! a rescue!" when the torches were laid to the piles.

Margareta clasped her mother in her arms crying almost deliriously: "Oh, mother, mother, they are saved! He saved them. He did it! Saved them from out of the burning flames!"

"Yes," cried Rosa, still hopping wildly about them, flourishing her banner of a cloak in a frenzy of excitement, "yes, he did it all; but I gave the signal with my wooden shoe. I'm not too old to do something to save a friend yet. I wanted to strike a blow before I died, and I have done it. Oh!" she paused from very exhaustion.

Ere long, Simon Colberg himself returned, bringing news of how the beloved friends had gone to a house to change their death-robe for riding-coats, and of how they had proceeded to the house of Robert Ogier on the road to Cambray. Here they were to find swift horses and sure guides which would soon put them beyond the reach of all pursuers.

The joyfully re-united family were still eagerly talking over the great events of the day and had remained in the hall, so much were they excited that they could not separate yet awhile. Suddenly a quick knock was heard at the door.

Simon from the inside demanded: "Friend what seekest thou?"

A voice which thrilled Margareta to the very soul, in clear distinct tones answered: "My bride."

With an intensity of emotion which almost amounted to pain, she awaited the entrance of the new comer. It was a relief to her feelings when the utter grotesqueness of the person who presented himself, made them all laugh. It was a tall erect figure, clothed in an old man's long gabardine, much torn and blackened. One sleeve completely gone, exposed a powerful, muscular sword arm to view. On his hat-less head was a grey wig pulled awry, while his mouth was concealed by a white beard, partly turned on one side, and very much blackened on the other, and in his hand he carried a big oaken staff.

This absurd individual, looking at Margareta with loving tender eyes, held out his hands to her and said: "Margareta, I have fought my fight. I come now for my prize."

She laid her head on the old gabardine, and the singed hair mingled with her own golden tresses as she murmured: "Bertrand, my Bertrand!"

He plucked the singed beard from his face as he kissed her lips, and uttered soft words into her willing ear, but Simon made such a noise over the bolts as he fastened the door, that not a sentence was heard, save by that noble girl who had taught him that even Love must yield precedence to Duty.

* * * * *

Towards the end of May that same year, a little group of persons stood on the quay at Berghen-op-Zoom. A boat was waiting for them. and a ship, already preparing to sail, lay in the harbour.

We know them all. The minister, looking far sadder than when we saw him walking to the stake at Valenciennes, was speaking to a young girl, who with tears in her eyes bowed her head to receive his parting blessing.

"Margareta, my child, may God bless thee! May thy life be happy and prosperous, and mayst thou long live to be the light of thy husband's home! And thou, Bertrand, God reward thee in His own good time. Love her always, and cherish her, my little perlchen, the wife I have given thee this day."

And then turning to the elder couple he said: "Simon and sister Alice, farewell. Come what may, my work lies in this land, beside my brother Mallart who now is minister, too. Pray I may be worthy of it. Your duty lies elsewhere. Go to England, that land of the free, and be happy as you deserve. Farewell."

He then turned to Rosa, and extending his hand to her, bade her God-speed.

"Yes," she replied, "I go with them in mine old age, following them as a true and faithful servant should do, but my heart is in the old country. Ah! we have seen great days here, even if we shall be safer over there."

And so they sailed across the sea, sailed away into a happy life of love and usefulness in the new land where peace and security awaited them.

ADELA E. ORPEN.

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

IV.—THE APOSTLES IN JERUSALEM: THEIR DEPARTURE.

"THE Acts of the Apostles" is one of those titles that are apt to disappoint expectation. Very probably, although of high antiquity, it was not given by St. Luke himself to his second "treatise;" and in the earliest form in which we find the title, its true rendering is simply "Acts of Apostles": *some* Acts of *some* of the Twelve, as well as of the Apostle Paul, to whom the largest space is devoted. Very few, yet very significant are the scenes in which the apostle John appears by name, as one in that goodly fellowship.

The first occasion is in "an upper room": perhaps, although we cannot affirm this with certainty, *the* upper room[1] in which Jesus had met with His disciples for the Last Supper, and where they had once and again seen Him after His resurrection. "Here abode both Peter and James and John"—still mentioned at the head of the apostolic list. And there they held their daily assemblies for prayer and supplication until, in common with their brethren, they received the Pentecostal gift.

Two facts of great significance now appear. The one is that among the Eleven Peter and John are specially associated, as if by the power of some deep sympathy. It had been so from the day of the resurrection of the Lord. Peter and John had evidently sought each other's society. Mary Magdalene had united them in her quest on the morning of that first day of the week. The disciple whom Jesus loved would regard with a peculiar tenderness the disciple who had sinned and been forgiven; and the intenseness of St. John's nature would find a congenial response in the fervour and energy of his brother disciple. Thus it was, no doubt, but one instance among many, when we read that "Peter and John were going up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer." Together they wrought the miracle upon the lame man; together they stood before the council; "the boldness of Peter and John" moved the wonder of the elders and scribes, who "perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men," and "took knowledge of them" both, that they had been with Jesus.

The second fact to be noted is that in these records of their association it is Peter who is always in the front. It is he who speaks the word of power to the lame man; he who declares to the council that the miracle was wrought in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. John stands silently by, or but confirms what Peter had said. Once the words are recorded as the words of both: "Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you than unto God, judge ye." Not a word is given, from first to last, as uttered by John alone; there is the impress of his mighty personality, but it is still through another voice that this finds utterance.

In the next scene in which we find the beloved disciple, it was in similar association with St. Peter. A great day was dawning upon the Church of Christ, the day of extension beyond the limits of its early home in Jerusalem. The impulse was given by the hand of persecution. "They were all scattered abroad throughout the regions of Judæa and Samaria, except the apostles." The Twelve, like the officers of a ship in peril, must abide at their post while others escaped. But the refugees became evangelists; and among the rest Philip, one of "the seven," visited Samaria[1] and proclaimed the Christ with power and success. The wonderful tidings reached Jerusalem—perhaps exciting some uneasiness, for the ancient prejudice was hard to overcome; and it was thought best by the apostles to send a deputation to Samaria to ascertain the facts of the case, and to confirm the work, if it should prove to be truly of God. Who so fitted to be the representatives of the rest as the two comrades, Peter and John? They visited the scene of Philip's labours, and with glad hearts, by the laying on of hands, communicated the gift of the Holy Ghost. But when Simon the magician interposes with his unhallowed request, it is Peter again who speaks—"Thy money perish with thee!" The sad appeal of Simon, however, is addressed to both: "Pray ye to the Lord for me." Then they unitedly pursue the work, and "preach the Gospel to many villages of the Samaritans"—John no doubt remembering, as noticed in a former paper, how once he had been fain to call down fire from heaven on some to whom he now declares the glad tidings of eternal love.

"They, therefore, when they had testified and spoken the word of the Lord, returned to Jerusalem." Such is the last mention of John in the apostolic history. There is not another word to tell how his great soul influenced the thoughts

[1] Acts i. 13: εἰς τὸ ὑπερῷον. The literal rendering is of course "into the upper room," defining the place. But it is possible that the definition may simply be that given in the words following:—"the upper room where they were abiding," wherever that may have been. On every ground of sentiment, however, we should be led to the view above suggested, which in fact is that held by ancient interpreters.

[1] Samaria had been rebuilt by Herod, and renamed Sebaste; but the old appellation was not yet entirely superseded. Some critics, however, read "a city of Samaria" in Acts viii. 5, and regard Sychar or some other place as intended.

and actions of his brethren, how in happy companionship he soothed the last days of the mother of Jesus in his own home, or how he testified to all men, who would hear, the truth which he was afterwards to write in immortal words. That he remained for a long time in Jerusalem, is fairly certain, as we shall see; for the rest, we must be content to be assured that, in comparative silence, and with a reserve of the forces within, the future seer and evangelist was long awaiting his highest call.

One great trial now befel him and the Church together, in the death of his brother by Herod's sword. James was the first to go: who would be the next?—

> Two brothers freely cast their lot
> With David's royal Son;
> The cost of conquest counting not,
> They deem the battle won.
>
> Brothers in heart, they hope to gain
> An undivided joy,
> That man may one with man remain,
> As boy was one with boy.
>
> Christ heard; and willed that James should fall
> First prey of Satan's rage;
> John linger out his fellows all,
> And die in bloodless age.
>
> Now they join hands once more above
> Before the Conqueror's throne.
> Thus God grants prayer, but in His love
> Makes times and ways His own.[1]

But great events in the Church's history were happening in distant Antioch. The Gospel had there been for the first time broadly proclaimed to unbelieving Gentiles; and the earliest church gathered from the realms of heathendom had become the first fruits of that innumerable company whom John was afterwards to behold in vision, "out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues." The ardent convert Saul of Tarsus was now ministering to that infant church. He had visited Jerusalem already, in the early days of his new life, and had been brought by Barnabas to the apostles, Peter and James the Lord's brother.[2] John had probably been absent from the city at the time: it was fourteen years before he and Paul were to meet. During these years, many things had happened: the Apostle of the Gentiles had accomplished his first great missionary journey; and John the beloved had calmly tarried in Jerusalem.

The great controversy of the early Church had now taken a definite form. Practically, indeed, Paul and his associates had settled it; but sometimes a theory is obstinate and defies facts: the theory in the present case was that Judaism must be the true preparation for the Gospel, in the individual as well as in the world. We may find it difficult to apprehend the position which the Judaizing party assumed: but their convictions were very real. Theirs were the Covenants; and although, as their own Scriptures taught, the Gentiles might find an accepted place therein, must it not be through submitting to the old conditions? To be in Christ, was not the appointed way through Zion? So the theory took the form of a definite declaration, "Except ye be circumcised after the custom of Moses, ye cannot be saved!" On the decision of this point rested the whole future of Christianity. Was it to remain for ever fettered to Judaic ceremonial, or was it to become a world-wide Gospel? It was time to look the question in the face, and to decide it definitely and for ever. Such was the purpose with which Paul and Barnabas, with Titus and others, were despatched from Antioch to Jerusalem, about the year 50 A.D. How their errand sped we all know; the occasion is noted here, as it brought St. Paul for the first time into the company of St. John.

The discussion, as recorded in the fifteenth chapter of the Acts, was carried on by the apostles and elders "with much questioning." No doubt the beloved disciple took his part in it. But only the words of Peter and of James are recorded; and the decision, which the latter announced as that of the Holy Spirit and of the Church, authoritatively and happily declared for ever the principle of Christian freedom. This, however, was not all. Besides the great gathering of the Church—the "first Council" as it has been called—there was a most important conference between Paul and Barnabas on the one side, and the three apostles "who were reputed to be pillars" of the Church on the other. These three were James the brother of Jesus, Cephas, and John, and here they definitely appeared as representatives of the Jewish wing of the Christian community. So much was this the case, that they decided to restrict their labours, comparatively speaking, to the Circumcision. Here was undoubtedly another peril. If the preachers of Christ should become definitely divided into two classes—the one for Jews, the other for Gentiles—must not the too probable result be a schism in the Church itself? The peril was escaped, partly perhaps through the Jewish sympathies of St. Paul, who was only too ready to welcome his brethren according to the flesh into the circle of Christian fellowship, partly through the course of Divine Providence, which brought St. John also out of his own chosen circle, and directed his steps to Gentile lands. On both sides, therefore, the wall of partition was broken down.

But now a question arises, to which perhaps a disproportionate attention has been given in our own times. Was there any lasting breach between these respective schools of thought? Some modern critics, following the Tübingen school of expositors, imagine that they have discovered a veiled antagonism between Paul and the Three. Thus when the former writes to the Corinthians, "I reckon that I am not a whit behind the very chiefest apostles," does he not imply that they had disparaged him? And, more especially, when St. John writes to the church at Ephesus, "Thou didst try them which call themselves apostles and are not, and didst find them false," had he not *St. Paul* in his

[1] J. H. Newman, *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836.
[2] Galatians i. 18, 19, and Lightfoot's note.

mind? To many of our readers the very question will seem revolting; yet it is no less a fact that such interpretations have been proposed, and that even the mention of Balaam in the Epistle to Pergamum, as having led Israel "to eat things sacrificed to idols," has been regarded as a veiled reference to the Apostle of the Gentiles! Such, according to the disciples of Baur, was "the tragic conflict of these two followers of Christ!"

The criticism, in its very audacity, will be useful to us, if it only leads to a deeper discernment of the unity, in teaching and spirit, between St. Paul and the other apostles. The former, as has been well shown by Bishop Lightfoot,[1] does in fact recognise this unity in the most hearty and explicit manner possible.

"St. Paul speaks of Cephas and the Lord's brethren as exercising an apostolic privilege which belonged also to himself and Barnabas (1 Cor. ix. 5), of Cephas and James as witnesses of the Lord's resurrection like himself (1 Cor. xv. 5, 7). In the last passage he calls himself (with evident reference to the elder Apostles who are mentioned immediately before) 'the least of the Apostles, who is not worthy to be called an Apostle.' In rebuking the dissensions at Corinth, he treats the name of Cephas with a delicate courtesy and respect which has almost escaped notice. When he comes to argue the question, he at once drops the name of St. Peter. 'While one saith, I am of Paul, and another, I am of Apollos, are ye not carnal? What then is Apollos, and what is Paul?' Apollos was so closely connected with him (see xvi. 12) that he could use his name without fear of misapprehension. But in speaking of Cephas he had to observe more caution: certain persons persisted in regarding St. Peter as the head of a rival party, and therefore he is careful to avoid any seeming depreciation of his brother Apostle."

That John, on the other hand, could not have intended to depreciate the great Apostle of the Gentiles, is abundantly clear. To us, indeed, who believe that the message to the church in Ephesus was the message of CHRIST Himself through His servant, the very question is foreclosed. He who had called Paul to be an apostle could never have thus disparaged him! But taking the ground of the critics themselves, it seems clear, first, that Ephesus of all places was the most unlikely to have esteemed Paul as a false apostle. The church in that city was founded by him; it had been the scene of his long-continued and successful ministry; by the Christians of Ephesus he was so beloved that his parting with the elders of the church is one of the most pathetic incidents in the apostolic story; the incongruity of addressing such a depreciation of St. Paul to the Ephesian church would be monstrous. No; when St. John applauds them for having tried "them which call themselves apostles, and they are not," and for having found them "false," he did but recognise that they had already taken heed to St. Paul's own warning: "After my departing, grievous wolves shall enter in among you, not sparing the flock; and from among your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things, to draw away the disciples after them." The two apostles thus agree in one.

Then, secondly, there is a yet deeper unity between them. Hardly any topic of New Testament study yields more interesting and beautiful results than that of the harmony of apostolic doctrine, as set forth by these two champions of the faith. The very differences in intellect and temperament between St. Paul and St. John make their essential oneness the more significant. Bishop Lightfoot has well compared the brief letter to the Laodicean church with the Epistle to the neighbouring church of the Colossians. "The message communicated by St. John to Loadicea prolongs the note which was struck by St. Paul in the letter to Colossæ. An interval of a very few years has not materially altered the character of these churches. Obviously the same temper prevails, the same errors are rife, the same correction must be applied."[1] The august title given to Jesus Christ, the BEGINNING,[2] is found in both Epistles, and if St. Paul speaks to the Colossians of being raised with Christ and bids them seek the things that are above where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God, St. John writes to the Laodiceans in the name of his Lord, that they who overcome shall sit with Him upon His throne. Such coincidences can hardly be accidental. The whole subject would repay study; and the more fully it is pursued the more manifest would be the accordance between what have been sometimes invidiously called the "Pauline" and the "Johannine" theologies.[3] The figment of an antagonism between the two Apostles, although it could be hardly otherwise than noticed in any account of St. John's life and work, is already falling into deserved discredit, with other extravagances of the Tübingen school.

When and for what reason the Apostle John finally quitted Jerusalem is unknown. Mary, the mother of Jesus, had passed away; the Twelve had mostly departed to their various missionary fields. Only James, the brother of the Lord, remained as bishop of the mother-church. When Paul paid his last visit to Jerusalem, about A.D. 60, John was undoubtedly absent. A uniform and trustworthy tradition of the church asserts that he took up his abode in Ephesus, exercising pastoral oversight over the churches of Proconsular Asia. This must have been after St. Paul's departure, as St. John would certainly otherwise have been mentioned in the farewell address to the elders at Miletus, if not in the "Epistle to the Ephesians." The probability is that after the death of St. Peter and St. Paul, St. John took up their work, especially that of the latter apostle, in this important centre of the Eastern world. All the other apostles have now vanished from the history; and the beloved John, in his own great personality, remains alone.

[1] See *Commentary on Galatians*. Supplementary Dissertation, p. 326.

[1] Lightfoot. *Epistle to the Colossians*, p. 41.

[2] ἀρχή. See Col. i. 15–18; Rev. iii. 14.

[3] See, especially, an elaborate note in the *Speaker's Commentary*, on Rev. iii. 19: "The alleged opposition between St. John and St. Paul."

THE CONGO AND ITS MISSIONS.

BY THE REV. W. HOLMAN BENTLEY.

II.

THE spiritual work on the Congo has already begun to bear fruit. First a few lads in the mission schools gave their hearts to the Saviour; beside these isolated cases, we were cheered by the readiness with which some listened to the story of God's love; but the mass of the people were but little moved. Mr. Richards, of the American Mission at Mbanza Manteka, had been settled there quietly since 1879, and was much discouraged at the apathy of the people. As often happens the darkest time is that which precedes the dawn, and when he was feeling most depressed, the blessing came. A new and sudden influence came over the people, and just as the first two or three rains after the long dry season make the black earth green with shooting grass, so the gracious influences of the Holy Spirit suddenly brought about a general awakening. The seed so long sown began to spring up. The apathy gave place to a widespread interest in divine things. People brought their charms and "medicine," abandoning them; and a large number have since given good evidence of a change of heart. Some seventy have been baptized and a church has been formed. The best proof of the genuineness of the work of grace is the Christian activity which it has called forth among them; the gladness with which the native converts and evangelists start out, of their own accord, and at their own charges, to preach and teach in the country round, in their earnest desire to lead others to the Saviour. The influence spread to the station at Mukimbungu, then to Lukunga, and Mpalabala, where also good work is going on.

The blessing also came upon the work of the English Baptist Mission at San Salvador, breaking out with the same suddenness as elsewhere, and originating in a week of special services.

The Rev. Thomas Comber hastened from Wathen to assist in the good work, but died a few months later.

Mr. Weeks, who after some years at San Salvador was on a visit to England, returned soon after the awakening commenced, but was obliged to go back to England in a few months, shattered in health and exhausted with continued fevers. Happily he has been restored to health, and is again on the Congo. The missionaries now at San Salvador have none of them been out a year and can only work through interpreters, and in consequence things progress more slowly; indeed death has been so busy that only Mr. Grenfell, Mr. Moolenaar, Mr. Weeks and the writer have been out in the country more than three years.

Where God's work is prospering there are often many adversaries. At San Salvador the staff of priests in the Romish mission has been increased, and they have brought fresh pressure to bear upon the king, urging him to insist on the people dividing themselves into two equal sections, and half at least to follow the priests. They demanded also that half the king's wives should follow their faith, but those ladies have opinions of their own and will not be dictated to in such matters. The poor king finds himself in a most difficult position, for the senior priest acts also as Portuguese resident. Oppose and seek to obstruct as they may, God's work goes on.

At Wathen station one or two of the mission lads are Christian. One of these recently baptized, was entitled to be the chief of his native town. During his stay in England his uncle had died and his body was dried and preserved that his nephew might give it honourable burial. As, however, he did not return so soon as expected, the funeral ceremony was performed. When the lad returned and the visit was paid to his mother's home, he was asked to be the chief. He was willing on one condition: that his chieftainship should be conducted on Christian principles. The test came. Another uncle died, and the lad was asked to call the witch doctor. This he refused to do. A second death occurred, and he was again entreated to fulfil the country customs. A second time he refused. Then it was whispered that perhaps he was the witch and so would not call the palaver. His mother entreated him with tears to comply with the wishes of his people; but as they would not consent to his condition he firmly refused, and told them he would return to the missionary, and be engaged in mission-work. If he might live as a Christian, he would do as he had done, play his cornet and then tell the people about God. This they did not want, and he left them and settled at Wathen. Here he was baptized and on the occasion gave a most suitable address showing the influence the missionaries had had upon him; detailing his home experiences, and avowing thorough determination to be the Lord's servant. The trial had ripened his character. He went away a boy and returned, after twenty months, a man. He has since married a native Christian girl, and is devoted to the work of his choice. His conduct bears testimony to the profession he has made, and he has become a fellow-helper to the truth.

At Arthington, only a few of the boys and girls have given evidence of a change of heart, and in consequence of the death of the two last missionaries in charge, the study of Kiteke must be commenced again by new missionaries.

So with much to hinder and try us, the work goes on. The results have been far greater than we could have hoped, and were regarded even with suspicion by some of us, so surprising and rich was the blessing. It is too soon to mention

numbers in these early days, but of the genuineness of the religious awakening there is no room for doubt. If all this has resulted from our early imperfect endeavours, what great hopes we may entertain for the future.

The Kishikongo language has been thoroughly reduced. Translations of the Scriptures are in progress. Some vocabularies of the principal languages spoken between the mouth of the River Everything inspires faith and hope. Our great Master is with us, He will plan and arrange. Led by Him, and strengthened by His might, we will go on fearlessly and gladly in our blessed work of winning Africa for Christ.

The illustrations which accompany this paper are from photographs which are the property of the Young Men's Baptist Mission Association.

NTAMO BAY—STANLEY POOL.

and the Stanley Falls have been taken down, and the study is still going on.

At Lokoele and the Equator the seed is being sown; and we are hoping to see several new stations established before long upon the Upper River. With such a waterway to give us access to the people, how great are the possibilities.

The blessing already vouchsafed, the great difficulties already surmounted, should certainly encourage us to work on in spite of death and present difficulty, assured by past experience that in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

The engraving with which we close represents a corner of Stanley Pool where is a spot called Ntamo-Bay which much resembles our county of Kent. The hills and the outer edge were called "Dover Cliffs," that they might the better remind our men of the dear old country they had left. The English settlement is situated on the edge of the little bay, and here the surgical and medical skill of the missionaries has been extensively employed, and made the means of blessing, both of body and of soul, to large numbers who live within their reach.

MRS. HEMANS.

I.

IT is an oft-repeated fact that poets whose works cannot win due appreciation at the time of their production, find, in the long run, justice from the public. Milton may sell his manuscript of "Paradise Lost" for five pounds; Keats may be crushed by a harsh article in the "Quarterly"; Wordsworth's "Excursion" may be greeted by the celebrated Edinburgh Reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, with the cry, "This will never do!" but, in the end, the unfavourable verdict is reversed by that great Court of Appeal, the English reading public, and posterity awards to the poet his rightful fame. This doctrine of the ultimate justice of literary opinion has truth in it; but it is not all true. For, whereas a full amount of praise comes in the end to poets who cannot obtain it immediately, the case is altered when they have received too much of it in life. Then posterity has not even bare justice to offer them! The pendulum of public opinion, having swung too far in the direction of praise, proceeds to swing just as far in the opposite direction of neglect. An author spoiled, flattered and caressed during lifetime, does not win the attention he really deserves when the revulsion has set in; and it seems as though there lurked a spell in this undue popularity, to bring about an undue oblivion by-and-by.

Something of this is true with regard to Felicia Hemans. In her day there can be little doubt that she was over-estimated. In glancing over the criticisms of her poetry which appeared during her lifetime and upon her death, such expressions as the following meet the eye:

"Her pre-eminence has been acknowledged not only in her own land, but wherever the English tongue is spoken, whether on the banks of the eastern Ganges or the western Mississippi."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

"Magnificent bursts of poetry."—*Athenæum.*

"The imperishable gifts of Mrs. Hemans' genius . . . . Glorious course on earth . . . . Unclouded fame."—Professor Norton.

"Delightful genius. . . . The star that shines most brightly in the hemisphere."—Professor Wilson in *Blackwood's Magazine.*

Even the severe and accomplished critic Lord Jeffrey, though not led astray into this extravagant praise, wrote a most eulogistic article upon her poems in the *Edinburgh Review.*

Contrast these criticisms, written little more than half a century ago, some of them by men whose judgment in other matters still carries weight, with the modern tone respecting Mrs. Hemans! Her name, rarely mentioned, is received with a pitying smile. There is a vague impression in the minds of people who have scarcely read a line she wrote, to the effect that she is the exponent of an effete, bygone sentimentalism—the "sweetly pretty" school of poetry—in vogue when Books of Beauty and drawing-room albums were popular as the expression of culture! The man or woman who should, in modern literary society, announce a taste for Mrs. Hemans would at once be set down as an impostor, or slightly crazy. Young people never dream of studying poems that were the heart's delight of their ancestors a generation ago. The admirable primer of Macmillan's series, on English Literature, thus dismisses her:

"There was no longer now in England, any large wave of public thought or feeling such as could awaken poetry. We have then . . . a number of pretty little poems, having no inward fire, no idea, no marked character. They might be written by any versifier at any time, and express pleasant indifferent thought in pleasant verse. Such were Mrs. Hemans's poems."

There is a certain pitifulness in this "falling from her high estate," of the gentle singer who delighted English readers in the early decades of the present century, especially when it is remembered that the claims of popular poetry to long life are of no slight importance. Mrs. Hemans was undoubtedly placed too high by her contemporaries. But a literary idol, if once dethroned, is often not set up again even in the modest niche that may be its rightful position. It is worth while to spend a little time in studying the work this author did; and perhaps the result of coming face to face with her half-forgotten poems, may be to induce a higher estimate of their value. It is not necessary to talk about "imperishable genius," and the like, in order to have a very real and genuine appreciation of the work done by one who was almost the first of English poetesses, and to whom, for what she achieved in her day and generation, every English reader owes gratitude.

The life of Mrs. Hemans explains to a large extent the character of her poetry. The child of an Irish father—a Liverpool merchant, George Browne by name—and a mother of united German and Italian descent, she was gifted with an ardent, romantic nature, and with unusual personal beauty. When Felicia was seven years old her father failed in business, and retired with his wife and family to a quaint old house near Abergele. Here, with the sea and the mountains as her constant companions, the little Felicia passed a childhood most fitted to develope her imagination.

Of regular education she had little, but she roved at will among a store of books, feeding her fancy upon poetry and old romance. She was a very precocious child, and when she was only fourteen, a quarto volume of her "Juvenile Poems" was published by subscription. These

poems, though clever for her age, were certainly not worth printing, and were criticised with outspoken freedom in a periodical called *The Monthly Review*.

This natural consequence of rushing prematurely into print, is characterised by her biographer in a tone that bears witness to the atmosphere of flattery in which the poetess was reared. Some praise as well as censure is awarded by *The Monthly Review* critic to the little girl, and he wisely says, "If the youthful author were to content herself for some years with reading instead of writing, we should open any future work from her pen with an expectation of pleasure." Surely this is fair enough; yet the reviewer is called "Some self-constituted arbiter of public taste," his remarks are "ungenerous and quite uncalled-for," and we are assured for our consolation, "this was at once the first and last time she was destined to meet with anything like harshness or mortification."

When a little girl of fourteen who publishes a quarto volume, cannot bear to be told to wait awhile—when her friends and contemporaries are indignant at such "harshness," and we are assured that never again was unfavourable criticism met with—we can understand what Wordsworth meant when, many years later, he called Mrs. Hemans a "spoilt child of the world." Yet this lavish popularity was in no way to be laid to her own fault. She did but sing as Nature taught her, and if she was too much extolled, that is no blame to her. This over-esteem is only emphasized to bring out one reason, unjust and absurd as that reason may be, for modern neglect. Wordsworth, in spite of his

Believe me ever faithfully Yours
Felicia Hemans

remark, says tenderly in the elegiac poem to which his just criticism is prefixed:

> Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,
> Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,
> For Her who, ere her summer faded,
> Has sunk into a breathless sleep.

Felicia Browne married Captain Hemans at the age of nineteen. After seven years of married life —years spent by Mrs. Hemans in literary activity as well as the cares of a family—Captain Hemans took up his residence in Italy, ostensibly on account of his health, and his wife with her five sons remained in Wales, sharing the home of her mother and sister.

Nothing was openly stated as to disagreement between the husband and wife, and Wordsworth says she was never heard to speak an unkind word of him; but they met no more. This separation cast a sadness over her life, which breathes in the poetry she continued rapidly to pour forth. Her mother's death was a second shock; her own health became uncertain; and after brief periods, spent in two homes, the one near Liverpool, and the other in Dublin, Mrs. Hemans passed away, aged only forty-one. Up to the last she was engaged in composing verse, and her "Sabbath Sonnet," dictated from her sick-bed only a few days before she died, is very touching.

Mrs. Hemans won in her personal character warm affection and admiration from her contemporaries. She visited Scott and Wordsworth in their respective homes.

The former said to her on parting: "There are some whom we meet and should like ever after to claim as kith and kin; and you are one of those."

After her visit to Rydal Mount, she took up her abode for a time at Dove's Nest in the neighbourhood. Here she was literally besieged, and was made to cry out in despair at the penalties of fame! Her personal attractiveness, the interest attaching to her pathetic history, and the fact that a poetess was a novelty in those days, all combined with the real sweetness of her verse in winning popularity.

Miss Mitford writes warmly of her as "a charming woman." It is interesting, by the way, to note in another letter of Miss Mitford's dated only a month later, the description of a certain Elizabeth Barrett who has "written most exquisite poems," and is "so sweet and gentle and so pretty, that one looks at her as if she were some bright flower." In the appearance of this Miss Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, was involved a foreshadowing of the rapid decrease in popularity of Mrs. Hemans. But comparisons are unfair; and although Mrs. Hemans cannot pretend to the depth, the passion, the music of Mrs. Browning, each poetess may be valued in her own sphere without entrenching on that of the other.

In looking through her collected poems, one cannot but be struck by their number. She was cut off in the flower of her age, yet she produced an unusually large amount of work. And there was a lack of effort in her writing, which in its spontaneousness as well as its music reminds one of the singing of a bird. She seemed to express herself in verse as readily as in prose, and the tuneful ease of her strains has a soothing effect on the tired mind, contrasting as it does with the intense strenuousness of much good modern poetry.

Mrs. Hemans, like all true poets, had a passionate love of nature, closely observing her varying moods, and delineating with skill and sympathy what she saw.

Take as an illustration the "Voice of Spring," the well-known lyric beginning

> I come, I come! ye have called me long—
> I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
> Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
> By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
> By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
> By the green leaves opening as I pass.

The vivid picture of the New England shores on the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers is familiar, perhaps too familiar to quote. And in all her descriptive passages Mrs. Hemans shows that she has the power both of seizing the outward aspects of nature, and embodying them in picturesque language. One very beautiful and less-known lyric is "The Palm-tree."

> It waved not through an eastern sky
> Beside a fount of Araby,
> It was not fanned by southern breeze,
> In some green isle of Indian seas,
> Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
> O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.
>
> But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
> Midst foliage of no kindred hue,
> Through the laburnum's dropping gold
> Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
> And Europe's violets, faintly sweet,
> Purpled the moss beds at its feet.

Her childhood on the rugged coast of Wales had given Mrs. Hemans a passionate love for the hills. It is very striking to find how constantly the expression recurs of intense and ardent love for the mountains, partly for their own sake, and partly because they have often been the home of the persecuted seeking freedom.

> Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
> The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam.
> She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,
> And make the rocky fastnesses her home.
> And in the rushing of the mountain flood,
> In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
> In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
> There is a voice of stern sublimity
> That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
> Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude.

The revolt of the Swiss against Austrian tyranny is a constant theme of Mrs. Hemans. Over and over again the meadow of Grütli, by the banks of the Forest Sea of the Four Cantons, reappears in her stanzas, and the struggle against oppression and cruelty finds the most ardent sympathy in her words. But indeed it is so with every form of persecution, more particularly with that of religious persecution. Her very soul abhorred bigotry and tyranny, and

intensely did she sympathise with the man who consented to be an exile and an outlaw rather than deny his father's God. The "Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," already mentioned, is perhaps the best known of her lyrics on this theme, and the "Forest Sanctuary," the finest of her long poems, is entirely taken up with describing the mental conflicts and outward sufferings of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his own country, takes refuge with his child in a primeval forest of North America.

And we have won a bower of refuge now
In this fresh waste, the breath of whose repose
Hath cooled, like dew, the fever of my brow,
And whose green oaks and cedars round me close
As temple walls and pillars that exclude
Earth's haunted dreams from their free solitude,
All save the image and the thought of those
Before us gone—our loved of early years,
Gone where affection's cup hath lost the taste of tears.

* * * * *

I look forth on the stars—the shadowy sleep
Of forests—and the lake whose gloomy deep
Sends up red sparkles to the fireflies' light.
A lonely world!—even fearful to man's thought,
But for His presence felt, whom here my soul hath sought.

The poetess's love for the mountains as God's refuge for the oppressed and her sympathies on behalf of freedom of conscience are finely blended in the "Hymn of the Vaudois Mountaineers in Times of Persecution."

For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made Thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod.
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
Our God, our fathers' God.

* * * * *

For the dark resounding caverns
Where Thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest
That by Thy breath are stirred;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy Spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee
Our God, our fathers' God.

These beautiful words ring out a tone that has been steadily growing more distinct in England during the last fifty years. The struggles of the Vaudois are indeed long past; but there are other shapes and ways in which religious intolerance can find expression. The spirit of persecution and bigotry is not yet dead; but it is dying. Mrs. Hemans, in her day, struck many a blow at that enemy of true Christianity. Fervently religious to her heart's core, she never ceased to pour forth pure and ardent protests for the liberty that is in Christ Jesus.

When it is remembered that the words of Mrs. Hemans were read throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain—that the youth of the time were brought up and nourished upon them—can it be denied that her influence has been of special value? It is easy now to throw her teaching aside as a matter of course; we are learning the lesson, or have learned it, that the truth of God is stronger than the ordinances of man, and that the human heart is responsible alone to its Maker for its faith and trust.

But who can say how large a share this author has taken in the modern tone of public opinion regarding religious liberty? She helped to make the thought of her time; and we are now reaping the results.

It is often alleged that her poetry is "not strong:" yet there is that in it which can help to strengthen men.

For the influence of a popular writer who is ever pointing to Freedom as the inalienable right of man, and religious freedom from human restraint as his duty and privilege, is not easily to be over-estimated: and surely it is too often forgotten that in this direction Mrs. Hemans did much for her day and generation. Of her devotional utterances, strictly so-called, more will be said in another article; but it is worth the while of any one to take the complete edition of her poems, and turn over the pages, noting the numerous instances in which this idea recurs. Liberty, not license, was the watchword of this pure and noble spirit, of whom it may be said that she was one of the souls who help to lead their fellows onward in the path of progress—nearer to God.

LILY WATSON.

Things New and Old.

LEGH RICHMOND AND THE DUKE OF KENT.—The Rev. Legh Richmond was chaplain to H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, an appointment received in 1816. In the previous year, Mr. Richmond, then Rector of Turvey, became one of the honorary secretaries of the Religious Tract Society, which had already published "The Dairyman's Daughter," "The Young Cottager," and other interesting narratives from his pen. In June, 1816, Mr. Richmond requested the Duke's acceptance of a series of the Society's publications from the Committee. The following reply was sent from the Duke, dated, Kensington Palace, June 7, 1816:

"The Duke of Kent does himself the pleasure of acknowledging the Rev. Legh Richmond's favour of the 3rd inst., and begs to offer his best thanks, through Mr. Richmond, to the Committee of the Religious Tract Society for the set of their publications which accompanied it, and the receipt of which he was led to expect from a conversation he had some time since, at a public meeting, with his respected colleague, the Rev. Joseph Hughes.

"Mr. Richmond will oblige the Duke, when next he meets the Committee, by expressing the satisfaction he derives from being possessed of such valuable works, rendered doubly so by the manner in which they have been presented, and the channel through which they have reached him."

A similar gift to the Duchess of Kent, in 1818, was responded to in a letter written by her to the Rev. Dr. Steinkopff, the foreign secretary of the Society, adding a warm joint acknowledgment from the Duke and Duchess, of the Committee's "kind allusion to their recent union."

Mr. Richmond enjoyed the friendship of the Duke of Kent for the many years during which he was his chaplain.

He followed him to the grave, and he paid a warm tribute to his memory, in which he said, "Charity in him has lost its patron; the cause of God its firm and unshaken supporter; and illustrious rank its ornament and example. Testimonies like these are instructive to the living, while they are honourable to the departed. They prove that in this country, whenever exalted station is adorned with corresponding virtues, and consecrated to high and noble ends, it never fails to obtain the best of all kinds of homage, the homage of the heart."

Among the treasured recollections of her loved and honoured father, few could be more gratifying to our gracious Queen than those associated with Legh Richmond.

HOSPITAL CHILDREN.—Will you let me appeal to your readers for help for those invalid children who sorely need a change to country air, and are yet too young and too helpless to gain admittance to any Convalescent Homes? Last year the liberality of a few friends enabled us to board out some twenty little children in country cottages. Their ages varied between one and six years, and they were of all degrees of helplessness. One baby, a victim to many abscesses, could not walk nor even sit up without support when she was taken away, and she returned from a month's visit to a cottage on a breezy common with rosy cheeks and firm limbs, able to run across the floor to greet the grandmother, who exclaimed admiringly, "Surely this ain't never our little 'un!" In all cases the children are sent to places where we have personal knowledge of the mothers to whom we entrust them. We have sent invalids on crutches and invalids with wounds, and the wounds have healed and the cripples have gained health and strength in the sweet fresh air. The partings from the kind caretakers are often sorrowful affairs, and the children are frequently dismissed with tears as well as with useful little gifts from those who have also bestowed upon them such attention and tenderness as money can neither ensure nor repay. For years to come, those who are old enough to remember, will speak proudly of the great event of their lives—viz., the happy time "when I was at the country," that mysterious fairyland of all children; but, alas! to small East-enders an almost unknown world. If your readers will only think of the white-faced, sickly creatures for whom we plead, those who must have individual and motherly care (needing, as they do, constant attention), surely they will help us to carry out our plans. Instead of twenty, let us this year give to fifty children a chance of returning to their dreary East-end homes in good health, and thereby fit them better to face the days and lives into which so little brightness ever comes. Again let us repeat that it is for sick children that we plead, not the sound ones, who have other champions. The little invalids too young for any cottage homes or convalescent establishments are too little regarded. The smallest contributions will be welcomed and acknowledged by Miss V. H. Morten, The Larches, Banstead, or by Sister Queen, London Hospital, Whitechapel.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER III.—ONE AUTUMN EVENING.

ANN had just put the two boys to bed, and was on her way downstairs that evening, when she was startled by a double knock at the front door, and on opening it, she was confronted by an old gentleman, who was leaning against the wall at the side, and appeared to be in great pain.

"I have slipped and sprained my ankle, I am afraid," he said, "can you let me rest here for a few minutes, or better still, could you let me have a bed for the night?"

"I'll fetch you a chair," said Ann, in reply to the first part of his request, and as she went to the kitchen, she took care to see that the parlour-door was closely shut, lest her mistress should be disturbed by this untimely visitor.

"Now, if I could get my boot off," groaned the gentleman, as he sank down in the chair, which Ann placed on the door-mat.

"I can't ask you to come in and take it off," said Ann timidly, "for my mistress is——is not quite well; she is delicate."

"But if you could let me have a bed for the night," pleaded the sufferer, who seemed to be in great pain.

"We don't let lodgings," said Ann a little stiffly.

"But your family is small—you do not occupy the whole of this house. You see I have heard of Mrs. Danby, and I think I could make it worth your while to take me in for a little time."

But Ann shook her head. In truth she was half offended at the mere suggestion of taking a lodger, but the old gentleman was persistent, and would not take No for an answer.

"Go and ask your mistress about it," he said, "tell her I am an old friend of her uncle Joseph, and am willing to pay anything for the accommodation," and, at last, much against her inclination, Ann was perforce obliged to go and consult her mistress.

But Mrs. Danby had been standing near the door of the parlour, and had heard every word. "No, no, Ann," she said in a whisper, as Ann appeared in the doorway, "my uncle Joseph was always a scrapegrace, and I'll have nothing to do with his friends. We've got trouble enough now, without taking any more upon our shoulders."

"But if he could stay this one night," pleaded Ann, whose heart was touched, in spite of her pride.

"No, no; I won't have it," said Mrs. Danby impatiently, "I don't want to see anybody, and I won't have anybody here," and with this message somewhat modified in the delivery, Ann went back to the door.

"If you'll let me help you along, sir, I think you might manage to get home," she added by way of conclusion.

The old gentleman heaved a deep sigh.

"Obstinate—obstinate as ever," he muttered, under his breath. Then turning to Ann he said rather ungraciously, "Well, you may try and help me to the 'Albion,' that is where I am staying, if your mistress will let you, that is," he added by way of comment.

"Oh, yes, sir, she will let me do that, and I am sorry we cannot accommodate you, but you will be served better at the hotel, I'm sure."

"But I'm not so sure," grumbled the old gentleman. "I don't want a gadding chambermaid about me with a foot like this—ugh"—and the poor old man almost fainted with the agony of his injured foot and had to lean against the wall for support.

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" murmured Ann. "Will you stay here a minute, sir, while I run across the road for the doctor. Dr. Bennet lives just opposite."

"Ah, fetch him," groaned the sufferer, and he leaned his arms on the railing and bowed his head upon them in the extremity of his pain. When the doctor came and saw him, he sent for a chair and a couple of men to carry him the rest of the way to the hotel, and then on examining the foot he found that the ankle was badly dislocated, and of course the attempt to walk upon it had greatly aggravated it.

In spite of what her mistress might think about her long continued absence, Ann stopped until the doctor had set the limb and placed the patient comfortably in bed, for she was used to sickness, and when she saw the finely-dressed chambermaid she could understand the old gentleman's shrinking from having her as a nurse, and so she did all she could for him before leaving. Her heart reproached her now for not making some effort to take the poor old man in and nursing him for a while. They could have done it very well, for they had a spare bed-room that no one occupied just now, and her mistress would doubtless have yielded the point if she had pressed her to do so. Ann persuaded herself that she was wholly to blame in the matter, and made herself very miserable when she got home, which was not improved by finding her mistress cross, tired, and alarmed at her long absence.

But she was greatly surprised at Bertie's first question the next morning.

"Ann, was the poor old gentleman very bad?" he said, when she went into his room to tell him to get up.

"Why? what do you know about it," she said in some amazement.

"You left our door open when you went downstairs last night, and when I heard the knock, I thought it might be papa, for I've been praying to God, Ann, to send papa back to take care of us, and I thought he'd come, and I got out of bed to run downstairs, and then I heard somebody say he had hurt his foot, but I knew it wasn't papa."

"And you heard all about it, I suppose?" said Ann.

Bertie nodded. "I wish you and mamma had let him stop," he said, "he could have had my bed, for his foot was bad, I think."

"Yes, it was," said Ann, with a certain snappishness in her tone; "but I begin to think we have all been very selfish, and cared nothing for other people, so that now it is next to impossible for us to do a kind action, or even what we ought to do for others."

"You think we ought to have let him stop when he asked us," said Bertie thoughtfully.

"Yes, I do. The poor fellow was in awful pain, I know, and to turn him out like that was dreadful," and Ann put her apron to her eyes for a minute or two, in a manner that made the two little boys feel very solemn.

"Do you think he will die, Ann?" asked Tommy with a rueful face.

"No, no, dear, I don't suppose he will die," said Ann with something between a smile and a sob; "but he is down here all alone, with nobody to take care of him, and we might have done something for him, and it's a great mistake that we didn't, I think," concluded Ann as she helped Tommy with his knickerbockers.

"Where does he live?" asked Bertie.

"At the 'Albion'—that great dull hotel near the beach."

"I know, we go to the pavilion sometimes—they let us go now there are not many people there—so, perhaps, we shall see him there some day, and then I'll tell him how sorry we are," said Bertie. He secretly hoped that he might find the old gentleman sitting in one of the alcoves that very morning, and went out after breakfast to try and find him. But the pavilion was deserted to-day, and not even Jack Bond was to be seen on the beach, and so after wandering about in an aimless fashion for an hour or two, the children went home again.

But Bertie could not feel easy. "Don't you think you ought to go and see how that old gentleman is, Ann?" he asked, as he stood watching her sweep up the kitchen hearth after dinner.

"He don't want me now, of course the doctor was going for a nurse last night," said Ann. "There it's no good worrying over spilt milk, my dear; we made a mistake, and there's no mending it now," she concluded.

"But if he's all alone, Ann, don't you think he would like to have somebody go and see him?" persisted the boy.

"Perhaps he would, and perhaps he wouldn't," said Ann.

"Don't you think he would like to see my book that papa gave me last Christmas? It's full of pictures, you know, I feel sure he would like to see that. It made me forget my toothache—don't you remember, Ann, how we laughed at some of the funny pictures?"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the old woman with a sigh, as she recalled the cosy nursery, and the ease and plenty that reigned there.

"Well, won't you take it to him after you have washed yourself? Do, Ann, go and tell him how sorry we are that we didn't let him stop here; but that I've sent him the best picture-book I've got."

Ann laughed at the idea of being sent on such an errand, but the boy's earnest face, made her half-inclined to yield, and so after a little more coaxing from Bertie, she agreed to put on her bonnet and "run round to the 'Albion,'" before tea.

"My dear, Mr. Robinson—that is the old gentleman's name—is very much obliged to you for the book," said Ann when Bertie came into the kitchen, just before tea time, to know the result of her errand.

"How is his foot?" asked Bertie.

"Oh, easier, of course; but he can't get out of bed, and he says if he has to lie there more than a day or two, he hopes you will go and see him, and take him another book."

"Would mamma let me go, do you think?" asked Bertie; "I could read to him, you know, sometimes, if he would like it."

"Well, I'll talk to mamma about it this evening, after you have gone to bed. Go back to Tommy now, and keep him quiet for poor mamma's head is bad to-day."

"Yes, Ann, I wish the postman would not bring those big blue letters, they always make mother's head ache, and I see the tears come into her eyes when she reads them."

Ann sighed. "Yes, yes, dear, I know," she said; "and what the end is to be I cannot tell."

"But don't you think God knows all about it, Ann?" asked Bertie.

"Oh, yes, dear, of course but—but I don't see how He can help us, until your papa comes home, and even then things may be no better," and Ann put her apron to her eyes again. "Now, my dear, you go and play; little boys have only got to play and amuse themselves," said Ann seeing Bertie was watching her.

But the boy shook his head.

"I'm not such a little boy now, Ann; I'm ten, and I've been asking God to let me help mamma, and I would, if I only knew how."

Ann smiled.

"My dear, you could not understand what is troubling us all just now—I do not rightly make it out somehow; I only know your papa has had to go away, and the factory is shut up, because he had not money enough to carry it on, so you see a little boy like you cannot do anything."

"But, Ann, you said if we prayed to God and tried to do anything——"

"Yes, yes, dear," interrupted Ann; "but I can hear Tommy calling you now, run to him—that is the only way you can help us."

Bertie returned to the parlour, and resumed the task of teaching his brother to play at draughts; but his mind was busy over what he had heard from Ann just now, comparing it also with what he had heard on a previous occasion, that God was ready and willing to help in everything; and he resolved to pray again and again that God would teach him how to help his mother in her great trouble. Of course he expected that his prayers would be answered by the speedy return of his father, and day after day he watched for his coming, but only to be disappointed.

Meanwhile, however, he took care to do what Ann assured him would be a help and comfort to his mother—he refrained from any grumbling or complaining about the very plain food, which was all they could afford to buy now; and he did all he could to keep his little brother happy and content, often yielding his own rights, or giving up his own toys, that his mother might not be worried. Neither did he forget the old gentleman at the "Albion." His mother gave him permission to take another book, and go to enquire after Mr. Robinson; but beyond this she did not show much interest in him, and soon forgot his existence in the anxiety caused by her own misfortunes. Even her boys, so long as they did not worry her, seemed to be forgotten just now, so overwhelmed was she with the present trouble and gloomy forebodings of the future.

So Bertie was left to go his own way unquestioned, and it soon became a daily habit for him to spend an hour in the morning, reading, or talking to Mr. Robinson, who was still confined to his room, though not to his bed. At first these visits were not very agreeable to the little boy, for, although the old gentleman always seemed pleased to welcome him, he was often querulous, and spoke shortly and sharply sometimes, so that Bertie had to remind himself that he had not come there to please himself, but to help his old friend bear the pain of his foot.

By degrees, however, as the ankle improved, these visits grew more pleasant, and when at last Mr. Robinson was able to be taken out in a wheeled chair to the pavilion, Bertie began to discover that the day was very long and dull if he could not go and see his friend. All sorts of things did they talk about—the books they had read, the foreign countries the old gentleman had seen, the habits of animals, birds, and insects—nothing came amiss to Bertie, and Mr. Robinson seemed to have an inexhaustible store of information upon every subject.

When, however, they met in the wind-sheltered pavilion, and Tommy made one of the party, the subjects of conversation gradually changed. He, like Bertie, was very soon won by the old gentleman's genial manner, and as soon as they were upon sufficiently intimate terms, the grumbling that was restrained at home found vent in the pavilion. One day he told Mr. Robinson how stingy Ann was with the sugar, and how seldom they had meat for dinner now, and never any jam for tea with their bread and butter.

"But we have plenty of bread-and-butter, and mother says that is better for us while we are at the seaside," said Bertie quickly, anxious to stop this grumbling.

"I don't believe it's just that," said Tommy; "it's because papa does not come home, and we can't have the factory. I heard mamma tell Ann yesterday the money was almost gone; and I know she hasn't got much in her purse."

"Hush, hush, Tommy, mother wouldn't like us to talk about these things if she knew it," said Bertie, feeling very uncomfortable; and Mr. Robinson tried to lead the talk into another channel; but Tommy was full of his latest grievance, and never could be made to remember a promise in time to keep it; and so Mr. Robinson gradually learned that the little household who had refused to help him in his hour of need, were in the sorest straits now, on the verge of actual starvation if what the child said was true.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ON THE HEROINES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

NO. XVI.

There, on the bank of the river it found her,
The great gospel message from lips that were true.
And mingling its tones with the sweet sounds around her,
The story came home to her heart, fresh and new.
Ah! Blessed the souls who can simply receive
The glad tidings of good, and as children believe!

1. Like an army ye come, O invincible horde!
The scourge of the land; by its dwellers abhorred.
2. The first little word of an answer so sweet,
That Christ granted the boon as she fell at His feet.
3. So senseless thou art! A mere block, or a clod!
Dost thou then bow down, 'fore the symbol of God?
4. Rich compound of sweet things both costly and rare;
Fit emblem it is of the saints' earnest prayer.
5. The wife of a king whose perverseness and pride
God's commands disobeyed, and His power defied.

M. E. B.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. IV.—p. 432.—LUKE

1. 2 Tim. iv. 11.
2. Colossians iv. 14.
3. The Gospel of Luke; and the Acts of the Apostles.
4. For Theophilus, Luke i. 3; Acts i. 1.
5. Luke i. 46–55; 68–79; ii. 29–32.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XIII.—p. 414.—MARY, SISTER OF MARTHA.

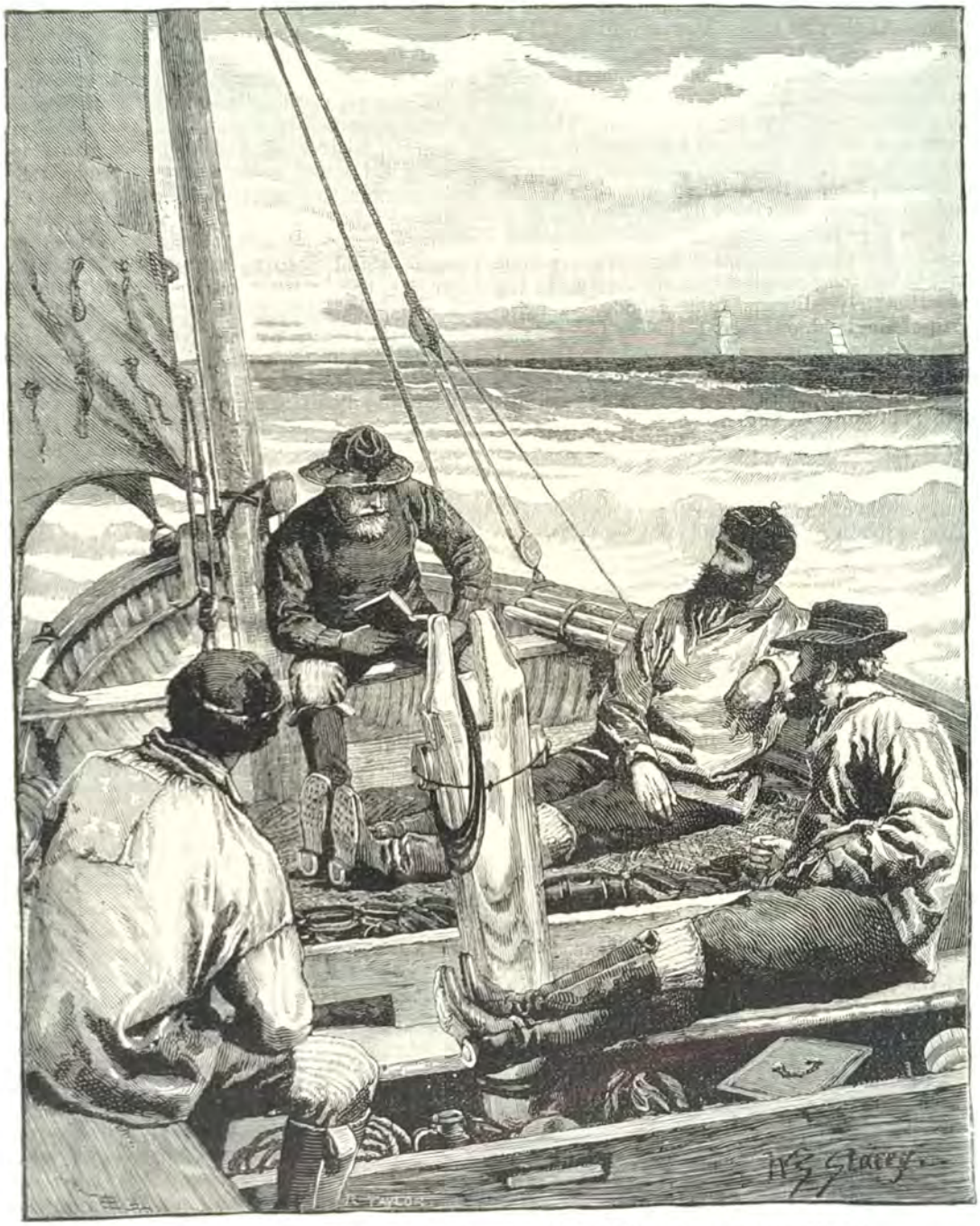
1. M-oses . . . . . Ex. ii. 1-9.
2. A-xe . . . . . 2 Kings vi. 1-5.
3. R-ahab . . . . . Josh. ii. 1-19.
4. Y-ear . . . . . Gen. xvii. 21.

NO. XIV.—p. 432.

(1) 1 Sam. xxv. 43; (2) 2 Kings viii. 29; (3) 1 Kings xxi. 3, 13; (4) 2 Kings ix. 1, 10; (5) ix. 17; 1 Sam. xxix. i.; (6) 1 Kings xviii. 45, 46; 2 Kings ix. 17, 20; (7) 2 Kings viii. 29; ix. 24, 27; 2 Chron. xxii. 7; (8) 2 Kings ix. 30–35; x. 8; (9) 1 Kings xxi. 1; (10) xviii. 45, 46; xxi. 17, 18; (11) Joshua xvii. 16; 1 Kings xxi. 23, 24; 2 Kings ix. 16–21, 24, 27, 28, 33, 36; x. 2; (12) ix. 22; (13) 1 Kings xxi. 12; (14) 2 Kings x. 11; (15) ix. 24; 1 Kings xxi. 13; 2 Kings ix. 27, 33; (16) 2 Sam. ii. 8, 9; (17) 1 Kings xxi. 11; 2 Kings x. 1, 7; (18) Joshua xvii. 16; Judges i. 19; iv. 3.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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



"HEAVEN IS AS NEAR BY SEA AS BY LAND."—*Sir Humphrey Gilbert.*

No. 1791.—AUGUST 25, 1888.

MISSION WORK IN THE DOWNS.[1]

THE vessels which come to anchor in the Downs represent many nations and come from and are bound to many ports. From London alone we find ships bound to India, Australia, America and the Cape; to Nova Scotia with half a cargo on board, or round to Cardiff in ballast. As they lie in the Downs waiting till the west winds cease, the crews are comparatively at leisure. The bustle of London docks and London river is over. The tug-boat no longer lies alongside whistling and blowing off steam. There is at any rate quiet. The men too are all on board the vessels, while in the London docks the vessels are empty of men, the sailors being then in the boarding-houses, and not to be found in the ships until the very last hour of bustle and departure.

Beside the vessels from London there are to be found in the long heaving line of shipping in the Downs stately clippers from Dundee and the North of England, outward bound to Calcutta or Kurrachee, or Chittagong, or Yokohama; German barques, Norwegian timber ships, Italian, Greek, French, and Spanish merchantmen; besides numbers of our own colliers whose gallant crews in all seasons and weathers follow their perilous course along the east coast of England—a voyage which in a winter's gale is for those poor ill-found vessels of the direst peril.

Barges too in numbers are found here; French *chasse-marées*, pilot-boats, English tug-boats, and sometimes men-of-war, and torpedo vessels or cruising gun-boats swell the total; while far away on the horizon gleam the dull red hulls of the nearer lightships round the Goodwin Sands, the more distant ones being out of sight.

Sometimes in stormy weather 300 or 400 vessels, most of which are English, are anchored in the Downs. The crews are found in loneliness and leisure, and their hearts are prepared for a kindly word by the sense of the coming voyage, still shrouded in the obscurity of the future, and by the thought of their approaching departure from the dear old land.

To reach the vessels which lie from one to three miles distant from the land the Mission boat is launched. The tide runs hard, and often a strong wind is blowing, and a passing squall blows the crests of the waves into smoke.

The crew of the Mission boat consist of the chaplain, who steers; the coxswain, who has been for twenty-four years in the Mission boat; and the bowman, who makes his boat-hook fast on many a stormy day to the lofty sides and chains of many a vessel.

The starting-point of the Mission boat is the boatmen's rooms which have been recently built, by the kind support of the ladies of Deal and Walmer, particularly by the liberal donation of Miss Lucy Hill, and by the energy and influence of the Countess Sydney, to whose generous interest in all that concerns the welfare of the Deal boatmen they must be for ever indebted.

They contain a large reading-room, where papers and books are provided for seafaring men, where services are held and a coffee bar provided. They contain, also, the chaplain's office, where books for sailors are stored, and Bibles kept in twenty-one languages for sale in the Downs.

The crew of the Mission boat usually assemble for prayer before the launch, and having commended their work and themselves to God, put on oilskins and sou'westers. The boat lies in front near the capstan, by which she is daily heaved up a distance of fifty or sixty yards when she returns from sea. Twenty willing pair of hands stand by to rush the good boat into the water; the long-expected "smooth" comes, and she is quickly afloat.

A regular church service, with the decent formalities usual on board ship, is not always possible in the Downs. Setting up the rigging, trimming a shifted cargo, bending a new topsail, getting an anchor and chain on board are sometimes imperative necessities; and a formal assemblage of the crew is therefore impracticable on such occasions. But even then much can be done with the watch below or with all hands at dinner hour.

Hymns are sung in the forecastle. The temperance pledge book is brought out and signed, the opportunity of signing being often welcomed by some weak and despairing slave as a heaven-sent chance, big with wondrous possibilities for him of a new and better life. Many a time, after such a scene, has the whole forecastle "crowd" joined in prayer to God, and in blessing the messenger of His mercy. Many chances are also thus afforded of saying a word to individuals, which sinks deeper than anything that can be said to men collectively.

When a regular service is held in which all hands, from the captain to the cabin boy, take part, it is a sight singularly impressive. The British red ensign covers the capstan. Hymn-books and the customary forms of prayer, are handed round to the captain, mates, passengers and crew, for all are assembled, and all come willingly. On one particular occasion the glory of sea and sky was remarkable. The blue and gold of the sun and the majestical firmament shone and shimmered in the waves of the sea. The towering masts seemed to reach the sky, and the wind hummed through the rigging of the noble ship. We began with "Rock of Ages," and then the Litany was read; then came another hymn, and an address; then a final hymn and the blessing. Deep emotion, many hand-grasps, with farewells waved from the deck and aloft, are the usual accompaniments of such services.

On Nov. 28, in a previous year we were on board the *Kedron*, a north-country barque, homeward bound after a voyage of two years and

[1] The Downs is the great roadstead between the Goodwin Sands and the coast of Kent. This work is carried on by The Missions to Seamen, of 11 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

three months' duration. She had been trading in the East Indies, and was bound to Riga with a cargo of damaged cocoa-nuts, if that port were free from ice. We had a gathering on deck—not a formal service—and solemn words were said. A hymn was sung, "I need Thee, precious Jesus." Much interest was shown by all on board—indeed, it was with difficulty we avoided accepting presents from the mate as we got over the side; and to this day a keen remembrance of the manly cordiality and gratitude of the crew lives in our memory. The mate and steward impressed us as godly men who knew and loved the Saviour. The recollection had a new import when in "The Standard" of December 11th following, we read the mournful telegram: "The British barque *Kedron* has gone on shore off Dome Ness. All hands were lost."

The Bible is sold here in twenty-one languages. The sales are, as might be expected, most frequent on board English vessels, and almost invariably lead to interesting conversation, and very often to a service at which all hands muster. Many copies are also sold on board foreign vessels, Russians purchase, and of course Germans and Norwegians. Recently an Italian Bible was sold to an Italian captain, who then first in his life-time opened a Bible. On board this same ship the chaplain read the story of the Philippian jailer to a Greek sailor in his own tongue, the man then heard it for the first time, and for him the same Italian captain purchased a Greek Testament.

On the 12th of May, 1887, we boarded a large French barque lying in the Downs, homeward bound from Chili with a crew of twenty "*tous compris.*" We were most kindly received by the mate, who gladly took tracts and books, and who asked the chaplain if he wished to speak with the men. This was a remarkable incident, as all on board were Roman Catholics. The chaplain assenting, the men were called, and aft they tramped and clattered, some in sabots, some in sea-boots, and were introduced by the mate to the chaplain in these words: "M. le ministre Protestant desire vous voir."

All caps came off, and great was the eagerness for books, of which they had absolutely none.

An album made by ladies, adorned with cards and pictures, combined with texts and tracts in French, was most gratefully received—tracts were welcomed—portions of the gospel were received. The story of the penitent thief was read by the chaplain. Afterwards the mate purchased his first French Bible for which he paid his franc. Had the crew possessed money, not merely one but half-a-dozen Bibles would have been sold.

In all cases, however, where men wish for the Holy Scriptures, and have no money to buy a new Bible or Testament, it is a rule to present them with a portion of the Scriptures or a disused Bible or New Testament in their mother tongue.

A very important branch of the work is the Temperance department. In the last nine years, 69,879 men have been enrolled in the Missions to Seamen branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, of which number 1198 were obtained in the Downs. On board a barque bound to Valparaiso, on January 18th, 1887, nine men joined; on the 27th of the same month, when beating down channel in cold and wet, the captain of the vessel, either not knowing or forgetting their pledge, offered them each a glass of grog; and the pilot, who was on board at the time, told me on his return home that the nine men refused the offer, and remained steadfast.

The temperance pledges are sometimes taken in the cabin after a service permitted by the captain, and sometimes forward in the forecastles.

In one forecastle I have known perhaps twenty men, representing six or seven nationalities.

The chain cables of the vessel often run through the forecastle into the hawse holes, which therefore cannot be stopped up till the anchor is weighed. The wind blows freely through them. The fabric of the ship rises and falls with the waves, and the chain creaks and vibrates at each strain. Strongly-made chests, holding the sailors' worldly all, are the seats, and very often the only tables for food—food which is not at all unusually served out in a wooden tub or skid. The aforesaid chests contain their best clothes, some cherished photograph, and, too often far down at the bottom, a Bible which mother or sister or wife has put in. In many old ships nimble cockroaches crawl plentifully about unnoticed, while the sides of the apartment are covered with the men's painted clothes and sou'westers.

Eagerly a bag of books and tracts is accepted and hung up, while the bag, the handiwork of ladies ashore, is admired and gratefully criticized.

The Missions to Seamen Almanac replaces the chalked calendar which necessity has taught the men to extemporize. Then the temperance question is introduced, "Are there any total abstainers amongst you here?" I have known the reply, "Yes—all of us in spite of ourselves just now."

Let me add, in passing, that on the 27th of last January, in reply to my question, I received the following answer: "Yes! I'm a total abstainer, but I'm better than that, I belong to Jesus."

And then the men get interested in the subject and mournfully recount their errors. A hymn is sung, all having been presented with hymn-books—it may be "When I survey the wondrous cross," or "Ho! my comrades, see the signal." Then perhaps one man says he will sign provided his mate does too. This is done; then two more follow, and so on.

On the 25th April, 1887, every man in a large forecastle signed and then we all knelt in prayer—that God would keep His frail and feeble children from falling. Suddenly came the call, "Turn out, men! Away aloft!" The men, shaking hands as they rushed out, swarmed up the rigging, and we got over the side of the ship and shoved off the Mission boat. On this occasion every cap aloft was waved by the crew in farewell; and as we returned the salute to the men laying out on the yards, the freshening breeze carried us to another vessel.

There is a great demand among sailors for

reading matter which is at once agreeable and useful. A good book—a book which is essentially and positively good and true and makes for righteousness—is always appreciated, and is a mighty engine for the moral elevation of the men.

A selection of twenty or thirty valuable books in one of the splendidly made bags which have come to us from ladies of Tunbridge Wells or London, or Croydon or Canterbury, or Walmer or Deal, are most gratefully received, and the bag itself always comes in for its share of admiration.

Hymn-books also are greatly appreciated, and within the last three years over three thousand have been given to seamen.

Tracts in about twenty-one languages are also given, and no instance has come before us in the Downs where a tract has been refused.

Having given some tracts in Bengali, Arabic and Parsee to a crowd of Asiatics, the titles of which were "Atonement for sin," "The punishment of sin," "Judgment to come," "Resurrection of the dead," the mate of the vessel called out to the serang or leader of the Asiatics, "Don't light your pipe with those tracts," and the memorable reply made by that swarthy serang was, "If I were to light my pipe with so good a book the smoke would choke me."

French, Italians, Russians, Greeks, Spaniards, Portuguese, Chilians, Asiatics, have never within the last nine years refused a tract, but on the contrary have always received them gratefully.

The boatmen of Deal, Walmer, and Kingsdown, with the fishermen, number from about 1,000 to 1,100 men. Their life is a hard and perilous one. They are afloat in their luggers in the wildest winter gales, and even in their smaller boats go through great dangers in launching through the surf.

I once asked a Deal boatman, lying sick of inflammation of the lungs from exposure, about the voyage on which he contracted his chill. "How did you do?" "Wery ornary, sir," he said; "we were out three days and three nights in the boat and didn't earn a penny." "Where did you sleep?" "In the boat under the sail, and the third night we were perished."

These are the men who cruise round the Goodwins and in the Downs in gale and snowstorm, "hovelling," or looking out for a job to help a vessel in distress, for which help they are, as is only just, paid either by agreement or as a Board of Arbitration decides.

When the winter's blast makes our houses vibrate to their foundation, and when the rockets from the distant lightships thrown up to the heavens tell of a ship in distress on the Goodwins, while we are sleeping comfortably, these gallant boatmen man the lifeboats.

The rescue of the crew of the s.s. *Sorrento*, forty-seven souls, by the Kingsdown lifeboat, can never be forgotten. And to come to the present year: on the 23rd March, 1887, the Walmer coxswain, J. Mackins, with lifeboat and crew, started at four o'clock A.M. in response to rockets from the lightships to the rescue of a ship on the Goodwin Sands. The wreck was eight miles from land, and it was blowing a heavy gale from the S.S.W. with a fearful sea. They crossed the Goodwins in about eight or nine feet of water in one smother of foam. The boat was filled thirty times, and had scarcely time to free herself before the next mountain of water came on her. In thick rain she reached the wreck, only to find that the crew had just been taken out by the Ramsgate lifeboat.

Again, on the morning of May the 15th, about 2 A.M., a flare burned from some vessel on the Goodwins and rockets from the lightships indicated a ship in distress on the sands. The coxswain, R. Roberts, and the crew of the North Deal lifeboat were afloat about 2.30, and in the teeth of the gale crossed the Goodwins in the shallow water. There both they and the Ramsgate lifeboat met terrific seas, which nearly buried both boats underneath them. The furious tide running carried the Ramsgate boat away from the wreck, to which the captain and six men were clinging, while the sea broke heavily over the foretop of the doomed vessel. Carefully steering and sweeping along under storm foresail before the wind, the Deal lifeboat anchored in proper position, sheering close to the wreck with a bit of their sail. Closer they came, and then hurled their cane with lead attached, thus getting a line on board the wreck. Now bite, good anchor, and cable hold fast—if either fail all are lost! A mighty sea came on board the lifeboat, carrying the coxswain off his feet, but he saved his life by clinging with his arms round the foremast. One by one, dragged through the boiling water, came the crew, and last the captain, whose little son had been thrown first into the sea, with rope attached, and drawn into the lifeboat. All were saved! And so having slipped their cable and lost their anchor and sprung their foremast, the Deal boatmen set their foresail, and with the British ensign flying in token of "Rescued Crew," once more sailed through the breakers on the Goodwins, and landed the saved and wondering sailors on Deal Beach.

These brave boatmen are visited by the Missions to Seamen's Chaplain and Scripture Reader on the beach and in their look-out houses. Their luggers, when going to sea, are supplied with books. Services exclusively for boatmen and fishermen are maintained twice a week in Deal and Walmer by the Chaplain.

Lightships are now to be found on the edge of every dangerous sand. Picturesque as their red hulls are in fine weather, it should be realized that their crews face in their exposed and solitary vessels the full fury of the winter hurricanes.

The four Goodwin Lights are:

(*a*) *The Gull*, 3½ miles from Deal. White light, revolving every twenty seconds.

(*b*) The North Sand Head. White flash three times in twenty-four seconds, thirty-six seconds' darkness; ten miles from Deal.

(*c*) East Goodwin, ten miles from land and ten miles from Deal. Green light, revolving every fifteen seconds.

(*d*) South Sand Head. Double flash, short and long every half minute. 5½ miles from Deal.

Beside these, the Tongue Lightship, eighteen miles from Deal, and the Varne Lightship off Folkestone, twenty miles from Deal, are visited periodically; and the distant Galloper and Long-sand Lightships, both fifty miles from Deal, and thirty miles from the nearest point of land; and also the Royal Sovereign Lightship, sixty miles off,—have been visited.

There are seven men always on board each of these lightships, and by reason of their distance from land, from friends, news, home, and the public services of religion, the visits made to them are always warmly welcomed. Through long intercourse in all weathers and seasons, relations of genuine friendship are established between these lonely men and the Missions to Seamen Chaplains.

Very few realize the position of the crews of these solitary and stationary vessels. In the wildest winter gales, in the thickest fogs, in snow-storms, they ride at anchor,—nothing between them and destruction but the strength of their moorings; and while they are beaten and almost smothered by the tempestuous seas which sometimes break over them, the men still must guard and tend their lights, they still must watch the machinery which regulates the times in which their lights revolve. The slightest irregularity of their flash might lead the passing vessels to destruction.

The crowd of outward and homeward-bound vessels are told their position and their proximity to the dreaded sands, by the particular flash which identifies each vessel.

My visits to the East Goodwin Lightship have always an element of risk, in them. On the last occasion we crossed the Goodwins, the water was shallow in spots, and under full sail we struck the sand at least a dozen times. The roar of breaking water on each side of us, the exceeding loneliness and even "eerieness" of the place eight miles from land, and the melancholy and dangerous projecting stumps of engulphed ships, formed a scene hard to transfer to paper. When with thankful hearts we were once again borne along by our good mainsail into deep water outside the Goodwins, and felt the long roll of the North Sea under our keel, and saw the dull red hull of the lightship, and her crew, while we were yet a great way off, crowding her side, as they cheered our approach, we were rewarded indeed.

A very short time ago we visited the lightship placed near the wreck of the ill-fated s.s. *Scholten*, with which vessel it will be remembered about 150 of the passengers found a watery grave. The *Scholten* lies in seventeen fathoms of water, about five miles from land off Dover, and in a very rough spot. We reached the lightship in a rather heavy sea, which made it difficult to lie alongside, so that having got on board, we veered the Mission boat a long way astern, where she rode safely. Hard by, one moment ten feet above the sea, and the next overwhelmed by the advancing billow, there was visible the mast of the *Scholten*. Entombed in her hull, probably 100 bodies lay, and no preacher or moralist could have pointed a more solemn lesson than did that grim and lonely wave-washed mast.

The men on the lightship were all old friends, and welcomed us most warmly. They had been a fortnight on board, and had nothing to read excepting a torn and very ancient piece of newspaper. We brought them abundance of books and held service on board.

The coast-guard stations in Deal, Walmer, and Kingsdown, with those more remote, are also regularly visited. They include, with the families, some three hundred souls. Thus in many directions and by various channels the useful "Missions to Seamen" pursues the work of making known the Gospel of Christ.

THOMAS STANLEY TREANOR, M.A.

THE ARMADA THANKSGIVING.

IT was Friday, the 19th of July, 1588 when the watch-fires on the headlands and hills told of the approach of the Spanish Armada, "speeding the message on," not always in a direct line from cape to cape, as the ballad would have us suppose, but zigzagging inland, sometimes for many miles, so as to show the glare clear of intervening obstacles, and spread the news far and wide. "Such night in England ne'er had been" as this of the Friday, and surely two such Sundays as those that followed have not been seen since.

While the sailors were fighting the Spaniards the landsmen were at public prayer. In every church the clergy were urging their people to fasting and almsgiving, and leading the petition for mercy for the church militant, then deemed to be in the crisis of its fate, with due regard to a national application:—"And especially, O Lord, let Thine enemies know and make them confess, that Thou hast received England (which they most of all for thy Gospel's sake do malign) into Thine own protection. Set we pray Thee, O Lord, a wall about it, and evermore mightily defend it. Let it be a comfort to the afflicted, a help to the oppressed, a defence to Thy church and people, persecuted abroad."

And following this prayer of Whitgift, came, in many instances, the Queen's "private meditation," said to have been written by Elizabeth herself, and sent first to the force at Plymouth: "Most Omnipotent, and Guider of all our world's mass, that only searchest and fathomest the bottom of all hearts' conceits, and in them seest the true original of all actions intended, how no malice of revenge or quittance of injury, nor desire of bloodshed, nor greediness of lucre, hath

been the resolution of our now set-out army; but a needful care and wary watch, that no neglect of foes nor over surety of harm might breed either danger to us or glory to them:—these being grounds, Thou that didst inspire the mind, we humbly beseech with bended knees, prosper the work, and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy glory, the triumph of Thy fame, and surety to the realm with the least loss of English blood. To these devout petitions, Lord, give Thou Thy blessed grant—Amen."

And after these prayers, as on the Wednesdays and Fridays when the special week-day penitential services were held, the people joined in some one of the sacred songs written for the occasion, such as:

From our base invaders,
From wicked men's device,
O God! arise and aid us,
And crush our enemies!
Sink deep their potent navies!
Their strengthened spirit break!
O God! arise and help us,
For Jesus Christ, His sake!

Even the troops on the march into Kent from the depôt at Tilbury were halted for prayer and praise, for Tilbury was not so much a fixed camp as a head-quarter from which detachments were sent to the threatened points of invasion, it being the best strategical position in the home counties for the defence of the capital. And all the week during the long Channel fight men and women kept to the churches; and "there was much prayer in secret and openly that the Spaniard might be subdued."

On Sunday, 28th of July, the excitement reached its climax. The preliminary skirmishes had driven the Spaniard nearer his goal. The Armada lay in Calais Roads in diminished but still unbroken array. To many it must have seemed as though England's last hour had come. No wonder that the churches were full as they had never been before.

But e'er the morrow's dawn the darkness was overpast. Soon after the Sunday midnight, the fireships under the gallant Young and Prowse glided among the Spanish vessels, and to the cry of "the Fire of Antwerp!" the cables were cut and the mighty Armada fled to sea in confusion, to blunder into battle off Gravelines and receive its decisive defeat. All the week the broken Armada fled to the north, and on the following Sunday came the terrific gale from the south-west, in which the ships that had escaped destruction from the English threw overboard the guns and waggons and carriages and horses and mules that had been brought for land operations, and thereby made the final confession of failure.

After Gravelines the news of the Spanish disasters was sent through the land. Night and day the horsemen rode to tell of the fireships, the battle, and the dispersal.

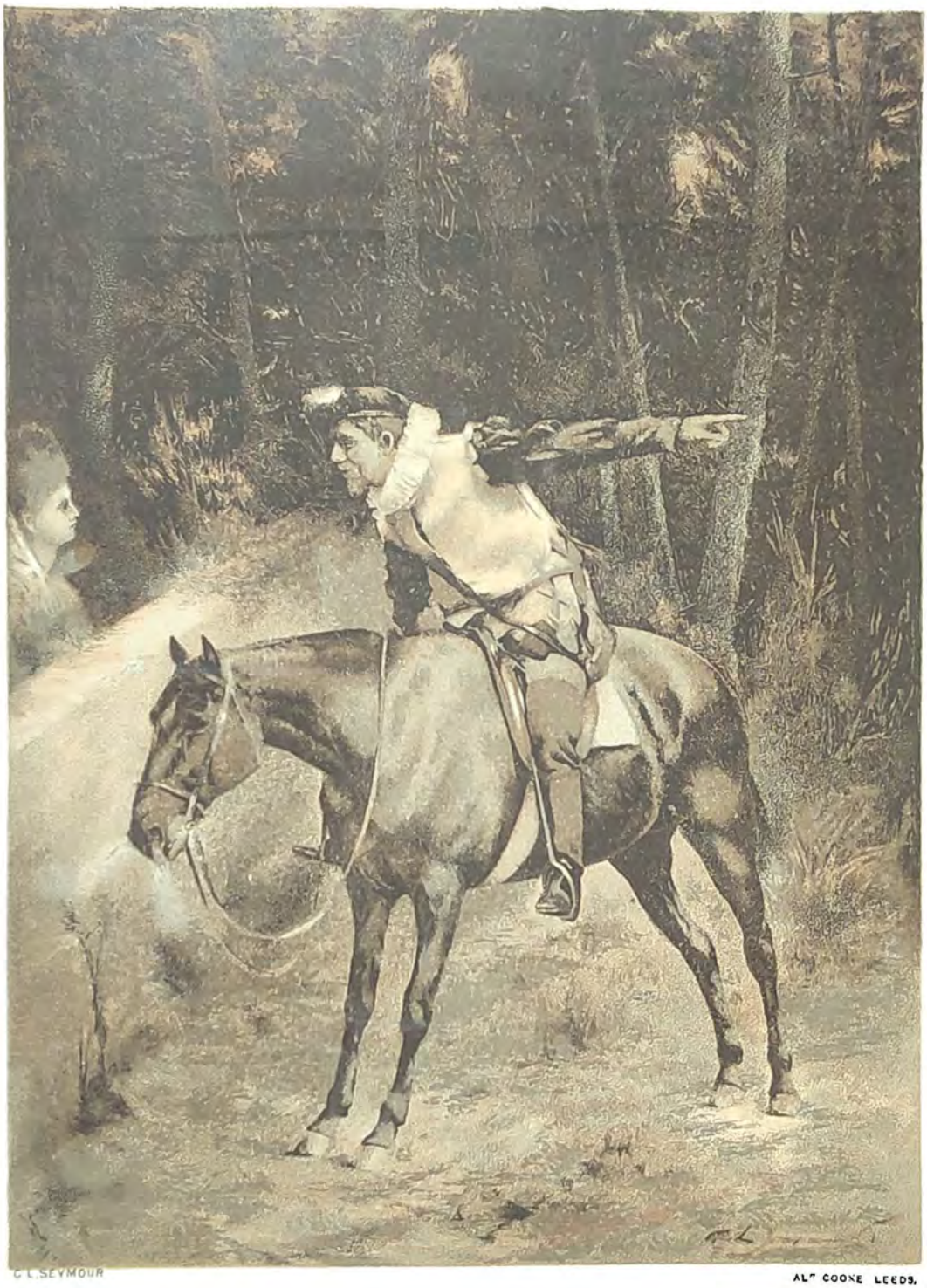
But the English were loath to shout till they were well out of the wood, and it was not till the 20th of August that the song of victory was first raised from St. Paul's in Dean Nowell's sermon to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Then came such bell-ringing and bonfire blazing and verse manufacturing, chiefly blank, all over the country as astonished even Elizabeth, so much did the people go beyond the official programme. It was the swing of the pendulum, the reaction intensified by the knowledge that the country had been specially favoured, and that "even the winds and the waves had been caused to fight for our land."

The Invincible Armada had become the "Vincible Armada," and the men began to talk of reprisal, so that "the voice went current for speeding into Spaine." But first it was ordered that as the penitence had been general the thanksgiving should be general; and every church had its service of praise for the great deliverance. Owing, however, to Leicester's death, three months went by before the ceremonies were over.

As Speed says, "the land thus delivered by the Arms of the Omnipotent, and the Bore put back that sought to lay England's faire vineyard waste, Queen Elizabeth (who ever held ingratitude a capital sin, but especially towards her Almighty Protector) commanded solemn thanksgiving to be celebrated unto the Lord God of Hosts at the Cathedral Church of Saint Paul's in her chief city of London, which accordingly was done upon Sunday, the 8th of September, where eleven of the Spanish ensigns were hung upon the lower battlements of that church as palmes of praise for England's deliverance; a show no doubt more acceptable to God, than when their spred colours did set out the pride of their ships, threatening the blood of so many innocent and faithful Christians. The next day, the Faire being kept in Southwarke, these faire flags were spred upon London Bridge to the great joy of the beholders, and eternal memory of Spanish purposes as irreligious as unprosperous. But the solemne day arranged to be kept holy thorowout the land was the nineteenth day of November, being Tuesday, which accordingly was then done."

And on the Sunday following, that is Sunday 24th of November, 1588, the Queen w nt in great state to "Pawles." Great were the preparations. The Lord Mayor wrote to the City Livery Companies that they should all be ready "with theire liverye hoodes, attyred in their best apparel," to attend her Highness's coming. "Your standinges to be strong and well-rayled; the fore-rayle to be covered with a faire blewe clothe; your standers and streamers to be set up as shall beseeme the place," in fact to make the very best show you can. And, with due care as to expense the companies did their best. It cannot be said, for instance, that the Stationers were extravagant. "Item. Paid for preparacions of standinge, and for flags and other necessaryes perteyninge to the companyes attandance at Her Majesties repair to Pawles, to give God thanks for her victory over the Spanyards, and for twooe several dinners for the companye at the same tyme on two days xxiil. iis. iiid."

The Sunday pageant was a gorgeous one. The procession in which all were on horseback was



C. L. SEYMOUR

ALF COOKE LEEDS.

NEWS OF THE ARMADA.
1588.

the grandest sight seen in England up to then. It included all that was dignified in state or church. After the Barons of Parliament and the Bishops, and the younger sons of nobles, came in single file, Burleigh, Lord High Treasurer, Hatton, Lord Chancellor, and Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury. Then followed the French Ambassador. The sword of state preceded the Queen in her chariot. The chariot was a sort of throne, with four pillars and a canopy on which was a crown imperial, and in front of it were two dwarf pillars on which stood a lion and a dragon the then supporters of the Royal Arms. The chariot was drawn by a pair of milk-white horses, and was guarded, and helped along in difficult places by "Gentlemen Pensioners, Esquires, for the stable footmen." The Yeomen of the Guard brought up the long array of rich and dazzling bravery, which extended almost all the way to St. Paul's from "Somersett Place," whence it set out.

Before the Queen reached Temple Bar she stopped to receive from Edward Schets Corvinus, "an officer of her Privie Chamber," a jewel containing a "crapon or toade-stone" set in gold, which she, graciously accepting, said it was the first gift she had received that day. Soon another stoppage was made to receive a book "with the author's compliments," it being "The Light of Britain," by "Henry Lite, of Litescarie, gentleman," after which specimen of light literature, Temple Bar had to be duly knocked at and opened.

Over the gates of the bar were placed "the waites of the cittie," tunefully discoursing. Below stood the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, all in scarlet cloaks to receive and welcome with proper ceremony. The sceptre was delivered to the Queen and returned with high-flown compliments, and again the procession started, this time with the Lord Mayor, sceptre in hand, on the right of Garter King-at-arms.

Fleet Street, with its overhanging top stories, and flags, and banners, was in its glory in the sunshine; and as the bells clanged out in their mad music, each steeple striving to outring the rest, and drown all uproar in its struggle for supremacy, the human voices gained the mastery and roared their cheers from the open doors and windows, gaining in power and volume from the hollow chambers and resounding wood. The City Companies in their liveries stood within their blue-covered rails of timber, all of them saluting as her Highness passed. Down Fleet Street hill, across the Fleet valley, and up Ludgate Hill, then much steeper and narrower than now. Elizabeth was cheered all the way to the Cathedral. At the great West door she dismounted about half-past twelve, and was received by about fifty of the clergy "all in rich coapes," and there on her knees she made her "heartie prayers unto God, with great devotion, audibly praising Him, acknowledging Him her only Defender who had thus delivered the land from the rage of the enemy." Then under a rich canopy she was led through the long west aisle "to her travers in the quire, the clergy singing the Letanie: which being ended, she was brought to a closet of purpose made out of the north wall of the church, towards the pulpit cross, where she heard a sermon made by Doctor Pierce, Bishop of Salisbury," and joined audibly in the thanksgiving: "Thou, O Lord God, who knowest all things, knowing that our enemies came not of justice to punish us for our sins committed against Thy Divine Majesty, but that they came with most cruel intent and purpose to destroy us, our cities, towns, countries, and people; and utterly to root out the memory of our nation from off the earth for ever; and withal wholly to suppress Thy Holy Word and blessed Gospel of Thy dear Son our Saviour Jesus Christ; wherefore it hath pleased Thee, O heavenly Father, in Thy justice to remember Thy mercy towards us, turning our enemies from us, and that dreadful execution which they intended towards us into a fatherly and most merciful admonition of us, to the amendment of our lives, and to execute justice upon our cruel enemies, turning the destruction that they intended against us upon their own heads." And then at the conclusion of the service, the Queen returned through the church to the bishop's palace, where she dined.

After the sermon, "wherein none other argument was handled, but only of praise and glory to be rendered to God," Elizabeth herself, probably at the dinner, "exhorted all the people to their due performances of those religious services of thankfulness unto God, like unto another Joshua, David, and Josias." Before dinner was over, the short November day had closed in, and by the light of great flaming torches the procession came back like a long gleaming river of gold and steel, and jewels and flame.

Many were the medals that were struck here and in Holland, most of them having the green bay-tree unhurt amid the lightning, as the symbol of security threatened in vain. One medal had a nest of young birds threatened by a hawk as its chief device. The mottoes were all admirable. "For at length the good cause has triumphed," "Bellum necess." (Necessary war) "Si non viribus at causa potiores" (If not in strength in our cause more powerful). The Zealanders struck a new silver coin in honour of the victory. On one side was "Glory to God above," on the other was the Spanish Fleet with the motto "It came, it went, and it was." In every Protestant home in Europe there was joy at the Spanish defeat, and praise of the English queen. Even Theodore de Beza, of Testament fame, could not refrain from bursting into song in his commentary on the Book of Job, where still appear the verses to Elizabeth, beginning—

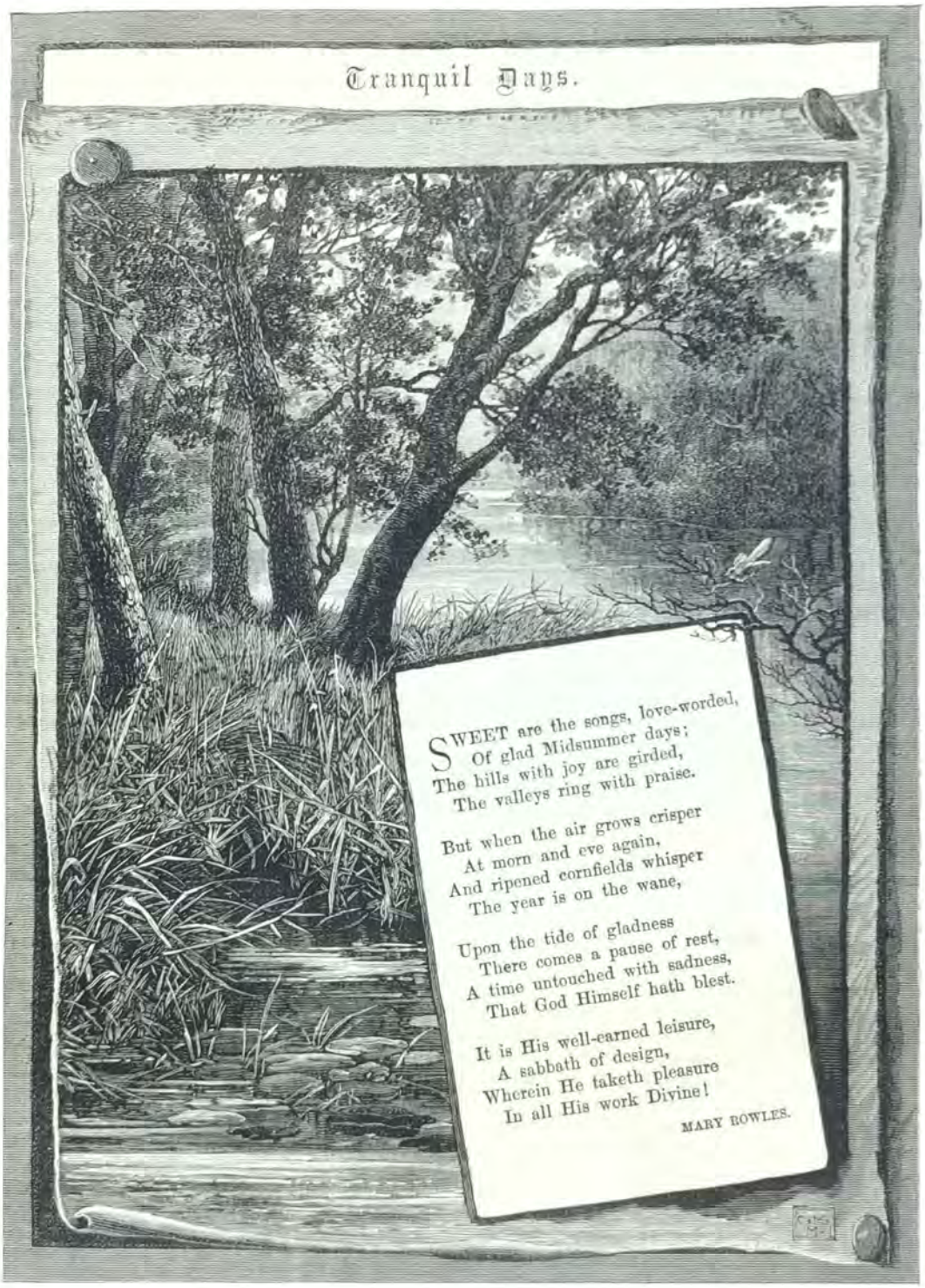
> Straverat innumeris Hispanus classibus æquor,
> Regnis juncturus sceptra Britanna suis,

and ending

> Ut te longum, longum Anglis ipsa fruaris,
> Quam dilecta Bonis, tam metuenda Malis.

W. J. GORDON.

Tranquil Days.



SWEET are the songs, love-worded,
Of glad Midsummer days;
The hills with joy are girded,
The valleys ring with praise.

But when the air grows crisper
At morn and eve again,
And ripened cornfields whisper
The year is on the wane,

Upon the tide of gladness
There comes a pause of rest,
A time untouched with sadness,
That God Himself hath blest.

It is His well-earned leisure,
A sabbath of design,
Wherein He taketh pleasure
In all His work Divine!

MARY BOWLES.

SOME NOTABLE PULPITS.

BUNYAN PULPITS.

I THOUGHT I should find many relics of the Great Dreamer at Bedford, but came upon very few. I was especially curious about the old pulpit he occupied there. The Rev. Dr. Brown, who is so great an authority on everything connected with Bunyan, assures me, however, that no pulpit remains in Bedford concerning which it can safely be said that it was Bunyan's.

To find relics, I wander, first to the gaol where he was so long incarcerated, or rather to its site, for it has long been destroyed and a new one erected about half a mile off. In the new one is no relic of Bunyan.

I easily found my way along the quaint streets to the place where is treasured the chair on which he is said to have sat while writing the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is kept in the vestry of the Independent chapel. The door of the chapel was locked, but, after some enquiries of passers-by, I learned the whereabouts of the old lady who has charge of the relics. She trudged back with me, and, on entering the chapel, stopped to point first to a tablet, on which were inscribed the names of the various ministers, eight in all, who had presided over the church. Bunyan's name stood second, but was cut in larger letters than the rest. Below this was a facsimile of the last portrait taken of him. Underneath were words copied from a letter by Dr. Cuyler, in which he speaks highly of the portrait as "conveying a better impression" of Bunyan than any other he had seen. The old lady led the way into the large, modernized meeting-house, and showed me half of the long oaken table round which the communicants had sat when commemorating the Supper of the Lord. The other half of the table is in the schoolroom. She also pointed out the baptistry, in which those who wished to be immersed could submit to the ceremony. Dr. Brown, whom I met sometime afterwards, told me that he thought that Bunyan held rather lightly immersion views, and that he had evidently been under the influence of his friend Dell, who believed that Christian baptism is only spiritual, and that the water baptism belonged to the old dispensation. Any how it is remarkable that Bunyan,—as appears by the register of the parish church of St. Cuthbert,—should have had his own son there baptized by sprinkling.

The chapel is plain, commodious, and convenient. I go into the vestry. There, in a corner, on a sort of pedestal, with a green velvet cushion, stands that renowned chair—I could easily believe it to be the identical chair—in which the wonderful old Puritan sat while producing his celebrated work. It is all worm-eaten, and only held together by irons; but I looked on it with great reverence, and felt in accord with one who said, "No relic in all Britain has been to me so sacred." I resolved to have a facsimile of it, and had one of oak made in the town. Seated in that copy chair, I am now writing this article.

The pulpit in the church, alas! it is not the one from which Bunyan preached, I must go farther afield to find that.

Leaving the vestry, I stroll over the town bridge. The old bridge is gone, and a modern one now spans the Ouse. I tried to picture to myself the former bridge, with buildings on either hand, and the projecting part of which a lock-up dank, dark, moss-grown, and grated,

BEACHWOOD GREEN PULPIT.

formed the basement. Looking over the parapet, I could immediately discern in the clear, shallow waters, the outline of the base of that prison remaining. The old brickwork is easily distinguished, with its bank of long water reeds rising nearer to the surface of the water than anywhere else. Here Bunyan may have been for a brief time incarcerated, but that is uncertain. It was for a long time a tradition that he had here suffered, and yet dreamed such dreams as no mortal save John the Divine ever dreamed or described; but that idea has been dissipated by Dr. Brown. He is known to have preached at one time in the place where he was shut up to as many as sixty fellow prisoners.

Now away to Elstow, scarcely a mile and a half from the bridge. I walked along the road so oft traversed by Bunyan. I thought, as I looked at some rough peasants ahead, I could see him walking there. All was so calm and beautiful. The lofty elms threw a grateful shadow, and the well-tilled fields and hedgerows sent forth a sweet country smell. The road is in a different

state from that in which it was when Bunyan, wondering whether he had real faith, was tempted to test it on the puddles on the horse-pad.

THE LAMBETH PULPIT.

Bunyan's early home stands near to the entrance to the village. The occupant, who was seated at the doorway making pillow-lace, saw me—as she had doubtless seen many others—standing opposite, gazing with mingled reverent feelings at the cottage. She kindly asked me if I would like to step in. I did so, and had the pleasure of sitting down in the place where Bunyan had worked and wept, slept and prayed. It has been renovated and fitted with a modern stove, is very clean and proper. I would, however, rather have seen it with its former old-fashioned fire-place, with seats in the chimney-corner, large irons, a rusty old match-box over the shelf, and great joists crossing the ceiling.

On the village green still stands the old market-hall, a red-bricked, timber-crossed, tumble-down place, with the most peculiar arrangement of chimney-stacks I ever saw. Here the Great Pilgrim caroused with the rough country lads of his day. Farther on is the church tower where he spent so much of his time in bell-ringing, and where he had such fear strike him, lest the bell which he pulled should one day fall and crush him.

That bell has come down with a crash. It was on the occasion of the coming of age, of the Duke of Bedford's son, Lord Tavistock. "No one was hurt, but it is a singular thing," said my Elstow informant, "that that identical bell should have been the only one that had ever fallen."

The pulpit in Elstow church is of interest as the one on which as a lad he often gazed, although from it he had never preached. I must still seek farther afield for Bunyan's pulpit.

At an out-of-the-way place, several miles from Hitchin, I found more traditions of Bunyan. At Preston I am shown the dell called "Bunyan's dell." It is in the midst of a wood and very deep. About two thousand people might in this place easily hear the preaching. A stump was pointed out from which at midnight he is said to have spoken to persecuted believers. A good and intelligent woman told me that four women were accustomed to hold an apron over his bare head to keep off sun and rain when he preached. The dell is not easily found without a guide. At the edge of a wood is a little old-fashioned cottage in the kitchen of which he for some time lodged. The quaint chimney across the corner with the circular copper close by, is a picture.

On past the mansion of the Hales family, I think of Bunyan's wife going there to plead with the old Sir Matthew Hale for her husband's liberty. Farther on I come to Bendish, where Bunyan laboured for a considerable time, and left, as the Baptist minister informed me, deep spiritual influence which lasts to this day.

The old pulpit in which he preached is at Beachwood Green. Over fields and up a steep hill I go to the spot where it is treasured. Here it is, but hidden in the little school-room. I wonder it is not in the chapel. What an inspiration it would be to any minister to preach from it instead of from that lofty, ugly, out-of-proportion

THE JEWIN STREET PULPIT.

modern rostrum adapted to present peripatetic oratorical effort. What, if the cast-aside pulpit

be plain as an old chest of drawers—it is solid, good, and made to last to doomsday. The oak is hard as purple-wood, and the ornamentation of a single knob and strong wrought-iron fastening as rough as the old dreamer himself. Alas! for modern lack of reverence, that this dear old relic of the dreamer should be left here in the cold! But let us be thankful the pulpit is preserved, and that there is little doubt but that it is the veritable one once occupied by him.

Farther on is a farm, called "Mob's Hole," where Bunyan was mobbed and pelted with garbage and rotten eggs. Still farther is Tinker's Hall, in front of which is a great tree beneath which the pious Baptist tinker was accustomed to do a great part of his repairing work. The name is distasteful, it seems, and is to be changed. We are sorry to leave a locality where there is so much that is traditionally connected with the Grand Old Pilgrim. We will go on farther, and see if we can find other pulpit relics.

In London, hard by the Lambeth Palace, an old wooden erection still stands. It is very dilapidated, and was last a coffee tavern and temperance hall, but is now closed. I tried to gain entrance, but could find no one who could admit me or tell me where I could find the key. Here I knew, from an old volume, that Bunyan was accustomed to preach. An old pulpit from which he had so often spoken was long preserved and known as Bunyan's pulpit. When the place was sold to a retired tradesman, he, not knowing or caring much about Bunyan, gave away, or sold the pulpit, and I cannot trace it. A woman living near who had known the place for thirty years, told me that "all the neighbours round cried Shame when the dear old pulpit was taken away."

There was another quaint pulpit connected with Bunyan, one from which he preached his last sermon in London, before Sir John Shorter, the Lord Mayor. It was of such a form that we think it is well to present a semblance thereof. It was originally in the chapel in Jewin-street, a place that afterwards was used as a school-room by the Falcon-square church. The old school-room is gone, and the pulpit has disappeared. I saw one of the men most likely to give information as to where it might now be found, but he spoke regretfully of his ignorance of its present whereabouts. Pulpits may disappear, be broken up or not, but a man's works, thoughts, and influence live.

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

THE STORY OF A HYMN.

"NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT."

(From the German Illustrirte Zeitung.)

MARTIN RINCKART, the author of this hymn ("Now thank we all our God"), was born on April 23, 1586, at Eilenburg, in Saxony. After receiving the necessary preparation he entered the University of Leipsic, as a student of theology, and after passing the examinations returned to his native town where, from 1617 till his death in 1649, he laboured as archdeacon in St. Nicholas Church with much blessing. It was a period of heavy trouble, for Rinckart's ministry embraced the whole period of the thirty years' war. The poet's home itself suffered from the fearful calamities caused by it. Eilenburg was frequently visited at one time by the Swedish, and at another by the Imperial armies. Its unoffending inhabitants were robbed and plundered, and the plunderers ended by setting fire to the town. When the war began, there were 894 houses in it; at its close there were only 276, all the rest had fallen a prey to the flames, which had been kindled twice by the Swedes and once by the Austrians. The plague attacked the inhabitants who had escaped the soldiers. Four times during the course of the war it raged in the town, and when at last peace was restored, Eilenburg was well-nigh depopulated and little better than a heap of ruins.

On the brave clergyman of the sorely-tried town devolved the hard task of alleviating the distress, as far as he was able, and even when he had been robbed of everything, of administering consolation and inspiring hope. But when no end appeared to the troubles by which they were visited—and the anxiously longed-for peace refused to come—even strong hearts began to fail and Rinckart himself knew not where to find topics of consolation strong enough to encourage the faint-hearted. Famine was now added to their other sufferings, and the inhabitants of Eilenburg looked round on all sides for help and deliverence—but looked in vain.

Early in November, in the year 1648, Master Rinckart was sitting at his study-window and looking thoughtfully on the desolate space before the house. Winter had already notified its approach by a light covering of snow which lay in the streets and on the roofs of the houses, and the old man thought sorrowfully of the severity of the coming season which would increase to overflowing the misery of his flock.

Suddenly the sound of a trumpet struck his ear. "Just God," sighed the clergyman, "more foreign soldiers, what will become of us? We have not enough to satisfy our own hunger, and now these foreigners will take from our mouths our last morsel of bread."

Again the trumpet sounded, and now much nearer than before. At the same moment Rinckart's faithful consort entered the room, and

in spite of her advanced age, came up to him with unwonted speed. "You are sitting here, Martin, meditating, while out there—out in the street—all the people are hurrying and crowding round the horseman. Go and see what news the man brings. It must be something extraordinary, for the people are all rejoicing."

The old man now rose and placed his little satin cap on his head: "what will it be," he replied with a mournful shake of the head. "The news of some victory, of some fresh bloodshed. When will the scourge be ended? When will men leave off murdering one another? The poor victims are equally to be pitied whether the trumpeter wears the Imperial or the Swedish uniform."

"You are wrong, Martin. It is a Saxon soldier probably sent by our gracious Elector from his palace at Torgau."

Rinckart hastened to the door. He found the street all in a state of joyful excitement, the people fell weeping into his arms. For the trumpeter had brought the news that peace had been concluded on October 24, at Munster in Westphalia. He had been commissioned by the Elector to convey the joyful tidings to the Council and the University of Leipsic and then to proceed to all the principal towns, to make known the great news everywhere.

While the trumpeter followed by the people, moved on, Rinckart returned to his study and offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Heaven. Then he opened his Bible, and his eye fell on the 22nd verse of the 50th chapter of the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, "Nun danket alle Gott, der grosse Dingen thut an allen Enden." "Now, therefore, bless ye the God of all, which only doeth wondrous things everywhere, which exalteth our days from the womb, and dealeth with us according to His mercies. He grant us joyfulness of heart and that peace may be in our days in Israel for ever."

Urged on as it were by an invisible power, he sat down at his writing table, and as though the angel of peace who had at last overcome the demon of war were whispering in his ear, verse by verse the hymn of thanksgiving rose from the very depth of his heart.

Nun danket alle Gott
Mit Herzen, Mund und Händen,

Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With Them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

And as he wrote the last line, a soft melody seemed to strike his ear. Again he took up his pen, and in a few minutes, he had committed to paper, the air so simple and so wonderfully inspiriting.

The horsemen had meanwhile dismounted, but the inhabitants of the town full of joyful emotion gathered in front of the Pfarrhaus and waited for their minister. He came out to them in his clerical robes, and in earnest words the venerable man praised Providence for their deliverance; then with all his flock he knelt down, and drawing from his pocket the hymn he had just composed, he began to sing it. For the first time, the new-born tune sounded from the lips of the old man, and when he ended, those present deeply moved and grateful surrounded their faithful minister and grasped his hand.

But the long years of suffering, sorrow, anxiety had prematurely broken his strength. A year later, on December 8, 1649, he fell asleep in the sixty-seventh year of his age. All Eilenburg followed him to the grave, and when the mortal remains of the faithful and devoted pastor were lowered into the tomb no eye was dry. His hymn has become the common property of the whole evangelical church, and is found in every hymn-book. The town of Eilenburg, on the three hundredth anniversary of Martin Rinckhart's birth, in grateful remembrance, caused a memorial tablet, with suitable inscription to be fixed on the house in which he lived—which was solemnly uncovered on Easter Monday, April 26, 1886.

L. B. WHITE, D.D.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE PAVILION.

WHEN Tommy ceased grumbling, the old gentleman seemed to fall into a reverie so deep as to make him almost forget the boys, and after several questions had been asked and left unanswered, Bertie thought his old friend would prefer to be alone, and so taking Tommy's hand, and whispering a word in his ear, he quietly withdrew from the pavilion, and was making his way across the beach, when Mr. Robinson called him back.

"My boy, I shall be going away soon—to-night perhaps, so I may not see you again, but I want to tell you something before I go; you are only a little boy, and I am an old man, but you have helped me to do what is right, I believe—do you hear, Bertie?—you have helped me to do right; mind you do the same yourself whenever the chance may come."

The little boy looked puzzled, for the old gentleman had taken both his hands as he spoke and was looking very earnestly into his upturned face. "God bless you, my boy," he concluded, and then he kissed him very tenderly as

Tommy ran into the pavilion to claim his share of the caresses.

"I am so sorry," said Bertie, dashing the tears out of his eyes as he walked across the beach again.

"Didn't you know Mr. Robinson was going away to-day?" asked his brother.

Bertie shook his head. "I don't believe he knew it himself yesterday, for he said he would take me to see the ruins of the old castle next week;" and poor Bertie's tears could no longer be restrained at the thought of this disappointment.

Tommy, who was very fond of his brother, instantly ran back to the pavilion. "Oh, Mr. Robinson, can't you take Bertie to see the ruins next week?" he panted, almost throwing himself into the old gentleman's arms in his eagerness.

"The ruins! what do you mean, child?" said the gentleman with a frown, for he was still deep in thought and the interruption disturbed him. Then he suddenly remembered his promise, but still looked puzzled.

"I cannot stay here any longer," Tommy heard him murmur to himself; but after a pause he said, speaking aloud—

"Tell Bertie he shall see the ruins by-and-bye. I shall come back, I hope, in a few weeks."

The boys missed their old friend and his cheery talk very much, for they spent a good deal of time out of doors just now. Mrs. Danby was ill and could not bear the least noise in the house, and so Ann sent them out as soon as breakfast was over in the morning, telling them to go and play in the pavilion until dinner-time.

But they found the pavilion a dull place without their old friend, for the sea moaned drearily, and there were no ships to be seen scudding along under their white sails, and even Jack Bond seemed to have deserted the beach, where they often saw him before; so that the days grew very long to the two little boys wandering aimlessly about in search of amusement.

About a week after the old gentleman's departure, however, they found Jack in the pavilion one morning poring over an old spelling-book, his dirty clumsy fingers slowly travelling across the page, and his brows bent and puckered as he stared at each word.

As soon as he caught sight of the boys he hastily shut the book and leaned his elbows on it. "What do you youngsters want down here?" he said in a gruff tone, "you just be off and play on the beach, this place belongs to us."

"It doesn't belong to you,' said Tommy, whose temper had not improved lately.

"It belongs to the hotel people," said Bertie, "and they have always let us come here to play."

"Because they didn't know it," promptly responded Jack, who was trying to shuffle the book out of sight; "I'm at the hotel now," he concluded.

"You?" uttered both boys in a breath.

"Yes; didn't you know it, I'm the boots. Mr. Robinson got me the place before he went away."

"Oh, I'm so glad; you get dinner every day now, don't you?" said Bertie.

"Rather. Giving up the bird business wasn't a bad stroke for me; you little ones brought me luck that day; but I wish the old gent had stopped at making me boots at the hotel, and not got my promise to learn to read," he concluded with a sigh, glancing at the half-hidden book.

"Can't you read?" uttered Tommy in amazement, "a great big boy like you!"

Bertie saw the angry colour spread over Jack's face, but before he could reply he said: "There's nothing wonderful in that, Tommy, some *men* can't read, I've heard Ann say so; there's plenty of time for Jack yet."

The big boy cast a grateful look at Bertie, and half withdrew the book he was trying to hide. "If I only knowed how to begin," he said with a sigh, "I'd soon manage to get along a bit."

"Let me see, perhaps I can shew you," said Bertie; and Jack allowed him to draw the book from under his arm.

He had been trying at various places through the book, and at last had settled on a page near the end, where the words were almost too difficult for Bertie himself."

"Whatever made you try at this? I don't believe I could read this, the words are so long," said Bertie; and he turned to one of the first reading lessons.

"That's just as bad," said Jack, but at the same time he felt a certain gratification in knowing that his book contained something that puzzled Bertie, for it proved that he was not so far ahead of him after all.

"Let's begin here," said Bertie, and he pointed to a little word of three letters.

"What's that?" asked Jack.

Bertie laughed. "You must tell me—spell it," he said.

But Jack only stared the harder at the page, twisting his face into such a comical expression of utter bewilderment that Tommy burst into a hearty laugh, and then ran out of the pavilion, fearing Jack might throw the book at him next.

"Oh, never mind him, he's only a baby," said Bertie, by way of soothing his big scholar's wounded pride; "begin here."

"You call that thing D," exclaimed Jack, setting his own grimy finger underneath it, and staring at it with all his eyes.

Then Bertie understood that his task would be much more difficult than he had imagined, for Jack did not even know his letters, and was almost too proud to learn; but the little boy would not allow himself to be discouraged, or Jack either.

"We'll begin at the very beginning," he said, turning over the other leaves of the book.

Jack made a wry face as he saw the alphabet page. "Oh, what's the good of looking at them?" he said testily.

"They're the letters, and everybody has to begin with the letters," said Bertie; "the words are made up of these, and so they must be learned first."

"Well, I don't see why they should," said Jack sulkily, "it's only little kids that ever learn their letters;" and he turned the pages over to the reading lesson again.

Bertie looked puzzled. How was he to help such a refractory scholar? and he was about to say that they must begin at the alphabet when Jack exclaimed in a tone of triumph, "There's that D."

"All right, now find another," said Bertie, suddenly comprehending that the boy might learn the names and forms of the letters by picking them out of this reading-lesson, and thus be saved the mortification of going back to the alphabet. Jack entered into the search for a D with as much zest as he had engaged in bird-catching, and large and small D's, the difference in their shape and size, were eagerly discussed.

C was the next letter undertaken, and Jack soon mastered that; but G was an intricate puzzle for some time, and he at length announced that he must be off or somebody would be calling, "Boots, boots," and he not there to answer, which Bertie was inclined to regard as a mere excuse, for the hotel was nearly empty of visitors, and so he was not likely to be wanted just now.

But he took his book and ran off, and Bertie joined his brother in building a castle of sand and shingle, the material for which Tommy had begun to bring in the shelter of the pavilion. Bertie helped him in this task now, and before night they had collected a good heap of stones and sand, without thinking of what Jack would say when he saw it the next day, for they had learned that it was part of his work to keep the pavilion clean and tidy.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE General Conference on Foreign Missions has been quickly followed by two other great gatherings—the Pan-Anglican and Pan-Presbyterian Conferences, both also meeting in London. The bishops attending the Lambeth Conference received formal welcome at Canterbury, the Archbishop delivering his brief allocution from the historical marble throne called St. Augustine's Chair. "Lastly," were his concluding words, "may God inspire and bless the work of all believers, be they churchmen or no, who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth." On the next Monday a service was held in Westminster Abbey, at which the Archbishop preached from the text, "All the body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth." The discussions of the Conference, which sat during the following week, dealt with a wide range of topics, but were conducted in private. As many as one hundred and forty-one bishops, "owing some sort of allegiance to Canterbury," assembled, coming from almost every part of the world.

THE Pan-Presbyterian Council, which met during the same week in London, included delegates from twenty countries and colonies. The preliminary sermon was preached by Dr. Oswald Dykes, the Moderator of the Presbyterian Church of England. The general report, presented by Dr. Mathews, said that the Presbyterians now numbered about 4,000,000 communicants and had an estimated total of 20,000,000 adherents. About 6,000,000*l.* was contributed annually in free-will offerings for the support of the churches. There were more than 60,000 communicants who had been gathered from among the heathen; and about 500 brethren were engaged in the mission field. The newly-organised Women's Associations had been the means, during the year, of contributing nearly 100,000*l.* to the cause of missions. Presbyterian papers were printed in Chinese, Hindustanee, and Zulu, among other languages.

PROFESSOR BALOGH, of Debreczin, Hungary, in presenting the statistical report of the first General Council of the Evangelical Reformed Churches of Hungary, said that after three centuries of separation the different branches of the Reformed Church in his country had at last met together in a happy unity.

THE Missionary Conference included representatives of one hundred and thirty societies, namely: fifty-two American, six Canadian, eighteen Continental, and fifty-four British associations, in all about thirteen hundred delegates. Its meetings were held in Exeter Hall, and the large rooms adjacent. Every day began with a prayer meeting; then followed meetings for private discussion, or for open conference; and every evening there was a public meeting, with selected speakers, in the large hall. Thus during the ten days there were more than fifty meetings, of varying character and importance. The programme, which was developed with logical precision, covered the whole field, and the mere enumeration of subjects brought under review would do more than fill the space at our disposal. It would be useless here to attempt even the briefest consecutive narrative of its proceedings. Many speeches that may be ranked among the best, dealt with topics that were already in a measure familiar; comparatively few broke quite new ground. Some points were raised on which there proved to be great diversity of opinion and practice; and others on which there was really no divergence. The results of the conference must be looked for rather in the future than in its debates,—they will appear in the impulse given to missionary interests, in the promotion of brotherly feeling, in the more thoughtful comparison of facts and methods. The actual impress made by missionary labour upon the modern world has never been brought out with such distinctness, after due survey of all that can be alleged against it; nor has any more thoughtful estimate of the systems and forces hostile to Christianity ever been presented, to awaken the churches to fresh efforts. It was perhaps scarcely possible in such a miscellaneous assemblage to reach definite conclusions on points of practice; and even had opinion been formulated, it does not follow that it would always have commended itself to the outer circle of Christian workers. Many things said were open to sharper criticism than they received; but when all deductions have been made, great good will appear in the ensuing years from these deliberations. It now remains for societies and individuals to digest the facts, to note deficiencies, to compare methods; and to give practical effect in their several spheres to the conclusions thus reached. Nor will words like those of Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, remain without their influence: "A hundred societies," he pleaded to the church at large, "did not absolve them from their personal duty, nor could the world be brought to Christ by an ordained set of ministers. They must do what the primitive Christians did. The reason why within the first century the forces of heathenism began to tremble was, because the message was taken by Christians of all classes flying from the lip to the ear, descending from the ear to the heart, and, again, coming up from the heart to the lip." The suggestion, too, with which he pointed this plea, while it harmonises with much already being done, is indicative of the emphasis likely to be given to "new departures" in the times before us. "They wanted men in the foreign missionary field of great qualification, but he believed in colonising heathen countries with Christian workers, Christian blacksmiths, carpenters, sempstresses, and others, who would live Christianity among the people." One impulse given by the Conference was certainly in the direction of more definite aggressive action on the part of all who bear the name of Christ.

MEDICAL missions had a place of due honour. Professor Macallster, F.R.S., gave some effective illustrations of disasters that might have been avoided with a little medical knowledge. Dr. Lowe recalled the experience of Dr. Valentine in Jeypore. Having settled first of all elsewhere, and being out of health, he was recommended to go to the Himalayas in hope of restoration. He had to pass through Jeypore, and in the way of courtesy called upon the Maharajah. In conversation this ruler told him that his wife was ill, and that the doctors had given her up. Dr. Valentine said he would like to see her; the Maharajah was pleased, and made every effort, at length with success, to get him an interview with the Maharanee. Under his treatment she was restored to health, and the Rajah said, "What can I do to thank you?" Dr. Valentine answered, "Let me preach the Gospel in Jeypore." The other answered, "Yes, if you will settle here and be my private physician." "But," said Dr. Valentine, "I am a missionary. (No missionary had ever been allowed to settle here before.) I will stay if you will allow me to preach the Gospel from one end of the province to the other without let or hindrance." To this the Maharajah consented; Dr. Valentine remained for fourteen years, and now the United Presbyterian Church had a large and very prosperous mission there.

THE places of Education and of Literature in missionary work were discussed with much animation, and so also were the modes of training. The sphere and action of Woman occupied other meetings, to which lady delegates brought their experience. One interesting debate related to the training of native teachers, as to whether an English education should be given them; and another bore upon the retention of native usages, the feeling being general that too much had been attempted in the way of Europeanizing the converts, and that Christianity should be left to adapt itself to the soil in which it is planted. The thorny subject of Polygamy was discussed from different points of view, some considerable divergences of practice coming to light. The bearing of Commerce upon religion was also brought under review, painful testimony being borne to the

mischief caused by reckless traders. After the Conference had closed, another meeting was held, at which a vigorous protest was made against the opium trade in China, the liquor trade in Africa, and the licensing of sin in India.

MANY opportunities for practical discourse were also afforded by the social gatherings of the week, amongst which may be mentioned the breakfast given to the foreign delegates by Mr. Edward Rawlings, on behalf of the Religious Tract Society.

FROM the great miscellany of facts presented we can but refer to one or two statements. In the course of the discussion on Islam, Dr. Schreiber, of the Barmen Missionary Society, working in the Dutch Indies, gave some remarkable statistics as to the increase of Islam and Christianity in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and the neighbouring islands. The Mohammedans were gaining ground rapidly in some parts, and increasing in enmity against Christianity and the Dutch Government. In 1886 48,000 pilgrims had set out for Mecca from these islands, and although the large number was partly to be accounted for by steam navigation, yet these hadjis were better instructed in the distinctive tenets of Islam than formerly. Aggressive sects appeared among the Mohammedans, and schools increased in numbers. The Dutch Government had taken the alarm, and was doing all it could for missions. As to results, they had about doubled the number of converts in seven years in some parts. In the whole of the Dutch Indies they now had 250,000 Christians, an increase of 66 per cent. in seven years.

AT another meeting the Rev. John Ross, of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, who has been labouring with signal success in Manchooria, having translated the New Testament into the Corean language, said that when they first broke ground in Mookden, a band of about twenty students came to "prove them with hard questions," and contrived to break up their meetings day after day. They denounced the "foreigner," abused the doctrines he taught, and generally contrived to empty the room. So long as they lived, they said there should never be a single convert to Christianity. There are now 500 baptized Christians in that city, and some of these very firebrands are among the most zealous advocates of Christianity. The people in that region had thought Jesus to be the King of Westerndom, who sent missionaries as ambassadors to prepare the way for His armies. But now in Manchooria there were 7,000 Christians, besides 3,000 more who have given over the worship of idols, and Christianity in every direction obtained general respect. This result had been obtained in fifteen years; what might not be done in fifteen years more?

From Japan, the Rev. C. F. Warren said there was a great leaning towards Christianity everywhere, as evidenced by the fact that the public press openly recommended the adoption of Christianity as the national religion. And though some recommend this for political reasons, yet many advise it from the highest and best motives. The hearers were numerous in Japanese cities, and as many as 600 or 700 were sometimes assembled. At the close of 1871, after twelve years' work, only twelve Japanese received Christian baptism. Now they numbered 19,829, and that was an encouraging success. 5,530 persons were baptized in Japan last year. There was a remarkable vigour and unity amongst the converts.

WHILE so much has been done in West Africa, on the Congo, and in the region of the great lakes, North Africa has been left almost untouched. Seven years ago there was no missionary, now there are nearly sixty, and opportunities for Christian work multiplying in all directions.

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER, whose Indian experience qualifies him to speak on some points with authority, reviews the general questions of the Conference in the "Nineteenth Century." He points out that whereas Protestant apologists are accustomed to add up the numbers of the Protestant nations and confessions in the world, and to display the total as the strength of the Protestant Church, more careful statists say that the actual number even of professing Protestants does not exceed 30,000,000; and that as compared with this estimate, the increase of 3,000,000 converts from non-Christian religions assumes a new significance. We may add, do we not make a similar error when we speak of the inhabitants of Mohammedan or Buddhist countries, or even of heathen nations generally, as if every member of the populace were representative of the dominant religion? As regards the East, Sir William assumes that "the missionaries do really represent the spiritual side of the new civilisation, and of the new life which we are introducing in India." He bears testimony to their improved methods, but does not "expect" any large accessions from orthodox Hinduism or Islam; they are rather to be looked for from the low castes, and so-called aboriginal peoples. Yet both in Islam and in Hinduism there are signs of movement, and men are labouring to bring their hereditary faith into accord with the requirements of the times. "It is certain that the leader of the new Mohammedan school in the south, and the chief Hindoo reformers in the North, are men who have been in close contact with missionaries, and who, both as to the methods employed and the results obtained are powerful, even where unwilling, witnesses to missionary influence." A new feature of later years is to be seen in the Christian brotherhoods; small "ascetic fraternities living in common, and realising the Indian ideal of the religious life." In Bombay, in Calcutta, in Delhi, certain houses of Christian celibate brethren are becoming recognised centres of influence among the Indian university youth. "They consist of English gentlemen of the highest culture, who have deliberately made up their minds to give their lives without payment to the work. They are indifferent to hardships, fearless of disease, extraordinarily patient of labour, and in no hurry to produce results. The Cambridge mission at Delhi has got into its hands the chief share in the university teaching in the ancient Mogul capital. Six hundred students in its college, and a well-filled hostel, attest the confidence which has gained with the upper and educated classes, notwithstanding its public training of a constant supply of Christian native youth as masters for the provincial schools. The Oxford brethren in Calcutta, while conducting a purely Christian seminary, exert their special influence by discussions and personal interviews with the graduates and undergraduates of the university. Every afternoon a brother sits waiting to see any young man who cares to call, and to talk with him on any question which he chooses to start."

"A HANDBOOK to Foreign Missions" was prepared for this occasion by the Religious Tract Society, and will be found of permanent value in the work of comparison. One passage we may quote here, as bearing on the general issue. "The number of converts to Christianity in all our missionary fields put together is a little under three millions, of whom about three-quarters of a million are communicants. In India alone, the number of adherents may be set down at half a million, and of communicants as about 140,000. But this is only a very small part of the case. The power of missions is seen in many indirect ways—in the growth of new conceptions, modes of thought, in silent influences that mould the life of nations. The heathenism of the Roman Empire was never apparently so strong as in the days of Diocletian, when Christianity—everywhere proscribed and persecuted—seemed on the verge of extinction. Five and twenty years later, the whole fabric came down as with a mighty crash, and although the Empire was by no means converted to the faith, the tremendous subversion prepared the way for modern Christendom."

A NOTICEABLE comment on educational agencies is afforded by an incident which has recently taken place at Madras. There is an unsectarian Christian College there, which has been one of the most popular and successful institutions in the Southern Presidency. Originally founded by the Free Church of Scotland, its constitution was modified a few years since, but it has been under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Miller, and the majority of its staff are ordained missionaries. It is still "a distinctly Christian institution, where the systematic teaching of the Bible, as the embodiment of the highest moral and spiritual truth, is carried on side by side with secular instruction. This subject of study is compulsory on the part of all the students, who are also required to attend and to stand up at morning prayers. Conscience clauses it has none, so that all who enter the college do so on a full understanding of the conditions to which they must submit, and of the obligations and risks that they incur. As an educational agency its success has been remarkable; as an evangelising agency, in the usual sense of the term, it may have had little fruit to show beyond

the general leavening influence of Christian thought and sentiment, and the elevation of the standard of life and morals in the circles thus impressed." Recently, however, one of the students, a Brahman, having been convinced of the truth of the Christian religion, came forward and requested baptism. Great excitement followed. His fellow students sent a deputation, asking for the postponement of the ceremony till the arrival of the convert's parents—a request that was readily complied with. Meanwhile, the students, some four hundred of them, absenting themselves from their classes, held a public meeting at the entrance of one of their temples, and passed a number of resolutions in which they complained that their religious doctrines and customs had been on several occasions rudely criticised, and begged to be assured that none of the professors would in future take undue advantage of their position. In a memorial addressed to the College Council, the students plead that "though the aim of the college is Christian they never for a moment thought that its immediate object was conversion. The renown and popularity which the college has so deservedly won," they affirm to be "the result mostly, if not entirely, of the policy which carefully avoided the use of any active means of conversion. As a principle, therefore," they say, "we demand that the professors shall not use their influence, in or out of college, to baptizing any student. The object of the mission is, we believe, directly and primarily educational, and but indirectly and remotely evangelistic." The college authorities, however, have remained firm, and have succeeded in restoring order; nor have they shrunk from exercising discipline: seven students have been expelled, and one hundred and fifty who absented themselves from the college examinations without leave, have been fined. The student, whose proposed baptism was the cause of this mutiny, has been persuaded by his relatives to return home, though he left avowing his unshaken confidence in Christianity. The incident has attracted attention, and there is now talk of establishing a National Hindu college, where students shall receive secular instruction, if that be possible, without the admixture of Christian ideas. It is said that a more bitter feeling against Christianity begins to show itself in Southern India.

At the General Assembly of the Free Church of Inverness, Professor Lindsay, in presenting the report of Foreign Missions, said he wished to correct a misapprehension which seemed to prevail with reference to the mission in Africa. The Arabs had not attacked the Scotch mission stations, but a station belonging to a Glasgow trading company, and the last news they received was to the effect that their mission had not lost a cent of property. At the missionary meeting, Dr. Miller, who was present from Madras, referred to the desire amongst the Hindoo population to have a national Hindoo college, in which the ancient religion should be taught as an inseparable portion of the curriculum, and said he believed the setting up of such a college would do much to shake the fabric of Hindooism.

At the General Assembly of the Established Church, the report presented on Foreign Missions stated that there had been 827 baptisms during the past year in India, and that there were about 3,000 baptized Christians connected with the mission. The African mission showed strong vitality. Mr. M'Murtrie said that their foreign missions were now attracting some of the best men in the Church, and that the weekly and monthly contributions from Sunday-schools were increasing at a rate which put to shame some of their congregations. The Rev. Henry Rice, of Arkonan, said that a new difficulty in the way of Indian mission work was caused by the fact that the Hindoos believed that Christian missionaries were preaching an antiquated form of religion which the educated classes in Europe were forsaking.

In addition to the extraordinary gatherings of the season, there have been the usual annual conferences and conventions of Christian friends in different places. Prominent amongst them must be mentioned the Mildmay Conference, where the successive addresses were mainly on Progress, the law of the kingdom—in life, in labour; on Hindrances to Progress—in walk, in work; and the Helps to Progress—in sanctification, in service. Other speeches took a wide survey of Christian work in various fields. There were also special prayer-meetings, and at the close of the Conference a united Communion service. In relation to the Bible and Prayer Union, it was stated by the Rev. T. Richardson, founder of the Union, that its members now numbered 273,000. Commencing in East London, it had extended to all quarters of the earth, even to Pitcairn Island, where every adult was a member. There were also branches quite distinct, and having the card in the following languages: Swedish, German, Italian, Armenian, Greek, Hebrew-Arabic, Singhalese, Bengali, Chinese, Tamil, French, Polynesian, Spanish, Danish, and Finnish, also in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the United States.

Signor Sonzogno, the proprietor and editor of the *Secolo*, a daily newspaper published in Milan, announces that he is about to issue a popular edition of the Bible in halfpenny numbers, so as to bring the book within the reach of all. "There is one book," he says, "which gathers up the poetry and the science of humanity, and that book is the Bible, and with this book no other work in any literature can be compared. It is a book that Newton read continually, that Cromwell carried at his saddle, and that Voltaire kept always on his study table. It is a book that believers and unbelievers should alike study, and that ought to be found in every house. The text will be that of Martini, translated from the Vulgate, and care will be taken to insure accuracy." This venture has the greater interest when we remember the recent attempt of the Pope to suppress in France the sale of M. Lasserre's translation of the Gospels by placing it on the list of forbidden books.

An amazing illustration of the credulity which still lingers among the people is to be found in the history of Esther Jezreel, the head of the sect of the "New and Latter House of Israel," whose death was recently announced. Her followers hold the doctrine that they are an elect people to be preserved from the grave and corruption—a remnant to live for a thousand years with Christ upon earth. A large temple for the "144,000 of the Apocalypse" had been for some time in course of erection on Chatham Hill. One lady alone is understood to have contributed 30,000*l.* towards the building, and many people are said to have broken up their homes, sold their possessions, and given their money to the same object. "Queen Esther," who was the daughter of poor parents, was accustomed to ride about in a handsome carriage, with a couple of horses, and liveried groom, and sometimes showed herself on horseback. Her husband, the founder of the sect, was known as the "Prophet Jezreel." He had been a private in a foot regiment, and when he died, about three years ago, his followers persuaded themselves that he had some imperfection they did not know of, and was not good enough to be one of "the remnant" who shall escape death. It remains to be seen whether they will pass a like judgment on Queen Esther.

The death of the Emperor Frederick was an event which awoke the profoundest sympathy in every quarter. His last hours, as he lay speechless yet conscious, were worthy of his heroic reign. It was but one of many touching incidents, when his third daughter, the Princess Sophia, on her eighteenth birthday, approached his bedside, concealing her tears lest he should ask why she wept. The Emperor was fully aware of the day, and gave her a slip of paper on which he had written with faint characters: "Remain as noble and good as you have been in the past. This is the last wish of your dying father." In the funeral prayer of Dr. Koëgel, we catch a glimpse of the secret source of this strength: "Above all, we thank Thee that Thou hast caused the clear light of Thy Gospel of Jesus the Lamb that bears our sin to shine before the departed so that he has been able to lay down his cross at the foot of the Cross of Golgotha with the prayer in Jesus' name, 'Nothing can befall me but what Thou hast seen Thyself, and what makes for my salvation.'" In the *Deutsche Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*, the organ of the well-known Court Preacher Stöcker, this testimony is borne:—"When he came to the throne, he had many new thoughts ready for practical application. The untiring labour of a reign which lasted not quite a hundred days has proved how much there was in his heart. . . . He was a thoroughly Godfearing man. Some years ago, when on his well-known visit to Jerusalem he partook of the Holy Supper, he told the Deaconesses how much peace he felt in celebrating our Redemption in the spot where it was obtained for us; and added, they would meet again, if not in the earthly, yet in the heavenly Jerusalem."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LESLIE KEITH.

CHAPTER I.

MR. CULPEPPER REMONSTRATES.

SANDBURY-ON-SEA, which in these days is a brisk little watering-place, taken by assault in summer-time by a growing army of bathers, was quite unknown and undiscovered when Ralph Ellison went to it, and had scarce a recognition outside the pages of a geographical dictionary.

It has everything now that a self-respecting seaside place should have; an imposing hotel, rows of villas and terraces ready to welcome the stranger, a pier, a brass band, a daily paper and a punctual train-service connecting it with London.

Ralph Ellison has seen these things spring up around him as if by magic, and he feels himself sometimes to be an alien in the midst of them, a lagger behind the times; now and then he passingly entertains the prompting of a recluse to escape and to seek some still forgotten corner of the world to hide in, but the impulse to remain is stronger than the craving to go, for here all his deepest experiences of life-anguish, pain, release and hope came to him; in this village by the sea he was loosed from bonds that chained him; here he was delivered from a great

fear and healed of a grievous wound; here he was allowed to attain a lasting victory over himself. Here, too, there are little children who cling to him and gather round his knees, sweetly linking the freshness of their morning with his evening, and informing life with interest and delight; here there are some sick and sorrowful and tempted people who look to him and lean on him as on one who has gone through the same initiation. How could he forsake them? So here he stays and is at peace, waiting for the summons to that life in which there shall neither be a past to regret nor a future to dread, but in which old things shall be made new in a never-ending present.

Sandbury, half a century ago, had scarce an excuse for existing, except as a more or less uncomfortable centre for people of narrow means. Perhaps its chief attraction to possessors of shallow purses was the knowledge that you could not easily spend money in it. It lay remote from highways of traffic, and in those days when railway travelling was in its infancy, it was practically abandoned to solitude.

Twice or thrice a week a lumbering coach took its leisurely way to a busier centre where, if you were very enterprising, you could embark in a second coach and in due time reach London; but the Sandbury mail was content for the most part to carry parcels which the more adventurous ordered from town, and now and then but more rarely a stray visitor, whom it deposited at the Nag's Head. Hedged as its approach was by difficulties such as these, London was a *terra incognita* to most of the seaside population, and a week's sightseeing of shopping there, was an epoch to be remembered when events of larger importance were forgotten.

In Sandbury, life went at a much slower pace than in the capital, and the little community seemed as if by common consent to have formed itself into a society for the preservation of old traditions; as their fathers had left the sea nook so they maintained it; perhaps Sandbury was the last stronghold in England in which the oil-lamp flickered malodorously; it was certainly innocent of sanitation till within the shortest memory, and the fashions of its gowns and bonnets and the shape of its trousers were archaic years before the wearers made the discovery.

The latter circumstance mattered the less since nobody was rich enough to gratify every passing freak of the hour and so put his neighbour to shame. There was, as has been said, very little money in Sandbury; those who had any to spare naturally taking it to places where a more varied life might be tasted, and indeed the only "carriage people," properly speaking, were the rector, who suffered from gout and took mild exercise behind a pair of lazy grays, and the doctor, whose gig was a familiar sight within a wide radius of the little town.

In so narrow a world—a world from which a robust realism appeared to have been banished, and which the fiercer passions and emotions did not trouble—one might surely look for harmony of thought and action, yet though everybody bought his groceries of Mr. Culpepper, and his meat of Mr. Fry, and called in Dr. Rose to correct his ailments, when it came to be a question of spiritual food, the camp was divided in two, one section setting towards the parish church presided over by the rector, and the other making its way towards Sion Chapel where Ralph Ellison ministered.

This difference of opinion was very comfortably borne, however; it was not a period of great spiritual activity; indeed in the matter of its religion, Sandbury was as far behind the times as it was in the style of its hair-dressing and the cut of its garments. In other towns in England the sleeping depths were being stirred, and men were asking themselves whether Christianity were not something more than an excellent moral system; but Sandbury still slumbered tranquilly, only conscious of uneasiness at a moment of serious sickness or family bereavement.

Nobody, we are sorry to say, in those too indifferent days, thought the worse of the rector because his gout was self-induced by over indulgence in eating and drinking, and because he held himself to have fulfilled his duty when he had mumbled over his morning's sermon; and nobody censured the congregation of Sion Chapel for falling asleep under old Mr. Null's dull periods. There was not even enough of interest to awaken strong partisanship; dissenter and orthodox believer met and mingled quite peaceably at the dinner and tea-parties, and gossiped with each other in the streets. Ralph Ellison might even have counted on the offer of two fingers from the rector, who was good-natured in spite of the gout, had they met at Dr. Roso's or lawyer Ballard's hospitable tables, but as Ralph Ellison never went anywhere he missed this gratification. His manifest, and what one might almost call obtrusive reticence, was the first thing that struck the good people of Sandbury when they came to study and classify the new minister.

Life in the little town was conducted more or less on the communistic principle, in so far, at least, as all shared a common straitness of means, and a healthy curiosity over a neighbour's affairs was considered to be nothing short of a Christian duty. In this world of ours, man must have some interest outside of himself; politics, art, literature, bric-a-brac, blue china, alduses and elzevirs, it may be, but since it could not be any of these in Sandbury, it was brother man. When Mrs. Brown's sailor son came home unexpectedly from foreign parts, the other houses in the crescent had the news almost before he had crossed his mother's threshold; the rare event of a marriage engagement kept the tea-tables and the dinner-tables too, for the matter of that, lively for many weeks of expectation, surmise and conjecture; sickness or death woke a sympathy that you do not find in a large town, where number 29 knows no more of number 28 than if he lived in Patagonia.

Let us not speak with too scornful an irony of this minute interest in a neighbour's concerns—this tendency to gossip which one finds in little places. Gossip is only hurtful when, like wit, it hides in secret places to wound and stab; it may

be kindly and wholesome as humour is, where the laughter never leaves a sting.

Into this chatty circle of male and female Pepyses the young minister might, if he would, have had ready entrance, and perhaps have found himself none the worse for the tattle that taught him the needs and desires of his people, but from all invitations to join it, he held himself resolutely aloof. He had come to Sandbury from a large town in the north, with a reputation that would have ensured him a welcome, but the mere fact that he was a stranger, was enough of itself to do that. New blood was too rare to be slighted or overlooked, and when it was a matter of common report that the new minister was young, good-looking, and a brilliant preacher, his success might be considered a foregone conclusion. Accordingly, on the Sunday when he preached his first sermon in Sion Chapel after his induction as its pastor, he found a large audience gathered to hear him, its ranks swelled by an accession from the parish church. It had been difficult to stimulate even a moderate interest in the sermons of old Mr. Null, Ralph's predecessor in the pastorate, but great things were expected of the new minister.

When he stood up in the pulpit, all eyes were eagerly fixed on him. Those who saw him for the first time, were a little surprised at his appearance. They saw a man who might be twenty-eight, but who looked ten years older, and if he were handsome, it was in a style that scarce fitted in with the Sandbury standard. The features were good and well-cut, but the eyes were sombre, and their dark depths had no light or kindness in them. Those who had skill to read the mind's construction in a face, would have told you that here was a man whose life had been poisoned at the sources, and lastingly embittered by some sudden calamity from which he had not had the strength and grace to rally. When he spoke, the same impression prevailed; his voice was clear and cold, it had not the magic charm that catches the ear, and forces it to listen; his tones were unemotional and level, and they gave a curious edge of hardness to his eloquence.

The sermon was one of those that had won him some notice in Manchester; it was a scholarly and even a brilliant argument, but it touched and moved no heart in his audience, because it had kindled no spark in his own. A supreme belief in your cause—that is the secret of influence; without it no man can hope to prevail.

The congregation dispersed, puzzled and mystified, scarce knowing what to think.

"He's a very personable man," cried a feminine voice, "he's what I would call distinguished—"

"Maybe it's the way in the north, but I don't hold with that 'I'm-better-than-you' style; he holds his head too high for me," said one captious critic.

"He wants to put more go into it, that's what he wants," said Mr. Culpepper, shaking his head with mild dissatisfaction; "I wouldn't mind a little banging on the cushion myself; looks as if he meant what he was sayin' and keeps folk awake, but he'll come to it in time," he added more cheerfully, "he'll warm up a bit when he gets used to us."

But, on the whole, the comments were kindly; the ladies found the pale, stern young man interesting; some of them were convinced he was delicate, and were already meditating nourishing little dishes.

He might have shared the mid-day dinner in half-a-dozen houses if he had willed, but he curtly refused all overtures and went off alone to his solitary lodging outside the town. He walked quickly with no observation for the outer world, the summer world when even Sandbury looked fair.

"They ask bread of me," he said, "and I give them a stone."

And yet there was not one heart in all that big congregation so empty and starved as his own.

CHAPTER II.

SANDBURY busied itself for a long time over the young minister with a diligence that was worthy of greater success.

Perhaps the very meagreness and slenderness of the details it was able to gather kept curiosity alive; a hint of mystery is always very stimulating to the popular imagination, and in Sandbury, which was barren of surprises and ambushes as the desert of Sahara, it had the added charm of novelty. There was nobody else in the little town who was in the least mysterious; on the contrary, the traditions and history of its inhabitants were public property. Why should one who was young, good-looking, clever, shun the world, and shut himself from its pleasures as if he were a second St. Anthony? Surely the strictest observance of Sunday which was perfectly proper in a minister, need not deter a man from taking a sociable cup of tea with a neighbour on Monday? Sandbury did not understand a religion that frowned severely on the innocent indulgences of hot buttered toast and cakes, and a friendly chat, and it was inclined to take affront at the too curt refusal of the young man to share in these mild dissipations.

There was old Mr. Null who would as soon have thought of missing out the sermon as of being absent from one of the social gatherings with which the little seaside town kept up its reputation for hospitality; and there was the rector, who as everybody knew, would, in spite of the gout, go any distance for the sake of a good dinner and a hand at whist; was Mr. Ellison to set himself up as better than these?

Yet it might have been plain even to the simplest understanding that it was no instinctive desire for a higher life that drew the young man apart from his fellows. It was not that longing for purity, for holiness, for a contemplative calm, that has in all ages impelled men as in obedience to a heavenly call to seek solitude and to practise self-abnegation, in the hope that by withdrawal from the world they may see God face to face. It was faith and charity from which he had cut

himself off; it was his trust in man and God alike that had been cruelly bruised; his love turned to bitterness.

"It is not that I am better than you that I do not come to see you; it is because I am worse," he said once to a poor woman whom he had been summoned to visit in her extremity. He had spoken out of a sudden hot impulse, but she looked at him in dazed bewilderment. Perhaps she took his words for the sign of that Christian humility which ministers who preach this virtue to others ought themselves to wear—more likely she did not understand him any better than did her fellow-townsmen. That he lay under the bondage of some dark dispensation was apparent, and it was only natural that the feminine members of his flock should ascribe his gloom to the trouble they best understood, being themselves so often the cause of it.

Kind, foolish women's hearts that beat perhaps a little more flutteringly for the clergyman, whether he be the pastor of Sion or Salem, or the curate of St. Mary's, than for any other man—with that inward need they have of looking up to some one who can lead them towards goodness, who shall blame them for the fond weakness? The women of Sandbury would have adored Ralph Ellison if he had permitted it; they would have flattered him by finding none of their neighbours' daughters or sisters good enough for him; they would have consoled him with slippers, and ministered to him with good things to eat and drink; have come to him for advice, and in general burned that incense before him which it is whispered many clergymen find agreeable.

Ralph Ellison was not one of these, however; perhaps being of an independent nature he would at no time have appreciated the fussing cares and gentle adulations the ladies of Sion Chapel were so ready to bestow, but now that the milk of his human kindness was turned to gall, he read in these attempts nothing but insincerity and affectation, and he held himself aloof from their beguilements with a persistency that baffled them at last.

When Mr. Culpepper remonstrated with him, he had but one answer—

"I have made up my mind to go nowhere. If I were to visit at one house, I should be expected to go to all, and my time, which I have pledged myself to give you, would be all frittered away."

"That's all very well," said Culpepper, looking round with the respect of the unlearned on the well-filled bookshelves; "and we're proud of your cleverness, sir, that we are; there never was such a scholar in Sion—never before. But," cried the honest grocer, "it stands to reason as you can't be studying all day and night, as I hear your candles is seen when there's no other light in the town; and an hour's chat and a friendly cup of tea won't do you no hurt, sir. Me and Mrs. Culpepper will be proud to see you any night you like to name; and if you'll drop a hint as to the members you would like to meet——"

"I can't do it," interrupted the minister, frowning suddenly. "I have left all that behind me. Please understand, once for all, that I shall accept no invitations. I shall not serve you the worse because I spend my evenings apart from you and in the company of my books."

Mr. Culpepper looked as he felt, sadly vexed.

"It would have pleased the ladies," he said; "and it's a great thing to stand well with them, as old Mr. Null used to say. But there, if you won't, you won't; I'm not the man to insist; Abel Culpepper knows when he's got a 'No.'"

"I am sorry," said Ralph more gently, "that I cannot meet you in this matter, but the ladies lose nothing by my absence. I am ill-fitted for society; I should be no acquisition to their parties."

Thereafter there went the round of the little town a whisper that the new minister was a woman hater.

"Then depend on it, if he is," said Miss Lavinia Saxby with unexpected shrewdness, "it is one of our sex that is to blame for it."

But for the truth of this statement no one could vouch. In those days when railway travel was still little more than a dream of enthusiasts, and when men sometimes lived and died without journeying twenty miles from home, "that jade" Rumour did not fly with the lightning speed of our busier age, and the private history of Mr. Ellison before his advent in Sandbury remained unrevealed.

From himself, nothing was to be gathered. A reserved man's reticences about himself are usually respected, and he would have been bold indeed who undertook to cross-examine the stern young minister. The courage of Sandbury, at least, was not equal to the task.

A source of disappointment that nearly rivalled his refusal to join the social gatherings of his people was his choice of a lodging.

More than one leading member would have gladly welcomed him as an inmate, and one or two matrons and single ladies, who were more socially obscure, had even gone the length of secretly preparing the guest chamber in the hope that he might honour it; perhaps there was some private heartburning and jealousy in anticipation of his choice, but if that were so, he put a quick end to it by selecting two rooms in a modest house that held itself aloof from the town, and stood not far from the beach, as if the attraction of the sea had drawn it away from its neighbours.

"It's inconvenient, isn't it, sir?" said Culpepper, upon whom the ungracious task of remonstrance was always thrust.

"I don't find it so."

"But you will in winter—with not so much as a road to your feet. You will excuse the liberty, sir, but the Sion people would be better pleased if you was a bit more amongst us like, where we could see you going out and in. There's Mrs. Boulby and Mrs. Skinner, both of them ready to jump at the chance of waitin' on you, and there's Miss Saxby; but a single woman, for all she's lived as long as most of us, never understands a man's wants like a married one does. She ain't 'ad no experience, you see, of a man's taste in victuals. Now Mrs. Skinner, who has buried two husbands, she's the one to make you real downright comfortable."

"Mrs. Lamb does that, thank you," said the minister; "she gives me every care."

"Well," said Culpepper, "far be it from me to say a word against a respectable widow woman, as everybody in Sandbury knows; but she's not a member of Sion, nor even a sitter."

"I scarcely see what that has to do with it," said Ralph, with quiet irony. "Is it your habit, Mr. Culpepper, to refuse to sell soap or candles to a man if he happens not to be a seat-holder in the chapel?"

If Mr. Culpepper failed to perceive the logical sequence of this remark, he yet found himself unequal to the task of combating it, and he could only retreat with the faintly expressed hope that Mrs. Lamb might be "brought in" through the influence of the minister's presence in her house.

This was the last serious assault that was made on his position; he retained his quiet rooms, and as he went as seldom as possible to the town, there were days together when his people did not see him, and even forgot him. In course of time they accepted his interpretation of himself; a reserved, strangely silent man, with a coldness of manner that could scarcely offend, since it relaxed to none—and a great scholar.

They grew at last to be proud of his scholarliness, and of the chill, unimpassioned brilliance of his sermons. Strangers were taken to hear him, and went away puzzled, but impressed, and certain that they had been listening to a masterpiece of oratory. And while he gave and would give them nothing more, his hearers were content with this. The cleverer among them looked forward to the sermon as to an intellectual treat that gave a fillip to the day, and helped away the tedium of its hours, and the less clever were satisfied to take his ability for granted, without understanding its evidences.

Sion had never had such a pastor. Under Mr. Null's prosing it had been possible to sleep with the comfortable security that you had heard everything he had got to say years before, and would miss nothing; but that was at an end.

"You can't tell where he'll hit, or whose toes he'll be treadin' on next," said Culpepper, exultingly, content to waive the tea-parties since the minister's seclusion produced stuff like this. It was a pleasant stimulus to be thundered at on Sunday, especially when you were allowed to relapse into comfortable apathy on Monday.

And it was true that he hit hard, with a strange, bitter insight into the meaner side of life, the baser motives of man: the envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness which we all like to hear denounced while we think of Brown, Jones or Smith, and hope that his conscience is troubling him.

But of love and truth, of personal righteousness, of a faith that lifts a man above this life and gives him even here a glimpse of heavenly places—of "the very court and household of God," what had he to tell of these?

What could he say, what could he know? Can a blind man lead others to the light?

BUNYAN CHARACTERISTICS.

WHEN Dante paced the streets of Florence, the people regarded him with silent awe; and the very children whispered as they pointed, "*See! the man that has been in Hell!*" As terrible as Dante's were the visions of the great Englishman who died two hundred years ago; but in the streets of Bedford his had been a genial, attractive presence to the last. "Neighbour Bunyan," "Friend Bunyan," "Bishop Bunyan"—such were the titles of fond familiarity, which yet did not impair the reverence due to a man of his commanding genius and solemn experiences. Here is the picture of him as drawn by a contemporary:—"Tall of stature, strong-boned though not corpulent, somewhat of a ruddy face, with sparkling eyes, wearing his hair on his upper lip; his hair reddish, but in his later days time had sprinkled it with gray; his nose well set, not declining or bending; his mouth moderate large; his forehead something high, and his habit always plain and modest." Again:—"He appeareth to be of a stern and rough temper, but in his conversation mild and affable; not given to loquacity or to much discourse in company, unless some urgent occasion required it; observing never to boast of himself or his parts, but rather to seem low in his own eyes, and to submit himself to the judgment of others; abhorring lying and swearing; being just, in all that lay in his power, to his word; not seeming to revenge injuries; loving to reconcile differences and make friendship with all. He had a sharp quick eye, with an excellent discerning of persons, being of good judgment and quick wit." Such was Bunyan, when the storms of his life were well-nigh over; a great-hearted, genial Englishman.

M. Taine, the great French critic, in his *History of English Literature*, seems a little perplexed by the great Dreamer's fame, but accounts for it by the clearness with which he has expressed the favourite Protestant doctrine of Salvation by Grace. The criticism is a half truth. Bunyan's power is not only in clear exposition, but in the actual realization of the Evangelical doctrines. They lie before him in concrete form: he sees, hears, and cannot but tell what is so vividly present to his own consciousness. Then, he had that wonderful gift of *language*—indescribable, inconceivable to those who have it not. Every thought and image as it arises clothes itself in instant speech; and what is still more surprising

—indeed almost unique in literature—a homely limited vocabulary proves equal to the highest demands made upon it by an imperial imagination. That which he says of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is almost as true of all that he wrote—

> Thus I set pen to paper with delight,
> And quickly had my thoughts in black and white.
> For having now my method by the end,
> Still as I pulled, it came; and so I penned
> It down; until it came at last to be
> For length and breadth, the bigness which you see.

Here is the secret which cannot be taught or learned—that which we call "gift," "genius." *Still as I pulled, it came.* "How many of us," it has been mournfully said, "pull and pull; and yet it does not come!"

Was Bunyan then a poet? Yes; in prose. Whether from the limitation of vocabulary to which we have referred, or from the vivacity and impatience of his imagination, it is certain that he moves but uneasily in rhyme. His *Prison Thoughts*, *Emblems*, and other works in verse, though their lines may be counted by thousands, scarcely ever utter the poetry that was in his soul. Now and then, indeed, we have an exquisite touch, as in the *Prison Thoughts*—

> For though men keep my outward man
> Within their locks and bars,
> Yet, by the faith of Christ, I can
> Mount higher than the stars.

Here again, in the *Emblems*, is a verse worthy of George Herbert, both in sense and in expression—

THE SWALLOW.

> This pretty bird, O how she flies and sings!
> But could she do so if she had not wings?
> Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
> When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

But such felicities are rare. In straightforward prose he reached not only his highest flights of thought, but his sweetest and purest rhythm. Let us quote one brief passage, not only for its simplicity, truth, and tenderness, but for its perfect music. The burden of the Pilgrim has fallen off before the Cross—

> "Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, 'He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.' Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the Cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold three Shining Ones came to him and saluted him, with 'Peace be to thee'; so the first said to him, 'Thy sins be forgiven'; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll, with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate; so they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing."

To quote the actual song that follows would hardly add grace to the description. The lines are neither better nor worse than the many metrical snatches scattered throughout the book. Many of these were doubtless inserted partly as an aid to memory in a day when readers were few. Illiterate listeners to the Pilgrim's tale, as read aloud, would easily catch the rhymes, and by their aid would retain the thread of the story.

But there are occasional inspirations, as for instance the shepherd boy's song in the Valley of Humiliation, and the Shakespearean stanzas on the adventures of Valiant-for-truth—

> Who would true valour see,
> Let him come hither;
> One here will constant be,
> Come wind, come weather;
> There's no discouragement
> Shall make him once relent
> His first avowed intent
> To be a Pilgrim.[1]

The sermons of Bunyan contain, buried among divisions and subdivisions, "uses" and applications, some of his finest and most truly poetic utterances, instinct sometimes with lyrical beauty, sometimes with dramatic passion. Few readers have leisure now to hunt for these beauties, but it must be remembered that preaching was Bunyan's favourite employment. This was his vocation. Of his writing, he himself says—

> Neither did I but vacant seasons spend
> In this my scribble.

Let us listen to a part—a comparatively small part—of one of his discourses.

In the *Holy War*, Captain Boanerges preaches a sermon: "The text was this: 'Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?' And a very smart sermon he made upon the place. First, he showed what was the occasion of the words, namely, because the fig-tree was barren; then he showed what was contained in the sentence, namely, repentance or utter desolation. He then showed also by whose authority this sentence was pronounced, and that was by SHADDAI Himself. And lastly, he showed the reasons of the point, and then concluded his sermon. But he was very pertinent in the application, insomuch that he made poor Mansoul tremble."

The sermon was one of Bunyan's own; and, in truth, when we read the words at the distance of two centuries, we tremble too! What more vivid picture was ever drawn of the sinner often warned, yet to the last unchanged? The whole application is too long to extract, but the

[1] With this first stanza of Bunyan's compare the first of the foresters' song in *As You Like it*—

> Under the greenwood tree
> Who loves to lie with me,
> And tune his merry note
> Unto the sweet bird's throat,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither:
> Here shall he see
> No enemy
> But winter and rough weather.

Was Bunyan, then, a reader of Shakespeare? Possibly he might have heard the song without having read the play.

specimens we can give well exhibit its terrible power.

"God says, 'Come, Death, smite Me this barren fig-tree.' At this, Death comes into the chamber with grim looks, and Hell follows him to the bedside. Both stare this fruitless professor in the face; yea, begin to lay hands upon him, one smiting him with headache, heartache, backache, shortness of breath, fainting qualms, trembling of joints, stoppage at the chest, and almost all the symptoms of one past recovery; the other casting sparks of fire into the mind and conscience. Now he begins to cry, 'Lord, spare me, spare me!' 'Nay,' saith God, 'you have been a provocation to Me these three years. Take him, Death!' 'O, good Lord,' saith the sinner, 'spare me but this one time, and I will be better.' 'Away, away, you are nought! If I should recover you again, you would be as bad as you were before.' 'Good Lord, try me this once; let me up again this once, and see if I do not mend.' (All this talk is while Death is by.) 'But will you promise Me to mend?' 'Yes, indeed Lord, and vow it too!' 'Well,' saith God, 'Death, let this professor alone for this time. He hath vowed to amend his ways; and vows are solemn things! It may be he will be afraid to break his vows.—Arise off thy bed!'

"And now God lays down His axe. At this the poor creature is very thankful, and calls on others to thank God. One would now think him a new creature indeed. But when he comes down from his bed, and ventures into the shop or yard, and there sees how all things are gone to sixes and sevens, he begins to have second thoughts; and says to his folks, 'What have you all been doing? How are all things out of order? I am behindhand—I cannot tell what! One may see that you have neither wisdom nor prudence to order things, if a man be but a little aside!' And now he doubleth his diligence after the world! 'Alas!' he saith, 'but all must not be lost. We must have provident care.' And thus he forgetteth the sorrows of death and the vows he made to be better."

Bunyan now describes further judgments, the loss of cattle, the death of a wife and child—

"On this the poor creature, like Ahab, walks softly awhile. Now, he renews his promises: 'Lord, try me this one time more. They go far that never turn. Take off Thy hand and see!' Well, God sets down His axe again. The man begins to read and pray. He goes to meetings, and seems to be serious a pretty while. He even seeks out a heart-searching ministry. But still, there is no fruit. Now, then, the axe begins to be heaved higher! Yet, before He strike the stroke, He will try one more way at least; and if that fail, down goes the fig-tree!

"This last way is, to tug and strive with this professor by His Spirit. But now, the mischief is, there is tugging and striving on both sides. The Spirit convinceth; but the man turns a deaf ear. 'Receive My instruction, and live,' He says; but the man pulls away his shoulder. The Spirit parlieth again, and urgeth new reasons. 'No,' saith the sinner, 'I have loved strangers, and after them I will go!' At this, God's fury cometh up into His face! Now, He comes out of His holy place, and is terrible. Now, He sweareth in His wrath that they shall not enter into His rest. '*Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?*'"

At the root of the pathos and the terror of which this passage is but a specimen, and, we may add, as of much that is as wise and tender as it is heart-searching, lay an intimate and wonderful knowledge of human nature. Bunyan had studied metaphysics, not in the schools, but in his own spiritual being; and there was not a street or alley or secret place in "Mansoul" which he had not explored. Illustrations crowd upon us from the two great allegories. Nothing could be more profoundly true than Greatheart's description of Mr. Fearing, so full of apprehensions about himself, yet so daring in the cause of his Lord. "When he was come at Vanity Fair," says Greatheart, "I thought he would have fought with all the men in the fair; I feared then we should both have been knocked o' the head, so hot was he against their fooleries; upon the Enchanted Ground he was also very wakeful."

How expressively, again, does he point out the shifts and devices by which the evil in human nature attempts to disguise itself! "These Diabolonians love to counterfeit their names. Mr. Covetousness covers himself with the name of Good Husbandry, or the like; Mr. Pride can, when need is, call himself Mr. Neat, Mr. Handsome, or the like, and so of all the rest of them." Several times does Bunyan recur to this point. Certain of the Diabolonians sought to enter into the service of the people of Mansoul: "the Lord Covetousness, the Lord Lasciviousness, and the Lord Anger. The Lord Covetousness called himself by the name of *Prudent-Thrifty*; the Lord Lasciviousness called himself by the name of *Harmless-Mirth;* and the Lord Anger called himself by the name of *Good-Zeal.* So upon a market-day they came into the market-place; three lusty fellows they were to look on, and they were clothed in sheep's-russet, which was also now in a manner as white as were the white robes of the men of Mansoul. Now, the men could speak the language of Mansoul well." Here in the margin Bunyan interjects, *Take heed, Mansoul!* But for a time the stratagem succeeds. How true, and wittily wise, is what follows! "Mr. Mind hired *Prudent-Thrifty*, and Mr. Godly-Fear hired *Good-Zeal.* True, this fellow *Harmless-Mirth* did hang a little in hand, and could not so soon get him a master as the others did, because the town of Mansoul was now in Lent; but after a while, because Lent was almost out, the Lord Will-be-will hired *Harmless-Mirth* to be both his waiting-man and his lackey; and thus they got their masters." Further on we are told that Godly-Fear soon found out that his new servant "was but a counterfeit rascal"; and the sham *Good-Zeal* thereupon ran away; but the other two remained and wrought much mischief for a time.

Equally subtle, and yet more trenchant in its severity, is Bunyan's treatment of the Doubters; in his view also a set of Diabolonians. There is a curious applicability in his words to much that we hear in the present day. Old *Questioning*, the receiver, entertainer, and comforter of the Doubters, is placed at the bar, indicted by the name of *Evil-Questioning.* "My lord," quoth he, "I know not the meaning of this indictment, forasmuch as I am not the man concerned in it; the man that standeth by this charge, accused before this bench, is called by the name of *Evil-Questioning*, which name I deny to be mine, mine being *Honest-Inquiry.* The one indeed sounds like the other; but, I trow, your lordship knows that between the two there is a wide difference; for I

hope that a man, even in the worst of times, and that too amongst the worst of men, may make an honest inquiry after things without running the danger of death." But the finest touch of all perhaps is in the evidence of Lord Will-be-will: "I know him to be the man concerned, and that his proper name is *Evil-Questioning*. I have known him, my lord, above these thirty years, for he and I were great acquaintances when Diabolus had the government of Mansoul; and I testify that he is a Diabolonian by nature. He has, in times of rebellion, been at and lain in my house, my lord, not so little as twenty nights together. True I have not seen him many a day. I suppose that the coming of Emmanuel to Mansoul has made him change his lodgings."

What could more exquisitely indicate Bunyan's belief in the connexion of scepticism with a corrupt will?

Yet Bunyan, though pitiless to wilful scepticism, knows how to discriminate. Of the Doubters, he says: "One sort of them came out of *Blind-man-shire*, and they are such as did ignorantly what they did. Another sort came out of *Blind-zeal-shire*, and they did superstitiously what they did. The third sort of them came out of the town of *Malice* in the county of *Envy*, and they did what they did out of spite and implacableness.

"For the first of these," adds Bunyan, "namely, they that came out of Blind-man-shire, when they saw where they were, and against whom they had fought, they trembled and cried as they stood before Him; and as many of them as asked Him mercy, He touched their lips with His golden sceptre." Very few of the second class, those who came out of Blind-zeal-shire, "could be brought to see their evil; but those that did and asked mercy, they also obtained freedom." The third class "neither wept, nor disputed, nor repented."

The philosophy of religious scepticism, viewed from the standpoint of an assured evangelical belief, has never had a more vigorous elucidation than in the whole account of these Doubters; and, as we have said, there is light in it also for the age in which we live.

With all the high qualities that we have noted, there was in the great Dreamer an inexhaustible vivacity and mother-wit. Those readers of the Allegories miss much who have not the *marginalia* in which the author by times gives the sense or points the lesson of the paragraph, sometimes with a humorous, shrewd, sarcastic comment of his own. Often, too, the notes are of true theological value. Should any reader of the *Pilgrim's Progress* have overlooked them, our advice would be to read the book again in some accurate edition with careful attention to the margin. New light will thus, if we mistake not, be found on every page.

What sympathy too our author had with the lighter aspects of a serious life! Much as it had cost him in his younger days to give up dancing, with what zest he describes the dance after the demolition of Doubting Castle, when Mr. Feeblemind "could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but I promise you he footed it well; also the girl Much-afraid was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely."

Probably, among the amusements permitted to the sober circle at Bedford, the asking of riddles was among the chief. Scattered through almost all Bunyan's writings are quips and conundrums, gay and grave, often leading up to serious meanings. So, in the house of Gaius, "the Pilgrims were very merry, and sat at the table a long time, talking of many things. Then said the old gentleman (Mr. Honesty), 'My good landlord, while ye are here cracking your nuts, if you please, do you open this riddle.'"

Mr. Offor has given a list of such riddles, culled from Bunyan's different writings—a quaint and charming anthology, from which we cannot stay to quote. Once, at least, the recreation rises to the sublime, as at Emmanuel's feast in Mansoul. "After the feast was over, Emmanuel was for entertaining the town of Mansoul with some curious riddles of secrets drawn up by His Father's Secretary." There was the riddle of the Lamb, of the Sacrifice, the Rock, the Door, with many others. And as each was proposed, the people of Mansoul looked in the face of the Prince and said, "It is HE."

The two hundredth anniversary of Bunyan's death[1] appears a fitting time to call attention to those characteristics of the great Englishman which must ever commend his voluminous works and his own great personality to the reverence and love of Christian hearts. Many of the books may now perhaps remain unread, save by the enthusiastic few. But the man may well be studied, with an appreciation which will only increase with every access of knowledge respecting himself and his times. The recent biography by Dr. John Brown has done noble service in this respect. We understand better than ever the secret of those literary qualities which have won the warm admiration of men so diverse as Swift, Johnson, and Cowper, of Southey, Macaulay, Dr. Arnold, Dean Stanley, and Mr. Froude; and have a deeper insight into that single-minded heroic life which was consecrated to the one great purpose of leading sinners to the Saviour. The *Grace Abounding*, with its simple passionate story of a renewed life, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which turns the soul's conflicts and triumphs into an immortal epic, and the *Come and Welcome*, which applies the whole to the allurement, the comfort, and the strengthening of other souls, form a trilogy on one great theme, which never can become obsolete so long as human life remains a pilgrimage, and weary spirits need to be guided—

> up, beyond
> The Valley of Death and the Slough of Despond,
> And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,
> To those Delectable Mountains fair,
> And over the River, and in at the Gate
> Where for weary pilgrims the Angels wait.

S. G. G.

[1] August 31, 1688, at the house of his friend Mr. Strudwick, grocer, in Snow Hill, London. Bunyan was in the sixtieth year of his age.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIDOW.

RELIGION IN RUSSIA—THE PEASANTRY.

II.

WHEN Christianity was substituted for the old paganism, it was with Russia, as it was with other countries, the deities of the past long retained their hold of the popular imagination, despite the pastorals of mediæval bishops, and the ukaz of Peter the Great. Indeed the hard-handed illiterate members of the Russian Mir still people their forests, shady river-sides, and yawning caverns with the demons and sprites in which they believe as fervently as did their ancestors. This is to be regretted; but nevertheless, is it not wonderful, that while freethought is spreading among the educated, and while the clergy are to a large extent so indifferent, the awakening of the peasants should show what Stepniak calls a "remarkable tendency to run into religious channels"? Only just beginning to emerge from the darkness of ignorance themselves, these peasants in the past have frequently been shepherded by priests who themselves could not even read.

Only the faintest echoes of the thunderings and commotions of the Reformation were heard in Russia; but in the century which followed that upheaval there occurred in the country a religious revolution which in a sense was unique in its effects. This is now generally spoken of as the *Raskol*, that is *splitting* or *schism*. It is thus a comprehensive name for seceders from the Greek Church. The Raskolniks now number from twelve to fifteen millions of the population. Of course this great multitude includes a number of sects which greatly differ from one another in their theological standards; some incline towards what we should call rationalism, while others are more disposed towards evangelical Protestantism.

Perhaps this movement is the more significant when we remember, that in other days the Russians were so conservative in the matter of religion, that they suffered persecution rather than accept what the authorities regarded as reforms. Under the Czar Alexis, in the seventeenth century, a commission was appointed to revise the Scriptures and the Church Service Book, and the alterations introduced into the latter produced that wide-spread revolt which originated the Raskol. The persecution which quickly followed was worthy of the days of Nero or of Philip II. The alterations introduced by Patriarch Nicon had little or nothing to do with doctrine; they were generally of minor importance; and yet, as Stepniak shows, "It was for these trifles—a letter less in a name; a finger more in a cross; the doubling instead of the tripling of a word—that thousands of people, both men and women, encountered death on the scaffold or at the stake. It was for these things that other scores of thousands underwent the horrible tortures of the knout, the strappado, the rack, or had their bodies mutilated, their tongues cut out, their hands chopped off." Such was the tragedy which first signified to the world that the Russian peasants were on the move; and yet how paradoxical does it seem, that uncompromising adherents of ancient traditions should have laid the foundation of the Raskol which in its development many regard as now representing the pioneers of modern progress.

While the Government was furious at having its ukaz disobeyed, and while people were found who were content to become martyrs for an idea, the general religious indifference was complete. Churches were empty, or services were omitted altogether for long periods; and the clergy, whose lives were anything but a good example, discontinued preaching, which was not revived until the days of Peter the Great. The Sabbath was broken by persons following their ordinary callings; but although Alexis was accounted a model Czar, and Patriarch Nicon was one of the ablest men who had occupied the ecclesiastical throne of Moscow, the Raskolniks rejected his "Romish popery."

The persecution of the seceders did not gather full force until the latter part of the seventeenth century; and then the Raskolniks were hunted down and punished with relentless severity even in remote provinces of the empire; but as was inevitable, persecution stimulated the growth of what it was designed to suppress. As Stepniak remarks: "The masses began to stir: the unprecedented persecution of men and women of unquestioned morality, who met their trials with such fortitude, began to tell even on the wooden nerves of their contemporaries. The two fingers—the emblem of the Raskolnik's cross and creed—shown to the awe-struck crowd from amidst the flames of the stakes, produced a stronger effect than the preaching or arguing of any number of Raskolniks could have done." In addition to those who thus perished at the hands of their enemies three thousand perished in the fires of their own kindling, such autos-de-fe being preferred to capture by the authorities. Ten thousand altogether are said to have thus perished; while a greater number died in prison or at the stake. Of course in a country like Russia, numbers were able to hide in the unknown recesses of the interior; and there, according to some accounts, their descendants remain until the present day, unknown and independent, never being troubled by tax-collectors or army agents, at the same time affording a safe refuge from the outside world to various kinds of refugees. Peter the Great persecuted these people in the earlier part of his reign; and as a consequence he was regarded

[1] "The Russian Peasantry: their Agrarian Condition, Social Life and Religion." By Stepniak, author of "The Russian Storm Cloud," &c. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., London.

by them as the personification of Antichrist. Eventually Peter let them alone, being content with making them pay more taxes; but even now, by being merely tolerated, the Raskolniks are virtually persecuted to some extent, and they have really less liberty than foreign sects who may freely follow their own inclinations. Their sanctuaries may not have bells; they must not resemble "orthodox" churches; and they may not have processions.

The sects which constitute the Raskol have been so numerous, that at least two hundred were taken account of by the authorities in the last century, many of these being of course very short-lived. Though gregarious in their every-day habits, the peasants show a strong disposition to think for themselves when once awakened to think at all; and this is supposed with some reason to be a symptom of earnestness. Thus, the founder of the *Chlists*, who first arose in the seventeenth century, was a peasant enthusiast named Filipovitch. He passed years in a cave, on the banks of the Volga praying and studying the missals both in their old and new form; and when he finished up by throwing all of the books into the majestic stream he imparted his strange, wild notions to his followers until they probably exceeded their leader in extravagance. He taught that "revelation came from God alone," and that he himself was inspired by God dwelling within him. The Chlistic sects degenerated into many gross customs and beliefs; but being from the first shunned by the main body of the people, they are of no account in history.

Speaking generally, the Raskol early divided into two main sections, the Sacerdotal and the Priestless. The former lost, before another was elected, the only bishop who sided with them, and in consequence it was sought to attract priests away from the Established Church, though one party thought it to be a better arrangement to appoint "old men well read in the Scriptures and of good morals," as substitutes. The "Priestless" section favoured no compromise with the "orthodox" church; and regarding its baptism and other ministrations as mere worthless forms, they preferred to go on without any priest at all. This is the larger body of the two, and is described as the most active in an intellectual sense. Otherwise, the sacerdotal section is an interesting body. "Their organization," it is said, "embracing several millions of people, with a permanent administrative council, a number of vast benevolent institutions, and an exchequer containing upwards of ten millions of roubles (confiscated or simply robbed by the Emperor Nicholas I.), presents the most extensive example on record among similar popular organizations." Intellectually, however, they are less progressive, or more backward, than their Priestless compeers.

The Priestless section has become subdivided into several minor sects. Those who are named after the northern seashore are put down as clear-headed and better educated. The *Fedoseevzy*, founded in the early part of the last century, retain some of the more extreme and antique views; and, as Stepniak puts it, they "have preserved more of the wooden formalism of the old Raskol." Still more extreme are the *Filipovzy*, who in their early days, some one hundred and thirty years ago, were in favour of self-sacrifice by fire. Still younger are the Wanderers, smaller in number but of wider influence; the sect, as a whole, exemplifying "the boldest and most passionate elements of dissent." There were many sub-divisions; but all of the Priestless have been distinguished by one leading idea, which, however, has been modified by time—that the Czar is Antichrist, and that, accordingly, his government is evil.

The Wanderers, especially, were long ago regarded by the authorities as being peculiarly dangerous. Their habits have given them a name. "They never remain for long together in the same locality, always living concealed in the houses of their hosts without the knowledge of the authorities," it is said. "They pay no taxes, apply for no passports, give no bribes, and avoid all contact with the agents of Antichrist." Those who have houses have them specially designed for the concealment of those who wander; and as there is supposed to be virtue in this mode of life, nearly all become Wanderers in their last days. There are several sects; and among these the *Sopelky*, while regarding Peter the Great as the embodiment of Antichrist, now think that Antichrist reigns spiritually, and they obey all orders that are not unchristian. In general, none are so extreme as their predecessors; and founders of new sects are usually fresh seceders to the Raskol from the Established Church. They are still amenable to the law, and thus enjoy liberty only by sufferance; and cases are mentioned of several who in our own day have suffered severe imprisonment on account of their beliefs.

Though they were originally such uncompromising conservatives, the Raskolniks have given an impetus to progress and education such as will be very far-reaching in its effects. While other peasants were content to remain in their hereditary ignorance, these people showed strong desires to advance in Scriptural knowledge; and when they were at last permitted to form settlements of their own in the far north, proper schools for the young were always provided. While members of the sects were scattered over the vast area of the empire, these settlements were centres of influence, and that on the river Wyg, founded in 1696, was representative of many others. At first the fraternity were much straitened for food; but under the shrewd abbot or overseer Audrey Denisov, they supplemented their husbandry by trading and mining until they were the richest joint-stock company in Russia, as well as a bond of union for those in the distance. They maintained two great schools, one for adults, and one for boys and girls. This zeal in the cause of education seems to have been characteristic of all the sects of the Raskol; and what further told in their favour was the women's recovery of their birthright. "The women, so completely subjugated and so often ill-treated amongst the Great Russian peasantry of the orthodox creed, recovered their dignity in the Raskol," says Stepniak: and he adds: "They studied the Scriptures and preached the Gospel

as well as the men. Sometimes they founded new sects." Unmarried women became itinerant school-teachers, or resided at permanent stations which served as boarding-schools.

With the Bible in its ancient version, and a few old ecclesiastical treatises as their only reading books, the various sects were much given to discussions after the manner of mediæval schoolmen; and some of their manuscript pamphlets, the productions of self-taught peasants, are said to be extremely able. The peasants thus had a culture of their own, which was quite independent of that of the educated classes. They were still conservative as well as progressive at the same time. Because the secular alphabet introduced by Peter the Great was to them heretical, they taught children the Slavonic or Scriptural alphabet alone. Thus was presented the striking phenomenon of millions of people, sufficing to make a nation of themselves, living "isolated by their religious prejudice, as completely apart from the world outside as if they were surrounded by impassable deserts." The chief stumbling-block of the Priestless section has been that of marriage; all their adherents of both sexes being required to be celebates, according to old traditions of the sect; but more rational notions have long since gained ground; and marriages taking place in Raskolnik chapels are even recognised as legal by the authorities.

The Russian seceders from the "orthodox" Church who are more or less affected by what we should call rationalism make up some small sects. The *Strigolniks*, who appeared at Pskov and Novgorod in the fourteenth century, were rigid ascetics, who were soon destroyed. The *Judaisers*, founded about a century later, by a Jewish scholar, found some favour from the Czar, John III., but ultimately disappeared. A very different teacher, however, was Maxim the Greek, a contemporary of Savonarola, and probably his disciple. He did not so much want to oppose the church as to quicken its life. "In his numerous writings and speeches," we are told, "he merely tried to persuade the Russians to give a little thought to their religion—which was a very dangerous service in that benighted epoch." Then there was a nobleman named Bashkin, who is thought to have been burned at the stake for heresy at or about the time that the gloomy fanatic Philip of Spain was endeavouring to extirpate believers in England. Bashkin did not arrive at clear views of truth, but the Scriptures taught him how to treat his serfs. "Those who live on my estates do so of their own free will, and not because of my rights as a certificated slave-owner," he said. "If they are satisfied with me they remain, if not they are free to go whenever they like." In some other things he was also before his age: in other directions he needed evangelical enlightenment. A similar enthusiast of about the same time was Fedosy the squint-eyed, a peasant preacher and great Bible-reader, who left his commune to take to a wandering life. After being arrested he escaped from prison, and, despite the authorities, carried on a very successful propaganda in Lithuania.

Other sects, whose theology is very erroneous, and who have been more or less persecuted, are the *Dukhoborzy*, who regarded the reigning government as "an abomination before God;" and the *Molokane*, or milk-eaters, divided into Sabbatarians and non-Sabbatarians. They disregard all orders which they disapprove; they take no oaths of any kind, and on all occasions they refuse to fight. "The government has been compelled to put up with these insuperable aversions," it is said; and thus, both sects, "are enrolled without being sworn, and are told off to non-fighting departments of the army."

In many respects, however, the modern sects which, conventionally speaking, are but of yesterday, are the most remarkable of all; for although comparatively little is known about them out of the country, they seem to represent a religious revolution as sweeping as a second Reformation. There are sects of which hardly anything is known save the name; but the *Stunda*, not yet twenty years old, is described as a spontaneous outbreak of evangelical religion among the peasantry of the south which is said already to muster several millions strong. No sect in Russia has ever before spread with half the rapidity. The founder was a peasant named Ratushny, whose employer, a German Protestant, first spoke to him about Bible teaching; though the man was greatly impressed, and talked about the subject to his fellow villagers, without any thought of founding a new sect, the way was opened in a wonderful manner, as his own explanation shows:—"One day, at a village meeting, the people began to discuss spiritual matters, and the priest who was present could not explain anything to the people's satisfaction. Thereupon I felt within myself a burning desire to understand God's words with my own mind, and to explain them to others. There were many people desirous of hearing me, and I went on teaching the Gospel as I understood it myself, to all of them." Though some divisions hold views respecting the sacraments which, it may be hoped, will be corrected, their doctrines in general are evangelical. Their converts are not only drawn from the old "orthodox" or Greek Church, but from the sects of the Raskol itself. As was to be expected, the authorities have aided the propaganda by persecuting it; although the sanguinary mode of repression characteristic of a past age would now of course be impossible. "When I was cast into prison all knew that I was locked up because I had read the Gospel," said Ratushny. "When I was locked up for the second time people wondered again, and began to search after the Gospel with greater zeal, and to read it. That is how our doctrines have spread, and not, as some people think, through my having propagated it." The reading of the New Testament by the people explains the whole movement. The Stundists, as a rule, can read. To master this art is one of the first things a convert will do, and even the wholly illiterate commit entire chapters to memory. The general outlook is thus in all respects promising. "The awakening of the popular intelligence has created a spontaneous demand for spiritual food," says Stepniak. "Up to the present time religion has

been the chief means of satisfying this new demand, and hence the enormous popularity of the Russian version of the Gospels."

The Shalaput sect, which is somewhat older than the Stunda, is also more rationalistic in its tendencies, which in some quarters also incline towards community of goods. The majority contribute a tenth of their substance for the relief of the poor.

Among the more striking religious leaders who are still living is Vasily Suteev, a peasant who married at twenty soon after the emancipation of the serfs. He learned to read and subsequently worked as a stone-cutter at St. Petersburg, where he set up a shop of his own. He there employed his leisure time in reading the New Testament with his son. Discovering, as they thought, that the way of commerce was condemned by the book, the shop was abandoned, the 1500 roubles he had saved were given to the poor, and certain bills as good as money were destroyed. He then returned to his village to work as a labourer, and there he sought to benefit his fellows. "I saw there was no love amongst the people," he said. "All ran after money: and I began to reason with myself as to wherefore it should be thus. Why this thing? Why that?" He spoke to some with strong heads, and also to the priest, but got no satisfaction. Ultimately, instead of going to church, he set up a meeting at his own house, where the New Testament was read. A sect was founded, and spread rapidly into the surrounding villages.

These things show the possibilities of the future, and at least demonstrate that the Reformation has entered Russia. At the same time, as education makes way among them, the peasants read the works of native and English philosophic sceptics, and many of them are turning socialists and freethinkers. Altogether, the phenomena, whether religious or merely intellectual, are among the most striking manifestations of the nineteenth century.

The difficulty of obtaining trustworthy information from Russia, due in part to vastness of territory, and in part to the suspicious policy which prevails within it, makes these volumes of especial value, and we commend them to the earnest attention of our readers. Allowing for political prepossessions and for these difficulties, the state of things described is of profound interest. G. H. P.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

IN the march of civilization, comfort marches away from the needy, and leaves them the dilapidated dwellings of the wealthy who once kept them in repair. As in London, so in Edinburgh. The picturesque houses of the old town were once the residences of the favoured of the land, but now they swarm like bees with workers and drones, some of them being inhabited by a poorer class with every generation. Here and there one is taken and cleansed, and put to charitable uses, and forms a nucleus of moral and social well-doing. Queensberry House, at the bottom of the Canongate, is one of these deserted and transformed palaces. Once it was the gayest house in Edinburgh society, now it is a House of Refuge for the Destitute, and a Reformatory for Drunkards.

It is supported by a grant from the Town Council, by the annual contributions of the public, by the board paid by certain of the inmates or their friends, and by the proceeds of work done in the house. It is first a general refuge for persons in a state of complete temporary destitution whose cases are not met by the existing Poor Law. This class consists chiefly of female servants and laundry-women out of place, of needlewomen and outdoor workers who cannot find employment, of young women in search of situations with neither means nor friends to assist them, and of individuals fallen into evil habits and desirous of returning to sobriety and virtue. Care is taken that only the destitute are admitted, and all are put to work suited to their ability; the men being employed in the work of the establishment, the women working in the Sewing Hall, acting as nurses to the boarders and the aged, and fulfilling the necessary duties of the kitchen and laundry.

Another of its branches is the Night Refuge. Here the homeless poor are received on simple application. On admission in the evening they are given a meal before they retire to the wards provided for them, and in the morning before they leave they are again fed. Those entering on Saturday night are kept over the Sunday, and supplied with the same rations as the ordinary inmates. To prevent the same people making a home of the Refuge, their stay is restricted to three nights in the month. Last year, the number received into this Refuge, in the court-yard of the institution, was 12,617, or a nightly average of thirty-four of the houseless. As the space is limited, preference is always given to women with children. Many applicants have to be refused, owing to the wards being full; and the same sad story is to be told of the Night Asylum in Old Fishmarket Close farther up in the High Street.

Connected with the Refuge is a soup kitchen, open daily between the hours of eight and nine in the morning, one and three in the afternoon, and five and six in the evening, when a bowl of broth and a roll, or a bowl of porridge and milk can always be had for a penny, and in the

majority of cases is given away for nothing. And many of the poor living in the neighbourhood send their children daily with a pitcher in order that the broth and bread which they obtain in exchange for a ticket supplied by some one knowing their need, may serve as the family dinner in their miserable homes.

For the last nine years the School Board Committee on Neglected and Destitute Children have regularly as the winter begins, applied to the directors for help; and an interesting sight is presented daily in the large room where over a hundred school children receive breakfast and dinner. Nearly 23,000 breakfasts and dinners have thus been provided in a year. A list of the children so helped is forwarded daily to the School Attendance Committee so that enquiry can be made, and only the deserving assisted. The meals are not for truants; the children fed must attend school and behave themselves. The system may "make hypocrites and paupers," but it has not been found to do so as yet. There seems to be too much emotion in man for the comfort of political economy!

Of the drunkards, lady and otherwise, in course of reformation we need say little; they do not come within the scope of these sketches. Destitute and wealthy are alike deprived of intoxicating liquors, and the general idea of the treatment is that the taste, or passion, if that is the correct term, dies away—starved out. Many cures are reported in the case of those who have been in restraint for periods exceeding four months. Most of the boarders are annuitants, and, like all annuitants, they live long, the average age of such as die in the home being sixty-nine. The Lodge in which the superior lady patients live is a pleasant place specially built, with a separate entrance close to Holyrood and a fine outlook on to Arthur's Seat and the Queen's Park. The general census of the different departments of House and Lodge gives a strange mixture, ranging from the daughter of a peer of the realm, a first-class patient at a hundred a year, with every luxury save liquor, down to a hundred and more of the destitute who have drunk themselves out of house and home and now do the scrubbing and housework. Of victims of skill in squandering there are many, and of these some striking stories could be told; but we need not minister to the vanity of man by recording the amounts run through. The space is better filled by a notice of another branch of the Queensberry House scheme as a home for pensioners without friends or relatives. Many of these have been wounded in the service of their country, and pensioned off on so small an allowance that they could not anywhere else procure board and lodging in their old age. Now that out-door pensioners are the rule "in order to enable the recipient to live at home amongst his friends," it is pleasant to find a well-managed institution offering a home for the old women whose friends have died away from them.

A notable feature of the Queensberry House programme is the attention given to religious services. Worship is conducted by the chaplain in various parts of the premises five times a day, besides the ordinary services on the Sunday. Services are also conducted in the wards from time to time, especially in the hospital wards, and where the aged and infirm are unable to attend the regular meetings. Weekly readings are given in the Sewing Hall while the women are at work, and in addition to the Lady Visitors, agents from the Carrubber's Close Mission conduct two religious services a week. Of this mission, one of the most active and enterprising in the country, we shall have something to say in the next article.

W. J. GORDON.

Widowhood.

OH, Thou who hearest from Thy throne,
Each orphaned sigh, and widowed moan,
Of souls left stricken and alone!

Thou who hast known all human pain,
When love is naught and hope is vain,
Draw nigh, as to the gate of Nain.

For anguish give Thy peace instead,
With Thine own hand uplift the head
Low bowed in weeping for the dead.

Reft as the ivy from the bough,
The inmost sorrow Thou dost know,
A husband of the widow, Thou!

Thou knowest, Lord, how dark appears
The onward-reaching tract of years,
Without the love that soothes and cheers;

How tremblingly, at first, must stand
The mourner in a pilgrim land,
Bereaved of guiding heart and hand.

So dark the shadow falls between
The empty Now and what hath been,
Alike for peasant and for Queen.

All outward difference here is dross,
Each shares, beneath life's saddest cross,
The common dignity of loss.

Speak comfort, Lord, though death appal!
No heart can break, no tear can fall
Beyond Thy reach; Thou knowest all.

And grant that we, thine own, who bear
The widow's need to Thee in prayer,
This grace of comforting may share;

Teach us, we pray, the healing touch,
The tender reverence, due to such
As Thou, O Lord, hast chastened much!

So shall Thy love our love refine,
And through our words and ways shall shine
A sympathy akin to Thine!

MARY ROWLES.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER V.—BERTIE'S PERPLEXITIES.

EARLY the next morning the boys went off to their work of castle building, Bertie wondering whether Jack had got tired of learning to read, and Tommy hoping that he had; but to their surprise Jack was there with his book before them.

"I know this new fellow now," he shouted when he saw the boys.

Bertie ran forward. "What is it?" he said.

"Why this other thing;" Jack would not own even to himself that he was learning his letters, and so he would not call it a letter, but he pointed to the puzzle of the day before, the G; and Bertie found that he had remembered the name and could find several others like it on the same page. Now he explained how they were put together and made one word, D O G—dog, and his big scholar was as proud of this accomplishment as of anything he had ever done. J was the next letter attacked, for Bertie thought the letters forming his own name would have an irresistible charm for him. He did not tell him what J A C K spelt until all the letters had been thoroughly mastered; but the boy had an idea, while hunting over the page after A's and C's, that some wonderful revelation awaited him when he could well recognise these four "new fellows," and when Bertie told him he could now spell his own name his delight was unbounded. He threw up his cap and shouted, "Hurrah, Jack for ever!" and then helped Tommy carry more stones in, without regard to consequences.

"But I say, don't you think we've got enough?" said Bertie, who was not quite so excited as Jack, and looked with a little alarm at the quantity he was hauling in.

"Oh, it's all right," said the new "boots," "I'm the hotel now, and I can make a mess, I suppose, if I clear it up again. There's nobody down here now, I'll have it all square before anybody comes, I tell you; but the little 'un must have something to play with while you're helping me with the reading. Jack, Jack!—I wonder what the old gent 'ud say if he knowed I could spell my own name a'ready," said the boy, scratching his head with intense satisfaction.

Bertie too was pleased. "I wonder when Mr. Robinson will come back," he said.

"I wonder why he went away; he didn't want to go, I know, and he said the sea air was doing him a world of good," said Jack, who was now devoting himself to the improvement of Tommy's castle with as much zest as he had given to the search for a new letter on the page of his spelling-book.

Bertie stood looking down at the labours of the two castle builders; he was not thinking of them, but of a letter that the postman had brought that morning just as they were coming out. It was a large blue letter, the coming of which he had learned to dread, for such missives always presaged a bad headache for his mother and a little less sugar and butter at tea-time. He had a shrewd suspicion that Ann had that day shed a good many tears over it when nobody was looking at her. So, while he stood looking down at the castle Tommy was building, he was inwardly wondering whether it would not be possible to stay out until tea-time, by which dinner would be saved, and Ann would not have to worry so much about the cost of meat and potatoes. His thoughts were broken into at last by Jack suddenly exclaiming—

"I say, it must be nearly dinner-time, I must be off, and you little uns had better run home."

"We're going to stay and finish the castle," said Bertie, who had made up his mind to amuse his brother and make him forget his dinner for once if he could.

"Are not you going home to dinner?" asked Jack in a tone of surprise, for the keen air had made him very hungry. He looked at Bertie as he spoke, and the boy coloured under his steadfast gaze, for he was afraid of Jack guessing his secret.

"Oh, Tommy wants to finish the castle first," he said evasively, stooping down to take Jack's place.

The elder boy nodded. "Oh, all right," he said; and he picked up his book and ran off.

Tommy was so eager to see his building completed that he was quite willing to ignore dinner-time for a little while; but he grumbled at Bertie's clumsiness, when, finding the completion would come too soon for his plan, he contrived to throw a little of it down.

"We shall never get it done," grumbled Tommy, "and I'm sure it must be dinner-time, for I'm quite hungry."

"Oh, there's plenty of time," said Bertie, "I'll mend it all up again."

By-and-bye Jack came back carrying something in a basket.

"Look here, little uns," he called, holding it up. Bertie recognised it at once.

"Where have you been?" he exclaimed.

"Oh! I just went round to your place to tell Ann you wasn't coming home till tea-time, and they needn't be afraid, and then nothing would do but I must bring your dinner, though I'd got it for you in my pocket."

The truth was, Jack had put his dinner in his pocket, instead of eating it, and then had run to tell Ann the boys would not be home, but she had met him with a request that he would take the boys' dinner to them, and had packed a hot meat pie in the basket, with plates and knives and forks, before he could recover from his astonishment. He had intended to share his own with them, but he was not sorry, although greatly surprised, when Ann gave him such a substantial meal to carry to them, for he had made sure from what he saw and knew of Bertie that there was no dinner for them that day.

Bertie was even more astonished than Jack had been, when the lid of the basket was lifted, and he saw the pie. "Where did it come from?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, let me see, let me see," said Tommy, forgetting his castle and pulling at the basket.

"All right, you shall see and taste too," said Jack, who suspected that such a dinner as he had brought, did not often find its way to Mrs. Danby's table now. He lifted the pie carefully out of the basket, and put it on the seat fixed round the pavilion. "There you are, a dinner fit for a king," while at the same time he pulled out from his pockets bread and meat and cold pudding, that he had thought to regale the boys upon.

Tommy danced and capered and clapped his hands, while his brother gravely cut the pie, for he could not help wondering whether his mother and Ann had got a nice

dinner, and half wished he had gone home now. Jack had a piece of the pie, and Tommy condescended to have some of the cold plum pudding, and the boys had a most enjoyable meal; but not until it was nearly over did Jack tell the reason for its being sent.

"Your mother isn't well the old woman said," he remarked, with his mouth full of pudding; "she did not go to sleep all night, but she's asleep now, and she mustn't be woke up, so don't you little uns go home till tea-time."

"I think I'll take the basket home," said Bertie, who was anxious to solve the mystery of the pie.

"No! no! you just let it stay here, while you get on with the castle. I must be off again directly, and if you go he'll go," said Jack, nodding towards Tommy.

Bertie hesitated for a moment. It was hard to give up his own way; he did so want to know what could have happened at home since the morning; but if he went, Tommy would undoubtedly insist upon going too, and he would rush in and make a noise as he always did. The remembrance of this, and his mother's headache, decided the matter; but after Jack had gone back, and they were busy with the stones again, his thoughts wandered from the castle-building to the graver question of their home life. Surely his father must have come home. God had heard his prayers at last, and brought him back to take care of them again. Ann always said they would have nice dinners, when he came back, and he had come while they had been out.

A sweet gladness stole into the little boy's heart, when he thought of this, not only because his father had come home once more, but because God had heard his prayers. So sure did he feel about this at last, that he said to his brother: "Tommy, I think papa has come home."

"Papa come home!" exclaimed the boy, dropping his spade, and jumping up to look round. "Where—where, where did you see him, Bertie?"

"I haven't seen him yet, but I think we shall when we go home at tea-time," replied his brother confidently.

"Did Ann tell you? How did she know? When did he come? Oh, let us go home now," said Tommy, brushing the sand off his coat and preparing to run off.

"No, no, we mustn't go yet; Ann said we were to stay here until tea-time," said Bertie, holding his brother back.

"But I want to go if papa has come," protested Tommy.

"So do I, but Ann says she wants the house very quiet, and so we must stay here," said Bertie. "Suppose we go for a run, as far as the cove, and get some of those pink shells for the top of the castle?"

"I don't want any shells, nor the castle either," said Tommy, giving the edifice an angry kick, that sent it all down. "I want to see papa, and I shall go home now."

Bertie soon found he had raised a storm it was not easy to quell. To hear that his father had come back was to awaken recollections in Tommy's mind of the old life in the grand home at Esterfield, and he clamoured to go back at once. "I won't stop at this nasty place now papa has come back. I don't like Beachcliff and the seaside, I like Esterfield, where we had a big nursery and a lot of toys, and nice dinners every day; come home, Bertie, come home before papa goes away again;" and Tommy tried to drag his elder brother along, but Bertie shook his head.

"Look here, Tommy, we'll go home presently, but if papa has come, he'll want to be quiet with mamma for a little while—that's why Ann sent our dinner here you know."

"I don't care, I'll go home and see papa; I won't stop here," protested Tommy, to whom the vision of the old life, when he was indulged and petted, instead of being crossed and restrained, appealed so strongly. Bertie coaxed and reasoned, but all in vain, and at last, after making every effort he could think of to delay their return, he was obliged to yield the point, and the two set off home.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.

Who of a wicked king was sore afraid,
And yet, in faith, a prophet's voice obeyed?
Who, though he longed to win the heathen's gold,
Dared only speak the word that he was told?
Whose wicked, disobedient sons were slain,
Their father had rebuked their sins in vain?
Who dared a heathen king to disobey,
And kneeled upon his knees three times a day?
A father stretched his hand and took the knife—
What gentle son prepared to yield his life?
The spot where Saul a witch's help implored,
And broke a strict commandment of the Lord?
Who first, in wrath, refused a prophet's aid,
And then came back repenting, and obeyed?
What pious Roman once an angel heard,
And, that same day, obeyed the angel's word?
The spot where disobedience first began
And wrought a lasting misery for man?

The virtue which these nine initials name,
God loveth more than sacrificial flame;
This did the Saviour learn, although a Son,
Many are righteous through this Holy One. L. T.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VII.

1. She was the daughter of an eastern chief.
2. A stranger met her when drawing water from a well.
3. He won her favour by a present of jewels.
4. He had come a long way and wanted to take her back with him.
5. She went, and became his master's wife.
6. Her two sons disagreed, and she took the side of the younger.
7. She helped him to deceive his father.
8. The last thing we hear of her is that she arranged to get her younger son out of his brother's way.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. VI.—p. 448.

1. 2 Sam. vii.: He spoke to Nathan of dwelling in a house of cedar, while the ark of God was within curtains.
2. Psa. cxxxii. 1–7.
3. Because he had shed much blood in war, whereas Solomon's reign was to be one of peace (1 Chron. xxii. 8).
4. 1 Chron. xxii. 14.
5. That Hiram's servants should cut timber, and bring it by sea to Joppa, and that Solomon should give in exchange a quantity of wheat and oil (1 Kings v.).
6. The strangers that were left in the land. 2 Chron. ii. 17; 1 Kings ix. 21.
7. A man named Hiram, whose mother was an Israelite, but his father a man of Tyre (1 Kings vii. 14).
8. At Tartham, near the Jordan, called Taretan in Joshua iii. 16.
9. Joash, 2 Kings xii.; Hezekiah, 2 Chron. xxix.; Isaiah, 2 Chron. xxxiv.
10. Zerubbabel (Ezra i.) and afterwards (Ezra vii.).
11. Haggai and Zechariah.
12. In Haggai ii. 9 it is said that the glory of the latter house should be greater than that of the former.
13. To the work done by Herod the Great, in repairing and beautifying the temple.
14. From the court of the Gentiles.
15. Solomon's Porch (John x. 23; Acts iii. 11).

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

CHAPTER III.

HE USED WHAT CLUMSY BACHELOR ARTS HE KNEW TO REASSURE HER.

IN this fashion seven years passed. During the first two or three of them Sandbury had suffered more than one tremor of fear, lest its brilliant young pastor might be lured away to some scene where his eloquence should command a wider hearing; but when it was stated, on Mr. Culpepper's authority, that he had refused an invitation to a pastorate in London itself, Sandbury recovered its tranquillity, and considered the minister of Sion Chapel its own inalienable property.

He himself exhibited no wish for change, no desire for a more varied life; no new longing to be in touch with his neighbours, and to share the bond of a common fellowship in their joys and sorrows. He lived more and more the life of an ascetic, except that, while he had bitterly cut himself adrift from his past, he had no consoling assurance of a future that should assuage him for its pain. In his lonely life he had grown to have a great love of the sea.

It was not so easily reached in those days as in these, when the town has spread itself and gone forth to meet it. He who would taste

the tonic breath of the ocean in the days of which I write, had to brave a wide stretch of loose sand that gave no hold to the feet; but this difficulty overcome, he reached a firm basis, where for miles he might walk with a free tread in undisputed possession of the world.

This chalk-cliffed corner of the south-eastern coast fails perhaps in the sublime, but it has the mystic charm, the undefined sadness that always exist where there is an infinity of space. The ripples that came up and expired at Ralph Ellison's feet had travelled from a vaguely seen and remotely distant horizon, where the earth and all remembrance of it were blotted out, and the sky itself bent down to meet the waters. In its profound and calm tranquillity, or in its inhuman, savage, and merciless rage, the ocean has always had a message for those who can hear it; perhaps the very first man who stood upon its lonely shore, saw in it an image of life, and formed his earliest dim conception of a harbour beyond, where the storms are overpassed and the voyage ceases.

> Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
> So do our minutes hasten to their end;
> Each changing place with that which went before,
> In sequent toil all forward do contend.

To all of us it speaks of a nature vaster, greater than we, wholly incomprehensible, except on the hypothesis that there is a God who is greater than nature. This, after all, is the first and last message of the sea; its dark mystery finds no solution except in God.

To Ralph Ellison, too, it spoke; but it was of a God who avenges and punishes, not of a Father who is merciful and loves. It was a sea full of dead men, a great grave of wrecked hopes. He loved it most in its angry moods, when the waves sobbed on the beach, and the salt spray flew in his face, and the roar of tempest was in the air. For the most part, he had undisputed possession of the shore, and wandered there a lonely man.

In those unregenerate days, no one dreamed of taking exercise unless with some definite object in view. To walk merely for the sake of walking was looked upon as an idle and reprehensible habit to be discouraged in the young. Neither did Sandbury encourage the practice of bathing, considering baths in any form, indeed, too rash an experiment for every-day use. The small fishing community that trafficked with the deep, lay hidden behind a projecting spur of land a mile or two to the eastward, and, for greater freedom and security, Ralph made a habit of turning his back on it, and walking in the opposite direction.

It was while on one of those solitary rambles that a strange thing happened.

He was standing facing the sea, looking at it perhaps with eyes that took little note of its brilliance under the vivid light of early spring, when he was startled from his gloomy reverie by a cry that sounded loud in the silence. He knew the note of every sea-bird; but this was neither the scream of gull nor curlew. He listened keenly. It came again, and he instinctively recognised it now. It was the wail of a child who suddenly awakes to a sense of loneliness and finds itself afraid.

He looked round him quickly with a strange feeling of wonder at this invasion of his solitude. The shore was uneven, dotted here and there with little hillocks of drifted sand, held in shape by a coarse and scrubby growth. He walked a little distance to one of these, a dim impulse towards helpfulness stirring in him.

The frightened cry guided his steps securely, and there behind the largest of the mounds he found the child whose voice had summoned him. In his bewilderment, suddenly shaken out of his gloomy thoughts, Ralph stooped down and stared at the little one, who in turn looked up at him with a fascinated gaze, the unshed tears trembling in the big grey eyes.

It was a little girl of some three or four years; a pretty child. Her hat had fallen backwards, dangling by a ribbon, and showed a head covered with bright curls. She had evidently just wakened from sleep, for her cheeks were flushed and rosy. In one little fist some shells and other treasures were tightly clasped. He noticed, moreover, that she was dressed neatly, and even with some modest attempt at prettiness.

"Where have you come from, little one?" Ralph asked; and then, seeing that his deep voice frightened her, he tried to soften it. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Josie," said the child, in a timid whisper; and then the tears brimmed over. "Josie wants mother," she wailed, and her cries became louder.

"Hush, don't cry!" said Ralph, in his deep embarrassment not knowing what to do, and trying to explain to himself the mystery of the child's presence here in this vast silence, where there was no sign of human life.

"We shall find mother," he said, with more confidence than he felt.

He sat down on the shingle, and put out his hand. The fountains of tenderness had so long been sealed in him that even this little action came to him uneasily; but the little one, realising her loneliness now, and seeing no other refuge, let fall her treasures to grasp him with both chubby hands.

Then very awkwardly, and, with both shyness and shrinking, he stole an arm round her, and drew her towards him. Presently he took courage, and lifted her on his knee, and held her close, so as to hush her sobbing, on his breast.

With that little brown head nestling close to him, those baby hands clinging to him, the sobs dying away under the comforting assurance of protection, there awoke in Ralph Ellison a strange conflict of feelings, as if something that had been long dead were reviving in him, unfolding, struggling back to life.

When she had stopped crying, he used what clumsy bachelor arts he knew to amuse and reassure her. He took out his watch, and held it to her ear that she might listen to its ticking; he blew on the case and made it fly mysteriously open. When the red lips pursed themselves up, and sent out a breath with the same magical result, she looked up at him with big wondering

eyes, and then burst into a delighted peal of laughter. Ralph laughed too—a spontaneous laugh that startled him, as if it were the echo from a far-off life.

Presently he was aware that the air had taken on a keener edge, and he noticed that the early spring night was drawing close.

"We must go home, little one," he said, and he embarrassedly set about making her ready for the journey, tying the hat over her curls. But in what quarter lay the home from which this little waif had strayed? He rose and set her down, hoping she would guide him by indicating the direction; but she slid a hand into his, and waited confidently to be led.

He looked all round him, scanning the landscape, narrowed everywhere by the cliffs except towards the sea; but he saw no sign of human habitation. He shouted, but no answer came back to him, except the echo of his own voice, and the little one's treble laugh. Then suddenly he had an inspiration. He noticed how the child's feet sank in the loose sand, and he searched narrowly round him. Yes, there before him were impressions that might have been made by the tiny boots. He traced them for a yard or two till he reached a firmer belt, where he unmistakably recognised the print of the little feet.

"So this is the way," he said; and he lifted the child, who made very slow progress over the shifting ground, and followed as best he could that uncertain clue, losing it altogether in open places where the wind had drifted the sand, but still pressing on in hopes that he might soon light on some clearer evidence.

The little one prattled as they went, now and then making him stop to pick up a shell or stone that pleased her fancy, and he obeyed with again that odd feeling that he was reacting some scene out of a former life. Surely in that dim time he, too, had had a tenderness for little children, and had found pleasure in yielding to the sweet tyranny of affection; but how long ago it was since anyone had leaned on him, had looked to him for kindness, had counted on him for service! Even with this baby's little fist pounding his shoulder, her curls brushing his cheek, her sweet inconsequent prattle in his ear, he could scarce revive the memory of it; it was gone, vanished like a dream in the morning, which one strives fruitlessly to recall.

He was becoming vaguely anxious now. He had walked a long way, and this portion of the coast was less familiar to him. The light was growing fainter, the tide had turned, and after that first leisurely half hour in which it seems to be gathering its forces, he knew that it would flow with relentless swiftness over all the ground under his feet. As he thought of the fate that might have befallen the child but for his timely arrival, his heart contracted, and he unconsciously held her closer.

Even if he forsook the sand for the rough bent and scrub that made a narrow margin between him and the chalky cliffs, he scarcely saw how that would help, since so far as his knowledge lay, there was no house for miles around from which the little one could have wandered. He now and then climbed on to the higher ground, scanning the near and further distance as if he would compel it to help him, but it made no sign. He was growing with every breath more perplexed, when suddenly after one of these excursions, light came from an unexpected quarter.

"Mammy, mammy," shouted Josie, and struggled to her feet, running forward a step or two. Ralph looked about him in amazement, and then he faintly perceived a whiter thread of smoke standing out against the thickly gathering dusk.

"Take me to mother, Josie," he said, and the child pulled him confidently forward.

As his eyes grew more accustomed to the darkness, he made out a little cottage that nestled under the cliff at a spot where for a moment it trended inwards, leaving a platform between it and the sea. But for the betraying smoke, he might easily have passed it by; it was so like to the surrounding chalk, and so cunningly and artfully contrived to evade notice, that he quickly guessed it to have been used as a place of concealment by the smugglers who once flourished on this coast.

It was unlit, but as they neared it, a voice called out "Josie, Josie!" It penetrated the dusk with a curious thrill as of relief, after long anguish and suspense.

"Mammy," cried the child, with a gay laugh, all innocent of offence.

Ralph still kept hold of her hand. He paused on the threshold; by the light of a decaying fire on the hearth, he could but dimly see the form of a woman, but the child sprang from him and caught at her dress.

"I found the little girl on the shore a mile or two from here," he said. "She had fallen asleep and it was her cry on awakening that led me to her. She could not tell me where her home was, but happily we have found it."

"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," said the woman, and he noticed that her voice trembled; "I missed her hours ago, but I have been ill, and my strength failed me when I tried to follow her."

"Are you quite alone?"

"My sister-in-law lives with me, but she went to Blackford early this morning, where we have a friend. I have been terribly anxious."

"I am glad your suspense is over; she had wandered a long way for such a little one."

"You will come in and rest, sir?"

Ralph hesitated a moment, but she hastily struck a light. He looked round him curiously. The cottage or hut which seemed in part to have been hollowed out of the soft cliff, consisted of but two rooms, and the outer one, at least, was very meagrely furnished. It seemed a very lonely place for the woman to choose as a retreat. When his glance came back to Josie's mother he was shocked and startled by the pallor of her face.

"You look very ill," he said.

She smiled, she had a very gentle and patient smile.

"I shall be quite well soon," she said.

"Have you had advice? You are far from help here."

"Medicine can do me little good now," she said, "but I am not without aid."

She had laboriously lifted the child to the table, and was busying herself with tender little cares; Ralph looked on with a kind of wonder for the deftness of her thin white fingers as she drew off the little boots, shook the sand from the socks, and unravelled the strings his clumsy hands had knotted. She stroked the brown curls gently.

"Josie, Josie," she murmured, "what would mammy have done if you had gone away, and not come back any more?"

"Look, mammy, look," said the little one, pulling her mother's gentle face into the proper position, "look what a 'ittle, 'ittle shell Josie found her own self."

Ralph turned away abruptly; he had no place here, as he felt with a sudden inrush of bitterness—here where love and tenderest sympathy found room to live, what part or lot had he with these?

"I must go," he said, and he was conscious that his voice sounded harsh and cold; "it grows dark, and I am a long way from home."

"You take my heart's deepest gratitude with you, sir," said the woman; "I could not have lived to-night if you had not given her back to me. Josie, you will thank the kind gentleman who brought you home to mammy?"

The child, who had been chattering all the while of the wonders she had seen in her travels through an unknown world, looked at him with a smile, and held up her innocent, rosy mouth for his kiss.

Ralph felt a spasm at his heart, and his own lips trembled as they met hers. Then, without another word, he went out alone into the night.

CHAPTER IV.

He went again to the cottage on the following afternoon.

He had combated the question of going or not going with himself all the morning, during those hours he had been wont to give to sharpening the arrows that were to pierce his hearers in the chapel on Sunday.

For seven years he had preached a stern and hard morality; he had thrown a bitter, searching light on the meaner possibilities of human nature; he had left no dark recess of the heart unrevealed. But for once his argument failed him; for once he suffered a curious sense of insufficiency, a something lacking.

His mind went back again and again to yesterday's event, and hovered about it persistently. It seems a little thing to have moved him, the finding of a child and the restoration of this little one to love and tender care; surely in a seven years' ministry, he must have shared many experiences more fitted to move him than these?

That he had not, sufficiently expresses the magnitude of his own loss. His people were proud of his eloquence, but when trouble overtook them, when prosperity failed, when death came with its summons it was some kind neighbour for whom they sent to console them, to bear them company in that outsetting loneliness, and not the brilliant pulpit orator, the severe moral essayist. He had refused to share in their joys and innocent pleasures, and in grief they could not open their hearts to him.

After vainly trying to concentrate his attention he gave up the conflict and went out. No one meeting him, darker, sterner of look than ever, would have guessed that the remembrance of a child's caress, a child's beckoning hand was leading him on—drawing him half against his will. He was sternest of all over what he called his own folly and weakness, and yet while he trod the shore, he felt again the clinging arms about his neck, and heard the childish voice in his ear.

Does this seem a too improbable stretch of sentiment? It was seven barren years that were avenging themselves, seven years of leanness, of a deliberately joyless and loveless life that called him to account.

When he reached the cottage, it was a little while before he could overcome the shyness that had become second nature sufficiently to allow him to enter. When he had received permission to do so, he found the mother sitting near the fire and Josie playing with some rags of bright-coloured stuffs at her feet. The child was distant with him for a moment, peeping at him exploringly from under her dark lashes, but presently she crept nearer and made demure overtures towards friendship, by placing her doll on his knee.

"You are worse to-day," said Ralph, taking a chair by the sick woman, and reaching out a hand to Josie. "Yesterday's suspense, perhaps."

"I shall not be better until I am quite well," she said again with a smile.

"Do you not find it very dull, so far from everyone?"

"We are three lonely people," she said, "and the quiet is very restful after the noises of a great town. On most days I can do all that we require, and we have help. We have a friend at Blackford, who gives my sister a day's work now and then, and who helps us in many ways. My sister has gone there again to-day; there is a path by the cliff that makes the way shorter for her."

"I do not know your face," said the minister, "you are a stranger here?"

"We come from the north," she said; "and you too, sir, do you not? I seem to hear it in your speech."

"Yes," said Ralph, turning abruptly aside, "I lived there once—a long time ago."

"And we have but come, a week ago or less. Times were bad in my old home," she gave a little sigh, "and we came to Blackford to our friend who had settled there. It was he who told us of this place which we could have for the taking, and I thought perhaps that the salt sea air might help me to live a little longer—for the child's sake—but God's will is best."

Ralph did not remain long on that day, but he went again before the week was at an end, led by an attraction for which he could scarcely account. On the next occasion, the sister-in-law—a rather common-place and uninteresting woman who

struck him as markedly inferior in intelligence and refinement to the other—was present.

"Hannah," said the sick woman gently, "this is Mr. Ellison who brought Josie back to us."

Hannah wiped a hand upon her apron, and gave it to him to shake.

"There never was such a wean for straying," she said, with a good-humoured smile; "the moment your back's turned she's off; I tell her I'll tie her to the table leg next time I go up the hill."

Josie, to whom this threat was not in the least alarming, looked up with a merry laugh. Evidently she and her aunt were on excellent terms, and it somehow made the minister more comfortable to find this homely, capable woman in charge of the household; it lifted the whole affair out of the region of the romantic and mysterious where he had uneasily placed it; it left it very easily explained, as he thought, not without a grim edge of humour, when he reflected on the curiosity Sandbury would presently display over the strangers.

He early learned the few particulars of the sick woman's uneventful history.

Mary Hughes had been widowed after a short married life, and her story thenceforward had nothing which made it differ from the experience of hundreds of educated women who struggle on in solitude for daily bread. Her face bore the stamp of those years of trial; it was sharpened and paled by sickness, but it had a strange peace and subdued happiness as if she carried about with her some private joy from which she could take deep satisfying draughts.

The minister was himself the first to enlighten Sandbury about the strangers.

He would willingly have kept the knowledge to himself if he could, for he loved as little as ever to give curiosity and food for speculation concerning his affairs, but he had felt it to be his duty to persuade Mary Hughes to have medical advice. He could not accept the responsibility of her illness and possible death unshared by anyone except the humble friend in Blackford.

"There is a good doctor in Sandbury," he said, "will you let me ask him to visit you? I think you ought to see him for your sister's and the child's sake."

She consented at once.

"You are right," she said, with her calm sense, "it may make things easier for them afterwards. One has no business to make one's dying a greater trouble than it need be to the survivors."

"Don't talk of dying; Dr. Rose is said to be very clever, he may very likely give you a long lease of life yet."

"The cleverest doctor could not do that," she said with a smile, "but I shall be grateful to him if he will come and see me."

To tell Dr. Rose was, as Ralph very well knew, to tell all Sandbury. It is the fashion to consider gossip as pre-eminently a feminine weakness, but history does not wholly bear out the truth of this statement. Have we not our Pepys, and, for the matter of that, our Boswell to contradict it? There is no one in the world who has better opportunities of disseminating interesting items of news than the family doctor, and the excellent practitioner of Sandbury made very discreet use of his chances, and a visit from him was as eagerly looked forward to by his lady patients as was the rare London newspaper by their lords and masters.

Ralph made his request through the worthy Culpepper, who waited on him in the vestry after morning service.

"There's a poor woman living in the cottage under the cliff at Blackford," he said, "I think she is very ill; I wish you would get Rose to see her."

He was aware that he preferred his request very awkwardly, and Culpepper looked sufficiently astonished over it.

"The cottage by the shore what the smugglers was said to use?" he said incredulously. "I haven't seed it since I was a lad, but it's a lonesome place for a woman——"

"Yes," said the minister, anxious to cut the conversation short, "and that is why I should like Rose to see her; she is out of reach of help. If you could mention it to him——"

"Dear me, yes, sir, there ain't nothing easier. I'll look in as I go by, for every child in Sandbury knows as Dr. Rose won't budge from his own dinner table on Sabbath day let the king himself be dying." It scarcely seemed likely that the doctor's services would be required in this contingency, but that was not to the point. "It's the only day he gets what you may call a meal of meat over his throat; it's a snack most days standing, and thankful if he gets it. I'll go now, sir,—the cottage you say, and a woman—a single woman?—"

"No," said the minister rather impatiently, "a widow with a sister-in-law and child."

He was aware that Culpepper was eyeing him curiously and he disliked the scrutiny. Not even a man who had shown such a rooted aversion from matrimony and had scarcely seemed to know that there was a woman among his flock, could escape ever-watchful suspicion.

The chapel was filled in every corner in the evening, and a whole battery of glances with a new wonder in them was directed to the preacher. Dr. Rose's report was eagerly waited for next day, and if the cottage had not been so inaccessible, more than one volunteer might have gone with him. Ralph guessed as much, and said to himself, "I must change my hours. I shall go in the evening." He did not undervalue the kindness of his neighbours or doubt its sincerity. That Sandbury would have rushed to the aid of the widow and little one and transplanted them into plenty, he could not question, but as he pictured Mary Hughes in that atmosphere of gossip and of fussing, good-natured zeal, he felt himself inwardly rebelling. Better surely the lonely sea hut with the soothing rhythm of the waves, nature's voice at its sweetest, for one's lullaby.

Mrs. Rose had quite a number of visitors on Monday, and the talk was animated.

"Culpepper says he never saw him so taken up about anyone before, never, and its true enough that we might all be lying corpses before he came near us——"

"When a man shuts himself up like that, you

can never tell what foolishness he'll take to; nothing would surprise me," said another.

"It may be an old friend," said Miss Lavinia Saxby, who cherished a middle-aged sentimentality, and had pastured largely on old-fashioned romances; "perhaps it is some long-lost one restored to him——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said the little doctor, briskly scattering all these airy imaginations as he walked into his own dining-room. "A sick woman old enough to be his grandmother."

"His grandmother!"

"Well, his mother, then, or his aunt, anything you like. Two of 'em, if it comes to that, and neither of 'em fit to hold the candle in looks to the present company if you want my opinion," he ended gallantly.

Dr. Rose's report stilled the fluttered dovecots, and when it was known how very ill the stranger was, and that she had a child, the doctor and the minister were entrusted with many little delicacies and offers of service; but curiosity was no longer vital enough to enable Sandbury to brave the long lonely miles that separated them from the cottages, and only one woman, and she a poor one who had nothing to give, found her way to the distant hut. "Nothing but time," she said when she presented herself there, "but I can work or watch; I've watched by a good many of my own, and I'm a lone woman too."

Mary Hughes was greatly touched and moved by these evidences of kindness.

"It is a good world," she said, "what a great deal of love there is in it!"

"I have not found it so," said the minister sombrely, but he suffered a pang over the admission. He could talk to the sick woman now with unreserve as to a friend, for in the long days of her illness he was much with her. Hannah now relinquished those errands to Blackford and devoted herself to the work of the little household, but her bustling presence was no restraint upon the others' intercourse.

It was a very epoch-making time in the minister's life, this watch which he shared with his new-found friend. Perhaps his sermons suffered in that fine polish it had yielded him a bitter pleasure to give them, with the fastidiousness of a man who has made literature take the place of larger interests in life; perhaps they were less carefully composed, less incisive and biting, but the gain to his own soul in the quiet hours while he waited for death was incalculable.

In Mary's presence he was soothed and tranquillised. She was dying in poverty and obscurity; she was leaving the little one in a friendless world, and yet she could tell him with a smile on her lips that God's will was best.

"You have suffered," he said once. "You have known little but care and trouble and sorrow; you have been defeated in the battle, and now you are going away without a chance of redeeming the past, of seeing so much as a gleam of prosperity before you die—yet you can tell me this?"

"Yes," she said with a heavenly light on her face, "it is my joy to tell it you."

"I have suffered too," he said, "suffered cruelly." He groaned and hid his face in his hands, "but I have found God's will bitter, relentless, cruel——"

"Ah, no," she said, "you must not say that. There is suffering for all of us, and there is much in every one of our lives that we cannot understand here, and while we rebel and cry out we suffer fiercely; it is only when we take all in our lot which we cannot change or explain to Him that we grow calm, for to will what God wills brings peace."

"My wound is too grievous," he said, "there is no healing of it."

"There is no healing of it except in Him. You have tried other physicians, will you not trust the Great Healer to make you whole?" Mary Hughes looked at him with eyes that were full of yearning love. She was older than he, and it was with something of a mother's or a sister's tenderness that she longed to help him. She understood him far better than any of his own people, and she knew that under his seeming sternness there lay a very weak nature. He had suffered, but he had not been brave, he had allowed himself to be beaten, he had yielded in the fight. She yearned over him as over some young brother, and would fain see him restored to moral healthfulness.

"It is your mission to comfort others," she said, "will you go without this consolation yourself? With the breath that is left me, I will pray that Jesus Christ may visit you, dear brother, and teach you that in all his dealings with us there is infinite love. We are wayward children; if He seems to withdraw Himself awhile, it is but that we may miss Him and turn to Him again as to our dearest friend." The soft voice had great persuasion in it; in the solemnity of her dying hours conventionality was stripped off; she did not think of him as the minister of Sion to whom his people looked up in some awe and constraint, but as a storm-tossed soul needing help and comfort.

Ralph bowed his head under her pleading words. Of this sustaining love of which she spoke what did he know? He had cried aloud of God's wrath against sinners—His relentless punishment of guilt, His war against evil, but of Jesus Christ the healer, what had there been for him to tell?

That divine love on which she leaned had never touched his own heart; he had rebelled against its invitation; he had refused to listen to its persuasions.

He had been wounded, as he said, cruelly, yet he had not learned the lesson from which Christianity draws its vital force—the great lesson we must all learn, that in pain and sorrow there is purifying and that in suffering with Christ we live with Him.

He had borne His cross for years with unquenched bitterness; for succeeding years he had summoned a cold philosophy with which he had hoped to guard himself from further pain; and yet at the end of them all he found himself envying this poor dying stranger, who in her hour of deepest need found the love of which she had spoken all-sufficing.

STORIES FROM BUDDHIST SERMONS.

ABOUT fifty years since, a famous preacher made his appearance in Kiyoto and at once so captivated the hearts of his hearers that the Japanese have to this day held him in highest repute and made the book in which his sermons are published, a text-book of moral instruction.

Okuda Juta the preacher, a native of Hiroshima, was a young man of about thirty years of age when he arrived in Kiyoto, the sacred capital of Japan, accompanied by his friend, Togawa Akira, in the spring of 1839. Akira was much impressed with the discourses of his friend who preached extempore. To preserve them he took notes and in 1843 published them under the name of "Discourses on Morality."[1] He says of them, "The doctrine comes into the heart like the reflection of the moon in the water;" and we may well believe that this effect was largely owing to the graphic stories which form the bulk of the discourses. In introducing the first of these it is only necessary to say that the Shojo are generally represented as women with long red hair hanging loosely about their shoulders, clad in flowing robes, and are invariably associated with a gigantic wine jar, a cup and dipper.

THE SHOJO; OR, BEWARE OF WINE.

HERE let me tell you a capital story. You know the red woollen cloth called Shojo. It is said that the genuine Shojo cloth is dyed in the blood of some animals which live in the Chinese Sea. These creatures are called Shojo, and are much like human beings, they can talk and are so wise that it is very difficult to catch them. Knowing their danger from the former experience of their fellows they remain at the bottom of the sea in deep seclusion, so that I have heard they are never at hand when men want them. Nevertheless, man's wisdom is a very different thing. For men well know that the Shojo are exceedingly fond of wine, so that wherever they get a whiff of the odour of wine, up they will come from the bottom of the sea. Accordingly men choose a grassy place by the seashore and arrange some wine jars in a row, putting in them some wine and leaving a ladle handy; then close round these, they tie the tufts of long grass together to look like straw shoes; having prepared several pairs of these, the men retire to a distance and hiding themselves keep watch. Now the scent of the wine soon reaches the bottom of the sea, and the Shojo perceiving it begin sniffing about with their noses. Soon says one: "Hi! Sansuke Shojo, is not that a lovely perfume? It must be wine! Had we not better ascend and see" "No, no!" says an old Shojo, "you had better stay where you are. You will get drinking until you are intoxicated, and then you will be knocked over and killed. It is all a horrible trick!" Then one of the young ones exclaimed, "Why, if we only go up and do not drink any it will be all right! It is better to go there and inhale the perfume of the wine, than to stay here and smell the vile odour of the sea!" The others all responded, "Very true, so it is, there is nothing to make a fuss about in smelling; let us all come!" Then softly and gently cleaving the waves they arrive at the side of the wine jars and look round. Now this again was something far better than they had experienced at the bottom of the sea, so they all said: "This is indeed a lovely odour; it is quite too delightful!" And soon all were circling in a giddy way round the wine jars sniffing again and again. At last one of the Shojo said, "It is really intolerable to go on merely smelling the wine, suppose we each just take a ladleful, eh?" "No, no!" replied another; "all the Shojo who have been captured up to the present time, every one of them hurriedly seized the ladle and drank greedily. Then getting intoxicated they were all killed. Do not let us stretch out a careless hand." "Yes, yes!" they all cried; "it will be a bad job if we drink from the ladle; but if we just dip in a finger each for a taste—a thimbleful all round will do us no harm! Shall we not all try it?" And at once a finger was stretched out from every hand and each took just a taste. This too they found was much better than merely smelling, as one and another went backwards and forwards, circling round the jars, tasting and smacking their lips. At last one of them said, "Why are we only sipping it in this way? Just one drink is not enough to harm us, let us take the ladle and each of us have a draught. If we take care not to drink our fill there's no fear of our being intoxicated. It will do us good to drink a little each all round quite in a temperate way." Again they all cried, "Yes, yes, that is so!" and taking the ladle in hand, they went on drinking a little each. As this was going on, one of their number said, "It is no use drinking wine of any kind unless you take a good lot of it and get merry; moreover those Shojos who up to this time have been killed and had their life blood squeezed out, were not slain simply through drinking too much; look there, under your feet, how many shoes there are, made of the growing grass—it was owing to putting on those boots and dancing useless dances that they at last fell down and were slain. But it is not such a terrible thing just once in a way to take a drop too much." The rest of the company rejoined, "Ah, ah! that is so, indeed! If we get merry—but do not put on shoes, there's no fear of our being killed." So at it they went, drinking till they were merry; and as they kept on drinking, cup after cup went gurgling down until they began to get quite queer and to long to put on those grass shoes, until at last they felt they must do so. Then all said, "Shall we not put on these shoes just for a little while? If we only put them on, but do not attempt to dance in them, there is no fear of our falling down. But it will be capital if we join in singing a song." Each one immediately slipped his feet into the shoes, and kept time with the song by clapping his hands. Whilst doing this they said, "Do we

[1] Shin Gaku michi no Hanashi.

not also want to keep time with our feet? we must, indeed!" Therefore one of them exclaimed, "How will it be if without falling down we just keep time with one step?" and all together cried, "That will be capital! Now then, all together, without falling, let us give one!" And raising their feet all fell down, and were soon killed, and their life blood carried off for the dyer—at least so the story goes.

Still this is an old tale from China of ancient things which may or may not have really taken place—this I cannot say, but this I do know that there are in this land of ours a good many people of the Shojo class.

Both lust and drink, greed and pride are all terrible things. But who is there who abstains from these because he discerns plainly the truth of such frightful evils. It is well, if any does so! But people generally go on carelessly until, their souls being taken, they perish. You young people, please give attention to these important truths. Those silly people who are led astray like horses or oxen whenever they give way to evil are "putting on the shoes." How many there are like this! Be sure that all who are of the Chinese Shojo class will come at last to a like end. Horrible indeed it is. On this account I have addressed to you this interesting discourse.

A. B. HUTCHINSON.

MORTALITY FROM FEAR.

AN Eastern legend tells that one day the Plague Spirit appeared to the Sultan, and said to him, "I am going to pass through your country, and I must have then ten thousand victims."

"Take them, monster," said the Sultan in indignant horror, "take them and be gone."

At the end of three months the Plague returned to the Sultan, and said, "I am going—it is done."

"Liar," said the Sultan, "you asked ten thousand victims, and you have taken thirty thousand!"

The Plague Spirit replied, "I took only my number, ten thousand; it was fear that took the rest."

Napoleon once said that the soldier who has no fear of death makes this fear pass into the ranks of the enemy. In time of epidemic as on the field of battle, often he who has no fear of death is most likely to escape.

This is certain, that the absence of fear is a powerful preservative against disease; quite as much so as temperance, good nourishment, and other conditions of precaution always commended by physicians.

How then can this freedom from the fear of death be obtained and preserved? There are some who, by natural temperament and physical frame, are fearless. But it is possible for others, of timid nature and feeble nerve, to show an intrepidity and heroism wonderful to those who know not the secret of their courage.

It is the faith of the Gospel, the presence of Christ in the soul, that is the power in such cases. Faith in Christ brings to the believers the strength drawn from One who has conquered death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

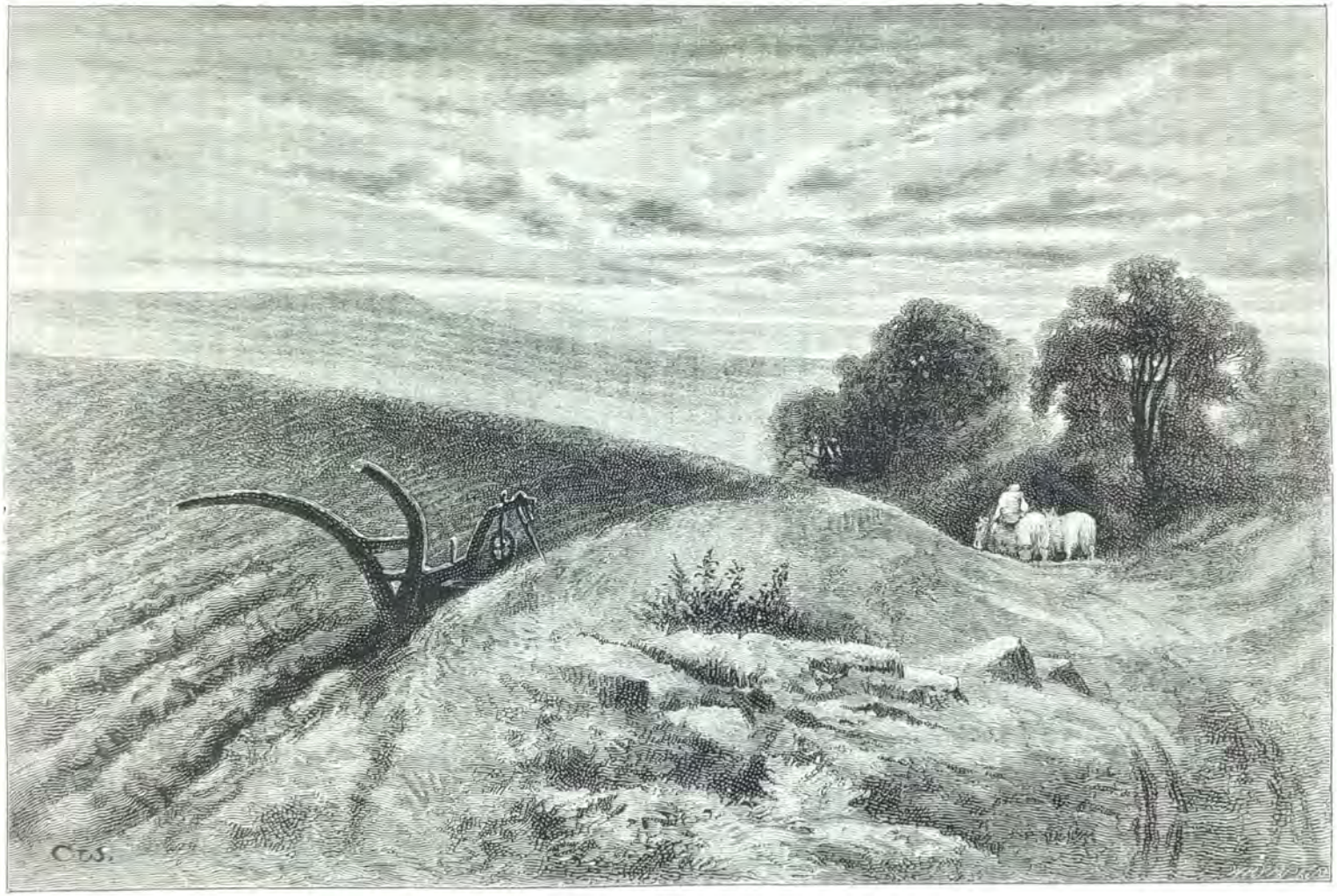
There is a striking statement about the fearless spirit caused by this consciousness of the soul's safety, in the famous book by an old divine, Dr. Sibbes, 'The Bruised Reed.' This book it was which was the means of the conversion of Richard Baxter, and it has brought spiritual knowledge and comfort to many, even to our own times. It is dedicated to Lord Vere of Tilbury, General of the English Forces in the Netherlands. The dedication thus begins: "Soldiers that carry their lives in their hands, had need above all others to carry grace in their hearts, that so, having made peace with God, they may be fit to encounter with men. And having by faith in Christ disarmed death before they die, they may sacrifice their lives with the more courage and comfort; which to neglect, being a matter of eternity, is not valour but desperate madness. In evils above the strength of man to prevail and his patience to endure, there God hath planted the affection of fear, which might stir us up to avoid the danger by flying to him in Christ, who being our friend, it is no matter who is our enemy. We may be killed, but cannot be hurt; so safe is it to be under His command that hath command over death, hell, judgment, and all that we most fear."

Then follows an honourable testimony to the well-known character of this Christian soldier, who "showed that piety can enter into tents and follow after camps; and that God hath His Joshuas and his Corneliuses in all ages." More to the same effect is written, but the main lesson is that the peace of God is the one great shield and shelter amidst the changes and dangers of life. He that hath the true fear of God need have fear of nothing in this world.

It is told how the King of France, Henry III., once went to see Bernard Palissy, the artist, when he was confined in the Bastille, to persuade him to abjure the Reformed faith. "Without that," added the king, "not I, myself, can save you."

"Sire," replied the artist calmly, "I know how to die."

To know how to die, because of possessing in the soul the peace of God, and the seed of life everlasting, this then is oftentimes the secret of prolonging life; or when death does come, as it must come to all, of meeting it with the pious confidence of the aged Simeon, when he said, "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation!"



"Now all the woods are sleeping,
And night and stillness creeping
O'er field and city, man and beast;
But thou, my heart, awake thee,
To prayer awhile betake thee,
And praise thy Maker ere thou rest."

—PAUL GERHARDT. (*Lyra Germanica.*)

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

V.—EPHESUS; RECORDS AND LEGENDS.

GREAT and striking was the transition in the life of the beloved apostle when he passed from Judæan associations and prepossessions into the heart of Gentilism at Ephesus. So marked indeed is the contrast, that a recent critic[1] has boldly maintained that the tradition of St. John's Ephesian residence is altogether a mistake. It is inconceivable, argues this critic, that the Palestinian Jew, whose avowed mission was to the house of Israel, should not only have made his home among a Gentile race, but have evinced a knowledge of some of the subtlest forms of Gentile philosophy, and have entered with full sympathy into the broadest conception of a world-wide Gospel. To this we have only to reply, that the restriction of St. John's earlier labours, like that of St. Peter's, betokened not narrowness, but speciality; that the thoughts of God-instructed men, as were these apostles, widened with their work; and that from the first there was a real sympathy with the largest conception of the apostolic mission, as shown in the hearty *hand-shake*[2] with which John and his two brethren bade Paul and Barnabas God-speed in their work. No reasoning from the imagined likelihood of the case can break down the explicit testimony of those who must have well known the facts. In the present instance the testimony is more than usually explicit.

Polycarp, the martyr, was in his youth an associate and disciple of St. John, by whom, according to the church records in Smyrna, he was ordained to the episcopate in that city.[3] The martyr must have been at least thirty years old at the date of the apostle's death. Irenæus, bishop of the church in Lyons, in his early life was acquainted with Polycarp, and relates on the martyr's authority certain incidents in the life of St. John; adding that "the church in Ephesus, founded by Paul, and having John remaining among them permanently until the times of Trajan, is a true witness of the tradition of the apostles."[4]

To this direct witness may be added several narratives collected by Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian, in which the life and work of St. John in Ephesus are not so much formally asserted as taken for granted. The fact was undoubted, and needed no direct attestation. Thus Eusebius quotes from Clement of Alexandria (died about A.D. 220) that "after the tyrant[1] was dead, John, coming from the isle of Patmos to Ephesus, went also, when called, to the neighbouring regions of the Gentiles; in some to appoint bishops, in some to institute entire new churches, in others to appoint to the ministry some one of those that were pointed out by the Holy Ghost." The historian also quotes Polycrates, the aged bishop of Ephesus towards the close of the second century: "In Asia great lights have fallen asleep, which shall rise again in the day of the Lord's appearing, in which He will come with glory from heaven, and will raise up all the saints; Philip, one of the twelve apostles, who sleeps in Hierapolis, and his two aged virgin-daughters. His other daughter, also, who, having lived under the influence of the Holy Ghost, now likewise rests in Ephesus. Moreover, John, who rested upon the bosom of our Lord, who also was a priest, and bore the sacerdotal plate,[2] both a martyr and a teacher. He is buried in Ephesus; also Polycarp of Smyrna, both bishop and martyr." A yet earlier testimony is that of Papias, bishop of Hierapolis, said by Irenæus to have been "a hearer of John and a companion of Polycarp."[3] This Papias wrote a work in five books, entitled *Interpretation of our Lord's Oracles*, of which some fragments are preserved by Eusebius.[4] They are chiefly noticeable here, as indicating the presence of another John at Ephesus, called John the Presbyter; from which latter Papias seems to have derived much of his information. Possibly Irenæus confounded the two when he spoke of the bishop of Hierapolis as "a hearer of John." Nothing, in fact, in the language or thought of Papias, shows any true intimacy with the apostle; he does but incidentally confirm the fact of St. John's abode in Ephesus. Of John the Presbyter we shall hear again.

It is remarkable that Eusebius speaks of Polycarp as having been an intimate disciple of the *apostles*, and having been ordained at Smyrna by *eye-witnesses* and *servants* of the Lord. Bishop Lightfoot remarks that these plurals must not be pressed too strictly: and yet they may most naturally be interpreted on the supposition that St. John in his eastern residence had still some comrades from among the twelve. Of this a striking incidental confirmation reaches us in the Muratorian fragment on the Canon, which is probably a transcript of the very earliest enumera-

[1] Dr. Theodor Keim, *Jesus of Nazara*, vol. i.

[2] Galatians ii. 9.

[3] This we learn on the authority of Tertullian's *Prescription against Heretics*, c. xxxii. (Eng. Trans. vol. ii. p. 37.) The youth of Polycarp at the time of his ordination is noted and discussed by Bishop Lightfoot in his great edition of the *Letters*, vol. i.

[4] Irenæus *Against Heresies*, iii. 3, 4. (Eng. Trans. vol. i. pp. 263 and 264.)

[1] Clement does not mention the name of this "tyrant."

[2] πέταλον. See Exodus xxxix. 30. (LXX.) The meaning of the statement is discussed in another part of the present paper.

[3] See Irenæus *Against Heresies*, v. 33, 4 (vol. ii. p. 116).

[4] Eusebius. *Eccl. Hist.* iii. 39.

tion of the recognised New Testament books.[1] An account is there given of the origin of St. John's Gospel, to which we may hereafter refer; the point to be now noted being that *Andrew* is indicated as forward in the group of John's presbyters and friends assembled with him at Ephesus. There is no improbability in the supposition that the two old friends were reunited in the decline of life, as in their early Bethsaida days. They had been the first disciples called to Jesus, and their happy fellowship in Him remained to the last. If again, *Philip*, as in a quotation just given,[2] had become the bishop of the Phrygian Hiérapolis, his episcopate also would have belonged to the great Asiatic circuit; and the three apostles, holding fast their friendship to the end, would often recall the hours of their simpler far-off life when the words *Come and ye shall see*, and *Follow Me*, had opened to their young hearts the great possibilities of a new and nobler career.

Beyond these probabilities, the legendary lore that gathers around the name of St. John is but fragmentary. Anecdotes, once passed from lip to lip and cherished as fond memorials of the disciple beloved by Jesus, are found here and there, preserved in ecclesiastical records; and we may take them for what they are worth, without any blind belief, but not with utter scepticism.

At any rate, these early legends speak expressively of the impression which the great apostle made upon the age that knew him, and, whether literally true or not, are valuable as a reflection of his life and spirit. We have spoken of the *petalon*, the high-priestly plate or frontlet which Polycrates, his successor, reports him to have worn. This perhaps was spoken figuratively, just as if Polycrates had said that St. John had put on the breastplate of righteousness or the helmet of salvation. No one could have supposed that the Apostle of Ephesus was in any literal sense a Jewish priest, much less the high priest. His words carry back the reader to the Old Testament description: "a plate of pure gold, graven upon it, like the engraving of a signet, HOLINESS TO THE LORD." Before all men, it was as if the servant of Christ carried this same inscription on his front; and the sanctity of the apostle's character and life was well expressed by the golden emblem.

Another story, given by Irenæus on the authority of Polycarp, is that St. John, when at Ephesus, on going to the public bath observed Cerinthus within. This Cerinthus was a Gnostic teacher from Egypt, originally a Jew, and was one of those whom the apostle afterwards described as teaching the doctrine of Antichrist, that the Son of God came not *in the flesh*. Seeing him, the apostle rushed from the bath, exclaiming in the old spirit of Boanerges, "Let us flee, lest even the bath-house fall down, because Cerinthus, the enemy of the truth, is within"![1] Such an anecdote would never have been invented of one who was not known for his stern opposition to anti-christian heresy. Still, as in the journey through Samaria long ago, he was possessed by the spirit and power of Elijah, when he looked upon the enemies of his Lord.

A singular fact connected with this characteristic story shows how the later legendary lore of the church reflects the spirit of its framers. It is worth studying in this aspect also, not so much for any light it sheds upon the apostle's career, as for the insight it gives into the successive stages and developments of Christian thought. Thus, Epiphanius of Salamis, in the fourth century, a writer against heresy of great fame in his day, relates the incident, at the same time insinuating a doubt.[2] But why? Because, forsooth, St. John was much too holy a man to have gone to the bath at all! The height of piety was esteemed by such as Epiphanius to lie in the disregard of the comforts, even what we should call the decencies of life, and the good man could not bear the thought that St. John should not have conformed to that ascetic ideal. Other austerities are attributed to the apostle, which we need not stay to enumerate: they are of the usual kind. A deeper wisdom reveals to us the true disciple of Jesus as taking his part in all innocent earthly enjoyments, maintaining his own high saintliness in genial unpretentious intercourse with his fellow-men.

There is another story which throws a still more interesting side-light upon his reputed character. The incident is trivial enough; yet one may gladly believe it. He kept, it was said, a tame partridge, which he was one day fondling and stroking in his hand. A young huntsman who saw him, was much astonished. "Art thou that John," he said, "whose glorious renown had inspired in me a wish to know thee: how, then, occupy thyself with pleasures so humble?" The apostle smiled and said, "What hast thou in thy hand?" "A bow," replied the huntsman. "And why dost thou not always carry it strung?" "Because," was the answer, "it would soon lose its strength, and would fail in the time of need from too continuous a strain." "Then, young man," the apostle rejoined, "let not this brief and slight relaxation of my mind be to thee a stumbling-block. I too must unbend, or my spirit, like thy bow, would fail also beneath the strain."[3] The man of whom such a story was handed down must have been very human and

[1] See an account of this priceless fragment in Smith's *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography*, vol. iii. p. 1000.

[2] It has been suggested that Philip the apostle is confounded with Philip "the evangelist, one of the Seven," Acts xxi. 8. But the supposition is unnecessary. True, they both had "virgin daughters," but this does not prove identity.

[1] See Irenæus, *Against Heresies*, iii. 3, 4 (vol. i. p. 263). A much later version of the anecdote adds that the bath-house *did* fall down, and crushed Cerinthus in its ruins!

[2] It is *Ebion*, not *Cerinthus*, to whom Epiphanius refers the story. But there was no such person as Ebion: the name arose from a misconception as to the meaning of the name *Ebionite* as applied to doctrine. It had nothing to do with the name of any founder, but was derived from the Hebrew word for *poor*.

[3] The story is told by Johannes Cassianus, a monk of the Eastern Church, A.D. 420, and is repeated in the Abbé Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*. Dean Stanley remarks that a similar story is told by Herodotus of an Egyptian king.—*Essays on the Apostolical Age*, p. 273.

lovable, not above condescending to simple enjoyments—a man altogether without pretension, no mere mystic, but abounding in homely common-sense.

A yet nobler view of his character is given in the famous story of the robber-chief, as related by Clement of Alexandria, "not as a fiction but a veritable history, handed down and carefully preserved." The apostle, in one of his journeys of visitation to the churches, was struck by the appearance of a noble-looking lad in the assembly. Turning to the presbyter of the church in that place, he said, "I commend this youth to you with all earnestness, in the presence of the church and of Christ." Readily and gladly the presbyter accepted the charge, took the youth to his own home, instructed and baptized him. Then by degrees his pastoral vigilance was relaxed; the youth was regarded as safe in the bosom of the church, and was too much left to himself. The consequence was that he fell into bad company; the idle and dissolute young fellows of the place strove to make him one of themselves; by degrees he went from bad to worse, and at length became their ringleader, forming them into a robber band, and taking them up into the mountains, where they became noted for deeds of violence and cruelty. Time elapsed, and St. John again visited the neighbourhood. After transacting other matters: "Come," he said to the pastor, "restore now to me the deposit which Christ and I committed to thee." The presbyter was at first confounded, and asked for an explanation. "The deposit," said the apostle, "is the soul of a brother." "Alas," replied the other, "he is dead!" "Dead!" "Yes, dead to God,"—telling him of the young man's present position and career. The apostle on hearing the story exclaimed with tears, "A fine keeper, indeed, have I left of a brother's soul! But now, saddle me a horse, and get me a guide." This being done, the apostle rode from the city towards the mountains. He was soon taken prisoner by some outpost of the banditti. He made no resistance, but exclaimed, "For this I came: now take me to your captain." The robber-chief stood armed to receive his prisoner: but recognising the features of St. John, he turned to flee. The aged apostle pursued him as fast as his trembling limbs would permit, crying aloud, "My son! my son! why fly from me, thy father? Have compassion on me, fear not. There is still life for thee. I will intercede with Christ. Nay, should it be needful, I will give my life for thine. Stay! believe that Christ hath sent me!" The words reached the young man's heart, he flung aside his weapons, then fell in an ecstasy of grief upon the apostle's neck, and suffered himself to be conducted back to the city. Here John continued with him, resting not in his prayers and entreaties until he had become assured of the young man's genuine repentance, and could leave him restored to the church as one alive from the dead.

Many an incident, indeed, of romantic beauty and pathos must have chequered such a life. His reported miraculous achievements are but few, a surprising fact, considering the proneness of ecclesiastical chroniclers to the invention of marvels.[1] One such tradition is, that the apostle, returning from his exile in Patmos, and drawing near to the gate of the city where the disciples were joyfully awaiting him, met a funeral procession. On enquiring who was dead, he was told "It is Drusiana," a former hostess of his, abounding like Dorcas in good works. The apostle bade the bearers of the bier to set it down; in answer to his prayer Drusiana was restored to life, and St. John became again an inmate of her house. The historian Eusebius also quotes Apollonius of Ephesus (A.D. about 210) as relating a similar miracle wrought upon a dead man in that city. But such records are few: until, at least, we reach a later age, where the marvellous abounds, and we need not stay to examine the manifest fables.

The incidents of the apostle's outward life, even so far as accurately known, elude all attempts to place them in due order; and here again they are mixed up with fabulous or doubtful stories. His successor Polycrates, as we have seen, terms him "a martyr;" and he was so at least in will, while he could not have lived through that century without often having been called to suffer for the truth's sake. That at one period of his career he was in the Isle of Patmos "for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ" is certain; and the general opinion that these words imply persecution and banishment appears to rest on solid grounds.[2] It is not so easy to decide under which emperor, and at what time, this banishment took place. We shall have to consider this question when we come to speak of the Apocalypse. Tradition affirms the exile; and adds that before being sent to Patmos, the apostle was taken to Rome and condemned by Domitian to be cast into a cauldron of boiling oil, from which however he emerged unhurt. For this statement the only very ancient authority is Tertullian, who was born about sixty years after the apostle's death. Jerome, more than a century and a half afterwards, repeats the story; only he substitutes Nero for Domitian. The uncertainty that besets the account so given sends us back to the Scripture passage, and enables us, as we shall see, the more confidently to discuss the Apocalyptic question on internal grounds.

Sooner or later the apostle returned to Ephesus; and there he spent his last days in peace. There, by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, he committed to writing his remembrances of the Word made Flesh: and thence also he despatched his letters to the churches that had shared his supervision. Of this Gospel, and of these Epistles, we shall have to speak hereafter. They were the last work of his life. According to concurrent ecclesiastical tradition, which there is no reason to doubt, he outlived all the other apostles, and survived to the reign of Trajan, who became Emperor A.D. 98. At this time St. John

[1] Those that are related are given by Lampe in the *Prolegomena* to his *Commentary on St. John*.

[2] It is however *possible* to interpret Rev. i. 9, of an evangelistic visit paid by St. John to this portion of his "diocese" or district: and some expositors have taken this view, as it appears to us for insufficient reasons.

must have been nearly or quite a hundred years of age. Jerome shall tell the rest. He is the only authority for the story;[1] and although two centuries had elapsed since the death of the apostle, the stamp of truth is upon the record. How Jerome learned the fact we cannot tell; but we cannot doubt that he preserved a tradition of the church, as authentic as it was dear, when he tells of the apostle, infirm with age, being borne in the arms of his disciples into the Ephesian assembly, there stretching out his trembling hand, and saying over and over again, "Little children, love one another." "Why," it was asked, "do you say this, and nothing else?" "Because," it was replied—and these are the last words of the beloved disciple—"this is the command of our Lord, and if you fulfil this, nothing else is needed."

Augustine tells us—but again we know not his authority—that when the apostle felt his end was near, he gave orders for the construction of his own sepulchre, and when he heard that it was ready, calmly laid himself down and died. As we have observed in a previous paper, the fond affection of his disciples clung to the belief that even in the grave he lived. They were wiser than they knew. In the light and power of his teachings, he has lived through all the Christian ages; and the inspired words in which his presence and influence have become immortal, we must next pass briefly under review.

[1] Jerome, *Commentary on Galatians*, ch. vi.

THE SPANISH CAPTAIN AND THE SCOTCH MINISTER.

THE feelings with which the Spanish Armada was regarded by Scotch Protestants are well described by James Melville, Minister of East Anstruther, a seaport on the coast of Fife, who was well known in his day as a famous preacher, and nephew of the still more famous Reformer, Andrew Melville. His account of the arrival of a distressed Spanish Commander and his men, is full of interest, as showing the straits to which the relics of that proud host were reduced after their defeat and dispersion, and the story is best told in the narrator's own quaint language. It is to a valuable work on the history of the "Eastneuk of Fife," by the late Rev. W. Wood, that we owe the following graphic extract from Melville's writings.

"Terrible was the fear, piercing were the preachings, earnest, zealous and fervent were the prayers, sounding were the sighs and sobs, and abounding were the tears at that Fast and General Assembly keepit in Edinburgh, when the news were credibly told, sometimes of their landing at Dunbar, sometimes at St. Andrews and in Tay, and now and then at Aberdeen and Cromarty Firth. And in very deed as we knew certainly soon after, the Lord of armies, who rides upon the wings of the winds, the Keeper of his own Israel, was in the meantime conveying that monstrous navy about our coast, and directing their hulks and galliots to the islands, rocks, and sands whereupon he had destined their wreck and destruction. For within two or three months thereafter, early in the morning by break of day, one of our bailies came to my bedside, saying to me (but not with fray), 'I have to tell you news, sir. There is arrivit within our harbourie this morning a ship full of Spaniards, but not to give mercy but to ask.' And so shows to me that the commanders had landed and he had commanded them to their ships again till the magistrates of the town had advised, and the Spaniards had humbly obeyed; therefore desired me to rise and hear their petition with them. Up I got with diligence, and assembling the honest men of the town, came to the tolbooth, and after consultation taken to hear them and what answer to make, there presents us a very reverend man of big stature, and grave and stout countenance, grey-haired and very humble like, wha, after mickle and very low courtesy, bowing down with his face nigh the ground, and touching my shoe with his hand, began his harangue in the Spanish tongue, whereof I understood the substance, and being about to answer in Latin, he having only a young man with him to be his interpreter, began and told over again to us in good English. The sum was that King Philip his master had rigged out a navy and army to land in England, for just causes to be avenged of many intolerable wrongs whilk he had received of that nation; but God for their sins had been against them, and by storm of weather had driven the navy bye the coast of England, and him with a certain number of captains, being the general of twenty hulks, upon an island of Scotland called the Fair Isle, where they made shipwreck; and where so many as had escaped the merciless seas and rock, had mair nor sax or seven weeks suffered great hunger and cauld, till conducing that bark out of Orkney they were come hither as to the special friends and confederates, to kiss the King's Majesty's hands of Scotland (and therewith[1] bekkt even to the yeard) and to find relief and comfort thereby to himself, these gentlemen captains, and the poor soldiers, whose condition was for the present most miserable and pitiful."

The reply of James Melville, the substance of which is given in Dr. M'Crie's Life of his Uncle, Andrew Melville, is too characteristic to be omitted.

"On the score of friendship, or of the cause in which they were embarked, the Spaniards," he

[1] Bowed even to the earth.

said, "had no claims on them; the King of Spain was a sworn vassal to the Bishop of Rome, and on that ground they and their king defied him; and with respect to England, the Scots were indissolubly leagued with that kingdom, and regarded an attack upon it as the same with an attack on themselves; but although this was the case, they looked upon them in their present situation as men and fellow creatures, labouring under privations and sufferings to which they themselves were liable; and they rejoiced at an opportunity of testifying how superior their religion was to that of their enemies. Many Scotsmen who had resorted to Spain for the purpose of trade and commerce had been thrown into prison as heretics, their property confiscated and their bodies committed to the flames; but so far from retaliating such cruelties on them, they would give them every kind of relief and comfort which was in their power, leaving it to God to work such a change on their hearts respecting religion as He pleased."

Melville then told the Spaniard that "the bailies granted him licence with the captains to go to their lodging for refreshment, but to nane of their man to land till the overlord of the town were advertised, and understood the King's mind anent them."

"That night the Laird (of Anstruther) being advertised, came, and on the morn (morrow) accompanied with a good number of the gentlemen of the country round about, gave the said general and the captains presence, and after the same speeches in effect as before, received them in his house, and entertained them humanely, and suffered the soldiers to come a-land and lie altogether to the number of thirteen score, for the maist part young beardless men,[1] silly, trauchled and hungered, to the whilk a day or twa kail pottage and fish was given, for my advice was conform to the prophet Eliseus' to the King of Israel in Samaria, give them bread and water, &c. The names of the commanders were Jan Gomez de Medina, general of twenty hulks; Captain Patricio, Captain de Logoretto, Captain de Luffera, Captain Mauritio and Signor Gerrano."

So slow was the progress of news in those days, that though it was now the middle of October, no tidings had yet been received of the destruction of the rest of the Armada. But one day Melville brought in a news-letter from St. Andrews "with the names of the principal men and how they were used in Ireland and our Highlands, in Wales and other parts of England; the whilk (which) when I recorded to Jan Gomez by particular and special names,—Oh, then he cried out for grief, bursted and grat (sobbed and wept)."

The graphic narrative of Melville concludes with a pleasing incident, which he thus relates.

"This Jan Gomez showed great kindness to a ship of our town whilk he found arrested at Calais at his home coming, rade (rode) to Court for her, and made great ruse (praise) of Scotland to his King; took the honest men to his house, and inquired for the Laird of Anstruther, for the minister and his host, and sent home many commendations. But we thanked God in our hearts that we had seen them among us in that form."

The worthy minister had good cause to be thankful, for recent researches show that the Roman Catholics of Scotland were not like those of England, opposed to the invaders, but, on the contrary, were making every effort to assist them, and were only kept in check by active measures on the part of the Government.

M. A. S. M.

[1] "Silly, trauchled and hungered,"—weak, worn out and famished.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER VI.—NEW HOPES.

BURSTING in upon Ann, who was toasting a piece of bread by the kitchen fire, Tommy exclaimed: "Where's papa? take me to papa; I want to see papa." He threw off his hat, and was rushing through the kitchen, when Ann caught him and shut the door. Of course Tommy kicked and screamed in the usual fashion, and it was useless to appeal to him, so Ann turned to Bertie. "What does he mean?" she asked in a frightened tone. "Have you seen your papa?"

"Not yet," answered Bertie, "we've come home to see him."

"Come home to see him! What do you mean, child? Your father isn't here."

"Not here!" uttered Bertie, and the tears welled up into his eyes, and brimmed over as he sat down. It was such a bitter disappointment to hear that his father had not come—that God had not answered his prayer after all, and that he had been waiting and hoping in vain.

"Whatever could have put such an idea into your head, and to tell him of it?" said Ann reproachfully, giving the refractory Tommy a shake.

"But the dinner, Ann—where did you get it?" asked Bertie, still clinging to his idea.

"The pie? I made it, to be sure. I tell you, Tommy, your papa is not here," protested Ann, who was still holding the screaming child in her arms.

"I want papa, I want papa," panted Tommy.

"You'll make your mamma ill, that's what you'll do, and its your fault, Bertie," said Ann, turning to him again.

"But I thought he was here, I really did, Ann," said Bertie through his tears.

"Then you should have kept your thoughts to yourself, and not told Tommy. Boys ought to learn to think twice before they speak once," said Ann sternly. "Now, Tommy, listen to me. All this fuss and crying won't bring your father home, but it will make poor mamma very ill. Now leave off, and let me make this piece of toast, and then you shall go with me to carry it to mamma." And as she spoke she smoothed the little boy's hair, and contrived to soothe him into quietness.

"Bertie tells stories; he said papa was at home," grumbled the child through his sobs.

"I said I thought papa was at home, and so I did; and I'm as sorry as can be that he isn't," said Bertie, beginning to whimper.

"Now don't you begin to make a noise, for you ought to know better," said Ann, who had resumed her toasting. She was not in a humour to give way to Bertie, but made him feel that he was in disgrace for having set Tommy crying.

Poor Bertie! Life was very hard for him just now; it was all such a puzzle and tangle, and there seemed no way out of it. He sat by the kitchen table, swinging his legs, and thinking, while Ann and Tommy went to take the tea and toast upstairs. When she came back, he still sat there, and something in his forlorn look touched her.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

He sighed as he raised his eyes, full of unshed tears to her face. "Ann, won't you tell me all about everything?" he said.

"All about everything? What do you mean?" she said.

"You—you said God would bring papa back, if I prayed to Him, and I did, Ann. I've asked God every day, and I've been expecting papa ever since, and when Jack brought the dinner to-day, I made sure he had come at last."

"But why should you think the dinner had anything to do with it?" said Ann, glad to lay hold of the one part of the question that she could understand.

"Because I heard mamma say one day, that things would never be any better until papa came home again, and you said papa would come and give us all we wanted, and take care of us again, and so I thought when I saw that nice pie, papa must have come home at last; are you quite sure he hasn't come, Ann?" said Bertie pleadingly.

Ann had turned her back to the little boy, and was looking down into the fire. Similar questions had been troubling her of late, and she had found no answer to them, so that she could do little to soothe him. "No, dear, I am quite sure your father has not come home yet," she said shaking her head solemnly.

"Then, where did you get the pie?" said Bertie.

Ann smiled now. "We had a letter this morning," she said.

"Oh, yes! I saw it in the postman's hand—one of those big ugly letters, that always make mamma cry," interrupted Bertie.

"Ah! but it wasn't such an ugly letter this time," said Ann with a nod; "it upset us a bit, to hear that things were not going on so badly at Esterfield as we thought. Somebody is going to open the factory again, I believe. At all events, there will be some sort of an income for us to live upon, and a better one than we have had lately, the letter says, and so I got a good dinner for you at once."

Bertie looked relieved, but still he could not feel so unconcerned about the matter as Ann. "Who could set the factory working again, unless papa had come home?" he asked.

"What a question, boy! What do I know about the factory business? I only know that your mamma told me we could have good dinners again every day, and that we need not be afraid of the money coming to an end very soon, as we have been lately. I know nothing about business, and don't you go teasing your mamma about it to-night. She'll be better to-morrow, and then you can talk to her if you like, though why you can't be satisfied with knowing that the money will come somehow, is a puzzle to me," concluded Ann, who was perfectly satisfied, now that her beloved mistress was delivered from all fear of want.

Bertie did not attempt to question his mother that night, for he saw that she looked very ill—the sudden news, though so good, had upset her very much—but the next morning at breakfast-time he said: "Mamma, how is it people can open the factory again, if papa has not come home?"

The question startled Mrs. Danby. She had been quite content to take the lawyer's statement unquestioned, and had not thought of this, or anything else, in the relief she experienced, when she knew that she was not so poor as she had feared. Like Ann, she knew very little of business matters, and did not care to trouble herself about them either, but Bertie's question roused her to some thought upon the matter now, and she said, "My dear, I don't understand it myself yet, but I'll write to the lawyers to-day, and ask them all about it."

"But, mamma, don't you think papa *must* have come home to do this for us?" said Bertie.

Mrs. Danby put her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, and burst into tears. "No, no, dear! papa has not come home, I am sure of that, or he would not leave us here, he would fetch us home to Esterfield at once."

"Don't you wish we could go back to our nice big house, mamma," said Tommy, who came into the room while Mrs. Danby was speaking.

The lady dried her tears, and looked down at her boys. "We shall go back if the factory is at work, I dare say," she said; "I will ask about it when I write."

"What is that you have been teasing about?" asked Ann, who came in, just as Mrs. Danby was leaving the room.

"We're going back to Esterfield soon," said Tommy, skipping round the table in an ecstasy of delight; "papa is coming home again, and we ——"

"Now don't get that notion into your head, Tommy, we had trouble enough over that last night," said Ann quickly; "just be content, if you can stay here, and don't worry after what you can't have."

"But mamma says," began Bertie, when Ann interrupted him by exclaiming: "Now Bertie, I will not have your mamma worried; you may as well know first as last, that you cannot go back to the other grand home, for it isn't there now. All the tables and chairs, and carpets, were sold a long time ago, and somebody else lives in the house now; but it's much better for you to live here, for you are growing stronger every day, and better boys too, I believe, so you need not wish to go back, I'm sure."

These plain and rather unpalatable truths were spoken to the children, but were really intended for Mrs. Danby herself; for Ann feared that the lady, once delivered from the fear of poverty, would begin fretting to go back to the old life, which the sensible servant saw now had been anything but good either for her mistress or the children. Despite the many hardships they had had to endure, the boys were growing stronger, healthier, and happier every day; and better even than this, they had begun to have a little thought and care for others, which no one had time for when they had nothing to do but please and amuse themselves. So sensible Ann had long since come to the conclusion that this change in their circumstances was not such an unmixed evil as she had supposed at first, and she had endeavoured to reconcile her mistress to the change.

"If there's only somebody to look after the factory, and send us enough to live upon here in peace and comfort, I shall be satisfied," concluded Ann; "and I'm sure your mamma will," she added, with a sidelong look at her mistress.

Playhouses.

THEY were neighbours' children at play—
Building playhouses, they said;
I, beguiled by their prattling, lay
Near the wide-open window o'erhead.

I'd been out of sorts, nervous, depressed—
Overworked—so the doctor declared;
But 'twas worry had robbed life of zest,
And my energies sapped and impaired.

I'd had no great losses to bear,
But life's burden seemed daily to grow;
No rebound comes from everyday care,
As sometimes from a good heavy blow.

Trade was bad, and my business declined,
Ill-luck in my path seemed to lurk:
And, as deepened the gloom of my mind,
The closer I kept to my work—

Till, at last, what I dreaded had come,
I was forced to lie by for awhile,
And I moodily lounged in my room
Till the children's talk roused me to smile.

The masons were building a wall,
Their materials were strewn all around:
One child set the task, and they all
Were soon placing the bricks on the ground.

They built kitchens, and parlours, and yards,
And a hall, with some make-believe stairs,—
And such quaint cunning spaces they left
For the doors and the windows in pairs.

And one child, with bright auburn hair,
And a restful content in her face,
Said, "We've built quite enough and to spare,
Let's begin now to play in the place."

But whenever she made the request,
One or other would instantly say:
"Let us make a nice study—that's best,"—
Or, "Let's build a new house right away."

Till at last they were summoned to tea,
And they crept all reluctant away;
"Oh! mamma, it's too bad!" was their plea,
"We were just getting ready to play!"

"Ah," thought I, "like the children, we men,
Ambitious, dissatisfied, vain,
Are ever beginning again
Some new scheme of ambition or gain.

"And the present is crowded with care,
For a future that never may be;
And the joys of to-day we forswear
To gain others we never may see.

"How much wiser, our best having tried,
To enjoy what God gives us to-day;
Ere we gain all we wish in our pride,
We may find ourselves summoned away."

So this lesson of wisdom I learned
From the dear little urchins at play—
"Leave the future some part of your care—
Live wisely—but still live *to-day!*"

TOM BROWN.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VIII.

The initials of the characters described form the names of three sons of one king; and with his life most of the incidents are connected.

Of the three sons two aspired to the throne and one succeeded to it.

1. He was the counsellor of a great king, and yet he followed after a usurper. The advice he gave to both the king and rebel was wise; but he was too proud to bear that counsel being rejected. He died by his own hand.

2. A very beautiful woman whose husband was sacrificed for her sake. She became the mother of one whose reign was the time of his nation's greatest prosperity.

3. A man who changed his behaviour with shifting fortunes. At one time he reviled the king, to whom at another time he professed allegiance. He met his death by infringing conditions to which he had himself agreed.

4. He was the relative of the king, and head of the army. He loved power and could not bear reproof. On one occasion a remonstrance turned him from a friend into a traitor. He was deceitfully slain by one whose brother he had killed.

5. He chose a fair and fertile land to live in, but his choice brought him into trouble. He remained godly though living among the wicked, and was delivered from the fate that overtook the latter.

6. One of whom we only know that his house was the abode of the Ark, and that he was blessed in consequence.

7. He was the grandson of a king, and was afterwards a dependent in the house of his successor. He had a physical defect, the result of a fall when he was a child.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. IX.

Write out these texts and then mark one word in each to find a proverb of Solomon's.

1. A man's wisdom maketh his face to shine.—*Eccl.* viii. 1.
2. The wise in heart shall be called prudent.—*Prov.* xvi. 21.
3. My son, keep thy father's commandments.—*Prov.* vi. 20.
4. The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want; He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.—*Psa.* xxiii. 1, 2.
5. A good name is better than precious ointment.—*Eccl.* vii. 1.
6. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—*Psa.* cxxii. 1.
7. I was a father to the poor.—*Job* xx. 16.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. V.—p. 464.—JOAB.

(1) Joab, Abishai, Asahel; (2) 2 Sam. ii. 24; (3) iii. 27; (4) 1 Chron. ii. 16; (5) 2 Sam. xviii. 14; (6) xx. 10; (7) 1 Kings i. 7; (8) ii. 28–34.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. VIII.—p. 464.

My lips shall not speak wickedness, nor my tongue utter deceit.—*Job* xxvii. 4.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

"You can help the worn and weary."

No. 1794.—SEPTEMBER 15, 1888.

By the Way.

PILGRIM-COMRADES, pressing onward
To the guerdon and the crown,
All your aspirations sunward,
All the hope of heaven your own,
By your presence, brave and cheery,
By your courage in the strife,
You can help the worn and weary
To a nobler grasp of life;
You can give to souls appealing,
Who have faltered in the fray,
Wine of hope and oil of healing
By the way.

Love that only costs the giver
Just a moment's thought and care,
Some poor captive may deliver
From the thraldom of despair;
Starveling-souls whose spirit blindness
Few have patience to beguile,
You can reach with present kindness
And the magic of a smile;
You can ease some chafing fetter,
Change some weary task to play,
Make some little heart feel better
By the way.

Think of Him, the high and holy,
At whose feet archangels fall,
How no service seemed too lowly,
No kind act for Him too small:
Perfect in such wayside giving,
Well He knew, though King of kings,
That the sum of happy living
Is made up of trivial things;
Love that found its best in losing,
Succour earth could ne'er repay,
All He gave—no plea refusing
By the way.

Moments spent in ministration
None shall ever live to need;
Never yet did aspiration
Suffer for unselfish deed;
By thy Christ-like care for others
Somewhat of His love reveal,
Till, as in a world of brothers,
All the sacred kinship feel;
So shall He with gladness own thee,
So shall angels every day
With unseen approval crown thee
By the way!

MARY HOWLES.

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

CHAPTER V

THE full glory of the summer days had come, days when the smiling sea imaged life at its gayest, and held in its song no whisper of overshadowing storms. The flash of the waves on the beach was the music to which Mary set her last uneasy heart-beats; in winter the note might change to a sullen roar of fury, and the waves, held now in a smiling bondage, seize the hut under the cliff in a rough embrace; but long before winter Mary would have passed beyond the reach of chance or change.

Even in the long days of June, Ralph hurried his visits with a chill dread lest death might have set out before him, and been quicker than he. Josie and he were fast friends now, she would dart out to meet him like a white sea-bird from the nest under the cliff, and she made him her partner in all her possessions and sharer in all her secrets. The little hand had learned to slip confidently into his, and the rosy lips were held up spontaneously for his kiss.

One evening when he entered the cottage with the child in his arms, he met Mary's glance passing from one to the other with a new wistful eagerness in it; he responded to it impulsively.

"Will you give her to me when you go?" he asked. "I will try to prove worthy."

"God bless you for the wish!" said Mary with tears in her eyes; "I could go very happily leaving her with you, and I think Hannah, because she loves her, would be willing."

"She shall come to see her as often as she will."

"Ah, but we must not settle it all in a breath." Mary smiled at his impetuosity. "Have you ever seriously thought what such a charge would mean?"

"I have thought of it from the first. I am a lonely man without ties, she would be a blessing to me."

"You are young as years go; you may form other ties—you may marry."

"Never," said the minister with suppressed fierceness; "Josie shall have my undivided love and care, if you will trust her to me."

"There is something you must hear before you decide. Lift me up that I may tell it now, for the time is short."

"No," said Ralph, with something between authority and entreaty in his voice, "listen to my story first. Perhaps when you have heard it you will not think me fitted for so great a responsibility."

"Go to Aunt Hannah, dearest," said Mary to

the child who was playing near them; "she is sewing on the beach."

Josie, who had a passion for the outer world, darted joyfully away.

Ralph paused for the space of a moment or two, looking moodily before him; then he said—

"My early home was in the north of England, as you know, in a country town where my father practised successfully as a lawyer. I was an only child, and I had indulgent parents who spared in nothing that could give me pleasure, so that when they both died within a few months of each other, I suffered a keener sense of loneliness than falls to others who have been less well sheltered and cared for. I was then between seventeen and eighteen, and had no fixed plans for the future. I had money, more than was needful for my wants; but a life of inaction was never to my taste, and I turned about in search of some definite aim in life.

"My father's profession had no attraction for me, for medicine I had still less inclination; there remained trade or the ministry. I chose the latter, not in answer to any imperious call such as some men experience, but because I had a natural gift for eloquence, or so I believed, and it seemed to me that in that sect to which we as a family had always adhered, a man had a chance of making his voice heard.

"I pass over the years of study and preparation; I found I had not misjudged my own powers, and they were, on the whole, busy and contented years. My first charge was in Manchester, where a vacancy had occurred in one of the chapels, and I held it a piece of singular good fortune when I heard that the people's choice had fallen on me."

He paused again, seeming to be lost in thought; but presently he roused himself.

"That was the happiest time of my life," he said. "I liked the work, I took an artistic pleasure in the composition of my sermons; life seemed a glorious possession, and the message I had to deliver was a comfortable evangel with no harsh undernote in it. I came and went among my people and found everywhere a welcome, making, too, some friendships that I fondly believed would outlast life. Of these new ties the closest was that which I formed with Henry Vane, a young man of my own age, but many years my senior in experience of life. He was handsome, brilliant, rich, and he had a fascination of manner, when he chose to exercise it, that I have not found in any other; and his stories of adventure in a world of which I knew nothing used to fill me with wonder and longing to see those marvels for myself. I was flattered by his notice, and grateful for his friendship; and, God knows, I loved him well and faithfully,"—Ralph's head sank on his breast—"and never had a thought that was not true to him. He was my dearest friend, and he kept his place in my heart even when it began to entertain another kind of love.

"Among the families whom I visited as a familiar guest, was one where there was a large group of sons and daughters; they were bright young people, full of life and gaiety, and their home had a peculiar charm for one who had had a solitary childhood and youth. There was one of the daughters—her name was Alice——"

Mary Hughes looked up at him when he paused abruptly, with an earnest gaze, but she did not speak.

"She was gentler than her sisters and quieter, and, to me, far more beautiful. I loved her. She listened to me. I think she loved me then," —he spoke in sharp curt sentences—"in short, we became pledged to each other, with her parents' full consent. There was no one in all that city who had a lighter heart than I; no one so blessed in his friend and his betrothed. Henry Vane was a visitor in that home too; he was the first to share my secret, and the first to wish me joy. He congratulated me—he—the man who was all the while plotting against my peace—he wished me joy."

The veins on Ralph's forehead were knotted, his voice husky with his sudden passion. Mary Hughes put out her hand and laid it on his in silent sympathy.

He lifted his head presently and went on, speaking in restrained tones, but he did not again break down.

"You can no doubt guess the rest. Our wedding day drew near, I was counting the hours till I could claim Alice as my own, when the blow fell. Alice had left me; she had gone with Henry Vane. I had a message from her—two or three lines only, in that dear hand that had never written anything but words of love—how could I guess it was to stab me to death now?

"'Do not follow me,' she wrote, 'or seek me out. Let me be blotted from your memory and your life. I am not worthy ever to look in your face again.'

"Perhaps if Henry Vane had married her, and shielded and cherished her—my love whom he had stolen from me—I might have come in time to forgive him, and to recognise his far greater claims—for he was a man whom a woman could scarce help admiring, or loving if he chose to have it so—but he lured her away, my beautiful, refined Alice, to a life of dishonour and shame. I cursed him in my heart; I sought him far and wide; I resigned my charge at last that I might never rest in seeking him. If I had met him I should have killed him—there was murder in my heart. But I could not find him; he had laid his plans too well. He has escaped me yet, but it is borne in on me that we shall meet again.

"By-and-by I came here and took up the threads of life once more. I had still a gospel to preach, the gospel of God's vengeance against sin. If I have had no message of love and mercy to give my people, it is Henry Vane who shall answer for the lack. What I am, he has made me. But I am waiting, and I know that my hour of revenge will come."

He ceased, and his head sank forward; all the bitter past was rolling back on him, the unforgotten, unforgiven past.

Mary Hughes looked at him with deep com-

passion in her sunken eyes, then struggling into a sitting posture, she began to speak.

"Listen," she said. "You have told me your story so far as you knew it; there is a sequel to it which is left to me to tell. God has willed that we should meet so that you should hear it from my lips. Will you rouse yourself to listen?"

He had scarcely heard her, for what could she say that could wipe out the bitterness of his memories? But when she began slowly—"Josephine is not my child," he looked up, and his glance steadied itself on her face. His attention was caught.

"Josephine is not my child," she repeated, "as you have no doubt already guessed, though my own dead baby was scarcely dearer to me. This is what I had meant to tell you before you gave her a home. I was living near Manchester in the year 18—, I had taken a little cottage in the village; I had but little money, and my husband's early death had left me lonely. One evening, towards dusk—it was summer—as I sat at the window living again in that happy past when my husband and child were with me, I noticed a woman lingering at the gate of my little garden. She carried a baby in her arms, and I could see that she was weary. She seemed to me to look wistfully at the flowers, and going out to her, I asked her to come in and rest. She was young, and I think she must have been beautiful once, but it was the saddest face I have ever seen. She thanked me and was grateful, as she said, for a kind word.

"She came again about a week later and once more I bade her come in. Her sorrowful young face had often been in my thoughts.

"'I am going away,' she said, 'across the sea, where I cannot take my little one,'—her face was wild and white and sadder even than before. 'You are a good woman,' she said, 'I read your compassion for me in your face. It is a great thing to ask of a stranger, but will you take care of my child? I have money, and yet it will not buy for me the companionship of my baby; I must go, and leave her behind.'

"Her heart seemed breaking with sorrow, and yet when I would have questioned her further, she shook her head.

"'Don't ask me anything more,' she implored. 'But if you can pity me, will you take my child?'

"I hesitated at first; it was a heavy responsibility, and I knew nothing of her, but my arms were empty, and my heart yearned towards the little one who seemed almost like my own, lost years before, given back to me. I took some days to think over the matter, but in the end I yielded to her pleading and consented.

"'I have called her Josephine,' she said, 'I could not give her my own unhappy name. It is a long name for such a little one,' she smiled faintly, 'but a good woman whom I once knew bore it. She is dead and it will not dishonour her.'

"I will not tell you of the parting between the mother and her unconscious infant; I have loved my Josie dearly, but if my tenderness had been lacking, it must have been stirred into life by the remembrance of her mother's anguish when she left her in my arms and went away desolate.

"For about a year I heard from her regularly; her letters bore foreign post-marks, but they were without addresses, and I had directions to answer them under cover to a gentleman in London. She sent money and gifts for the child, piteously entreating for news of her. In her later letters she spoke of her declining health and expressed a fear that she should not see her little one again. In the last of all she told me she was sending me a packet which she begged me to keep for Josie. You will find it in a box with all the letters I ever had from her. 'The trifles it contains are of no value,' 'she wrote, 'but they are all that is left me out of a past when I was happy and good.'

"From that time the letters ceased, and there was silence. Then, in another writing, there came news of her death in a distant country, and I and my Josie were left alone. I made no effort to trace the friends who had abandoned her; she was dear to me then as my own, and I could not give her up. That was three years ago. I have nothing more to tell you."

Ralph's eyes had never left her face. His own was drawn and lined, and when he spoke his voice was hoarse.

"Her name," he panted; "you have not told me her name."

"I never knew her but by the name she received in baptism. It was Alice."

"And the name of the man—it was a man—who wrote to tell you of her death?"

She put out her hand and laid it on his that grasped the arm of his chair, but he did not see or feel it.

"Henry Vane."

CHAPTER VI.

He lay for hours upon the beach, scorched once more by that early fire of passion, when he had first learned the bitter lesson of distrust. He relived the tragedy of his life in those silent hours when the moon rose and lit a sleeping world; all the discipline, the coldly imposed control of seven years were swept away in the hot rush of his emotions; he suffered an anguish whose phases continually varied; now he was plunged in that desolate abyss the soul reaches with the loss of faith, and reverence, and clinging human belief in another's goodness; now he was torn with pity and longing for the Alice whom he had loved. The bitter tears rose at the memory of that lost happiness that had left his life bare of any motive but revenge, and with the thought of Vane there leaped out that murderous desire for retribution that in all these years had only been smothered, and now sprang once more into active force. Let any one who has passed through such a conflict tell what it is.

When at last exhausted and worn with the struggle he woke to a consciousness of his surroundings, he found himself alone upon the shore, still faintly lit with the setting moon. The air was warm and balmy, and there was that peculiar tranquil and profound hush that one notices on a summer night by the sea, and which

the dreamy ripple of the waves seems only to accentuate.

He had suffered all that mortal soul can suffer of pain and passion and life weariness, and now this great mysterious nature seemed to take him to her breast and hush him to rest. He slept out of very incapacity for further feeling for an hour or two, but when the dawn came up he rose and went back to the cottage.

Hannah slept by the dying fire, and Josie lay in warm slumber, her bright curls tangled on the pillow, but Mary Hughes had kept watch with him through the silent hours, and the anxious, loving eyes met his with a strange look of yearning.

"I have been waiting for you, Ralph my brother," she said; it was the first time she had called him by that name. "I could not die without seeing you once more."

"You see a very miserable man," he said, and his haggard face confirmed his words.

"Not miserable always," she said; "you will find peace, for you will walk in the way that leads to it. There is only one way, but you will not miss it. God has not tried you with fire but to make you nobler and better, a finer instrument for his use. And see, he has not forgotten you," she smiled faintly as she glanced at the crib where Josie lay, "the little one will fill the empty place in your heart. Do not be afraid to love her, we cannot love too much, for in loving our neighbour whom we have seen we most truly learn to love God whom we have not seen. The higher love will come to you too, and it will make you strong to endure.

"And, Ralph,"—she spoke in broken whispers, mindful of the sleepers, but her voice took on a deeper earnestness, a solemnity, touched with the shadow of death—"if it should be decreed in God's purpose that you meet again with the man who has wronged you—what will you do? Will you take his punishment into your own hands, or will you leave him to God's infinite mercy? He may have sought and found it already; you may never see him in this world, but if you do the moment that sees you face to face will be your opportunity. Before I die—before I leave you, my friend and brother, will you give me a pledge that, Jesus Christ helping you, you will forgive as you would be forgiven?"

She spoke with increasing difficulty, and with pauses when she laboured for breath, but there was an urgency in her faint words he could not resist. It was the last time she would plead with him.

His face worked convulsively, but he restrained himself with a great effort, and stooping down, kissed her on the lips. That was his pledge.

Towards sunset Mary Hughes died. The good woman who had come to share Hannah's watch, remained with her, but Ralph took Josie in his arms as on that other night when he had found her, and carried her home.

His landlady could scarcely recover her surprise, when he came back from one of the long absences to which he had accustomed her, carrying the little girl safe wrapped up and asleep on his breast. Not being an adherent of Sion, she had missed much of the recent gossip and had no clue to guide her to this strange behaviour.

"It gave her a turn so that you could have knocked her down with a feather," as she afterwards expressed it, to see him coming in pale and haggard and worn as if by long sickness, with the child in his arms, "as if, for all the world, he was used to babies, and had eleven of 'em to answer for like old Mr. Null."

"'Mrs. Lamb,' says he, quite quiet and meek-like, 'this little girl has been left to my care by a dear friend who is dead, will you prepare a room for her to sleep in?'—me that has been a widow and unused to children these forty years, and never over fond of them at the best, but there—a man never knows when he's unreasonable."

Mrs. Lamb, however, was better than her own representation of herself, and found the instinctive love most woman have for children not wholly sapped, but ready to flow again with this new claim on it.

It was she who washed Josie and fed her, and tucked her warm in the improvised crib; indeed her superiority over the minister in the management of her diet and her toilet, and even of those tangled curls, was so soon and so convincingly proved that she began to take an interest in its display and even to claim a partnership in the little maid. But the minister was jealous of any influence that threatened to divert the child's love; he wanted it for himself, he needed it all; he clung to her with a pathetic devotion and strove to learn to do little things for her that would make him independent of help.

On the first night, when Josie, startled out of her sleep and made uneasy by the unfamiliar surroundings, cried out that she wanted her mammy, he was sitting by her bed and ready to soothe her as best he could; he tried, in the simplest and gentlest words he knew, to tell her of the quiet rest to which Mary had been called; the peace into which she had entered. Josie's simple conception of heaven helped him in the task; it was a happy home to which mammy had gone, to which Josie would one day go too, if she were good, and where all her little world of love would gather round her. He could but envy the faith that saw in death nothing but a going home to God.

He followed Mary Hughes to her grave in Blackford, whence she had come to the sea. He and Hannah, the friend she had spoken of, and Ralph's staunch supporter, Culpepper, were the only mourners at that humble funeral. Scarce one person in Sandbury knew more of her than that she had lived and died; it was left to Ralph to keep her memory green.

Hannah with many honest lamentations over her parting with Josie, went back to the north, where she could get work among her own kindred.

"You won't let the wean forget me," she said, "you'll bring her to see me?"

The minister gave the promise readily. "You may see us sooner than you think," he said, "and Josie will never be allowed to forget her best friends."

Sandbury of course had soon got news of

Josie's adoption, and hailed its mystery gratefully, as a perfectly fresh subject of discussion, since all the summer-time it had been as a Tadmor in the Wilderness for news. Before the excitement and the head-shaking had died away, the minister still further startled his flock by expressing a wish for leave of absence to extend over several months.

"I have not left Sandbury since I came to be your minister," he said to the worthy grocer who was still the people's interpreter. "I have served you seven years."

"That's just it, Mr. Ellison, sir," said Culpepper, ruffling his hair for inspiration, "you've spoilt us for any other man—in the pulpit."

"You will miss me nowhere else," said Ralph, with a melancholy smile.

"And the young female child, sir," said Culpepper, adroitly changing the subject, "if so be you would like some responsible woman to look after her."

"I shall take her with me," said Ralph with decision.

Mr. Culpepper acquiesced in a bewildered silence, but not so the womenkind of his acquaintance. There arose a clamour among the ladies of Sion Chapel such as had not been heard since the day of Ralph's advent; the idea was preposterous, outrageous, not to be entertained for a moment, that a man who was a confirmed hater of woman—it was thus that in their heat they styled the admired preacher—should propose to be sole guardian and care-taker of a little baby girl, while he went wandering over the face of the earth. Matronhood and maidenhood was alike affronted before the proposal.

"How will he tie her strings and hook her frocks?" cried Miss Lavinia Saxby, adding to the chorus of dismay.

"He'll let her eat what she likes, you may depend, and never know to give her a drop of cooling physic when she's fractious," said the experienced mother of a family, "and when there's anything catching in the air, you mark my words, she'll be the first to take it."

To save little Josie from these and other afflictive contingencies, a little band at last summoned courage to invade the minister's retreat, but Ralph, who would once on a day have fled before the first rustle of feminine draperies, had the courage of a lion where Josie was concerned.

He went downstairs to front the ladies, who had fluttered into Mrs. Lamb's best parlour, with trousers suspiciously white at the knees, for if the truth were known, he had been disturbed at play with the child. What would Sandbury have said, if it could have discovered its grave, dignified pastor kneeling awkwardly on the carpet, and laboriously arranging a procession of animals emerging from the ark?

"I thank you," he said with the cold courtesy he always wore, "for your many kind offers of help, but I shall take the little girl with me."

"But, Mr. Ellison, a baby like that to travel up and down the world!"

"The nursery is the place for her now, with my little ones."

"My good man, you don't know what you are undertaking"—this from a member who cultivated plainness of speech—"it isn't even as if she was your own, though I don't find, for my part, that because a man is a father, he is handier with his children."

How Ralph might have stemmed this torrent of words is not known, for at that moment the door was slowly pushed open, and Josie stood revealed on the threshold.

She had lost a shoe on the journey downstairs, and she stood shyly biting the sock that had come off with it, the rosy bare foot half tucked under her little frock. She looked at the assembled group coyly from under her long lashes, but her presence made an immediate diversion, and the minister was forgotten. There were murmurs of praise and admiration, and more than one kind heart would have taken the little one to its warmth. Her pretty locks, her black frock with its sad suggestion of loss, woke the motherhood in them all; hands were stretched out, and voices were softened for her, but Josie declined all their overtures. She stood a moment in grave contemplation of the smiling faces, and then with a quick dart she had reached Ralph's side, and was safe in the haven of his arms.

His face, which had been anxious, cleared, and a smile crossed its sternness.

"She has decided for herself, you see," he said, "she does not object to go with me."

The ladies were forced to acknowledge defeat, and there was nothing left but to saturate the bewildered minister with advice, none of which he was likely to retain, and then to abandon him to his rash enterprise.

"I believe," said Miss Lavinia impressively, when they had trooped back to Sandbury to tell of their defeat, "I believe he's fond of the child; it was quite pretty to see him with it."

"Fond of her!" cried Mrs. Horner. "She'll make a slave of him before you can turn round; it's all he'll get by his folly in rearing a stranger's brat instead of marrying like any sensible Christian; there's single women enough in Sandbury to choose from."

"And no fault of theirs that he's a bachelor still," laughed one with a sly glance at the pensive Miss Lavinia.

Ralph and Josie were absent till Christmas, and in those months he learned all that he was ever likely to know of Alice's history during the last sad years of her life. Of the four years before Josie's birth he could learn nothing, nor of the motive that brought her back to a village so near her old home.

She had died abroad, and he could not stand by her grave, where it might have been easier for him to blot out the past. Of Henry Vane, though he made searching and careful enquiries, he heard no particulars. It might be that he, too, was dead, and would never come to claim that mercy to which the man he had wronged had pledged himself.

In the end of the year, when the snow was on the ground, they came back to Sandbury, and, for one of them at least, life from that date took a new departure.

HUGUENOT FAMILY-LIFE.

CALVIN'S wife had been previously married, and had children. On her deathbed the Reformer said to her that he would protect them. "I have recommended them to God," she replied. "But that will not prevent me also from caring for them." "I know well," she rejoined, "that thou wilt not abandon those that thou knowest I have committed into God's keeping."

Such was the Huguenot family, its root was in God. The reformers would not admit that marriage was a sacrament in the sense that Baptism and the Lord's Supper were sacraments; but they claimed marriage as a religious state, more agreeable to the mind and will of God than that of celibacy. "This kind of life," said Luther in his strong way, "is the first which has pleased God; it is the one which He has perpetually maintained, and it is the one He will finally glorify over every other." In this belief they nearly all of them made a duty of entering into the married state, and there is hardly any feature more characteristic of Protestantism than the honour it puts on the home and domestic life.

This comes out in Huguenot history. The pastor was supreme in public worship, there his words were listened to as a divine message, but in the home the father was prophet, priest, and king. The pastor's visits were welcomed, his instruction received with respect, but it was the honour paid to an ambassador rather than to the natural lord.

The Reformed Churches of France were careful to maintain pastoral visitation. In 1744, when the Church was forced to meet in the desert, the map of the province of Languedoc was carefully studied, and to each pastor was assigned a particular district in which he was to exercise his ministry, visiting the people from house to house, instructing them and their children, administering baptism and solemnising marriages.

In more regular times, the duty of instructing the children was the occupation of young men preparing for ordination, and who were called *proposants*. In a neighbourhood where the people were concentrated, this would be done at the school, but where, as was so often the case, the members of the church were isolated and scattered, it had to be done from house to house. However, the persecutions the Reformed Churches of France suffered were so frequent and so continuous that this excellent system could only be very partially and occasionally in operation. The local church histories and pastoral biographies give various illustrations of the extreme difficulty that beset this work in nearly every period of Huguenot history, excepting the short time of comparative repose during the reign of Henry IV. After that, the insecurity recommenced, and went on increasing until the later half of Louis XIV.'s reign, so that at last every act of church life became penal. For some time after the Revocation, pastoral visitation necessarily ceased, as every pastor was an exile, all return being prevented by a subsequent decree making it a capital offence. Some of the more heroic of the servants of Jesus Christ appeared in the south of France, where the wild fastnesses of the Vivarais and the Cevennes offered places of refuge and a means of eluding the pursuer. Various were the disguises adopted, for the police of the intendant and the perhaps still more watchful religious police under the bishop were on the alert to catch and bring them to justice so-called. We have an example in a document given in the history of the church at Montpellier, being the memorandum addressed by the Bishop of Rodez to the Comte de Saint-Florentin, one of the Ministers at Versailles. The memoir states that at Milhau, a town in which the greater part of the inhabitants are *religionnaires* (Protestants), a minister in disguise had appeared, that he had remained there three days, holding no assembly, but passing his time in going from house to house. He had refused to baptize a child brought to him, or to solemnize a marriage, though requested by the betrothed. The memorandum goes on to give his real name, place of birth, *nom de guerre*, and says "he resides at Zurich, making every year, in February, a journey to France, and returning in October to Switzerland. He is about forty years, well made and well got up, tall and stout, but not disproportionately so, with a good presence, travelling with his man, who, like himself, is well mounted. He arrived at Milhau in an embroidered hat, a peruke knotted behind with a black ribbon, and a sword at his side, which he always carries. At Milhau he wore a duck-coloured coat with gold buttons, and a vest of the same colour trimmed with lace; but as he has some other suits in his portmanteau he might very well appear elsewhere differently dressed. His valet is a big fellow, bold and athletic. He is clad in a cloth coat, inclining to be reddish without being exactly red. He wears a pigtail and his hair properly curled and tied up. His hat is smooth and without a rim. The master has a proud and grave air, and takes on the manners of an officer. Both carry pistols when travelling. It is asserted that every year, at the same season or thereabouts, several other ministers come into the district, and that each has his particular district, composed of a certain number of parishes."

Under such difficulties, we cannot attribute more than a secondary influence to pastoral visitation in promoting the vigorous domestic religion so characteristic of Huguenotism, and which had its root in the honour put on marriage by the teaching and action of the early reformers.

The entirely opposite genius of Catholicism is seen in the importance it attached to baptism. Just before the Revocation, when everything was

being done to cripple the Protestant religion and prepare the way for its final destruction, the Pharisees at Versailles were in dread lest meanwhile some of the Protestant children should die without baptism. Consequently the intendant of the province of Languedoc was commanded to select a certain number of ministers to perform this rite in the presence of the consuls. They were to read the liturgy, but to make no prayers, exhortations, or other exercises, and the baptism was to take place within twenty-four hours after the birth of the child under a penalty to the father of 400 francs. After the Revocation the same rigours pursued the "newly converted," as the vast bulk of the terrorised Protestants were called; non-appearance before the curé with the child for baptism entailed fine or imprisonment.

On the other hand, the authorities put such difficulties in the way of the solemnisation of marriage by Protestant pastors that it was simply impossible for those who wished to maintain consistency to be married by any religious rite whatever. Almost down to the Revolution it was a penal offence. The grand-parents of some friends of the writer were imprisoned for three months for having their marriage solemnised by a pastor. In an earlier part of the last century, Huguenots betrothed were driven to content themselves with a mutual recognition, and that of their friends. Baptisms being regarded with a less severe eye by the authorities, pastors of the desert, in giving a certificate of baptism, took some pains to render therein a testimony to the sacred character of the tie between the parents. But in the eyes of the law the parents were not married.

And yet this grievance occupies but a small place in the horrible agitations which throughout the whole of its history the Protestant family suffered, living in fear of every kind of peril. In the biography of Pierre Dumoulin, a celebrated pastor of the early part of the seventeenth century, we see how nervous Huguenots became, of assassination, for example. One time, he says, poisoned boots were sent him; another, that two men in long black cloaks appeared at his house; one mounted to his study and pursued him round the table; the pastor's man luckily came in and drove the suspicious visitor away. Then Dumoulin has a third fright; he imagines two men have got into his room, and he is found in a swoon on the door-sill. If this was the state of a Huguenot's mind in days of comparative calm, what must it have been in the far more numerous days of turmoil and persecution?

The family-life that has stood all these trials must surely be a powerful one. Its root was in God, its standard was the Bible.

From early times religious people used their most sacred books as the place to record family events. Louise de Montmorency, the mother of the Colignys, noted in her Book of Hours a number of facts relating to family history, chiefly the births of her children, recording the exact moment they came into the world. After a cessation of twenty-four years the record is continued by her illustrious son, Gaspard Coligny. He notes the date of his own marriage and the birth of each of his children, down to the death of his first wife, the noble-hearted Jeanne de Laval, and his second marriage with Jacqueline d'Entremont. It is she who adds the record of his murder, "Le xxiv. d'août, 1572," and the birth of a posthumous child, Beatrix de Coligny, the 30th of the following December, at ten o'clock in the morning.

This Book of Hours evidently had a sacred character for Coligny, as his mother's manual of prayer; but later Huguenots always use the Bible or a special family book for this purpose.

The "Adventures of a Bible" is the title an imaginative writer could give the history of a magnificently bound copy of the Scriptures which Philippe du Plessis Mornay gave his daughter Anne de Noukes, Sept. 20, 1620. Nearly a hundred and fifty years after it was picked up by a descendant of the family, then Governor of St. Cloud, at a sale of the library of the Provincial of the Jesuits in the Rue Pot de Fer in Paris. It is an edition printed at La Rochelle, and besides the Scriptures, contained the liturgy of the Reformed Church, the psalms, hymns, and prayers. Du Plessis has written in a fine, trembling hand: "Ps. 27. L'Eternel est ma bannière et ma déliverance, de qui aurai-je peur? L'Eternel est la force de ma vie, de qui aurai-je foieur?"

His daughter adds below that this Bible has been given her by her very honoured father, and that she desires it may be for her eldest son, Philippe de Noukes, and that he may read it carefully to learn how to serve God in the Holy Trinity, and that he may encourage himself in the example of his grandfather, and remember the vows his mother has made on his behalf. Nine years after she writes: "The year 1629, Saturday the 4th of August, about noon, God has crowned with true and solid glory our son, Philippe de Noukes, having taken him to Himself in an assault during the siege of Bolduc in the Low Countries." And then she dedicates the precious Bible to her remaining son François. The names of all her family appear, with the dates of their birth. The name of the eldest daughter, as sponsor to the youngest, closes the register. She was married to the Marquis de Dangrou; and her two grandsons became Catholics, the fate of the descendants of nearly all the famous noble Huguenot families.

Among the prayers bound up with this Bible, is one entitled: "L'exercise du père de famille et tous ses domestiques pour prier au matin devant que du diner. In the SUNDAY AT HOME, June 14, 1882, in an article on marriage among the Huguenots, some details were given of the way this family worship was conducted at Chatillon, the residence of Coligny. We may conclude it was a common practice in Huguenot families to gather at morning and evening round the family altar.

Out of this daily reading of the Scriptures in the family arose a certain "biblical character," which has stamped itself on Huguenot history. The Huguenot father recalls the Old Testament patriarch. A sublime faith, an earnest horror of religious corruption, a determination to hand on his sacred trust to his children, whom he exhorts

THE PASTOR'S VISITATION.

by mingled threats and promises to maintain the true religion in the world, these were the characteristics of the typical Huguenot, who was akin to the Maccabees in spirit. In a *Livre de Famille* a Huguenot father writes thus under date August 13, 1753:

"Exhortation that I, Pierre de Daunant, address to Paul William my son on the occasion of his baptism.

"Considering all that which is occurring at the time of your baptism, my dear son Paul William, I seize the occasion to exhort you, my dear child, and those whom it shall please God to give me, to make profession during your whole life of the Reformed religion in which this great God has been so gracious as to cause you to be born, that your ancestors have also professed, notwithstanding the persecutions to which they were in consequence exposed, that I myself have always followed, and to which I shall be constantly attached unto my last sigh, conformably to the Holy Gospel, which ought to be the rule of our faith, and from which one ought never to turn away. I pray God to inspire you with their good sentiments, that He may give you grace to live in His high and divine protection, and thus preserve you from His eternal malediction, which will be sure to fall on your head if you wander much or little from the salutary counsel of God, which He gives you from my mouth."

Such teaching was to the last degree energising. It realised its own doctrine and developed in those who came under it the worst or the best that was in them. How striking and how numerous are the instances of declension in the Huguenot families. Where this occurs some reason is doubtless to be found in the family history.

The bane of early Huguenotism was the turbulent nobility who for their own ends took up its cause; the bane of its later days was the plutocracy its peculiarities tended to evolve. All the ordinary avenues closed, its energies centred in the home; for this sacred spot it laboured until virtue became vice, and domestic religion, idolatry and worldliness. The annals of the church of Montpellier tell us that in the middle of the last century the intendant of Languedoc complained that five Protestants in the diocese of Montpellier alone had carried off 480,000 livres. In 1742, the Sieur Félines, a retired cloth-merchant, had sent out of the kingdom with his wife and daughter 400,000 livres; and later on it is recorded that a certain Madame Vernède, of the wealthy family of Farel, had died worth at least 400,000 livres.

But what was this to the fortunes of bankers like Huguetan and Samuel Bernard, who were the pecuniary support of the Ludovican despotism. To the Protestant Huguetan and the Jew Sacerdoti, Louis XIV. looked for the support of his court and army. But the climax of this disease of Huguenot domestic religion was reached by Thellusson, an English descendant of the Huguenots, who, in order to found three families to spring from his three sons, tied up his property during the lifetime of all his descendants living at the time of his decease, expecting that it would thereby reach the enormous sum of nineteen millions sterling when it came to be divided.

But the main stream of Huguenot family history is very different, and it is among the poor, or at least the suffering and oppressed, that its better genius appears. And this last phrase is elastic, because it includes among the suffering and oppressed those whose just and loving hearts compelled them to sympathise with suffering and oppression. Such was Jeanne de Coligny, surely one of the noblest types of wifehood the history of the world presents; and she does not stand alone, for in her own family and among the women of the French nobility were several most heroic figures. Such an one was the old Duchess de Rohan, who at the siege of La Rochelle displayed much courage and fortitude.

And if we come to humbler positions in society and to younger and more inexperienced people, we meet with a type of character which is akin to that of Deborah and Judith and Jael. When this appears in very young girls, we see, as in the names just mentioned, expressions of the great thoughts of a people rather than the special results of the teaching of a particular home.

In less than a month after the Revocation, Suzanne Bodet, being the daughter of a new convert and having attained the age of seventeen years, was called before the magistrates to say to what faith she adhered, that of her father or her ancestors. "I shall live and die in the Reformed religion in which I was born," was her courageous reply. And shortly after there came a time when the cause of Protestantism in France was almost sustained by young girls and boys. I refer to the little prophets of the Cevennes, which extraordinary manifestation, one of the great events of the history of France, commenced with the prophesyings of a young girl aged fifteen years, named Isabeau Vincent.

Imagine every home a temple and the preacher a little boy or girl from eight to fourteen years of age; imagine crowds coming nightly to listen to these little preachers, who held forth, sometimes in a field under the stars, sometimes in a barn! And what their subject? Very little that was different to what an ordinary pastor would have said. And yet during the whole of the lives of these children the pastor's voice had been suppressed. None had made their way into these districts, save a few who had soon been caught and hanged, as Fulcran Rey and Claude Brousson. However we explain the outburst, the actual doctrine was hereditary and must have come through the parents. Each of these little cabins of the Vivarais, the Dauphiny and the Cevennes was a living fire, burning with that glowing zeal for God which Farel and Calvin and other Reformers had lit up nearly two centuries earlier.

The indomitable spirit which led these young people to tell their hearers that they must obey God rather than the king, and to denounce apostacy as the worst of sins, comes out in some children brought up in quite a different sphere of society and in the north of France. Some time after the Revocation, while Bossuet was Bishop of Meaux, two little Huguenot girls, left orphans,

were disputed over by the Catholic and Protestant members of the family. Taken away by the procureur of Meaux from the Protestant relative in whose care they were, they refused to enter the coach which was to convey them to Catholic keeping. Compelled to do so and surrounded by archers, they broke the windows of the coach. At their new domicile they rejected all the new clothes offered them, and obstinately refused to give the slightest sign of softening towards the Catholic religion. A Capuchin told them that their aunts had been converted and had sent him to urge them to follow their example. "If our aunts choose to be damned, we have souls to be saved," say these dauntless children. They finally escaped, hid themselves in a barn, and at night, shoeless and almost barefooted, made their way through the woods to their relative's house at La Ferté. He, afraid to keep them, took them to Paris to try and see the king, and to represent to him the extreme hardship of their case. He could not do so, but instead had to take them to the principal judge, who, under pretence of examining them, shut them up in a convent. Here every kind of punishment was practised to tame their rebellious spirits, but without avail. One day they found themselves alone in the garden of the convent. They climbed a tree, got on to the wall and sprung over. Alone in Paris, they found the father of a child who had been carried off to the same convent, and by his aid and that of other Protestants in Paris they were rapidly and frequently moved from house to house, and after a time were conveyed out of the kingdom. Michelet calls them "the little lions of Meaux."

A more beautiful story is that of Jean Fabre, whose filial piety so touched the Parisians, before whose notice it was brought in a drama entitled *L'honnête criminel*. Fabre was a youth who went with his old father to an assembly in the desert. Surprised by the soldiers, all but the most feeble escaped up the rocks. Jean Fabre was one, but turning round, he beheld his father in the hands of the soldiers. In a moment he ran back and offered himself in his place. A contest ensued; but Jean, who was more vigorous than the old man, insisted on the soldiers taking him and leaving his father. He was sentenced to the galleys for life. After passing seven years in this intolerable servitude, a Parisian play-writer brought his case before the public. Men's hearts were beginning to soften, and the authorities at Versailles permitted Jean Fabre to go free. John Howard was in a French prison at the same time as this Huguenot youth.

There has never existed a family-life more intense than that of the Huguenots, and it existed under the cross for 250 years. Nor were they an obscure body of religionists who asked only to be permitted to serve their God according to their own consciences; they were, up to the fall of La Rochelle, the defenders of civil as well as religious liberty. Around them, in fact, French politics centred; and after trying every means to suppress them, their enemies at last gave way, but only really in our day and under the present Republic. Now their descendants fill the highest offices in the state and occupy the most honourable position in the country. No one can doubt that this oppressed people have had immense influence in the making of modern France, and it may equally be seen in the domestic interior as in the form of the state.

R. HEATH.

A TALK WITH COUSIN MABEL ABOUT PERFECTION.

BY E. J. WHATELY, AUTHOR OF "COUSIN MABEL'S SKETCHES OF CHARACTER."

II.

THE next day when Katie joined me, she looked a little blank on finding I was not alone.

"Do not be alarmed," I said; "I think you know my friend Mrs. Lumley; she has just been at a meeting where some of Mr. Lowndes' friends and associates have been speaking, so she will be able to give us her impressions, and perhaps help to throw more light on the subject."

Mrs. Lumley, a gentle, thoughtful, young wife and mother, was at first a little reluctant to give what might seem like a criticism of what she had heard; but I knew she was well able really to form a judgment: she had studied her Bible well and reflected much on what she read and heard.

"I thought the first part of the discourse I heard—it was a friend of Mr. Lowndes' whose name I did not catch—was exceedingly good," she said: "but as he went on, he startled me by saying that a true Christian who acts up to his privileges is really and actually dead to sin—and he quoted Colossians ii. 2. Now I had been reading the passage in the Revised Version, and I see the word there is not 'ye are dead,' but 'ye died.' Now if that is correct it alters the whole case."

"It certainly is, as all the best scholars agree. The word describes not a state, but a transaction. We are regarded as having suffered the punishment of death with Christ. And the apostle goes on to bid us 'mortify,' or put to death, our 'members on earth' (our sinful propensities). This proves sufficiently that he had not been speaking of a state, for how could a dead man need to put anything in himself to death?"

"That is quite clear," said Mrs. Lumley, "and shows the sense given by the 'Revised' must be the right one."

"But was that all that passed?" I asked.

"No: Mr. Lowndes had to leave as soon as his lecture was over, but the meeting then became more of a conversational one, and several present gave their own experiences and told of the blessing they had received. Now I do see that when one once can lay hold of the truth that God is doing the work in us as well as for us, it is a wonderful help. I know, when I heard Mr. Benson preach on, 'As we have received Christ, even so walk in Him,' showing that our being made holy must be taken from His hands like our pardon, it was a new light and strength to me."

"And yet Eleanor says Mr. Benson does not believe in that blessing!" said Katie.

"I think she means," resumed Mrs. Lumley, "that he does not see—and no more can I, I own—that this puts one at once out of reach of all temptation."

"Now several who were at that meeting declared that they or their friends had been absolutely kept for weeks and months from ever sinning. I could not see how they could know that, even if it had been true. But Miss Fordyce mentioned the case of a lady who had just recovered from a very painful illness, and who was asked if she had never been impatient or cross all the time? She replied she had felt dreadfully irritable, but that God had enabled her to refrain from speaking."

"Well, and that was a great point gained," said I; "the bridling of the tongue is a most important step on the way to victory."

"Indeed it is!" sighed Katie.

"Yes," said Mrs. Lumley; "but I thought it was strange to speak as if *all* was gained, if no words were spoken. I did not like to make any remark myself, but Mrs. Cameron, that cousin of my husband's I was telling you about, who has just come to us from Scotland, was present, and she said at once, in her slow, soft voice, 'That was a very blessed experience, but still, as long as any irritable feeling was in the heart, sin was not conquered, for an evil thought is sin.'"

"Did Miss Fordyce assent to this?"

"No; she looked rather amazed, and said, 'If the Tempter puts bad thoughts in our mind it is not our fault.' Mrs. Cameron answered, 'But we may harbour such thoughts; if we do not cast them out at once it is sin, and which of us could be sure we have put them away the moment they were suggested? Besides, they could not enter unless the heart was prepared to receive them. That was the substance of what she said. Miss Fordyce made no direct answer, but she made some remark later about those who wished to enter on a higher life being always misunderstood by others; and afterwards she told me that she saw poor Mrs. Cameron was content to remain on a very low level."

"I should have thought, on the contrary," I observed, "that her standard was higher than that of those she was answering, if they were content with ruling the tongue, and she aimed at ruling the spirit also."

"I do not think they would quite say that," said Mrs. Lumley; "but the subject is very puzzling to me. I agree with Mrs. Cameron in theory; but many who talk of this new experience are persons whose truthfulness and sincerity I cannot doubt for a moment, and when they assure me of the blessing they have received, what can I think?"

"I would not doubt it for a moment," I said. "When once we see that the power lies with God, and that He is able and willing to give it, we cannot doubt that the honest seeker will find. But not always in the same way."

"But when they tell one," said Katie, "that they have been so completely freed from irritability, for instance, that all temptation to it was removed, can I refuse to believe it?"

"No, I would never say that. I think sometimes they leave out of the question attendant circumstances, which may help to bring about the result: I mean, sometimes God in His mercy gives improvement in health, or the situation is changed, and the surroundings which tried us severely are removed: all these things are helps from God's providence, and must be thankfully received, though they are not direct effects of grace."

"But do you not believe that grace alone works the deliverance sometimes?" said Katie.

"Certainly I do. I would never deny that, without any outward helps, God's grace sometimes works a conscious, speedy deliverance from some besetting temptation. In some cases He sends this as a confirmation to the faith, just as the palsied man's recovering the use of his limbs would enable him to believe more firmly in the greater blessing of having his sins forgiven. But we may turn this blessing of sudden deliverance into a snare if we allow ourselves to think it will place us out of reach of future returns of temptation."

"But Eleanor says, that to expect that the temptation will recur, is to doubt God's power to save," said Katie.

"There is the mistake. God might, doubtless, if it were His will, make us impervious, once for all, to all temptations; but He has not chosen to do this."

"But He surely wills us to be holy," said Mrs. Lumley.

"He does; but we are to be made holy in His way, not in our own way. We should like to have the work done in a way to save us all trouble: but He has distinctly attached conditions to His gifts. With pardon and justification, the only condition is trustful acceptance: but with holiness wrought in us, we have not only to accept, but also to work with God and under Him; just as a doctor may be able to declare he can undertake the cure of his patient, but on the condition of his directions being followed implicitly.

"Our Lord did this, even in some of His miracles. The lepers were to show themselves to the priests; the blind man was to wash in the pool of Siloam; the man with the withered hand was to stand up in the middle of the congregation and stretch forth his hand. If they had refused to comply with these commands, we may be sure they would not have been healed, for the command given was plainly the condition.

Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

ISAIAH LX.20.

"Now the condition attached to our being made holy by God, is, as we see in every page of the Epistles, that we should watch, pray, and strive. All the comparisons given are drawn from the wrestler or runner in the arena, and the soldier in battle. The one has to be 'temperate in all things,' 'laying aside every weight, or hindrance,' the other must 'endure hardness'—refusing to be 'entangled with the ordinary business of life.' The images seem to have been all chosen to point to intense and continuous effort.

"Look through the whole New Testament, and you will see the same spirit everywhere. Paul himself counted not himself to 'have apprehended,' he had no doubt of his safety in Christ, but he did not attempt to judge of his attainments in holy living—his work was to press forward, looking onwards, and not backwards."

"But I am sure many who speak in the way we are alluding to do lead holy lives," said Mrs. Lumley.

"I don't doubt it. The instincts of many Christians are much sounder than their reason. But we must remember there is always a temptation to cut down God's requirements to meet our standard, instead of raising our standard to meet His requirements."

"How do you mean?" asked Katie.

"Just this; some have laid down the principle, that sin is actually and entirely overcome, after a certain experience has been passed through. Then if some failure be apparent, the temptation is to allege, that this is not really sin: the thoughts, as you were told to-day, Edith,—are what we are not responsible for, so we may escape self-reproach; then again, some condone sins of ignorance."

"I heard some one say, the other day," said Katie, "that God would not punish sins of ignorance, any more than we should punish a babe of a year or two old if it breaks or spoils something in childish play, not knowing it is doing harm."

"I think," said Mrs. Lumley, smiling, "if these good people knew as much of little children as mothers like myself do, they would speak rather differently. One can make a very young child understand that such and such a thing must not be done, and if they are not taught early to keep from spoiling everything that comes in their way, one's children may be made absolute nuisances. I am sure I can speak from experience."

"And experience which has been well acted on, dear Edith," I said, "as any one who sees your happy, well-trained little ones can bear witness. But I own I think many of what we call sins of ignorance are not the unconscious mischief done by a babe so much as the careless escapades of older children who fancy they did not know they were transgressing, when in fact it was that they gave no heed to what they were told."

"But some things could not be known beforehand," said Katie.

"Yes; the Apostle Paul honestly thought he was doing right when he persecuted the Church of God, but he says himself that he 'obtained mercy because he did it ignorantly in unbelief.'

"He saw that pardon was required even for sins of ignorance. So our Lord's own words were, 'Forgive them, for they know not what they do.' And look at the Levitical Law. The sins of ignorance required sacrifices with bloodshedding; there are distinct provisions for the sins of rulers, priests, and people.

"Surely all this shows the way such sins are regarded by God."

"But what do you think has led to this idea of conscious 'perfection,' as it is called, being attained by Christians?" said Mrs. Lumley.

"I think it is a reaction from an opposite mistake made some years ago. I remember the time when justification by faith and free pardon of sin were often preached quite without regard to the necessity of holiness of life. The Redemption was spoken of as if it were only an escape from punishment. I am sure many good people who did this did not perceive the evil to which it led. They were so anxious to dwell on the freeness of salvation, that deliverance from guilt was dwelt on and deliverance from the power of sin virtually ignored."

"I remember reading some tracts and books to that effect," said Edith Lumley; "and my mother has told me she observed a good deal of it in her earlier days."

"Well, this led to a two-fold evil. One set of people accepted free grace almost as a Romanist might an indulgence, and thought it hardly signified how we lived; another class, really anxious about holiness, tried to win it by their own efforts, or acquiesced in besetting sins with a kind of sorrowful resignation, as if they were incurable diseases."

"I have heard people talk in that way," said Katie, "as if their tempers were like a fierce dog they were compelled to keep!"

"Just so: then, when the eyes of some Christians were opened to the fact, that salvation from sin took in deliverance from its power as well as its guilt and punishment, they rushed into the contrary extreme, and this is the result."

"But you would not say they are all wrong?" said Katie.

"No; in as far as they declare the work of holiness to be God's and not ours, and that we must go to Him as simply to receive it as we did to receive pardon, they are quite right: the mistake is, first, making it essential to go through some special experience once for all, and then, looking on it as putting you out of reach of future temptation and beyond the need of vigilance."

"And do not you think," said Mrs. Lumley, "that it is a mistake to look on such an awakening as necessarily a separate experience from receiving pardon and justification?"

"I do. If these persons had fully understood that holiness was a part of God's work of salvation, as truly as pardon, they would have taken the whole together, and have seen that in giving their hearts to God they were entitled to all the privileges of a believer. But having apprehended one part of the truth before the other, they looked on the part which came latest to them, as a new experience, and even sometimes called it a 'second conversion.'"

"I see that," said Mrs. Lumley, "and I under-

stand how the first joyful surprise of getting hold of the new thought, would seem like an era in the lives of such Christians. But might not the same things be felt with other truths, when they were understood for the first time?"

"I am sure it might. A friend told me once that when she became first aware of the power of prayer and the promises attached to it, it was quite like a new spiritual awakening. God can revive His servants in this way again and again. But the danger is, the insisting, as we said before, on our experience being a model for every one else: whereas what may have come as a sudden flash to one, may be gradually apprehended by another."

"And if it is really apprehended," said Edith Lumley, "the manner of apprehending it matters little."

"As long as we see the need of watchful efforts on our part, we shall not go far wrong."

"But how can we hope to overcome sin, if we are always to be failing and always imperfect?" said Katie, in a desponding tone.

"We are not to be always failing, dear Katie; we must never allow ourselves to think the enemy will prevail. God can and will overcome sin in us if we follow His directions; but we must never make sure of having attained perfection in this life. We must leave Him to judge of the progress of holiness in us. Our surest test of progress is, increased sense of sin, and increasing moral and spiritual sensitiveness."

"But that would make us more and more discouraged," said Katie.

"No, it need not, and should not. It should rather encourage us. You know you are progressing in music when you can discern a false note where you did not perceive it before. No, dear Katie, you need not lose heart. God is working in you: your very doubts and fears show it, go on and be of good courage. Watch and pray, and never for a moment be off your guard. But you are to watch, not in doubt or anxious fear, but cheerfully knowing your Captain is beside you. You are to seek, not to have your will paralyzed, but actively turned to work with God and for Him; you are to run, not as uncertainly, but in joyful confidence that He who works in you is faithful and wills your sanctification. His object is to 'purify to Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works,' and He can and will 'present you faultless before Him' at the Great Day."

Things New and Old.

BOOKS FOR THE BLIND.—A correspondent writes: In the SUNDAY AT HOME for June, I have read an article entitled, "A Library for the Blind." In it, the writer speaks of the great difficulty of learning Braille in a way likely to deter some people, who might be thinking of learning it, from making the attempt. As volunteers to write out books for the blind, in Braille, are urgently required, I write to give my experience of the work. About a year ago, my daughter and I were shown the blind writing, by a lady living next door to us. We both took to it, and in three weeks were able to send our sheets to Dr. Armitage, moderately well-written, and from him we received every help and encouragement. On Saturday, 2nd June, I took some young ladies to the garden party at the College for the Blind at Norwood. We were much interested in what we saw there, and my daughter and I were pleased to find that the pupils could read Braille books, like those we write, quite readily. On Monday, the 4th June, one of my nieces told me she would like to learn Braille, so I handed over my frame to her and set her to work at once. A fortnight passed and she could write it well, and had eight sheets written ready for us to take to Dr. Armitage. During the fortnight she had been going about a great deal, so had not devoted much of her time to the blind writing. I can assure any one who may wish to give some of their time to help in supplying books to the blind that the difficulty of learning Braille may easily be overcome by the exercise of a moderate amount of intelligence and application. In the article I have alluded to, it is said that some of the books in the Library for the Blind are wearing out, and that money cannot replace them. I would suggest that the books, having been written in Braille, could be copied by blind copyists, and the money paid to them for their work would be well spent, as it would help them to earn their own livelihood. Blind copyists can be heard of from the Secretary of the *British and Foreign Blind Association*, 33, *Cambridge Square, Hyde Park, London, W.*

AN ARAB TALE FROM ZANZIBAR.—The prophet was walking one day with one of his disciples, and he bought three loaves of bread. They each ate one, and then the prophet said, "Put the other away, when we come to some water we will eat it." After a time they came to a well, the prophet turned to his follower and said, "Where is the loaf?" He said, "It is stolen." "Who stole it?" "I do not know," said the follower. So they went on to a place where there was some sand, so the prophet sat down and made three heaps of sand, and, invoking the name of God, the three heaps of sand became three heaps of gold. The follower said, "For whom are these?" The prophet said, "One is thine, one is mine, and the other is for him who stole the loaf." "I am he who stole the loaf," said the follower. "Ah," said the prophet, "you would not confess the truth, when I charged you to do so in the name of God, but for the sake of a heap of gold you can speak what is true. Now I do not want the gold, you may take my share, but none of all these three heaps will profit you." So saying the prophet went on, but his follower could not rise from the ground, he was compelled to sit there watching the gold. Presently there came by three horsemen. They saw him sitting by his three heaps of gold, and they slew him for his money. Then they talked of dividing the money, but finding they were hungry, they sent one of their number back to the town to buy food; he bought some meal, and thinking in his heart that he would like to possess all the gold, he got some poison, and put it into the meal, thinking that when his companions were dead, he would get their share of the gold. Meanwhile his two companions said to each other, "Let us kill this fellow when he comes back with the food, and then we can divide the gold." So when he drew near, they fired upon him, and killed him, and they made the meal into bread, and devoured it, and died beside the gold. After this the prophet came back with a band of followers, and they asked him the meaning of the four dead bodies, and the three heaps of gold, and he told them what had happened, and ended with saying, "After all, it is not gold, but three heaps of sand. Shall I cause it to go back to its original form?" They said "Do so;" and he did.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER VII.—MR. ROBINSON.

"COME, little one, give us a helping hand to twist in a bit more learning," exclaimed Jack one morning, running into the pavilion where Bertie was playing with his brother.

"Why, where have you been all this time?" said Bertie, who had not seen Jack for nearly a fortnight, and thought he had grown tired of the reading-lessons. But he shook his head when he was asked this question.

"No, no, I've been pegging away at the book when I could, but we're busy now, getting ready for the summer, and it's Jack here, and Boots there, all day long, so that it's only been now and again of an evening that I've had a chance at the reading, and it isn't much I can do without you either, he said, with a grateful look at Bertie.

While he had been speaking, he had turned over the leaves of the book, which looked considerably the worse for wear now, so that the words in some places could scarcely be deciphered.

"We had better try on another leaf," said Bertie, looking at the soiled torn book with some disgust, for Jack had used his dirty fingers as industriously as his eyes, and so in places it was plentifully adorned with blacking stains.

"I say, the old gent will see I've used his book," said Jack with some satisfaction. "Did you know he was coming back?" he suddenly asked.

"No! Is he coming soon?"

"Next week, and I should say he was going to bring a lady with him, for he's ordered one of the best private sitting-rooms to be got ready, and a carriage is to be ordered for his use while he is here," and Jack rubbed his hands with satisfaction over the importance of his patron.

"I know what he's going to have a carriage for," said Tommy; "he's going to take me and Bertie to see the ruins."

Jack laughed. "Why, I dare say he's forgotten all about you little uns," he said.

"He's forgotten you," retorted Tommy angrily.

"He'll soon remember me again, and I won't let him forget you," he said, speaking to Bertie in a lower tone; "I mean to tell him how you've helped me with the reading."

"I'd rather you did not say anything about it," replied Bertie with some dignity; "I like helping you, and I don't want anybody to be told."

"All right, all right!" said Jack, but with a private determination in his own mind, to tell who had helped him master the difficulties of the alphabet at the earliest opportunity.

Then he set himself to the task of learning more letters, and to spell familiar words under his little teacher's guidance. Bertie at last ventured to suggest that fingers were not necessary to learn letters, and that if the eyes were used steadily and carefully, fingers might be dispensed with, and the leaves of the book saved from dirt and damage.

Jack was willing to take any suggestion from Bertie now, whom he had learned to look up to with some respect, in spite of his being a little boy only about two-thirds of his own age, and "as poor as a church mouse into the bargain," as he sometimes said to himself; and so, as he had learned nearly all the letters now, and was quick to distinguish the one from the other, he found his fingers were not so needful as he had supposed.

"Look here, Jack, if you can once manage to do without your fingers, you can fix your book open somewhere, and learn to spell words while you are brushing the boots," said Bertie by way of encouraging the boy to use his eyes alone.

"Ah! so I can," said his big scholar, and down went his hands, while his eyes were fixed more intently than ever on his book, as he picked out letter after letter, and then learned to put them together into simple easy words.

"I say, the old gent 'll be pleased, I know, when I tell him how I'm getting on," said Jack, after a spell of steady application to his book. He was supremely delighted with his own progress, and proportionately grateful to Bertie for helping him. "He'll be sure to ask after you too, and I shall tell him you came to play in the pavilion still."

"Oh, yes, do!" said Tommy; "and he'll come here, and tell us some stories again, about monkeys and bears."

"But you'll have to clear all this rubbish out before he comes—he's a particular old gent, I can tell you," said Jack, surveying the litter spread all round the pavilion.

"I shan't clear it out," said Tommy; "I don't have to do such things."

"But we brought the sand and stones and seaweed in, and we must take it out again," said Bertie quickly, seeing how angry Jack looked all at once.

"But why should we?" demanded his brother; "let Jack clear it up. We are ——"

What Tommy was going to add Bertie did not wait to hear, for he hastily interrupted him by saying, "Yes, we are quite as well able to carry the things out as Jack himself;" and he gathered up a handful of seaweed at once, and carried it down to the beach.

"You'll never be half such a gentleman as your brother," said Jack, turning angrily to Tommy.

"That's not gentleman's work," said Tommy, disdainfully.

"Oh, it's not the work you do, but the way you do it, Ann says, makes the difference," answered Bertie, coming back for another heap of seaweed.

"Never mind, little un, I'll clear it all up," said Jack, when he saw that the greater part of the work was likely to fall upon Bertie.

But the little boy shook his head. "No; that wouldn't be fair," he said; "if the people at the hotel let us come here to play, we ought not to make the place dirty, or if we do, we must clear it up. Come, Tommy, shovel up some of that sand and throw it out here."

But Tommy shook himself. "I don't want to," he said sullenly.

"Ah! he's a Danby all over," said Jack; "never thinks

of anything but pleasing himself. There, get out of the way," he said, giving him an unceremonious push, and taking the little spade himself, for he had suddenly woke up to the notion, that if the master of the hotel should walk down here one day, and see the place so untidy, he would forbid the little boys coming to the pavilion in future, which would deprive him of all further help with his reading, and rob the children of a pleasant play place on cold or stormy days. So he hastened to clear out the collection of litter. Bertie assisted, and was just carrying the last of the stones out, when to his amazement he saw Mr. Robinson coming down the winding path from the hotel garden.

The little boy almost dropped his load, when he saw his old friend; and big clumsy Jack looked still more awkward and confused as he stood pulling his forelock, and wishing himself anywhere but in the pavilion just now.

"You're very busy, I see," said the old gentleman, holding out his hand to Bertie, and looking at the boy's flushed face.

Bertie thought he had better explain matters at once. "We have been making this place in a mess, sir, and so I thought we had better clear it up, and Jack has been helping us," he said.

"That's right. And what have you been doing?" he said, turning to Tommy.

"Nothing," said the child crossly.

"Oh, he's a true Danby, sir, and never does anything but what pleases him," put in Jack.

"Oh, Jack!" exclaimed Bertie reproachfully.

"I didn't mean you was a Danby, for ——"

"There, there, we won't discuss the Danbys. Jack, you run back to your work now," said the old gentleman, seating himself in the pavilion, and drawing Tommy towards him.

"Now, my little man, tell me how you have been getting on since I have been away," he said.

But Tommy was too cross to answer, and so Bertie stepped forward. "I think the factory is working again, and things are more pleasant," he said.

"And your mamma—is she better now?"

"Yes, and she hopes we shall go back to Esterfield soon."

"Ann says we had better stay here," put in Tommy, who was recovering from his sulky fit.

"Ah! and what do you think about it, my boy?" said the gentleman.

"I want to go back; I don't like this nasty place now," said Tommy.

"And you?" said the gentleman, turning to Bertie.

"I think I should like to go back, only Ann says it is better for us to stay—we are getting stronger every day."

"Mamma said yesterday you ought to go to school, Bertie," put in his brother, who was by no means disposed to be forgotten in the talk.

"Yes, yes! school is necessary for little people," said the gentleman, and then he grew silent and thoughtful, until Tommy roused him by asking for a "bear story."

"I don't think I can remember one to-day," said his friend with a smile. "I came down here to be quiet, and think over some plans."

"Tommy, we had better go home now," said Bertie, at once divining that Mr. Robinson would rather be left alone. But Tommy was not at all willing to do this, and shook himself sullenly as he said, "I don't want to go home, I want a story."

"You shall have a story another day, my boy. Run away now."

But Tommy still shook himself, and at last burst into a storm of tears. Bertie coaxed, and threatened to tell Ann, and at last Mr. Robinson said, "I shall think that what that rude boy Jack said is true—the Danbys only think of pleasing themselves."

Bertie's face flushed at this. "Tommy is only a little boy, sir. I have begun to learn——"

"A different lesson," interrupted the gentleman. "Yes, yes, I can see you have, and are striving to practise it too, and Tommy must learn the same, if ever he is to become a useful man. He must have his bear story another day. Go home now, for it is nearly tea-time, and Ann will be wondering where you are."

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVIII.

1. A city ruined—"Cursed be he
   Who doth its stones re-lay.
   His first-born and his youngest shall
   With life the forfeit pay."

2. A man who came to comfort one
   Who lay in anguish sore;
   But less of comfort, than reproach,
   He on his head did pour.

3. A mountain prophesied against
   By mandate from the Lord,
   To utter desolation doomed,
   Till it shall hear His Word.

4. The place whence Abraham came out,
   Brought by a guiding Hand;
   The Hand of Him who promise made,
   "Thou shalt possess this land."

5. A woman who made answer thus:
   "I with mine own do dwell."
   And in her hour of bitter grief
   Could still say "It is well."

6. A place that near Arabia lay,
   Ezekiel gives its name;
   In Tyre's proud days rich merchandise
   Forth from its confines came.

7. He fighting fell in foremost rank,
   Yet won nor praise nor fame.
   He served there by a king's command.
   What was his nation's name?

8. A mighty city in whose walls
   A mighty saint did dwell;
   In whose immortal words we learn
   The road to heaven or hell.

9. The place to which that mighty saint
   And his companion came,
   When driven forth from Antioch
   By Jews who feared his fame.

10. A woman who, when our dear Lord
    Gave up His precious life,
    Stood looking from afar upon
    That scene of mortal strife.

11. The mount to which a prophetess
    Commanded to draw near,
    A captain with ten thousand men,
    Without a thought of fear.

Initials give the name of Him
Who died upon the cross of shame.
The finals what He, by that act
To us, lost souls, became.

E. E. G.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

"MAN GOETH FORTH UNTO HIS WORK
AND TO HIS LABOUR UNTIL THE EVENING."
—*Psalm* civ. 23.

No. 1795.—SEPTEMBER 22, 1888.

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

CHAPTER VII.

IF the minister had hoped to resume his life of seclusion, he very soon made discovery that the days when he had found it possible to barricade himself from his fellows were over. He had taken a small tyrant to his bosom who did with him what she would.

They returned to the lonely house near the shore, indeed; but it was no longer an uninvaded solitude. When Sandbury discovered that the minister was not to be shaken out of his resolution to adopt the child, it resolved heroically that he should not proceed on his foolish venture without help. He must be supported in his indiscretion, if it were only for the sake of setting an example of loyalty to the church folks.

The help took a rather oppressive form, it is true, and one that tried the minister's feelings, and perhaps his temper; but he made an effort to accept it at least with outward grace.

On the very evening of their return, tokens that the travellers had not been forgotten lay strewn upon the table in his little study. Ralph lifted the odd-shaped parcels helplessly, one after another.

"What are these?" he questioned Mrs. Lamb, who stood in the doorway secretly enjoying his dismay. "Two, three, four bottles, and this," —he held a long woollen garment in his outstretched hand, as if he were afraid of making a closer investigation into its nature.

"The bottles, sir, is for the little miss," said the landlady, glib of explanation; "Mrs. Skinner, she sent the cough mixture, to be taken twice a day, morning and evening, as you'll see wrote on the label. The liniment is to rub in when Miss Josie has a cold on her chest, Mrs. Smith sent it, and she ought to know the meaning of a chest if anybody does, with two of hers taken off with galloping consumption. The black bottle, let me see, that's 'Mrs. Cheadle's Safe Specific for Croup.' That you've got in your hand, sir? That's a flannel night-gown, what every child ought to wear, as we all know, without needing a single woman to tell us. That one is made by Miss Lavinia Saxby, sir, and you can see as it is the work of a woman as has never had children of her own, by the way the sleeves is set in; they're safe to be tore out the very first wash. The stockings now, you've not looked at them, sir, *is* useful, and they'll keep her little feet warm against the cold days, bless her!"

Mr. Ellison received all this flood of enlightenment in a silence that was expressive. Forewarned is forearmed, to be sure, but was it quite necessary that a child should take all the diseases which the bottles of physic professed to cure?

When the ladies next day followed up their gifts by a personal visit, they did not leave him with so much as an unrouted doubt on this point. They assured him that every self-respecting child took scarlet fever, whooping-cough, measles, chicken-pox, and since vaccination was not a law of the land in those days, they cheerfully threw in small-pox to swell the gruesome list.

"But she'll pull through them all," cried one optimist. "I've had seven laid down with the fever at once, and there isn't an empty bed in my nursery, thank God. You send for me, sir, when the little one begins to sicken, or for Mrs. Luke here, who has brought fourteen into the world and has never lost one."

Ralph thanked them, but his eyes had a new trouble in them when he looked at Josie, who had been washed and clean-pinafored and sent down by Mrs. Lamb to see the ladies. Was some hideous disease lurking already under his roof to claim his little one? Those others had so many, they could spare a child and never miss it—but his one ewe lamb?

Josie, however, carried a most comfortable reassurance in her rosy cheeks and bright eyes; she looked the very embodiment of health, as she stood mutinous in the doorway, rebelling against Mrs. Lamb's whispered promptings to "go round pretty, and shake hands with the ladies."

"What a colour she has, she's as blooming as a rose," said good-natured Mrs. Skinner.

"I wouldn't set too much store by it,"—a pessimist shook her head. "I don't hold with that colour myself; I've never known it but go along with consumption." It was a well-known fact, however, that Mrs. Horner's well-filled nursery hadn't a complexion in it.

"You haven't told us her name yet." The speaker this time was the member who was tolerated on most deputations because she asked those inconvenient questions which every one wished answered but lacked courage to ask.

"Josephine—she calls herself Josie."

"But I mean her surname. She's got one, I suppose, like the rest of us?"

"Her surname," said the minister, reddening under this thrust, "is Hughes." Mary was the only mother she had ever known, and he had decided that the little girl should bear her name.

"And I suppose," the same speaker went on, "you've seen that she's baptized like a Christian child?"

"She has been christened," said Ralph, this time with a hint of sternness that silenced his questioner.

The minister was learning many things in those days that come to most men in the sweet natural way of fatherhood. He had secured himself a treasure, but the guarding of it cost him many an anxious hour.

He liked to have Josie with him even in the morning, but it is not to be denied that she wholly diverted the uses of the study and turned it into something between a playroom and a

nursery, into anything rather than the serious workshop of a student. She had no respect for books except as useful material for house-building, and the stories which she never wearied of hearing had no connection in her mind with the big volumes her little hands dragged out of the shelves to the detriment of their bindings.

He could no longer work with an undistracted mind, and he gradually fell into the habit of doing all his graver work at night, when Josie's restless feet were stilled, and her prattle hushed in sleep. Even when she sat on the rug at his feet, playing with her doll, he found himself watching her with a passing wonder for that instinct of motherhood that little girls develop so early, but Josie was seldom long still; presently she would jump up and demand to be amused.

Generally it was her imperious will to be taken to the shore. She shared his deep love of the sea, and as if she were indeed the sea-bird of his early fancy, she escaped more than once, and was found by him as on that first day sitting on the sand with a lapful of treasures.

This propensity to wander, and an unconquerable love of going without socks and shoes, and so contracting colds, were among the minor troubles of the minister's life. As she grew older he clung to her the more with a passionate love in which he could not rest for the fear that he might lose her.

Often in those early days he watched her face in sleep, and when she was awake, with a sickening dread lest he might see some look of Vane creeping into it; if the moral taint were there, he had almost prayed that death might take her while she was still young and innocent. But Josie had no look that spoke to him either of Alice or her father, though she inherited the beauty of both.

As she grew older she developed social tendencies that at first a little alarmed him. She showed an alacrity in accepting invitations to nursery tea-parties that surprised him. For in the long years of his ministry at Sion Chapel he had so accustomed himself to the life of a recluse as to have half forgotten the habits of his youth.

Josie manifested a decided interest in her white frock and pink sash, and was reconciled to shoes that had rosettes on them, coming back with stories of other little girls and boys with whom she had played, and generally so well amused herself as to be quite ready to renew the pleasure. So it came to be quite a familiar sight to see the minister carrying the little woman well wrapped in a shawl to the scene of dissipation, and coming for her again at bedtime, "for all the world as if he were a nurse," cried the scornful.

But Sandbury was wiser now and let him alone. It knew that the day was coming when the minister would be one with his flock in their joys and sorrows. An irresistible force was drawing him every day nearer them, for I defy any man whose sleeping tenderness has been awakened for a little child or even for the dumb brute creation to shut his fellow men and women long from his love.

Already secretly, half ashamedly, as if by stealth, he had held out a hand to some brother or sister in extremity; he began with the sorrowful, the sick, and the sad, always with the remembrance of Mary Hughes deep in his heart, and her dying words to him ringing in his ears. When he sat by Josie's little bed at night, listening to her chatter of the day's doings; when he joined her in her simple petitions to the Divine Father of us all, he could no longer turn aside coldly denying his obligations to those others, children too of the same Father. As for his sermons, if they lost something in brilliance they gained in a subtle quality which may be called heart. Hitherto his pulpit utterances had been polished till they shone with the cold glitter of diamonds; now they began to glow as if with a hidden spark of fire, for the love that had warmed and cheered him was beginning to find an outward channel. But it was left to Josie to develop his long-dormant social qualities.

When she grew out of childhood into maidenhood, she did not go to school, as other girls in Sandbury did; the middle classes sending their children out of time-honoured tradition to "The Misses Smellie's Educational Establishment for the daughters of gentry," where they learned the smattering of useful and useless knowledge and the few tinkling accomplishments that were considered in those comfortable days to constitute a liberal education. She learned all she knew at the minister's side. It was not very much, as he sometimes acknowledged ruefully, for she showed no inborn love of study.

He would have liked his Josie to be clever and brilliant, but he was content to find her winsome and loving. She was quite as charming a companion as if she had been a blue-stocking, and there was never a cleverer little housekeeper, a better nurse, never a kinder comforter when he was sad.

She herself knew little of illness, but in the more trifling infantile complaints which she did not wholly escape, she was cared for by one or two motherly women with a zeal and tenderness that went far to break down the frosty reserve behind which Ralph had so long intrenched himself; kindness to Josie was the surest passport to his gratitude. But the little woman did not make many claims on the skill or patience of her nurses; she astonished Sandbury by taking none of the diseases that had seemed to hover round her crib like the released contents of a Pandora's box, and the prophets of evil were forced to acknowledge their errors.

Josie was an exception in other respects as well. She was the prettiest girl in Sandbury or out of it, so said some far-travelled natives who were held to speak with authority; that she was the most winsome was ceded by universal consent. She grew in beauty, and Ralph humbly hoped in grace and goodness; that she was dear to him no one who saw them together could question; dear as a daughter, though he never taught her to call him father.

When she grew up she invented pretty names for him; guardian, master, friend, it matters

little what name love chooses. He had trembled for the moment when she should ask him about her real father, and had been thankful for the childish unconsciousness that taught her to accept her world as she found it, without question; but Josie was waking out of childhood, and he knew that with her dawning womanhood she would begin to reason and wonder about herself.

He had tenderly fostered her recollections of Mary Hughes, and when, in their long summer rambles, they passed the hut, she would make him tell over again how he had found her and carried her home in his arms. Of Mary's happy death and the beautiful lesson of her life he often spoke, but of Alice and of Henry Vane never.

The moment of Josie's awakening came one day, however, as he had feared. It was on the day when she wore her first long dress, and she seemed to grow at once into a woman before his eyes. There was to be a feast given by Mr. and Mrs. Culpepper in honour of Josie's birthday, and with many persuasions she had won his consent to be present at it.

"I am your daughter," she said, when she came downstairs to show herself to him in her new gown, "and now that I'm grown up you must go into the world to take care of me."

She had often before called herself his daughter, but to-day he heard her without a smile and almost with a look of trouble on his face. This going into the world, as she called it, cost the shy recluse something more of an effort than she was likely to guess.

She went up to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Guardian," she said, "you are the only father I ever knew, and the dearest and best a girl ever had, but perhaps once there was another father whom I cannot remember. Will you tell me about him now that I am older and can understand?"

"You had a father, my child," he answered, controlling himself to speak quietly, "of whom you shall be told, but not to-day. This is your birthday."

"And my mother?" she asked a little timidly, for his voice was so grave, "she died, I suppose, a long time ago?"

"She died a long time ago, dear one. She was beautiful as you are, Josie. In this white dress you remind me of her as I saw her last."

He paused abruptly and she asked no more. She divined, perhaps, with a woman's quickness that she had unwittingly touched on an unhealed wound that had yet power to ache, and her love for him was a great deal stronger than her desire to be satisfied. After all, no father dead or living, could be dearer than he.

"Do you care to go with me to-night, or must I let you be lazy as usual?" she asked lightly, anxious to atone for the pain her words had given him.

"No, dear, no," he said, smiling as he laid his hand on her curls, "I must be your guardian in more than name now that you are growing so fast."

But when they reached the Culpeppers' cheerful rooms above the shop, lit with a radiance that streamed out into the street and hinted of an expectant company within, she noticed that he trembled. When she had thrown off her shawl and the smart maid was flutteringly ready to announce them, she drew his arm within her own, with an artless gesture of tenderness that moved him strangely.

And so, with this young thing to lean on and with her protecting love to guard him, Ralph Ellison took up the long-broken threads of the past and began the world again.

HOSPITAL NURSES

IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER III.—ABROAD.

THE subject of Hospitals and Hospital Nursing is one of engrossing interest in all countries and among all classes from the rulers on their thrones to the poorest of their subjects. For example, the late Emperor Wilhelm of Germany always showed the deepest interest and sympathy in hospital work, whether it was in his own empire or in far-away places. There is at Beyrout, in Syria, a hospital founded and carried on by German nurses from Neuwied on the Rhine. It is the greatest possible blessing to Syria, and the Emperor of Germany helped the sisters most liberally every year out of his own private purse.

A friend who has just returned from Syria states that this hospital contains forty beds. Everything is scrupulously clean. There is a splendid garden attached. The sister's dress is dark blue with a little white cap. A sister presides over the drugs and makes up as many as 25,000 prescriptions in the course of the year.

All nationalities are taken in, and such a high repute has this hospital among the Easterns, and such faith have they in it, that if any one of

them is taken ill, even at a long distance off, he begs to be carried there, many even being taken on board a steamer for that purpose. The efficiency and the success of this hospital the sisters declare could never have been attained but for the steady liberal help of the dear Emperor William.

The Empress Augusta has done even more than help with her purse in the movement at home; she has taken an active part in the work itself, and her example and deep interest in the Red Cross nurses have helped to make them the strong and efficient body they are.

Then too the Queen of Saxony has thoroughly associated herself with hospitals and nursing the sick. She gives her private means, her time, her sympathy to the work. It is pleasant to hear the terms of affection in which the nurses and the poor patients whom she visits and cheers speak of her. Let me tell my readers what she did only this last Christmas, and they will understand something of her influence.

There is at Christmas-time a fair in Dresden, not what we understand as a fair, but rather an annual market, to which merchants from various countries send goods, and whither the work-people from outlying districts of Saxony bring their wares, toys of every description, home-made lace, wool, warm clothing, cakes, Christmas-trees, cloth, linen, furs, in fact everything useful and ornamental. The better off of those who bring their wares here hire rooms in which to display them, the poorer salesmen have to content themselves with tables in the narrow streets, alleys, or in the market-place. It happened to be very wet and dirty two days before Christmas, but, notwithstanding, the queen might have been seen threading her way through streets and alleys and market-place, holding up her dress, and followed by two men-servants carrying large baskets. She bought dolls here, soldiers there, a piece of cloth at another stall, linen at another, and so on till her baskets were full. No one followed or jostled her, but every face grew brighter as she moved up and down saying kind words to her country subjects. Everybody knew where all these articles would go on the morrow, and true enough, on Christmas Eve, the queen herself took them to the children's hospital and the "Carola House," as the large hospital is called, and bestowed upon each sick person just what he or she liked best and wanted most. She gave to each with her own hand and with her own smile and kind words.

The Queen of Bavaria also has been active in the work until now that sorrow has crushed her energy, but her sympathy and interest are still very great, and her friends and court ladies carry out the work for her with great devotion.

The Grand Duke and Duchess of Baden have never ceased in sympathy and active participation; and the aristocracy throughout Germany have made common cause with all who are willing to identify themselves with the duties of hospital nursing, whether in cities, on the battle-fields, or in the homes of the poor.

It cannot be said in these days that the great ones of the earth stand by and touch not the burdens with one of their fingers, for they are prominent in their desire to remove or alleviate sickness, sorrow, and poverty, and for this object they spare neither heads, hearts, hands, nor purses. It is noteworthy, how they sacrifice their home comforts and luxurious habits that they may set the example of caring for the sick, holding up the life of a nurse as one of the most noble a woman can embrace.

The first thing to be recognised in going to hospitals on the Continent is that they are not, like ours, supported mainly by voluntary contributions. They are in a great measure self-supporting, every patient, as a rule, being compelled to pay or be paid for, except in the case of abject poverty.

The next thing to be noticed is that the majority of the nursing is performed by Albertinerins, Red Cross sisters, deaconesses, sisters of mercy, little sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, brothers of mercy, and, alas, as I shall have to show, in one of the largest hospitals, by women taken haphazard from the streets.

Of their work and its results we shall have many opportunities of judging. I shall speak only of that which I have seen.

We left England at the beginning of the new year and made our way to Dresden.

Few who go to this lovely city, and enjoy its brightness and its hospitality, know of the good work carried on unceasingly and without ostentation by the queen and a large body of her subjects whom she has bound together with her in the work of nursing the sick. They are known by the name of the Albertinerins, and in time of war would work under the direction of the Red Cross banner.

The Albert Verein was founded under the presidency of the Crown Princess, now Queen Carola of Saxony, on the 14th of September, 1867. It came into life just when the horrors of war were fresh in the memory. In the first year of its existence it numbered 1243 members, and at this present time, under the wise and active presidency of the queen, the number has reached 4200.

The enormous loss of life during the wars of 1859 and 1866, and the conviction that many thousands might have been saved had there been timely help and good nursing, made not only the women of high and low degree desirous of educating themselves in the art of nursing, but the queens and princesses were also anxious to join in the good work.

The zeal of the women was awakened, and they lost no time in binding themselves together for the purpose of helping in time of need. There is now a perfect network of institutions all over Germany for the purpose of educating nurses for the sick and wounded, whose object it is to work in active love and obedience under medical direction, to heal the wounded, to relieve pain, and sympathise with and comfort the sick. This fact stands side by side with the military preparations of which Europe has heard so much. These bands of nurses were, it is true, called into existence to mitigate the horrors of war, which is such an extravagant and lavish waster of life,

but in time of peace they give themselves up to hospital nursing and nursing in the homes of the sick, both poor and rich. Thus their talents are in constant use, and their preparations so complete that in fourteen days from the announcement of war the whole bodies of nurses with all the appliances requisite could be on the battle-fields ready for their work of mercy.

I had the privilege of an audience of this good Queen of Saxony who has done so much for hospitals and hospital nursing. She not only spoke to me of the work of the Albertinerins, and the hospitals in which they labour, but asked me many questions about our hospitals and nurses in England. She was particularly interested in the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, and our Convalescent Homes, and expressed her great wish that they could have similar institutions in Saxony. She had read the papers in the SUNDAY AT HOME, and so liked the idea of ladies taking flowers to the hospitals that she said she should certainly try and introduce the practice into Saxony.

She wished me to see as much of the hospitals in Dresden as I could, and I visited minutely for the second time the Carola House, the Convalescent House, and the Hospital for Little chilren, all of which are under the care of the Albertinerins.

First, then, to the Carola House, which is a stately and imposing building in a healthy and open suburb of Dresden. It is formed of a number of pavilions, each one separate from the other, and standing, as it were, in its own garden, but all connected by a long corridor running through the garden.

Thirty sisters of the Albert Verein are occupied in this hospital; their uniform is a dress and cape of some soft grey stuff, a white linen cap of peculiar shape, and black or blue striped apron.

Probationers, of whom there are sixteen, or, as they are called here, Little Sisters, wear flat small caps, otherwise their dress is the same.

Among these last we saw a young English girl, the daughter of a physician, who had already served as nurse in a provincial hospital in England. Being desirous of increasing her knowledge and securing efficiency, she had entered herself as probationer under the Albertinerins.

Every sister must watch one month in the year from nine at night until six the next morning. Those on night duty sleep all the morning and wake for refreshments and a walk in the afternoon.

Shortly before going to rest the matron, or "Oberin," as she is called, goes through the wards and corridors to make sure that all is safe and every one at her post for the night.

Every servant in Germany has to pay a tax of ninepence a quarter towards the hospitals, and when they are ill, they are received free of other payment. It is curious to note how the sick poor in Saxony always prefer to be taken to those hospitals where the Albertinerins are the nurses, feeling sure, as they say, that they will be well and skilfully watched over.

As much as possible in this hospital they keep children and adults apart in the wards, as the former often learn bad things from the unguarded talk of the latter. The adults too find the children restless, and prefer the quiet. The queen herself told me that she believed this a right course, and would never have them put together if it could be avoided.

On passing through the clean fresh wards we had our attention drawn to several things, viz.: that the ventilation was in the roof, and by working a certain handle in the wall, a sort of blind can be drawn across, so as to increase or diminish it, as required. We noticed, too, that the windows were provided with the deep sashes which so many of our London hospitals have adopted, and that they are opened by machinery sufficiently to admit air, but not so wide that any patient in delirium could throw himself out.

The stove next attracted our attention. It is large and square, and stands in the middle of the ward, with a seat running round it, on which the patients sit, enjoying the warmth. The heat comes out of a grating at the top, and the ugly chimney crossing to the wall has been done away with, the smoke passing underneath the floor.

At the entrance of each ward is a bath-room, and at the other end of the ward the sisters' little sanctum on one side, and on the other a tiny spotless scullery, occupied, when we saw it, by two convalescents who were zealously polishing cups and plates. The convalescents delight to be made useful in this way and to feel that they help the sisters, ever so little.

The ophthalmic wards are darkened and cool, and I noticed that the predominating colour was dark blue and not green. This is the only hospital which heals diseases of the eye in Dresden, except the Deaconesses' Institute, which sends very bad cases here. For children one shilling a day, and for adults one shilling and threepence three farthings must be paid.

And last, not least, before leaving the wards, the "Heber" apparatus must be noticed. It is the contrivance for lifting sick people out of their beds. It consists of a fixed framework of one horizontal pole between two upright ones. Along the horizontal pole, straps of various lengths and thicknesses are arranged to suit the different parts of the body, which can all be unbuckled and placed under the patient, making a kind of cradle; then, by the simple process of buckling them again on to the horizontal pole, the patient can easily be raised, as the weight is equally divided. This is a wonderful comfort to the sick person and a great assistance to the nurse.

Besides the wards, there are many private rooms, daintily furnished, pretty and clean, set aside for first and second class patients, who pay certain fixed sums daily, for which they have the best service of doctors, nurses, and kitchen which the hospital affords. These rooms are always full, being very much appreciated; the sick people in them being as much apart as though in their own homes.

The dispensary is attended entirely by the sisters, who make up the prescriptions and dispense the drugs.

The kitchens, sculleries, and pantries are excellent, and presided over by Albertinerins who have servants under them. Everything is scrupulously clean and bright. Slates hang on the walls, on which is clearly seen how many patients are to have such and such rations, and how many to have extra food.

The cooking is done partly by steam and partly by fire; the huge copper boilers are filled with tempting concoctions, while the long narrow dresser under the window is devoted to the washing and preparing of the vegetables. The larder, opening out of the kitchen, contains drawers of different articles of food, whose names are printed on china plates fixed outside them, while in the centre is a row of bins, each containing a different kind of meal or flour, and having its special number, so that the sister in charge knows at once which bin to go to by its number.

The scullery joins the larder, and is fitted up with large sinks. The linen of the hospital is washed on the premises.

I have noted down the quantities and expense of the various classes of food required for daily use, and can give them to any one interested in the subject. I would here say only that the average cost of each person in the hospital may be calculated at 1*s.* 11½*d.* a day.

It often happens that thank-offerings are made to the sisters for their great and unwearied attentions. They are not allowed to touch these, but they are given to the authorities, who place them in what we call a money-box, and at the end of the year they are divided, by order of the queen, among all the sisters in the hospital.

Our next visit was to Löschwitz, a suburb of Dresden, and an hour's drive from it. It is a beautiful spot, and in the most charming and romantic part of it is the Heilstädter or Convalescent Home, which has a history attached to it interesting to all women.

Mrs. Marie Simon was the wife of a wholesale haberdasher in Dresden, and when the war broke out in 1866 between Austria and Prussia, she felt an overwhelming conviction that her vocation was to do what she could for the wounded and dying on the battle-field.

She did such good service there that the Queen of Saxony sought her advice in all sanitary and hospital arrangements.

When the war of 1870–71 broke out Mrs. Simon again went out with the troops, to France, and was of great service to them there, and the name by which they all addressed her was Mother Simon.

When the war was ended, she bought with her own money a country house and vineyards, which were for sale in Löschwitz for the purpose of a home wherein she could nurse wounded soldiers, and such persons as were without friends, and take good care of them.

She had so many applications for beds, of which there were but forty, that it was impossible to supply them all, but to those who were fortunate enough to be received, she was a devoted nurse and friend. Unhappily she died some six or seven years after the home was started, and her work would have come to an end, but for the good queen who came forward, and out of her own private purse bought the estate, so that now under her presidency the work goes on as in the time of the founder.

The house is in such a lovely, peaceful, and healthful spot, that it has been thought well to use part of it as a convalescent home for consumptive and weak people; and now and then a patient who only wants rest and good country air to complete her recovery is sent from the Carola House with which this home is in combination.

There is a small endowment, but though some patients are received without payments, the majority of them pay. These last have private rooms; those of the first-class are extremely home-like and comfortable, with couch, easy-chair, bed, and table, and a delightful view from the window. This costs ten shillings a day, which includes everything, doctor, medicine, nursing, and food.

The second-class rooms differ a little in the class of furniture, but not enough to touch the comfort of the patients—these cost a little more than five shillings a day, including everything.

The small wards of six and eight beds had an air of comfort and cheeriness about them which the patients seemed to recognise and reflect.

The home is in the care of Albertinerins, and therefore the nursery and arrangements are all good—the only want we observed was that it had not enough sisters for the work.

All the sisters must serve here for six months out of the three years, and learn to cook.

There is a beautiful garden surrounded by woods and running brooks, where the patients spend much of their time in summer. It would be difficult to find a spot better calculated to revive and strengthen the weak.

Our next visit was to the Children's Hospital, quite a small one, and one which receives no infectious case. Poor children pay forty pfennings, or 5*d.* a day, but if very ill and too poor to pay an exception is made, and they are taken in freely.

This little hospital is also under the care of the Albertinerins, but the work is certainly too hard and incessant for the very few who can be spared to attend to it.

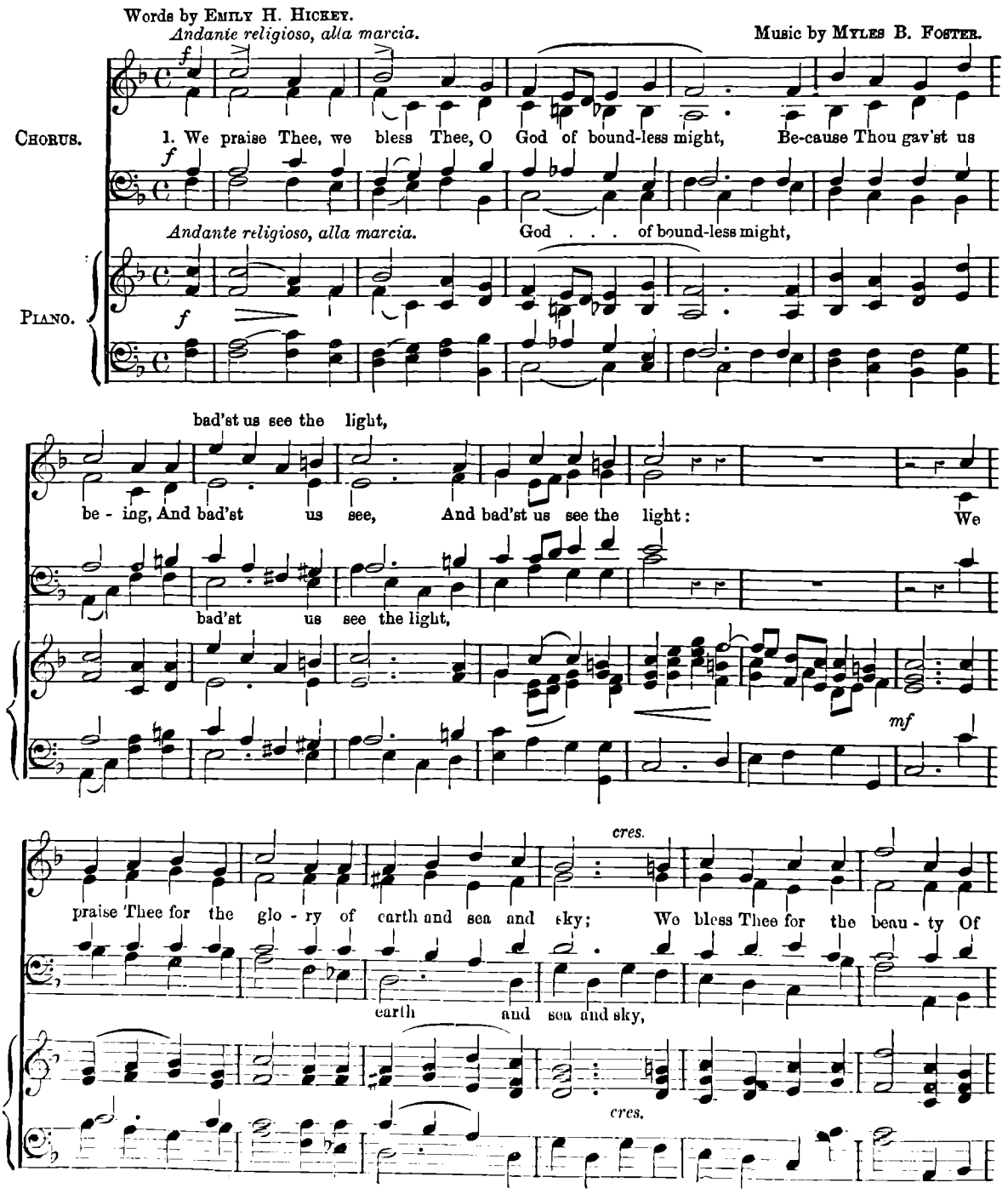
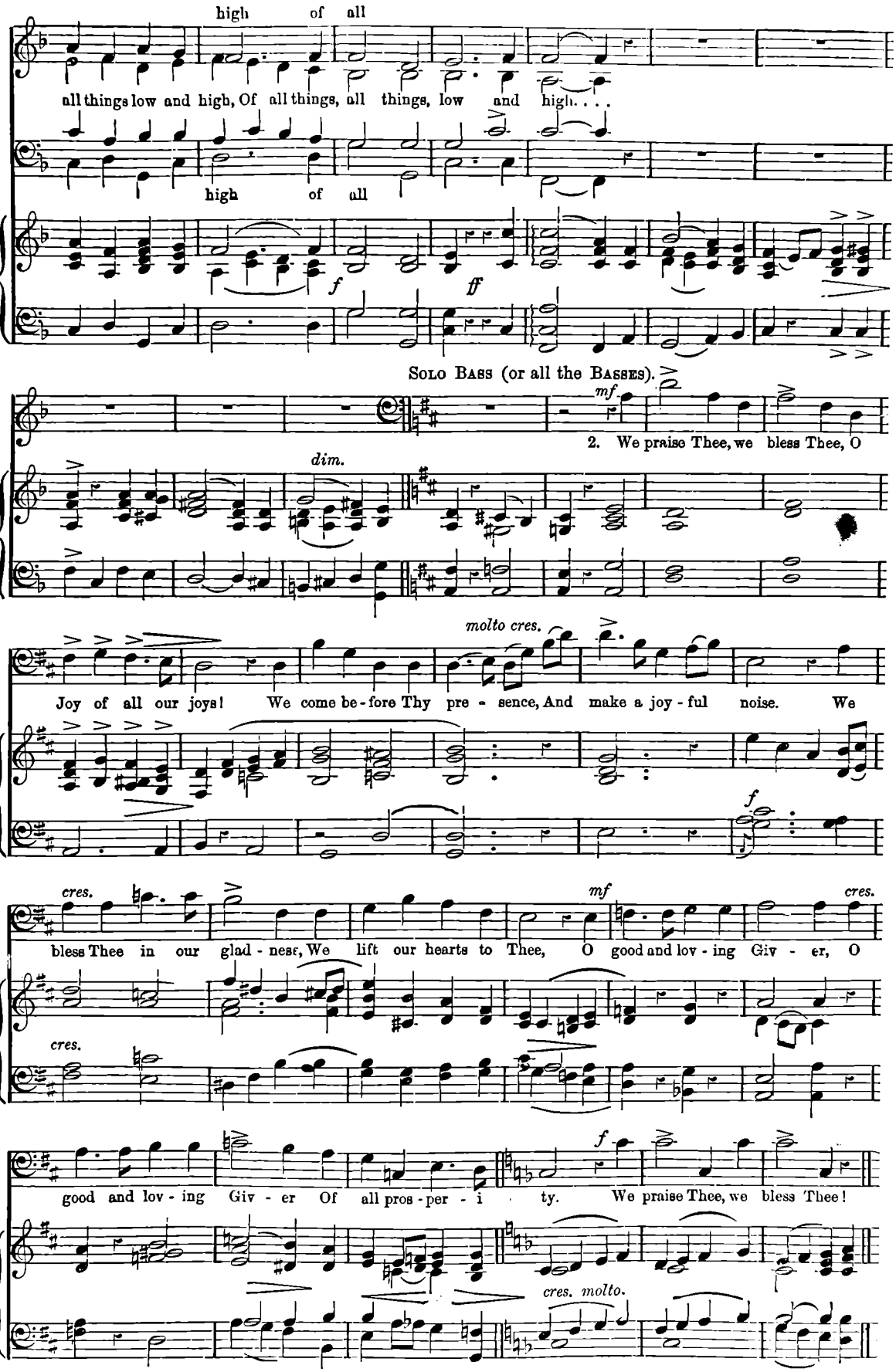
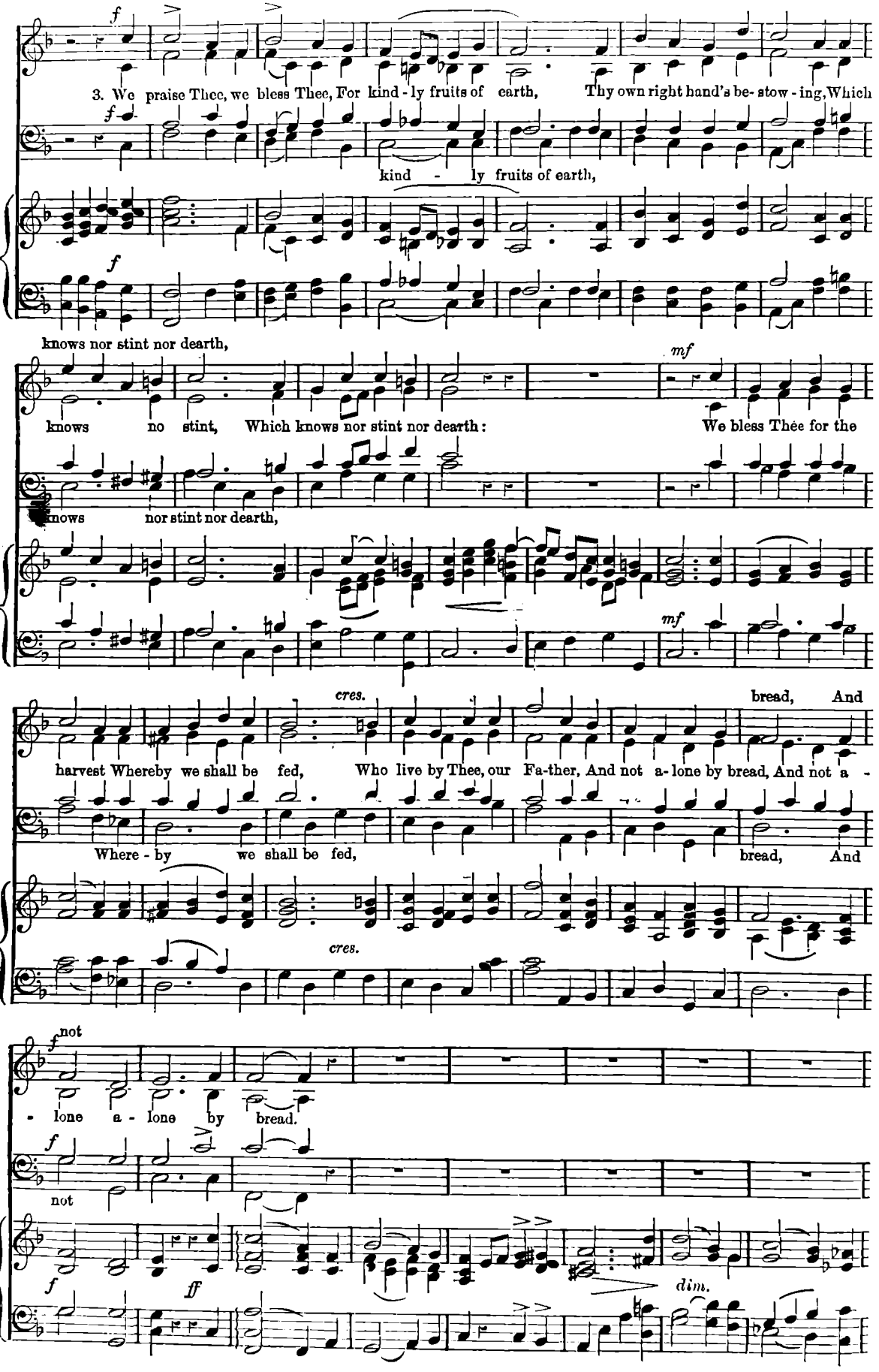
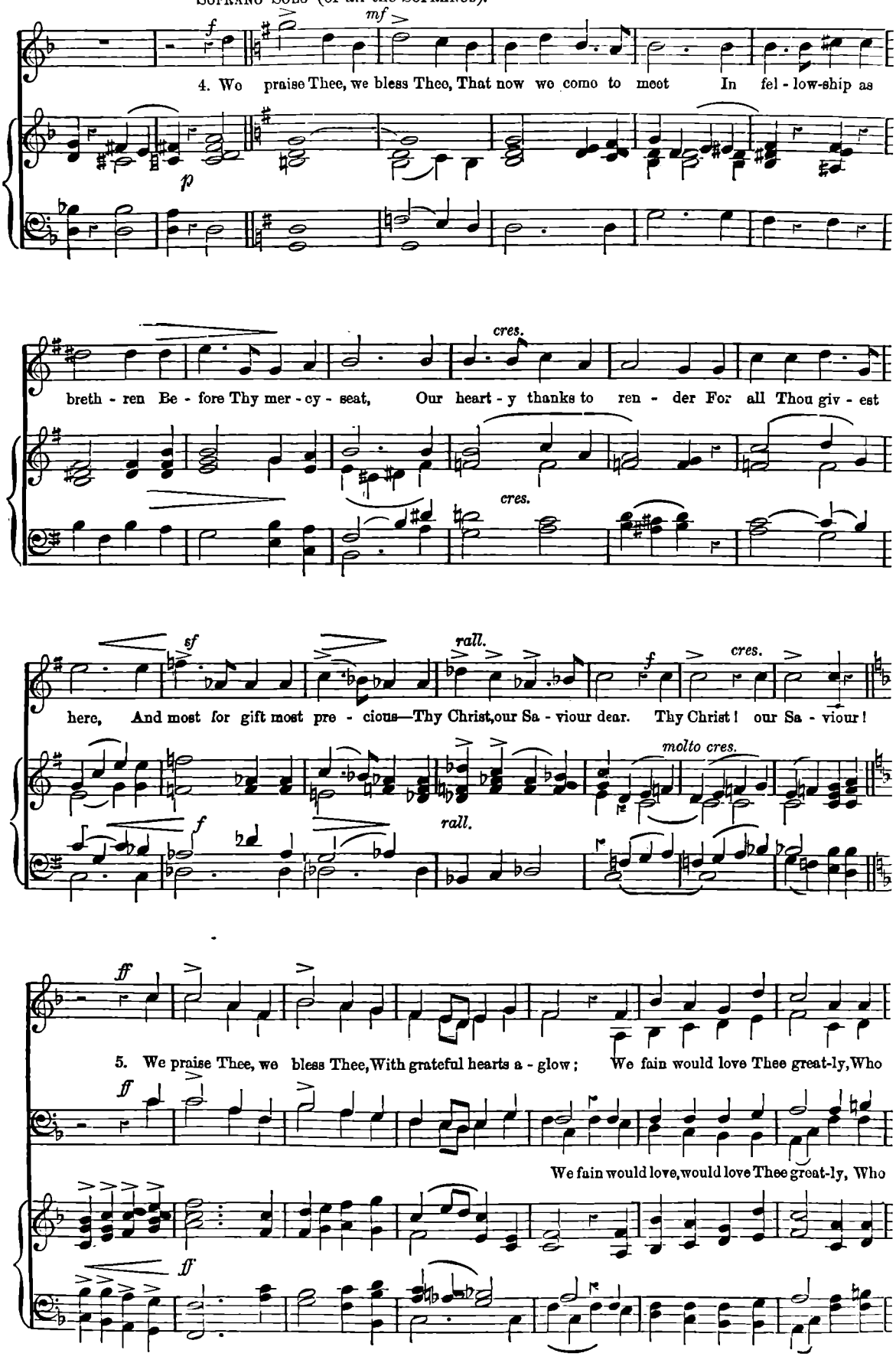
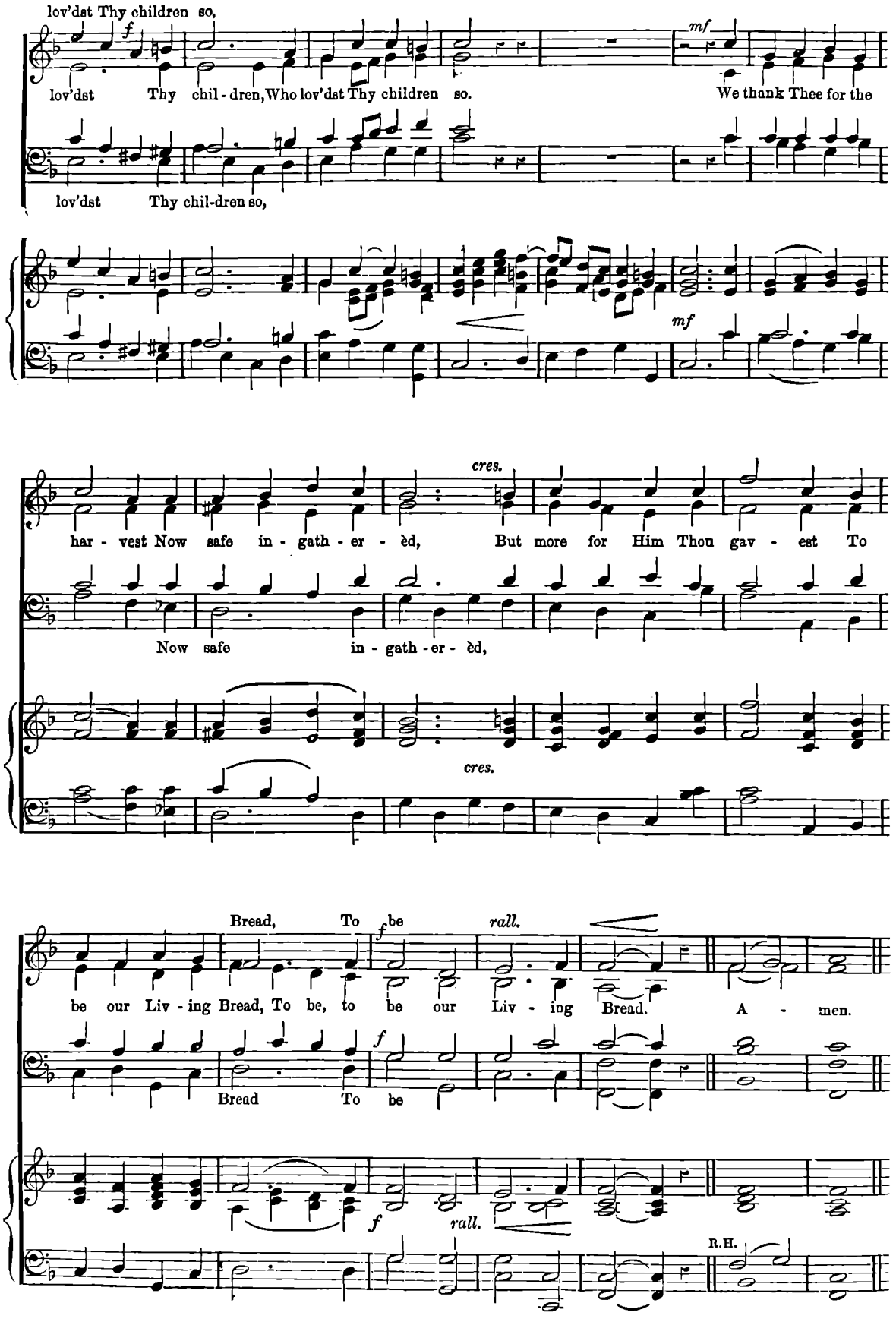
Small as it is for in-patients, eleven beds only, a good work is carried on for out-patients, who attend on certain days in the week, two being set aside for medical cases and two for surgical. Although small, both operating-room and dispensary are good.

They are very short of hands in this hospital—the day we were there the servant had been taken ill, and the poor sister looked almost bewildered with work and anxiety. It is of real service to the new part of Dresden, but money is wanted for renovating and enlarging the building.

"We praise Thee, we bless Thee."

HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

Words by EMILY H. HICKEY.

Music by MYLES B. FOSTER.

high of all
all things low and high, Of all things, all things, low and high. . . .
high of all
f
ff
Solo Bass (or all the Basses).
mf
2. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, O
dim.
molto cres.
Joy of all our joys! We come be-fore Thy pre-sence, And make a joy-ful noise. We
f
cres.
bless Thee in our glad-ness, We lift our hearts to Thee, O good and lov-ing Giv-er, O
mf
cres.
cres.
good and lov-ing Giv-er Of all pros-per-i-ty. We praise Thee, we bless Thee!
f
cres. molto.

3. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, For kind - ly fruits of earth, Thy own right hand's be- stow - ing, Which
kind - ly fruits of earth,
knows nor stint nor dearth,
knows no stint, Which knows nor stint nor dearth: We bless Thee for the
knows nor stint nor dearth,
harvest Whereby we shall be fed, Who live by Thee, our Fa-ther, And not a- lone by bread, And not a -
Where - by we shall be fed,
bread, And
- lone a - lone by bread.
not

Soprano Solo (or all the Sopranos).
4. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, That now we come to meet In fel - low-ship as
breth - ren Be - fore Thy mer - cy - seat, Our heart - y thanks to ren - der For all Thou giv - est
here, And most for gift most pre - cious—Thy Christ, our Sa - viour dear. Thy Christ! our Sa - viour!
5. We praise Thee, we bless Thee, With grateful hearts a - glow; We fain would love Thee great-ly, Who
We fain would love, would love Thee great-ly, Who

lov'dst Thy children so,
lov'dst Thy chil - dren, Who lov'dst Thy children so.
We thank Thee for the
lov'dst Thy chil-dren so,
har - vest Now safe in - gath - er - èd, But more for Him Thou gav - est To
Now safe in - gath - er - èd,
Bread, To be
be our Liv - ing Bread, To be, to be our Liv - ing Bread. A - men.
Bread To be
R.H.

THE LESSON OF THE HARVEST.

HARVEST does not fall at the close of the year, when it has grown old and faded and drear. The fulness of fruition arrives while summer still flushes the land with joy and beauty; while the glow of sunshine and colour and bloom are rich; and the lusty vigour of vegetation is a thing of glory.

The purple heather and yellow gorse are magnificent upon the moor; the poppy and starry marguerite in the field; the honeysuckle masses itself upon the hedges, and flings long, embracing arms around the trees; the pink bramble has begun to throw out crimson and orange flames upon its leaves, and to change to deep violet its bunches of green and red berries.

In the gardens, the white and pink roses have cast their petals, but the deeper crimson ones and the creamy *Gloire de Dijons* are exquisite in contrast; the magnolia's ivory cups scent the air from among its dark green leaves: the dahlia, the hollyhock, and the sunflower raise their stateliness on high; and the ground is carpeted with the richly-blended and many-varied tints of scarlet and crimson, orange and gold, purple and lilac, pale rose colour, blue and white.

The hop wreathes its tendrils aloft; the vine lets its tempting clusters droop; the mulberry sheds its luscious fruit till the grass beneath is deeply covered with it; the fig and the pear put forth their swelling drops of fruit; the peach is velvety, the apricot golden, the plum radiant with the hues of the carbuncle and the topaz.

The fields are white with harvest; the sickle is put in, and the labourers rear the ripened grain, in long lines of amber stooks, upon the shaven ground of paly green.

Yes, the year is at its fullest, and richest, and best when the harvest is ripe, and the husbandman garners it in. "A neck! A neck! A neck!" he cries, with musical intonation of triumph, according to old customs, when he cuts the last handful of wheat. He binds it up with the choicest flowers, and carries it home, to be the ornament and pride of the cottage house-place. The harvest home is one sound of rejoicing, and song, and feasting, and laughter; no one dreams of lamenting over it. The rich grain has been a thing of beauty from the first. When the patient oxen and horses traced the long furrow, glistening with moisture in the bright February morning, while the larks sang madly overhead; when the springing blade cast an emerald hue over the fields, and the hedgerows budded, and primroses starred them; when gentle summer breezes wafted the heavy heads dreamily, this way and that, in the languor of heat, and the poppy and cornbottle and ox-eyed daisy gave an undertone of brilliancy to the shifting waves of amber overhead; when the graceful sheaves dotted the stubble, and, with their hour-glass shape, spoke in silence their message that "Time was, time is" —from first to last it has been a beautiful thing.

And now its form is changed; it becomes bread for the use and sustenance of man, and gladdens his home.

But this beauty, this richness, this valuable food, is only raised by much toil and labour. In the sweat of his brow does the ploughman trace the furrow; with weary steps the sower casts in his seed; the reaper and the binder, the labourer who garners it, the thresher, the miller, the handmaid, all work with much drudgery and weariness of the flesh before the end is gained.

Like the wheat was the heart of the man who stood leaning upon the gate of the field, looking upon it. There were weeds in it, certainly, but the golden and full ear rose above them, concealing all but their innocent loveliness, for they had never been permitted to overgrow or crowd out the corn.

This man's soul had matured through much sorrow and pain. Boyhood had been orphaned by a terrible tragedy; growth had been marked by illness and loneliness, by lack of sympathy with and appreciation of his gifts. Indeed, he was ever but dimly conscious of those himself, nor ever plumed himself upon them. But in early life he read, and mused, and worked hard at whatever his hand found to do; and so he laid the foundation for the superstructure which was to come, without ever casting a thought as to what that superstructure should be.

Wordsworth might have known this man when he wrote of those—

> glad hearts, without reproach or blot,
> Who do God's work, and know it not.

He possessed a fine person beyond the ordinary, yet valued not his beauty, though it caused him to be admired by all. He possessed a kindly smile, a cheery voice, a genial manner, all of which won him favour; yet his retiring nature caused him to make few friends, for it was seldom that he found any who possessed the answering chord to his inner thoughts, and he could not lay them bare without that.

Had he not owned a home, a wife and children to whom alone he was perfectly known, in his weakness and in his strength, he would have been indeed a lonely man. As it was, they satisfied him, and he rarely sought companionship beyond.

His tastes were so simple that it was hard to think that loss and ruin of worldly means should have fallen upon him to such extent as to take from him all power of gratifying them for the chief part of his life. Mortification upon mortification, deprivation upon deprivation, succeeded; he had to take a low place in the social scale; to toil for long weary hours at ignoble work; without recognition of his services, with no scope for his talents, labouring hard for daily bread. He was slighted, and despised, and overlooked by men richer than he, but far inferior in every quality which makes a man worth knowing; yet bravely and meekly he accepted his lot, and patiently performed his task; his fine intellect discovering interest and scope for thought in many directions; raising his work to

himself, never sinking himself in the paucity of the daily life which he led.

Was it said that this man made few friends? Perhaps yes, among the prosperous and the great; but his friends' name was Legion among the poor, the suffering, the erring, the needy. He had little or no money to give, but he gave his time, his thoughts, his energies, his talents in their service, and none fell under his influence without being better men. They loved him dearly.

"He is the father of us all," said one day a hoary old sinner, a grandfather himself, when the object of his praise was still a fine, handsome young man.

But, alas! young, and handsome, and gifted, and worthy of love as he was, a sad accident ruined his health; and for years he needed to contend with weakness, and pain, and suffering, in addition to poverty. Time after time did he struggle with illness of the direst description; time after time did he face death; time after time was he raised from his bed, pale, emaciated, exhausted with the battle, yet undaunted, and ever ready to take up his work once more.

Fifty years of life were thus spent, when he drifted into a quiet, peaceful haven, where friends gathered round him; where his talents found a scope; where the knowledge gained by such painful experience gave him a voice; where he was known, and appreciated, and valued, in a manner which gave him the greatest surprise, and the most innocent pleasure.

For a few short years, the sense of security and peace, the beauties of Nature, the comfort in his children, the kindliness of his neighbours, the sense of usefulness, were all separate and keenly-enjoyed pleasures; and then came his Harvest.

In the prime of life, at the close of an honourable day's work, in the midst of cheerful talk with pleasant friends, on his way to his happy home, his Lord said, "Come," and he went—at a moment's notice.

"Home he went, and took his wages," leaving behind him a widespread circle, who sorrowed most of all to think that they should see his face no more in this world, which to them must ever be emptier without it.

The seed was sown in sorrow, and cultured with tears and pain; but the harvest was plentiful—its name was peace. Shall we weep and mourn over it? Or shall we not rather deem it a blessed privilege when such a life is lived among us so full of quiet beauty, and we have seen it end, like the close of the husbandman's day, when he goes home rejoicing, and bearing sheaves with him. G. N.

On a Foxglove growing in a chink of a House-Wall.

HIGH and stately—high and stately,
From a crevice in the wall,
Grew erect, in queenly beauty,
Pure and fair, a foxglove tall.

With its white bells chastely drooping,
In that narrow cleft it stood,
Far from all the wild surroundings
Of its sisters in the wood.

Ah, how came it there, I whispered,
Far away from cooling stream,
Far away from upland copses,
Where the lights and shadows gleam?

Did a winged fairy, passing,
Cast unseen the tiny seed?
Did the goldfinch or the linnet
Drop it, giving little heed?

This I wot not, but it standeth
As a messenger from Heaven;
And I caught its voiceless teaching,
This the lesson it hath given:

"Drop thy seed in spots forbidding,
On the hard heart let it fall,
It shall rise in grace and beauty,
Like the foxglove on the wall."

M. E. BECK.

Sabbath Thoughts.

LOVE TO GOD.

"I love Thee, O Lord, my strength."—*Psa.* xviii. 1, R.V.

THIS is a stronger, fuller utterance than that of the A.V. "I will love thee." It is like the apostle's answer to the question of his Lord, "Lovest thou Me? Yea, Lord Thou knowest that I love Thee." John xxi. 15. What was it that opened the flood-gates of David's heart and caused this gush of love? It was the thought of all that the Lord was to him; "herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us." Filled with gratitude, David tells over the story of mercies manifold, in image after image; expressing his sense of the security he found in God by recalling his former days of perilous wanderings when he hid himself from his enemies in the dens and caves of the mountains. Even thus he now found safety from the more formidable enemies of his soul, in the Lord his strength, his rock, fortress, deliverer, shield, horn of salvation, high tower; and he ends with the firm resolve, "In Him will I trust." Well might he sing, "I love thee, O Lord, my strength!"

There is a rock in which the Christian may hide and find safety. There is One who says "Come unto Me," and those who obey that Voice of love may say,

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

And yet how slow are our hearts to respond to the question asked of Simon Peter!

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint;
Yet I love Thee and adore,
Oh for grace to love Thee more!

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

CHAPTER VIII.—A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

THE next morning Mrs. Danby was standing in the kitchen, talking to Ann about dinner, when there came a knock at the back door. In another moment it was opened, and a rough unkempt head thrust inside, with a dirty hand holding out a letter.

The lady was too much astonished to speak, but Ann had recognized the rough messenger. "What is it you want?" she said, a little sharply.

"I've brought this from the old gent, and I'm to wait for answer," said Jack, who had rushed off in the midst of blacking his boots, without waiting to make himself tidy.

"For me?" uttered Mrs. Danby, when Ann handed her the letter, and without attempting to touch it, she looked again at Jack, and his blacking-besmeared face. He had no intention of giving offence, or showing any sort of disrespect by the way he had run out—it was rather an excess of zeal to serve his patron promptly that had induced him to rush off with the note the moment it was handed to him, instead of laying it aside until his work was finished.

But Mrs. Danby was not to know this, and she was not the sort of woman to make any allowance for a breach of decorum, and so it was with a feeling of indignant surprise that she took the letter, and carried it out of the kitchen.

"I say! the old gent's come back, that was here last autumn," said Jack when Mrs. Danby was out of sight; "He's a real good un, he is, and that letter comes from him."

"Does it?" said Ann, who was scarcely less astonished than her mistress had been. Then the parlour bell rang, and she went to see what was wanted.

She found her mistress standing by the table, looking very flushed and angry. "Tell that boy to say to his master, that I never receive visitors," she exclaimed as Ann opened the door.

"It's the gentleman who was here in the autumn," remarked Ann.

"Yes, he's come prying here again, to find out my business," replied the lady, in the same indignant tone.

"Wouldn't you write the answer?" suggested Ann, who exercised the privilege of an old servant with her mistress.

"No, I will not. To send such a messenger to me!" she exclaimed indignantly; "tell him what I say, and send him off at once."

So Ann went back with the message, but feeling very reluctant to deliver it. It would only have been courteous to send back a written reply she thought, but when Mrs. Danby took offence at anything, it was useless to argue with her, so Ann vented her annoyance upon the innocent cause of it when she saw him.

"You're paid to black your face, I suppose, instead of the boots," she said. "Couldn't the hotel afford to send a decent messenger to a lady's house, and not a blackamoor like you?"

Jack looked astonished. "I was good enough to carry the letter. I held it in a bit of paper, so I shouldn't dirty it, and who'd ha' thought of seeing a lady in the kitchen? I come this way a purpose people shouldn't see me," remonstrated Jack, as though he was injured by the lady being in her own kitchen.

"Well, I can't stay talking to you. Tell the gentleman Mrs. Danby never receives visitors."

"Where's the note? The chambermaid said I was to bring a note back."

"There's none to take," said Ann in a snappish tone; "mind the message now, Mrs. Danby never receives visitors."

"Is that all?" uttered Jack in a tone of surprise. "Well, if you Danbys aren't the——"

"Just be off with your impudence, now," snapped Ann; "what do you know about the Danbys?"

"A deal too much," said saucy Jack, as he turned on his heel and went off whistling in a meditative fashion.

For the rest of the day Mrs. Danby kept the boys at home, for she felt too angry to let them go where they were likely to meet their old friend, although they would not have seen him then, for he did not go to the pavilion, having a good many letters to write, and feeling more than a little hurt at the unceremonious way in which his advances had been repelled.

"And so there has been no news from your father lately?" The speaker was Mr. Robinson, and he sat in a sheltered nook of the "ruins," with Bertie Danby beside him, while Tommy was searching for the early buttercups in a grassy dell below.

It was a lovely day—one of those summer-like days that sometimes find their way into the midst of changeful May—and after some little difficulty, and a good deal of persuasion on Ann's part, Mrs. Danby had consented to the boys going with their unknown friend for the promised drive.

They were a merry party along the road, each enjoying themselves to the full, but after the basket of sandwiches and cake they had brought with them had been eaten at the ruins, Bertie had grown thoughtful, and the first question about his father brought back the grave look to his face that had so often been there of late.

"I can't understand things at all," said the little boy with a look of perplexity; "Ann said if I prayed, God would send papa home to take care of us. But he hasn't come, and—and yet," and Bertie hesitated and stammered, until his friend helped him out by saying, "And yet you are being cared for by somebody. Is that what you mean, my boy?"

"Yes, that's it. I heard mamma tell Ann she need not worry any longer, everything was going on comfortable now; and yet papa has not come home," said the little boy with a sigh.

"Then God has heard, and is answering your prayers, my boy," said the gentleman in a gentle tone.

But Bertie shook his head. "I've been thinking about it lately, sir, and I don't think He can."

"But why not, my boy?"

"Well, what Jack said the other day about us is true, and I don't think the Danbys have ever cared about God, or anybody else, and so——"

"And so you think He cannot care for you?"

"Yes, that's it," said Bertie, relieved to find that his difficulties were understood.

"But, my boy, God loves us with a higher, better love than we love each other."

"But we've got to love Him too," said Bertie; "and we Danbys only care to please ourselves. Jack said it, and I thought he was very rude, but it's true enough, and so I don't see how it can be that God has answered my prayers."

"Because you do not think God loves you. But suppose you heard of some man doing this."

"Doing what?"

"Trying to help those who would have nothing to do with him."

Bertie shook his head. "He would soon give up helping them," he said; "I would, I know."

"Ah! but suppose you loved the people," said the gentleman with a smile.

"But I shouldn't love them," protested Bertie; "if they wouldn't speak to me, and were so disagreeable, I shouldn't try to help them; they would not deserve it."

"Well, now let me tell you a story about a man I know. He'd been away in foreign countries a good many years, and all his friends had forgotten him, and when he came home, instead of finding them rich and comfortable as he expected, he found them very poor, and was told that they had wasted their time and their money."

"Then they deserved to be poor," interrupted Bertie.

"Well, perhaps some of them did deserve it; I think they did myself, for they had been selfish, and thoughtless about other people, as well as themselves; but their little children could not prevent their parents doing these things, and my friend thought of this, and devised a plan to help them. They were very poor now, but he did not want to hurt their feelings, so, without telling them a word of what he meant to do, he asked them to do something for him; it wasn't a very great service, only what most people would have done, but these people had got so selfish that they refused to do it."

"And then he gave them up," said Bertie, quickly; he had grown deeply interested in the story.

"He was going to do it, I believe," said Mr. Robinson with a smile, "but he learned a lesson from a little boy about that time—the child taught him that he ought to try again."

"He must have been a very clever boy," remarked Bertie.

"Well, he was a boy who had begun to try to do right himself, and that taught my friend that he ought to do the same, whatever came of it; and so he set himself to think of another plan by which he might be able to help these people."

"What! the people who wouldn't be kind, or do anything for him, to give him a chance of helping them!" exclaimed Bertie.

"Yes, the very same," replied the gentleman; "God sent a message to him by the little boy first—two messages in fact, for the first had been given some time before, which was to tell him to try and help these people; and then the second was, that he should try again, as he had failed the first time; and then God spoke Himself, and said that He wanted him to do for these just what had been done for himself; for my friend had learned to know that God was caring for him years and years before he had ever thought about it; for he had been just as thoughtless and careless as his relations were at one time."

"And did he go on helping them?" asked Bertie with breathless interest.

"Yes; he found out a way after some little time, but it was not easy, and there was a good deal of trouble and money to be spent, before anything could be done by which their distress could be relieved, so that they had weeks of anxiety and worry and poverty that might have been prevented if he could have got about the business as he had at first devised."

"I wonder he took so much trouble," remarked Bertie. "I suppose they were glad enough to see him after he had helped them?"

"Well, no. I believe there was some little misunderstanding about the messenger he sent the letter by; I know he asked to be allowed to call and see these relations, but I don't think he told them who he was, or that he had helped them, only that he had called before, and that he was an old friend, and wanted to be a friend still."

"And these people wouldn't see the man who had done so much for them?" exclaimed Bertie indignantly.

"No, they wouldn't, but then they did not know that it was he who had been helping them all this time. Now don't you see what I have been telling you this story for? God told this man that he was to be to these relations of his just what God had been to him for years and years—their friend, whether they cared for him or not."

"Did God speak very loud to the man?" asked Tommy, who had come to show his flowers, but forgot to do so in the interest of listening.

"Not that time. My friend had learned to listen to the 'still small voice' that speaks in the hearts of little boys and girls, as well as men and women—the voice that never grows loud, if they listen and obey it when they are young."

"But why don't God listen to us?" asked Tommy. "Bertie prayed to God to bring papa back a long time ago—the time we first met you."

The gentleman looked into the little boy's face and smiled as he said, "Ah! I know God was listening to you little boys that night, and the answer came to the street door, but then you shut it out, instead of letting it in." He laughed at the puzzled faces of the boys as he said this, but he thought he had already gone far enough, and so, rising from his seat, he proposed that they should climb once more to the top of the ivy-covered tower, while the horses were being put into the carriage.

The bright sunshine for a time dispelled all the serious thoughts and questionings that arose in Bertie's mind, which was just what his friend intended, and he told them a most wonderful bear story while they were sitting at the top of the tower, that made the boys laugh until the echoes of the old ruins rang with the merry sounds.

Then they drove back by a different route to Beachcliff, and fresh sights and new wonders were constantly arising to excite and interest them.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XV.—p. 494.—RUTH.

1. R-ain.	Matt. v. 45.
2. U-z	Job i. 1.
3 T-en	Luke xvii. 17.
4. H-iel	Josh. vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 34.

NO. XVI.—p. 528.—LYDIA.

1. L-ocusts	Ex. x. 13-15.
2. Y-ea	Mark vii. 25.
3. D-agon	1 Sam. v. 1-4.
4. I-ncense (marg. trans.).	Rev. v. 8, 3.
5. A-hinoam	1 Sam. xi.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

CHAPTER VIII.

HE HAD EVIDENTLY FAINTED.

JOSIE was nineteen—it was Christmas time, and once more there was a feast spread in Sandbury, to which she and the minister were bidden. Ralph was no longer an unfamiliar guest at the tea and dinner tables of his people, and though to the last of his days a certain habit of reserve clung to him uneasily, forbidding him to shine in the social world, he was everywhere received with honour and respect.

The passage of the years had made their mark on him; he was no more than fifty-seven but already he was an old man; the lines on his face

deep-cut and his hair white. For seven years he had nourished his wrongs with the promise of revenge, and though for twice seven more he had been at peace, he still bore about with him the scars of that old struggle. The conditions of his life remained otherwise unchanged; he lived on in the house to which he had come long ago, and though the march of progress had wrought changes on the face of England, so slow was her foot in this quiet corner that it still remained in its early isolation, a house apart, a straggler between town and sea. When Mrs. Lamb died, he became its tenant, Josie taking the reins of government into her own capable little hands, and managing the minister and the menage with a zeal that was held to be a shining example to other maidens.

The years that had made Ralph old had crowned Josie. At nineteen she had bloomed into a very charming young woman and was still without a rival in Sandbury, where, by a certain candour, ingenious simplicity, and spontaneous sympathy, she had conquered her little world.

No easy feat, for even to be beautiful, young, and good is not always to win love.

Between her and Ralph the tie was deeper with the passing months and years; a fine and close relation that escapes analysis; she was daughter, companion, friend, to Ralph, and more than these, for she had led him back from death to life.

On the night in question she wore a dress of pale, prim lavender with a big white collar that fell over her shoulders with quaint effect; her face was lit up with a deep smile of happiness, as she busied herself counting a number of small parcels which she dropped one by one into a basket at her side.

"Twenty-five," she said, letting her hands fall with a gesture of satisfaction. She looked across the table and asked Ralph doubtfully—

"Shall we have time to deliver them as we go, do you think?"

He was watching her—idle himself—with a grave smile, and reading the wistfulness in her eyes he answered decidedly—

"We'll make time."

She came round the table as if to thank him.

"It wouldn't seem quite like Christmas-eve unless they had the tea and things to-night," she said. "And it would seem only half Christmas-eve if you weren't there to give them."

He shook his head.

"They would like them better coming from you, my child."

It was Josie's turn to shake her curls in denial and smile unbelievingly. She knew him better than he knew himself.

The old and the sick and the sorrowful sent for him now, with an instinct that he who had taken "that deepened gaze into life," which trouble means, could help them in their need. The cross of Christ had now for him a new significance; it had become a source of consolation and strength, by which he was enabled to minister to others. After all, it mattered little that he had no ready coin of small talk to barter at the tea-tables, when his harsh voice could grow gentle and his strenuous face soften at sight of a brother's sufferings.

"Any fool can smile and chatter," cried old Mrs. Sturtle, who was now his firmest ally and friend, "but when you're in the grip of pain with death comin' for you round the corner, you want somebody as can do more than grin and pass you on the last gossip. It ain't a neighbour's doin's that concerns you then."

"Then I must brush you and make you smart," said Josie, in answer to Ralph's suggestion, "and we must set out. It is three o'clock and Mrs. Brown's dinner is fixed for five, such a dissipated hour for Sandbury that it won't do for us to keep them waiting, and you must give each of the old people five minutes at the very least, or they will grumble."

She had finished her little preparations and had tied her bright face into a tunnel-like poke bonnet, where, though it was difficult of access, it lost none of its charms. She was about to wrap the splendours of her new gown in a big cloak, when both she and the minister—who was doing his masculine part of idle on-looking—were startled by a sudden loud, single knock at the door. It was a peculiar knock; if one were superstitious one might call it the summons of some unpropitious fate; if one were unimaginative one would prefer to refer it to the last effort of some one who was either not tall enough to reach the knocker, or who had exhausted his strength in that one appeal.

They looked at each other.

"If it should be some sick person who has sent for me, I must go," said Ralph, hazarding a guess.

Josie's face fell. She did not want any one to be ill to-night. Then it occurred to her that the simplest solution was to open the door.

"Sarah is out," she said. "Stay here, guardian, I will come at once and tell you."

She ran downstairs already considering how she should readjust her plans if he should be called away. The afternoon was thick and dark already with the presage of storm in it, and as she opened the door a blast of chill air swept in from the sea. Her eyes, dazzled with the sudden change from the light within, could make out nothing certain at first. Then, as they grew accustomed to the outer gloom, she noticed a dark heap huddled on the step, half fallen, half reclining against the lintel. Her heart gave a great throb, but she had the courage of good health and unshaken nerves. She stooped down.

"Who are you?" she asked. "Can you tell me what you want?—are you ill?"

No answer came to her out of the darkness, and rising she fetched the lamp that stood on a little bracket and held it close to the outlined figure. Then she saw that it was a man—an old man, she would have said; she noticed in her quick glance that he was well and even carefully dressed, but he looked very ill; he had evidently fainted, perhaps from exposure to the cold wintry air. She loosed the cravat about his throat and tried to drag him into the house, but

her strength was not equal to the task. Then she heard Ralph's step on the stair.

"It is some one—a gentleman, I think, who seems to be ill, we must lift him in out of the cold."

Ralph took the lamp from her and turned it on the stranger. He bent down over him.

"He has been drinking," he said to himself, and he hesitated a moment, not unnaturally, for one's charity is apt to cool before this form of misfortune.

Josie looked up at him and her voice had a faint edge of reproach.

"We can't leave him here," she said, "and there is no one else to whom we can send him."

That was true, and it ended his indecision. Ralph was a tall man and strong still. He lifted the stranger with something of an effort, but still without supreme difficulty, and carried him into a little room on the right hand of the door, Josie running before to light the way. Here on the broad and ample horse-hair sofa, which had been the chief pride of Mrs. Lamb's room, they laid him.

"There's an end to the parties and the tea-giving, and Mrs. Brown's dinner," he said dryly.

Josie looked up at him with momentary dismay, not having considered this consequence of her charitable impulse, but she immediately rallied.

"We couldn't have enjoyed the party if we had left him on our door-step," she said cheerfully; "perhaps he will get better soon and we may be able to go after all. Shall I light the fire?"

"Yes, dear, I think you must, or bring some sticks and I will do it; he is wet through—as wet as if he had been in the sea."

"Poor man," said Josie, her young compassion stirred; "what a good thing it was he found his way here before we had left the house."

She lit two candles that stood on the mantelpiece, and ran away to make her preparations. She was not absent many minutes, though she had taken time to lay aside her bravery and put on a plain gown before she returned with the sticks in her apron, but those few moments had sufficed to work a great change in Ralph.

He knelt by the table, he had buried his head in his hands, the candle he had held overturned at his side.

"My enemy," he was saying to himself in a strange hoarse voice, "my enemy—after all these years you have found me out!"

Josie let fall her sticks in her sudden agitation. She forgot the stranger, she only thought of Ralph. She put her arms round him. "Dear," she cried, "are you ill too? you speak so strangely, oh, tell me what is it? what has happened?"

At the sound of her voice Ralph looked up; he was shaking all over, and his face was haggard.

"It is the dead come to life again," he groaned; "come back to torment me, to tempt me. It is my enemy whom I have sheltered under my roof; I should know him among a million."

Josie glanced fearfully at the figure on the sofa. His enemy? She was too bewildered to think clearly, but she suddenly noticed that the stranger was no longer unconscious. He moved from side to side and muttered incoherently.

"He looks very ill," she said; and then at the prompting of that divine compassion that makes of a woman an angel in the sick-room, she conquered her fears, her nameless dread.

"If he has ever hurt you, he cannot hurt you now," she said firmly. "He is ill and helpless, we took him in not knowing who he was, and we must do our best to make him well. He is going to have a fever, I think, you must go for the doctor and I will watch."

She had spoken slowly and with decision, as if to a child; for the moment she was the calmer and the stronger of the two, his adviser and protector, and he listened in silence till she spoke of keeping watch alone.

"No, no," he said, with sudden fierceness, "not you, I will not leave you with him, he is your enemy too."

"Then," said Josie after a moment's pause, "I will go for the doctor and you will remain. Here are the sticks for the fire, you must light it at once and get him into dry clothes. I will bring you some."

Her firmness so far controlled him that he obeyed her, and she waited to see him begin his task before she set out.

The old hate which he had thought dead had leaped into sudden life at the sight of Henry Vane, but the years of control, of gentler judgment had not lost all their force. The remembrance of Mary Hughes's dying words came to him as he knelt by the fire—"The moment of your meeting will be your opportunity."

He looked up as Josie still faltered at his side, fearing to leave him. His face still worked strangely, but he summoned a wan smile. "Kiss me, Josie, and then go, you need not fear for me, my child."

She was naturally brave, and even if she had been timid the strange excitement of the moment would have sustained her and helped her to overcome her fears. The wild black night and the lonely road had no terrors for her; the boom of the sea on the beach was a familiar sound, and even with the enveloping veil of storm to wrap the well-known landmarks she did not falter or lose her way on the sandy track that led to the town.

If any ghost went with her, knocking with its terrors at her heart, it was summoned by those strange words her guardian had spoken.

His enemy—and hers—this stranger whom they had sheltered? She cowered before the image they conjured up; they spoke of a past of which she knew nothing, had never so much as touched on in her imagination; a dark abyss on which the light had been suddenly turned. That he had had sorrows, disappointments, she knew, for he bore their marks on his face; that he had been weak and morbid, perhaps she knew too, though she had never made the admission even in her inmost thoughts, but here were the elements of an unguessed tragedy from which she shrank in dread.

But it was not in her to be disloyal to him even passingly, and presently her emotions resolved themselves into a profound compassion for him and a great tenderness for all his silently borne pain.

She ran on the faster spurred by her love, and soon she reached the fog-bedimmed lights that skirted the streets of the little town.

She drew her hood and cloak closer about her, it was still early in the evening, though it was so dark, but the streets were deserted and no one hindered or questioned her. All Sandbury was making merry, shut in snugly from the gloom; sometimes a brighter radiance would glance across the wet streets, and through uncurtained windows she had glimpses of family life; a laugh would ring out to her or the tinkle of a piano briskly touched would make its way to her ear. Then she thought of the lonely man in the lonely house by the sea, and she urged her hurrying feet to a yet quicker pace. By good chance she remembered that Dr. Rose was one of the invited guests whom she and the minister were asked to meet at Mrs. Brown's, and she caught him in the act of leaving his own doorstep.

After his first astonishment at seeing her he resignedly yielded himself, as one accustomed to have his pleasures snatched from him in the moment of their arrival. He put on his professional manner with his great coat; and asking her a few quick questions and leaving a message on his slate, he prepared to go home with her.

"Why the night is as dark as ink," he said when they stood together on the pavement. "There's no safety except on one's feet, and not too much anywhere. And you mean to tell me, Miss Josie, you came up here alone?"

"Oh yes," said Josie simply, "I know the way very well, and I'm not afraid."

The wind which had helped her in going, coming as it did from the sea, was now dead against them. She took his arm and they struggled on in the teeth of it, but she was inwardly glad that neither of them had breath left for words. She shrank, she scarcely knew why, from his questions.

They found Ralph sitting near his patient, apparently calm and collected, but Josie was struck by his pallor and the look of rigid control which his face wore. He rose and shook hands silently with the doctor, who at once gave all his attention to the sick man. He had been undressed, the large old sofa having been made into a temporary bed. Josie noticed that the minister must have ransacked the house to provide sheets and blankets; he had done what he could for his enemy. She would have slipped away when she had ushered the doctor in, but Ralph held out a hand to her. She took it in both her own, and sank down on the rug beside him. She was beginning now to feel her weariness.

When the doctor had made his examination he turned round to the fire and seemed to have leisure to be curious.

"Do you know anything of this fellow?" he asked.

"I knew him many years ago," said Ralph, speaking steadily, but with an evident effort. "His name is Vane—Henry Vane." He paused as if he wished to impress this on himself, then he added—

"I believed him to have died years since."

"H'm," said the doctor, looking with a sharp sidelong glance at Ralph.

"It isn't his fault that he's alive. Wouldn't have been by this time if you and Miss Josie hadn't taken pity on him."

"Is he seriously ill?"

"Yes, and no; he may be all right after a good sleep, or there may be further complications. When a man has played fast and loose with his constitution, you may be prepared for anything. He's quiet enough now, but he must be watched. I might send you a man or woman in the morning—not a son of Adam would budge from his fireside and his glass to-night for love or money."

"I will watch by him," said Ralph quietly, but Josie felt the fingers in her own tremble. "Tell me what to do."

"H'm," said the doctor again, "here's one thing you must not do; I thought as much." He had quietly picked up the sick man's coat and searched the pockets. He now drew out a large flask nearly full of brandy.

"Not a drop of this if he should murder you for it. He'll keep in his present state, most likely, but if he turns restless, you can give him this—by good luck I brought it with me,"—he laid a little phial on the table—"that will quiet him, and I'll look round in the morning and see how you are getting on."

"Miss Josie," he turned suddenly to the girl, "I don't want to have two patients on my hands—on Christmas day too, so I am going to prescribe for you before you send for me. You go off to bed and sleep till the church bells wake you."

"Let me stay with you, guardian," whispered Josie entreatingly, but he faintly shook his head.

When the doctor had gone he stooped and gathered her with a passionate gesture to his heart. He had never been so tender in all the happy years of his fatherhood, and her daughterhood; he had never seemed to love her as he loved her now. He would not let her linger, he carried her as if she were the little Josie of long ago, in his arms to her room, and there in its white silence, with the hateful presence of the stranger shut out, he knelt with her, still holding her by the hand, and poured out his whole soul in prayer.

Never before had she heard such passionate pleading; the very life of him seemed to go out in the anguished cry—"Forgive us as we forgive—lead us not into temptation!"

She never forgot the awing solemnity of that moment when he wrestled, as if with the unseen powers of darkness and prevailed. Yes, she knew that he had conquered by the kiss he gave her when he left her; but what untold depths of pain must he not have fathomed to be moved after all these years like this?

The tears fell thick on her pillow that night, and she only checked her sobbing to sit up in the darkness and listen with strained ear if all were still below.

The first dark shadow had fallen across her life's sunshine, but as yet her grief was all for him.

MISSION WORK AMONGST THE MOHAMMEDANS IN INDIA.

"AB hostibus disce." We may perhaps be able to obtain information on the vexed question, as to whether missions to Mohammedans are a success or a failure, from those who are our avowed foes.

The *Indian Magazine* recently had a most instructive article on "Mohammedan Societies in the Punjab," written by one who is evidently a member of the most prominent of these societies. The paper throws a strong side-light on the social and religious condition of the Mussulman community in that province which, with the North-West Province, has had the reputation of being the chief stronghold of Islam in India.

Within the last twenty years, we are told, Mohammedan India has undergone a remarkable change. The dread of Western education is gradually passing away; and the middle classes of the Moslem community are awaking to the fact that they have been left far behind by all their fellow-subjects in the race for knowledge, for political and social advance. The author of the article speaks in the most significant manner "of the limbs (of the Moslem community) which have through long disuse grown feeble and incapable of work, and which have, to some extent only, been restored to their former vigour and vitality by the infusion of fresh blood." One of the chief reasons of the ignorance and poverty of the lower classes, the author sees in "the stoic indifference with which the aristocratic classes regard the misery which surrounds them on all sides." Far different from the wealthy Hindus, they, the *raises* of Lahore, are "the slaves of indolence and luxury." It is not, however, with the condition of the Mohammedans of the Punjab, described as it is by one of them, but with the strange revival that has come over them and with its causes, "the powerful influences ceaselessly at work beneath the calm unruffled surface of society," that we are now concerned. That revival has given birth to a number of societies (*anjumans*) in Lahore, some of an aristocratic, others of a more general character, some secular, others of a strictly religious nature. The leading *moulvies*, the Moslem clergy, have been enrolled in one or the other of these *anjumans*; they themselves have changed under the powerful influence of the current by which they are driven; they have ceased to be the ignorant, fanatical, stiff-necked *mullahs* they were; they have been advancing with the times. The author leaves no doubt as to what "these secret powerful influences" are, which have at least, if not converted the heart, changed the face of the Mohammedan world.

The most popular of the societies, the *Anjuman-i-Himayat-i-Islam*, was established primarily with the object of defending the faith of Islam against the attacks of hostile critics, especially the Christian missionaries in the Punjab, whose encroachments on the religion of the Prophet had become unbearable to the mass of the true believers at Lahore. With this object in view, the distinguished founder of the *Anjuman*, Moulvi Hameed ud Din, the head Qázi of Lahore, and perhaps the most liberal-minded Moulvi in the Punjab, appealed to the religious instincts and deep-seated convictions of educated Mussulmans of all sects and persuasions, to rally round one standard, and swell the war-cry of "Union for the defence of Islam." The stirring appeal met with a generous and hearty response. The Sunni and the Shiá, the Wahábee and the Naturee—men of all shades of religious opinion merged their petty sectarian differences in the one common desire to advance the cause of Islam, and to promote the religious and temporal interests of the whole Mohammedan community.

The objects of this Society may be described as twofold: first, the adoption of measures calculated to spread religious education among the Mohammedans, so as to counteract the influence of anti-Islamic instruction; and secondly, the improvement of the social and intellectual condition of the Mohammedan community.

For the attainment of the first object, the Society has opened a school for children up to the middle standard. The books, the principles of instruction, the standard attained by the pupils, are the same as in the Government schools; but peculiar and characteristic to this establishment is the introduction of text-books for religious instruction, in which "the first principles of Islam are embodied in short sentences."

The strongest testimony, however, to the impression which the labours of missionaries have made, is shown by the attention which Mohammedans are beginning to give to female education. They have opened up, in Lahore alone, as many as ten girls' schools, with altogether 300 pupils; in these schools especial care is bestowed on religious instruction. The reason which the Mohammedan author assigns is characteristic and deserves to be quoted in full. He says:—

"In this movement for female education, as in most other things, the motive principle that has impelled Mohammedans to shake off their apathy has been their instinctive love of religion. They cannot tolerate the slightest disturbance of their settled religious convictions by Christian missionaries in India: they look with grave suspicion on the proselytising efforts of English zenana missions in the Punjab, and have at last determined to repel the inroads of Christianity on the jealously-guarded kingdom of Islam. With a similar object in view the *Anjuman* has recently inaugurated a sort of missionary movement, and appointed three preachers to diffuse religious knowledge among the masses. These preachers also collect contributions from different parts of the Punjab in aid of female education and similar objects, and are thus a source of pecuniary help

to the *Anjuman*. The funds of the *Anjuman* at present amount to something like Rs. 10,000, the gross monthly income being about Rs. 300. For the better attainment of its objects, as also for carrying on now and then a religious controversy with the Christian missionaries in the Punjab, the *Anjuman* issues a monthly magazine, which, from its soft and moderate tone, seems to be very well conducted, and has now attained a circulation of 1,600 copies. An orphanage has also recently been established for sheltering unprotected youth, and affording every assistance to helpless humanity."

Preachers and catechists, zenana missions and orphanages are things which have been hitherto associated with the Christian religion. The tone and temper with which Islam, in past ages, has carried on its propaganda has neither been "soft nor moderate." We cannot pay a higher tribute to missions than quote the testimony which a Mohammedan writer has thus unconsciously given of their efficiency. C. MERK.

MRS. HEMANS.

II.

IT would be vain in the present day to point to the longer and more ambitious works of Mrs. Hemans as her title-deeds to remembrance. Even in the height of her popularity these were but dubious successes. Two of them, "Wallace's Invocation to Bruce," and "Dartmoor," won prizes; but who reads prize poems? Few people do now, few did then. It would be difficult to discover any modern student who is well acquainted with these or others of her longer productions. One exception may perhaps be made in the case of the "Forest Sanctuary," already quoted, of which no less a literary authority than George Eliot says, in writing to her friend Miss Lewis:—

"I am reading eclectically Mrs. Hemans's poems, and venture to recommend to your perusal, if unknown to you, one of the longer ones, 'The Forest Sanctuary;' I can give it my pet adjective, —Exquisite."

George Eliot was in sympathy with the religious teaching of Mrs. Hemans when she wrote these lines. But even the critical modern reader may enjoy the poem, which abounds in fine passages of description, and breathes a free and ardent spirit.

The shorter poems and lyrics of Mrs. Hemans are, as a rule, those which best portray her genius. They are musical, tender, and sweet, and deserve a better fate than the partial oblivion into which they have fallen.

Sir Walter Scott complained that the poetry of Mrs. Hemans contained "too many flowers and too little fruit." In other words, it contained too much of the imaginative and emotional. Yet it is this excess of feeling that gives to her poetry one special charm. She was naturally of enthusiastic temperament and lively imagination; her life, in its romantic but somewhat circumscribed surroundings, shadowed by domestic trouble, did not offer much opportunity for enlarging her acquaintance with men and women, or with the world in which she lived. We find no record of foreign travel in her life. Her education too had been far from systematic, and it is wonderful, considering how little outside help she could command, how scanty were her opportunities of instruction, that she contrived to learn French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German;—to learn these languages not only in the smattering style then in vogue, but so as to read them with ease and pleasure, and to translate them fluently into English verse. Translations from Latin also are found in her pages. To use her own words, she "loved to repose under the shadow of mighty names," and there is a long list of poets whose works she has rendered into English.

She was ever ready to identify herself with national life other than her own, as may be seen in her "Lays of Many Lands"; and most of her long poems deal with alien surroundings. When it is remembered how necessary personal acquaintance with scenery is to the right rendering of local colour, it is wonderful that Mrs. Hemans should have succeeded so well in this particular. The primeval forests of North America, the burning plains of Africa, the seas and islands of the sunny South, the ravines of ancient Greece, the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, are all graphically sketched by her untiring pen, in such a way that the reader never is struck by incongruity. A vivid, powerful imagination must have been hers, that could transport her at will far from the world of sense.

Yet, although she could revel in fancy amid the wildest regions of nature, her love lingers round the homelike, peaceful scenes of her own land. She says of Grasmere, for instance:—

> O vale and lake, within your mountain urn,
> Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
> Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
> Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
> With light Elysian.

And again, the same loving tenderness for English homestead scenery is shown in a sonnet called "Orchard Blossoms":—

> Doth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
> Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
> Doth their sweet household-smile waft back the glow
> Of childhood's morn—the wondering, fresh delight
> In earth's new colouring, then all strangely bright,
> A joy of fairyland? Doth some old nook,
> Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
> Rise on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossoms white,
> Showered o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
> And robin's nest still faithful to the spot,

And the bee's dreary chime? O gentle friend!
The world's cold breath, not Time's, this life bereaves
Of vernal gifts: Time hallows what he leaves,
And will for us endear spring memories to the end.

The sea, although it had been the companion of her early years, had terror rather than charm for her because of its associations with storm and shipwreck:—

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,
Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting main!
Thy first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
In my lone being, made thy restless plain
As the vast shining floor of some dread fane
All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep!
Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
Never to thee did love with silvery chain
Draw my soul's dream!

Her preference is for the tender, the homelike in Nature, and though her imagination roves at will among stupendous and majestic scenes, it flits home to sink with content into the warm enfolding of an English nest.

The lyric "The Homes of England" is too well known to quote, but it breathes that tenderness for her fatherland which undoubtedly added much to her popularity.

She dealt much with the simpler duties and affections of life. The love for home, parents, children, appears on every page of her works, and what might be deemed the commonplaces of existence were revealed in their real beauty and sanctity by her touch. For this she deserves all honour; and the old-fashioned title to a section of her writings, "Poems of the Affections," should not be scoffed at. We are too apt, in the worry and work of every day, to fail in recognising the ideal sweetness of these domestic ties, until they are broken for ever on earth; and Mrs. Hemans lifts "the daily round, the common task," into a higher plane by her influence.

At the same time she had the power to sympathise with all that was best in national life. Her imagination was fired at once by any tale of valour or deed of patriotism. The poem of "Casabianca," for instance, again too well known to quote, tells in stirring words the story of the heroic boy who perished at his post in the battle of the Nile. It seems sometimes as if all that would be left of Mrs. Hemans in a future generation would be such lyrics as "The Homes of England" and "Casabianca," learnt by children at school.

Upon the young heart and mind her poetry has a peculiarly strong influence. The present writer, so long as life shall last, will never forget the effect of the poem "The Better Land." There was a mystic charm about it that rapt the child-heart into thoughts unutterable:—

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

The music to which many of Mrs. Hemans's poems were set by her sister, did much in their day to enhance their success. The "Messenger Bird" was one of the sweetest of these, both in words, and melody of soprano and alto strains combined. Few perhaps will now remember this musical embodiment of the Brazilian legend, that a certain bird, which sings mournfully in the night-time, is a messenger from deceased friends:—

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
Thou art come from the spirits' land:
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of their summer shore;
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more!

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave or hill;
We know, thou bird! that their land is bright,
But say, do they love there still?

In their time, these words with their plaintive music drew tears from many an eye; nor was there anything foolish or idly sentimental in the emotion so caused, though the modern tone of pathos has altered with the changing of the years.

The chief point, however, to be noted with regard to Mrs. Hemans's poetry is its spirituality of tone. She was not one of the

Light half-believers in our casual creeds
Who never deeply felt nor clearly willed,

of whom the modern poet speaks. Her faith was clear and earnest.

"I look for the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come." These words, carelessly uttered by too many, were the very inspiration of her genius. She indulged, indeed, in no puerile prettinesses of description regarding the heaven in which she fervently believed. There are no attempts at sketching the Land "beyond the river," "beside the fountain," in which some modern hymn-writers delight.

Contrast the tone of the "Better Land" with much of the present style of hymnology:—

Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there,
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom.

And although she could paint the energy of heroic deeds, the loves of home, the beauty of earth, in vivid language, she lived much in the unseen world, never ceasing to speak with unfaltering certainty of its happiness and its reunion. This is illustrated by such words as the following, taken from "The Siege of Valencia":—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul, to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

The "Sabbath Sonnet," written by Mrs. Hemans a few days before her death is sufficient witness to the sincerity of her faith. Belief and acceptance of mystery were blended in her nature, and are expressed in the fine "Invocation" beginning

> Answer me, burning stars of night,
> Where is the spirit gone?

The peculiar mystic beauty of her religious poems cannot be exactly described or analysed, but it can be felt; and although it may have less influence in the present day than at the time she wrote, it cannot fail to produce an effect on the reader, like that of church bells heard across a summer landscape at evening time. Who can define the charm of these? yet who is altogether insensible to it? As an instance may be quoted "The Hour of Prayer":—

> Child, amidst the flowers at play,
> While the red light fades away;
> Mother, with thine earnest eye
> Ever following silently;
> Father, by the breeze of eve
> Called thy harvest work to leave,—
> Pray! ere yet the dark hours be,
> Lift the heart and bend the knee.

The "Tyrolese Evening Hymn" and "Evening Prayer at a Girls' School" are similar instances of devotional poetry touched with imagination. Indeed one has but to turn over the leaves of Mrs. Hemans's work to encounter numerous such utterances—pure, dreamy, poetic, religious—and by no means feebly sentimental or mawkishly effeminate.

But her genius shines at its best in the direct utterances of the soul to its Creator. It is a little remarkable that her two finest hymns are introduced casually, as it were, into longer poems. The first is embodied in the "Funeral Day of Sir Walter Scott," and appears as the chant sung over his tomb.

> Lowly and solemn be
> Thy children's cry to Thee,
> Father Divine!
> A hymn of suppliant breath
> Owning that life and death
> Alike are Thine.
>
> * * * * *
>
> O Father! in that hour
> When earth all succouring power
> Shall disavow;
> When spear and shield and crown
> In faintness are cast down—
> Sustain us, Thou!
>
> By Him who bowed to take
> The death cup for our sake,
> The thorn, the rod;
> From whom the last dismay
> Was not to pass away,
> Aid us, O God!

The second occurs in a little known but interesting dramatic fragment entitled "The English Martyrs," a scene of the days of Queen Mary. A Protestant maiden and her lover are imprisoned on account of their faith; offers of freedom on recantation are firmly refused; they are allowed a last interview; and at its close, when the anguish of human love strains their hearts well nigh to breaking, the cry to the Infinite Pity is embodied in the following lines:

> He knelt—the Saviour knelt and prayed—
> When but His Father's eye
> Looked through the lonely garden's shade
> On that dread agony.
> The Lord of all above, beneath,
> Was bowed with sorrow unto death.
>
> The sun set in a fearful hour,
> The stars might well grow dim,
> When this mortality had power
> So to o'ershadow HIM!
> That He who gave man's breath, might know
> The very depths of human woe.
>
> He proved them all!—the doubt, the strife,
> The faint perplexing dread,
> The mists that hang o'er parting life,
> All gathered round His head;
> And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
> Yet passed it not, that cup, away!
>
> It passed not—though the stormy wave
> Had sunk beneath His tread;
> It passed not—though to Him the grave
> Had yielded up its dead.
> But there was sent Him from on high
> A gift of strength for man to die.
>
> And was the Sinless thus beset
> With anguish and dismay?
> How may *we* meet our conflict yet
> In the dark, narrow way?
> Through Him—through Him that path who trod.
> —Save, or we perish, Son of God!

Words in praise of this hymn seem almost impertinent. But the poetess who could so write surely deserves a better fate than to be neglected and well-nigh forgotten. We plead therefore that the works of Mrs. Hemans should not be allowed merely to furnish two or three pieces for the schoolroom répertoire. They are not outside the pale of suitable reading for the intelligent even now, and in many a quiet hour of life, on the Day of Rest, among the green fields, in the retirement of home, they will bring help and refreshment. She does not profess to supply an answer to all the deeper problems of existence—to portray human nature in its intricacies of thought and action—to compete with such poets as Mrs. Browning:—

> Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
> Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
> And sang a kindred soul out to his face!

Yet Felicia Hemans too can seek comparison with the skylark in her song; for without exaggerated praise she may fitly be described in the poet's words,

> Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam,
> True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

LILY WATSON.

The Writing on the Ground.

"JESUS stooped down and wrote upon the ground";
Lost are the words traced by His finger there;
But still His characters divinely fair
About our feet, in lines of light, are found.
He stoops, and snowdrops start to life all round;
His finger wakes the violets everywhere;
The lilies of the field His message bear,
And primrose banks with thoughts of peace are crowned.
O Lord, stoop lower still, and on the floor
Of my dim wayworn heart Thy blessing write:
The Spirit is Thy finger evermore,
Oh, may I feel its touch, like rays of light,
Awaking me to trust Thee and adore,
And bud and blossom always in Thy sight!

RICHARD WILTON.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LANDS," ETC.

INTRODUCTION.

THE aim of the author in this series of "Letters from the East" was first to teach his own little ones some of the wonders of that land of which the Bible is the best record, and to endeavour to show them how wonderfully an examination of it, however slight, would the better enable them to understand the Sacred Book. The stories have interested his own little ones, and he trusts they will now interest a larger circle of children. We must ever bear in mind that though, through the mercy of God, the Bible is so written that all of every age and every clime can find in it the way of salvation, yet it is essentially an Eastern Book, written by men who lived in that land; and that to arrive at a complete understanding of its pages, we need to be familiar with the customs and the character of that land itself. Then, too, it cannot be without interest and gain to see how so many of the prophecies have been fulfilled. Written when the East was composed of powerful kingdoms and mighty nations, these prophetic writings foretold a time when all the power and glory should be taken away from these, because the people either forsook the Lord God or served idols and false gods. The warnings were neglected, and the awful judgments we see were fulfilled.

There may be no particular order in which the Bible passages noted in these letters are taken. Some event in daily life usually suggested the passage. To show all the prophecies and the fulfilments would take large volumes. These papers only touch the fringe of this very important subject. None the less, does the author hope that "little ones" will find that these simple illustrations will add an interest to that Book, which is ever new, fresh and living because it is the Word of the Living God; revealing Him, His Will, His Way.

I.—DESERT PATHS.

IN Proverbs viii. 2, "wisdom" is represented thus: "She standeth in the places of the paths." In the new Revised Version it reads thus: "In the top of the high places by the way where the paths meet she standeth." In Psalm xvii. 5 (Revised Version), David says: "My steps have held fast to Thy paths; my feet have not slipped." The Old Version says: "Hold up my goings in Thy paths." Again in Psalm xxiii. 3, we read: "He guideth me in the paths of righteousness." Our Lord calls Himself "the Way," "the Truth." He also says "broad' is the way that leadeth to destruction"; and He says that, "Narrow is the way that leadeth to life." Why these many allusions to "paths" and "ways?" I think it was because Eastern roads as a rule were not "made" as with us. We are told by Josephus that the great King Solomon laid down a road of large blocks of stone from Jerusalem to his gardens near Bethlehem; and traces of old roads well made are still found in Moab; but, as a rule, no roads were made until the time of the Romans. They were the great road makers of the world. Even in our own country they were the first to make roads; and you know that in our little village I have taken you to an old Roman road or "way" which is still the most direct route from one county to another; but Easterns as a rule did not "make" roads. They let the camels, mules, or asses,

wander as much as they liked on the level ground, and therefore in the East you have many, many, pathways or trackways running into and mixing with each other. A few years ago the best road in Palestine—that from Jaffa to Jerusalem—was like a cart track over a ploughed field. Now, many of these trackways run one into the other, so you have a "broad" way. Start on your journey and you would think that all the tracks led the same way, and you might say, "It does not matter which I take." Ah! but in a little time you would find some turning off to the left and others to the right and you would be lost. How necessary then, that you should have a skilful guide, who would guide you into the right path. How necessary that "wisdom" should stand where these "paths" meet!

This little picture will show you what desert "paths" are like. See how they cross and mix. How confusing they are. Without a guide who knew the way, you can see how easily you might take the wrong "way." In the daytime you might have more chance, but how would it be when the day was dark and stormy? and how when the night was closing in? And yet you had still to push on. Why every unskilled traveller would be sure to wander from the right "way," and wandering on would tire out, and most likely lie down to die. Some parts of the desert track are really marked by the bones of men and animals, who, tired out, have died on the way; and the horrid vultures have picked their bones. Many a time have I seen this, and felt very anxious, and then taken courage, for I remembered I had with me a very skilful guide—a man who knew the "way."

David says, "His feet did not slip" when led by God. Unmade roads in the desert become very slippery after rain or night mist, and your camels slip about in a dangerous manner, and so you do yourself if you are walking, so soft and sticky is the track till the sun gets up and dries the "way" again. Sometimes the "way" leads over rocks, and the rock is so smooth and polished by the weather and by the feet of the countless number of passengers in the long past ages, that the rock is very dangerous too. Again your path will be over stones, like the dry bed of a rocky river and you wind in and about these stones, till you quite lose all idea of where you are going. Or again, your path would be on the very edge of a deep ravine, and the path so narrow, you felt if your foot slipped, down you must go and be lost. More than once I have had to take off my boots and walk without them, for the road was so slippery, so narrow and dangerous.

How striking then to an Eastern traveller are these texts which speak of "wisdom" and of God's guiding hand. Here there are "guide posts" set up at the cross roads to tell of the "way" to town or village; but though in England we may have "guide books" on our earthly roads, we need the Heavenly Guide to show us our way to the Father's home above. You have in your Bibles the full record of Him who said "Follow Me." If you do so follow, you will find that you must leave the "broad track," the way of the world. You must exercise self-denial; you must not seek your own pleasure or your own will, nor trust in your own skill or knowledge; but, taking Jesus as your guide, seek to follow in His steps. You may find the "way" often hard, steep, slippery; but He "leads"; He "upholds." No good thing will He withhold from those who walk uprightly in "His paths." That same Jesus, who loved little children when He was on earth, loves them still; and He said of children that they "see the face" of the Almighty Father. May we all be led in the "paths of righteousness!"

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"P." writes from Brighton: "Will you kindly give an explanation of Psalm xc. 11, which has often puzzled me? 'But who regardeth the power of Thy wrath: for even thereafter as a man feareth, so is Thy displeasure.'"

OUR correspondent gives the passage as found in the Prayer-book. The Authorised Version reads: "Who knoweth the power of Thine anger? even according to Thy fear, *so is* Thy wrath." It will be observed that the words *so is* are in italics, showing that they are not in the original text. The Revised Version is more literally exact:—

> Who knoweth the power of Thine anger,
> And Thy wrath according to the fear that is due unto Thee?

In this it may be remarked (1) that the word *knoweth*, for the Prayer-book *regardeth*, is certainly correct. The Psalmist does not ask who *gives heed* to the Divine anger, but who can *estimate*, understand it, in its terribleness! (2) that the words of the question, *Who knoweth*, belong to the latter part of the verse as well as to the former. The *even* of the A. V. is more correctly *and*; (3) that the *fear* of God, spoken of in the second clause, means the holy reverence that is due to Him; (4) that the question, therefore, implies that, according to the measure of this holy reverence, we shall be able to estimate His "wrath." "Who has so deep and true a fear of Thee as to be able to understand how terrible Thou art in Thy judgment against sin?"

Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, in his brief and useful Commentary on the Prayer-book version of the Psalter,[1] observes on the translation of Psalm xc. 11, "This is an error; it should be—

> Who knoweth the power of Thine anger
> And Thy wrath, according to (due) fear?

"The Psalmist complains that though men see before them every day the signs of God's judgment, they do not so regard them as to fear Him with a godly fear."

Keble, in the *Oxford Psalter*, a fine metrical translation from the original Hebrew, too little known, renders the verse:—

> But who Thine ire discerns,
> How dread, how deep Thy fear should be,
> Deep as Thine anger burns?

[1] "The Teacher's Prayer Book," p. 225, *a*.

"A. B." seeks an explanation of what is meant by the "gifts" mentioned in connection with the "sacrifices" in Hebrews v. 1; viii. 3; ix. 9. Are the "unbloody sacrifices" referred to?

In the first of these passages the "sacrifices for sins," *i.e.* the *expiatory* offerings, appear to be distinguished from "the gifts," *i.e.* the offerings of *consecration* and of *gratitude*. The words *for sins* are not added to *sacrifices* in the other two texts, but the sense is undoubtedly the same. In the Old Testament, the "gift" (*minchah*) is in general distinguished from the "sacrifice" (*zebhach*). The former word, for instance, is never applied in the Law of Moses to the sin-offering. Its most general rendering is "meat-offering" (R.V. meal-offering): although it is used (but not in the Pentateuch) of the "evening sacrifice," 1 Kings xviii. 29, 36; Ezra ix. 4, 5; Psa. cxli. 2; Dan. ix. 11. In Genesis iv. 3, 4, it is applied to Abel's offering. All that can be said is that *gift* (*minchah*, δῶρον) mostly denotes unbloody offering, while *sacrifice* (*zebhach*, θυσία) always implies the taking of life, excepting where figuratively used, as in Psa. li. 17; Romans xii. 1; Hebrews xiii. 15, 16. In these passages also the surrender of life to God, although in another way, is the leading thought. Where the two words are found together, as in the three texts from the Epistle to the Hebrews, no doubt each is to be understood in its *general* significance:—the two great classes of sacrifice, of which the meat-offering and the sin-offering were respectively the most expressive illustrations. A broad line of distinction, however, can scarcely be drawn between the two, as the gifts had also an expiatory element, and might be of slain animals, as in the case of Abel, while, on the other hand, the animal brought for sacrifice might be regarded as the worshipper's gift.

It should be added that some expositors, as Alford, connect both words *gifts* and *sacrifices*, with the following phrase *for sins*, the two classes of offerings being thus declared to be expiatory. It seems, however, better to regard the words *for sins* as belonging to *sacrifices* alone. See Schaff's *New Test.* on Heb. v. 1; note by Dr. Angus.

"C. M. B.," Seaford, writes: "In Acts xiii. 20, St. Paul says, 'And after that He gave unto them judges, about the space of 450 years.' Please explain how this is to be reconciled with the much shorter time allowed to them (according to the dates in the Bible) in the Book of Judges."

This is one of those cases in which the Revised Version comes to our help by restoring the ancient text. The passage as it stands in our ordinary Bible is, as our correspondent intimates, absolutely irreconcilable with the Old Testament chronology. (See especially 1 Kings vi. 1.) The Revisers, however, read, on the authority of the best MSS., "He gave them (not *divided*, as A.V.) their land for an inheritance, about 450 years; and after these things He gave them judges." That is, the period of four hundred and fifty years intervened between the gift of the land as an inheritance and the era of the judges. Some of the ablest expositors regard this period as extending from the birth of Isaac, the epoch of the "gift" to Abraham, to the final conquest of Canaan—say from B.C. 1896 to B.C. 1444 (Ussher) or 452 years.

"M. E.," Canonbury, writes: "I should be very glad if you could throw any light on the fact that the two genealogies given in Matthew and Luke as shewing the descent of our Lord, are both traced to Joseph; when we are distinctly told in Matthew i. 18, that Jesus was not his son. The first verse of the same chapter and the eighteenth seem to positively contradict each other, when we read in verse sixteen that Joseph's genealogy has been traced and not Mary's."

The genealogies were no doubt taken from the public records; and Jesus was the reputed son of Joseph (Luke iii. 23). In reference to Matt. i. 1, it may be remarked that, as legally the son of Joseph, Christ was "David's son" and heir; the genealogy in this chapter giving the line of royal succession, that in Luke the line of natural descent. It may be added that the best authorities hold that *Mary also* was of the House of David; so that our Lord's legal claim coincided with His earthly sonship.

Some expositors regard the genealogy in St. Luke as that of Mary, the daughter of Heli; but this is very doubtful. The subject is a difficult one; one important fact, however, should be noted. There is no evidence that the Jews, who were most punctilious in preserving their family records, ever advanced any objection to the genealogies as given in the Gospels. Had there been any ground for attacking them, either as inconsistent with each other, or as falsely connecting our Lord with the House of David, that attack would undoubtedly have been made. From the silence of the opponents of the Gospel, therefore, we are entitled to argue that these genealogies are unassailable, and that the difficulties connected with them arise entirely from our not knowing all the facts of the case.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

CHAPTER IX.

EVER was a happier boy than Bertie Danby that day; for the lesson Mr. Robinson had sought to convey, by means of his story, was slowly finding its way to his heart, even while he was so joyous and merry; and it made his joy deeper, and his merriment more contagious to think, as he did every now and then, that God had been loving and caring for him all the time, and had sent him such a good friend to give him this bright holiday.

When they reached the hotel, they found that "high tea" had been prepared for them, in Mr. Robinson's own sitting room, where the three could talk and laugh in the intervals of eating and drinking. It was a most enjoyable meal. Tommy forgot to be cross about anything, and Mr. Robinson seemed almost as much a boy as Bertie himself. He told them more stories after tea, in which the animals all seemed to be as merry as themselves, and at last, when they were going home, he gave them a basket of grapes and pears to carry with them.

"They are for your mamma, but Ann is to have a share of them, for her kindness to me when I had that fall, tell her," said Mr. Robinson as he delivered them into Bertie's hand on the hotel steps. It was growing dusk now, and so Jack was despatched to watch the two boys, that no one interfered with them, but not himself to speak or be seen by them, if he could help it.

"When you get back, come to my room and let me know how they get on," said the gentleman, as Jack left him.

Jack had been a source of some anxiety to his benefactor since the letter had been carried by him to Mrs. Danby. The lady might well object to such a messenger, for Jack as the hotel boots was a sight to behold, as Mr. Robinson knew; and if she heard that Bertie was in the habit of meeting this same lad in the pavilion, and helping him with his reading lessons, she would probably be very angry, both with the boys and himself; and so, to remove this cause of fresh annoyance to the lady, he had decided to take Jack away from Beachcliff, if the lad himself was willing to go. So when he appeared at the door pulling his forelock, and saying, "They're all right, sir," Mr. Robinson told him to come in, and asked him if he was quite comfortable in his situation.

"Yes, sir. I hope there isn't no fault," said Jack, a little anxiously.

"No. Your master gives you a very good character, and I'm very pleased to find how well you have got on with your book—so pleased, that I think of giving you a better chance still. How would you like to go back to Esterfield, and learn your father's trade in the old factory?"

The boy's face flushed for a minute, but the next he shook his head and said, "No chance of that, sir."

"But, suppose I made the chance for you, my boy?" said the gentleman; "you would have to work hard you know—go to evening school after being in the factory all day."

"Would it be Danby's factory, sir?" asked Jack in a meditative tone.

"Well, Danby's or mine, what does it matter?" said Mr. Robinson.

"Well, I dunno, sir, Danby's killed father."

"And Bertie Danby has saved you, and I'm willing to help you still further for Bertie's sake," replied the gentleman.

"Then I'll go, sir, just to show I got no more spite agin 'em—jist for the little chap's sake," said Jack.

"Very well, I will speak to your master about it by-and-by, but I don't suppose there will be any difficulty there, for he told me he should want a man in your place, when the busy time begins here."

"Ah! that's just like 'em all, they think a man can do ever so much better than a boy," said Jack in an aggrieved tone, "but I'll let you see, sir, if it's your factory, that I can do as much as a man, any day."

"Well, well, we shall see," said Mr. Robinson smiling, "but you must not forget you have to learn to work first, and you may not find it so easy as learning to read, with Bertie Danby for a teacher. You will have to be patient and persevering and steady, for you have a lot of time to make up, my man."

"Yes, sir; but to be a man with a trade at my finger ends is something worth working for," said Jack, holding up his head in anticipation of the prospective dignity.

"Very well, I hope you will make good use of your opportunities. But there is one thing I want to say to you. If you should see the young Danbys before we go away, do not mention the factory to them. You can say I have got a place for you at Esterfield if you like, but nothing beyond that."

"Do you belong to Danbys, sir," asked bold Jack.

"Yes, I do!" said the gentleman, thinking frankness would serve best now; "I not only belong to the Danbys, but I am Danby for the present, and I shall see how you keep this secret—for I do want it kept a secret for the present—and judge how far you are to be trusted in future."

"Thank you, sir, for trusting me; I will keep it to myself, never fear," said Jack, and he went downstairs feeling two inches taller than when he walked up.

All the hotel servants very soon knew that Jack was going to leave, and were sorry for it, for he had proved himself a willing, obliging lad; but where he was going, or what he was going to do, beyond the fact that Mr. Robinson, who had been responsible for him here, was going to get him a better place at Esterfield, they could not learn. Jack kept his patron's confidence most loyally, although he was sorely tempted to break it when he bade Bertie good-bye, and the little boy asked him what he was going to do at Esterfield when he got there.

The boys went home with their basket of fruit in high glee, their eager shouts scarcely restrained by Ann's upraised finger, when she opened the door, with the warning "hush" that greeted them.

"Oh, it was so jolly," said Tommy, "and all these grapes and pears are for you and mamma. Is mamma ill again?" he asked in a matter-of-course tone, as he pulled off his hat. Everybody had got used to Mrs. Danby's frequent illnesses, and so it was not surprising, that the two boys should think little of it, beyond the disappointment they felt, at not being able to shew her the basket of fruit at once.

"Don't the grapes look beautiful?" said Bertie admiringly; "we won't touch them, will we? until mamma has seen them. Put them on the breakfast-table to-morrow morning, Ann," he added as he gave the basket into her care, for fear Tommy should be tempted to touch the fruit.

They did not see their mother that night, she was too ill, Ann said, and the next morning she was worse, which made Bertie look very grave, as he stood in the desolate looking breakfast-room, and surveyed the roughly laid breakfast-table, their basins of bread and milk forming the whole of the equipage.

Ann had been up nearly all night with the invalid, and now looked worn and anxious. "If only your papa would come home," she ejaculated with a sigh, as she looked at Bertie.

"Didn't he come to the door that night?" asked the boy.

"What next, child!—what put that idea into your head?" exclaimed Ann in astonishment.

"We were talking to Mr. Robinson yesterday, and Tommy said, God did not listen to our prayers, because we had asked him to bring papa home again to take care of us, and then he said, God had sent the answer, but when it came to the door, we shut it out."

"Oh! did he say that?" exclaimed Ann; "I shouldn't wonder but what he was right too," she added.

"Did papa come then?" asked Bertie.

"No! no! not your papa, dear, but somebody that might have helped us, and that was what we were all praying for, I fancy—that was what we wanted papa to come for, because we were in such dreadful distress and trouble, and God sent us help at once, and we shut the door upon it."

"That's what Mr. Robinson says."

"Yes? and it's true. Eat your breakfast, Bertie, and then I will send you with a note to the gentleman."

A sudden thought had come to Ann in her perplexity. It had been slowly growing in her mind for some time, only she was scarcely aware of it until now. The surmise, that the old gentleman who had come to beg their help some time since, was really a friend or relation come to help them, had grown to be a certainty all at once; and she now determined to put it to the test.

It was not often that Ann attempted to write even a letter to a friend, and so her stiff fingers felt clumsy, and her writing looked awkward, but she was too anxious about her dear mistress to think of what her note looked like, she only thought of the help it might bring.

A Song of the Mountains.

THE God who made the mountains
  And piled their masses high,
Who fixed their firm foundations
  And bade them climb the sky,
Looks down on little children
  For whom He gave His Son,
Protects, provides, embraces,
  And loves them every one.

Voices of mountains praise Him,
  Torrents and tinkling rills,
The thunder of the snow-fall,
  The echoes of the hills;
But songs of little children,
  Their feeblest praise and prayer,
Are sweeter to the Father
  Than all the music there.

A child upon the mountains,
  A speck so small and mean,
To heart of God is greater
  And more distinctly seen:
He lifts an infant higher
  Than loftiest mountain peak,
For He came down from heaven
  These little ones to seek.

The highest of the mountains
  Shall some day be brought low,
But children of the Father
  To Him in heaven shall go;
And then, still rising higher
  In blessedness and love,
On Zion's hill for ever
  Shall dwell with God above.

NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

SCRIPTURE VERSES.

NO. VI.

Find the verse here described.

The verse is a charge of one friend to another, concerning a command of God, after an important business transaction.

In it is mentioned a necessary article of household use and one so cheap, that it might have been found in the poorest family. Two written documents are also mentioned in the verse, bearing the same contents, and differing from one another in one particular.

The verse following contains a grand promise of God.

In the chapter are mentioned—

(*a*) Eight parts of the human body.
(*b*) A barbarous sinful custom.
(*c*) A prayer, nine verses long, reminding God of wonderful things He had done.

The chapter ends with a beautiful promise of God, also nine verses long, containing an especial pledge that many like business transactions should take place in future years.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XIX.

The name of one who did his tomb prepare,
But, ere he died, he laid another there?
An old man's peaceful home of which we read,
That shepherds came there, bringing flocks to feed?
A girl who brought some unexpected news
Of one delivered from the cruel Jews.
Who judged in Israel after Jephthah died,
Had thirty sons, and found for each a bride?
Near to what city on the Sabbath-day,
Did Paul find pious women met to pray?
Over what kingdom did that monarch reign,
Who urged the Jews to build God's house again?
One not ashamed to take a learner's place,
He "helped them much who had believed through grace."

The final letters now provide a name,
Borne by three men, and always spelt the same;
One, sent by God, stood at a blind man's side;
One was a priest, and one by judgment died;
And all are in one book, and that alone:
Initials mention one who filled a throne;
Still in that book search out this monarch's name,
To Cæsarea to see a friend he came.

L. T.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTER.

NO. VI.—p. 512.—JEHU.

(1) 2 Kings ix. 5; (2) 20; (3) 1; (4) 13; (5) 15, 16; (6) 7-10; (7) x. 18-28; (8) 29; (9) 30.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE Lambeth Conference was brought to a close by a valedictory service at St. Paul's. The procession of bishops and other representatives, as it moved forward to enter the choir, reached nearly the length of the south aisle. The whole ceremonial was unusually dignified and impressive. The Archbishop of Canterbury at once commenced the service for the Holy Communion. The sermon was afterwards preached by the Archbishop of York, from the text: "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." (Rom. vii. 19.) It dealt hopefully with the facts of to-day. Strife and struggle, pain and death, said the Archbishop, are inscribed upon the world's foundation stones; but only in the way of hope can we understand the great story of the creation. We have waited nearly two thousand years, and the language held by those who have lost faith is that they can wait no more—that the power of Christ is no more seen. But, "apply what test you will: the test of numbers; of holy works; of saintly souls; Christian progress is advancing, not receding; missions have done more in this century than ever before." After a reference to physical progress, the preacher continued: "When we are twitted with the languid life of the Christian churches, as compared with the splendid activity and performance of science, the inference is not that there is no longer any guidance; for there is much; but that men who profess to be Christian show a languid and intermittent life, a hypothetical belief instead of the apostle's categorical conviction; a perpetual compromise with modern views; an eyesight made false and double by the endeavour to work for double ends. The spiritual progress has never preserved in past centuries a steady and equal pace. No period of twenty years has ever equalled the grand outpouring of life of the first twenty years after the Resurrection. But the law has always been the same. Churches have prospered when peopled by faithful men; they have languished or died when faith has languished and sin has paralysed the will." Touching social questions, the Archbishop argued that the sins and miseries which remain cannot be solved by mere civilisation.

THE Society for the Propagation of the Gospel held its annual meetings while the Conference was sitting, and the occasion was signalised by a series of addresses from the foreign bishops, as many as thirteen of them taking part either in the morning or evening. The report stated that the number of ordained missionaries, including nine bishops, on the Society's lists at the present time was 596. There were also in its various missions about 2000 catechists and lay teachers, mostly natives, and more than 400 students in its colleges. The Bishop of Japan said the attitude of the educated classes towards Christianity there perhaps might best be described as an attitude of respectful hesitation. Bishop Smythies said that from his experience in Africa he was more than convinced that missionaries must in every possible way keep away from every set of circumstances which would invest them with the character of civil officers.

THE new Board of Missions, which met at Sion College, under the presidency of the Archbishop of Canterbury, also invited the attendance of a large number of the prelates. This Board, as the President explained to its visitors, is not a new missionary society, neither does it collect money, its aim is simply to communicate information and stimulate effort. Among the speakers was the Bishop of Calcutta, who said that it was very necessary to bring home individual responsibility in the matter of missions, for there were thousands of persons in England whose wealth had been entirely derived from districts where missions needed support. That had been done with respect to the East Indian Railway, and no less than 20,000*l.* had been extracted from the shareholders. The money had been invested, and the interest supported four or five missionaries. A similar course had been taken with respect to the tea plantations of Assam, where they had also two or three clergymen entirely supported by the managers and shareholders. The Bishop of Jamaica, criticising some of Mr. Froude's recent statements, to the effect that the Church existed there simply for the English residents, said that the Europeans, including Jews, numbered only 13,000, while there were 30,000 church communicants, the total population being 600,000, and that eighty-five clergymen were supported by the contributions chiefly of the black people.

AT a Conference held under the auspices of the Anglo-Continental Society, at Farnham Castle, the residence of the Bishop of Winchester, various addresses were delivered on the condition of those bodies of religionists on the continent who have established reformed churches, and consequently been excommunicated by the church of Rome. The Bishop of Western New York, who has recently visited the Old Catholics, said they were making real progress, although it might not be very apparent. He complained that the Christian churches of England and America had not done enough for the Old Catholics. Bishop Herzog gave an account of the Old Catholics in Switzerland, who, whatever might be said, had not ceased to belong to the Catholic church. The Archbishop of Dublin, speaking of the Reform movements in England and Spain, said they were real works of self-reform, and not the result of mere transient enthusiasm. The people needed something more in the way of spiritual food than the church of Rome could supply them with. Senor Cabrera said those in Spain who were associated with him believed that the Bible and the conscience were greater than all canons, councils, and synods. What they wanted were bishops to confirm their children and ordain their priests. The speech of Count di Campello, who spoke in Italian, was interpreted by Canon Meyrick. He said that the church of Rome was the cause of a thousand schisms. He had himself given up a lucrative appointment as canon of St. Peter's, and was now devoting himself to the spread of the Gospel. He had unfurled the flag of reform, and if they only had a church with bishops and priests, the movement would be a great success. He appealed to the English church for help and sympathy in this great work of religious reformation in Italy.

CARDINAL LAVIGERIE, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Algiers and Carthage, has undertaken a crusade against slavery, and to that end proposes to visit the capitals of Europe, in hope of awakening an agitation sufficiently strong to secure the suppression of the slave-trade. Speaking in London, under the auspices of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, he said that England, after having destroyed colonial slavery, owed it to herself to support by her sympathies those who wish to destroy African slavery, a hundred times more horrible. Slavery in the proportions that it had now assumed meant, in effect, the approaching destruction of the black population of the interior, with the impossibility of penetrating and civilising the heart of the country. "My missionaries"—we quote his phrase and words—"are established in the Sahara and upon the high table-lands of Central Africa, from the north of Nyanza to the south of Tanganyika. Eleven of them have suffered martyrdom, while more than fifty others have died from fatigue and hardships. Such men have the right to be heard and to be believed. Your Cameron affirms with truth that half a million slaves at the least are sold every year in the interior of Africa, and the testimony of our missionaries not only confirms but raises this estimate for those regions where they are established. They have seen with their own eyes in the course of ten years whole provinces absolutely depopulated by the massacres of the slave-hunters . . . Islam is exterminating the population at this moment by means of her slave-hunters, and by virtue of her doctrine that the blacks are an inferior and cursed race, whom they are at liberty to treat worse than we treat our animals." A resolution urging the Governments

of Europe to bring the pressure of public opinion to bear upon the rulers of all countries where slavery exists was carried, being proposed by Cardinal Manning, and seconded by Bishop Smythies.

THE readjustment of the colonial relations of the Great Powers has not been accomplished, even on the small scale attempted, without inconvenience to English missions. The process, not yet completed in the South Seas, has been the occasion of much hardship and wrong. In East Africa the serious difficulties which have arisen can only be surmounted by much prudence. Portugal may surrender her claim to control the Zambesi, but there are other dangers ahead. We learn, for example, that the line of German influence has been drawn to include the stations of the Universities' Mission, and there are rumours that it may be deemed necessary to buy out the mission or compel it to teach German in its schools. On the western coast not long since, the Baptist missions were disturbed by the German annexations. Now the attempts of the French to establish a protectorate over Abeokuta and to command the River Ogun, the great highway from Lagos to the interior, threaten one of the most hopeful fields of the Church Missionary Society. Meanwhile we wait with anxiety for definite news of Stanley and Emin Pasha, but, whatever the issue, we may be sure that expeditions in which white men figure as victorious leaders, will bring some temporary risk to the emissaries of peace. The distrust of the tribes is spreading, and mission work is less secure than in the days when Livingstone and Piaggia, and others of like spirit, wandered forth alone and unprotected.

"BY their fruits ye shall know them." Professor Drummond, in his recent volume on "Tropical Africa," describes one of the negroes of the Livingstonian mission: "'Mission blacks,' in Natal and the Cape, are a byword among the unsympathetic; but I never saw Moolu do an inconsistent thing. He could neither read nor write; he knew only some dozen words of English; until seven years ago he had never seen a white man; but I could trust him with everything I had. He was not 'pious'; he was neither bright nor clever; he was a commonplace black; but he did his duty and never told a lie. The first night of our camp, after all had gone to rest, I remember being roused by a low talking. I looked out of my tent; a flood of moonlight lit up the forest, and there, kneeling upon the ground, was a little group of natives, and Moolu in the centre conducting evening prayers. Every night afterwards this service was repeated, no matter how long the march was, nor how tired the men. I make no comment. But this I will say, Moolu's life gave him the right to do it. Mission reports are often said to be valueless; they are less so than anti-mission reports. I believe in missions, for one thing, because I believe in Moolu."

FROM the Congo, Mr. Bentley writes of progress. The dress question had come up in connection with one of the native agents, Nlemvo, who was two and a half years in England. "If," writes Mr. Bentley, "a native wears trousers he is considered to be a black white man (mundele andombe), and loses at once any influence he may have as being one of the people. If he does not follow country customs and beliefs it is because he is *mundele andombe*, and that is no reason why they, the people of the country, should pay attention to the gospel." Nlemvo found that the people suspected him, so now when he goes out preaching, wears a cloth *à la mode*. "It is by no means a scanty or improper dress; when nicely arranged and good material, I prefer it much to semi-European style. It is a question concerning which there are many opinions out here. Personally, I hope that our converts will be Christian Kongos, and not endeavour to efface their nationality, lest they thereby lose their influence over their fellow countrymen. We are most anxious to see the natives get to work upon their own people." Mr. Bentley is advancing in the translation of the Gospels.

THE Church Missionary Society early this year adopted resolutions recommending the employment of European Lay Evangelists in India, and drawing attention to "the hundreds of thousands of villages" there lying absolutely "outside the range of existing missionary agencies." The Cambridge men, working under the society in Bengal, have now sent home a letter to the Cambridge Church Missionary Union, appealing for lay help, and detailing the preparations they have made. The society has already approved the appointment of two European evangelists for rural work in the Nuddea district. Funds for the support of a third man are also forthcoming. What is wanted is the men themselves. "One of us," proceeds the letter, "is just beginning work at a place called Shikarpur. A simple lodging for the missionary has already been erected, and sufficient accommodation for two or three companions will be ready before long. The Santhal Pergunnahs is another district where we think that the scheme might be set on foot with every prospect of success. At a conference of the Santhal missionaries it was decided to apply to the society to send out three evangelists, the support of one of them being guaranteed for two years by one of the missionaries. We think we should add a few words as to the working of the scheme, should it be tried in Nuddea. The men would live together. In their preaching-tours they would go out four together, or by two and two. House, tents, and boats, and whatever else is necessary for the carrying on of the work, would be provided by the society. A missionary in priest's orders would be at the head, and the other members of the mission would be in much the same relation to him as curates at home are to their rectors. As to subsistence, all would be on equal terms. One of us has lived the sort of life contemplated (and in this district of Nuddea) for some years, and found that all his personal wants were sufficiently supplied by an income of Rs. 60 per mensem. No promise of continued bachelorhood is sought, but it would be understood that if one of the men wished to marry he would ask that some other status should be given him." The Calcutta Corresponding Committee have formally adopted and sent home a valuable memorandum upon the scheme as a whole. One paragraph runs as follows: "It should be clearly understood that this scheme for European evangelists is not to be a substitute for the employment of native evangelists, but is intended to serve as an incentive to our native helpers to a life of greater hardness, activity, and devotion."

THE "Church Missionary Intelligencer," draws attention to a curious illustration of how the East and West are reacting on each other. Mr. Hackett, at Allahabad, lately gave a lecture on "The Aryan-Vedic Religion." It was mostly taken up with an account of a catechism put forth by Pundit Raghunath Rao, the Dewan of Indore, as a short catechism of the Aryan-Vedic religion. "Our friends in Scotland will be perhaps flattered, but certainly astonished, to learn that it is taken word for word from the Shorter Catechism so familiar to all dwellers north of the Tweed! Only it consists of some 20,000 questions and answers, those relating to our Lord Jesus Christ being omitted. On this being pointed out to the Dewan, he defended his compilation on the ground that the truths were common to both, and he wished to use a formulary that might, as far as possible, commend itself to both Christians and Hindus. It may perhaps be considered one of the most remarkable plagiarisms on record."

THE death of Dean Burgon removes one whose strong individuality had made him widely known. The son of a merchant, he was trained for a mercantile career, and had already entered upon it, when a desire to write a life of Sir Thomas Gresham, led him to the State Paper Office. He became so interested in his subject that he threw aside his mercantile studies for those of English literature, and resolved to enter himself at Oxford. There he remained to become a conspicuous figure to several generations of students. His literary tastes found first satisfaction in the Newdigate Prize Poem, which he won in 1845, the subject being Petra. At a later date he became a Fellow at Oriel, in succession to Newman. From 1863 to 1873, he held the living of St. Mary's, the university church, which he quitted for the Deanery of Chichester. He was the author of an attack on the Revised Version in the "Quarterly Review." His views were those of a genuine Anglican, of the older type, but their expression was coloured by a unique personality.

THIS is an age of commemorations. The nine hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia, under Vladimir the Great, has been celebrated in that country. At a meeting of the bishops at Kieff, an address was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury. In St. Petersburg, the chief interest centred in the procession of priests from St. Vladimir's Church across the Neva, and the blessing of the river by the metropolitans and bishops in presence of the Czar.

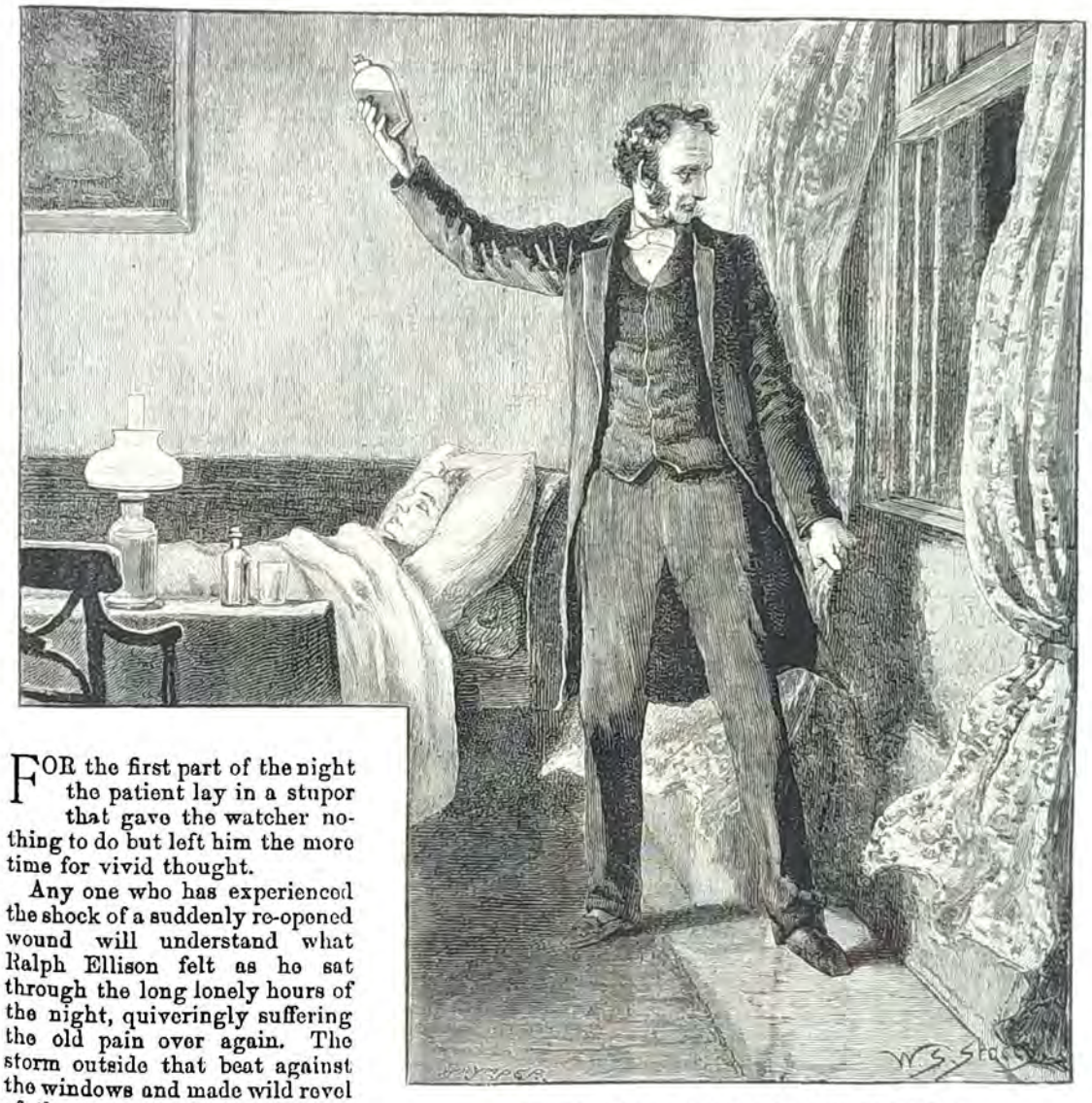
THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY LESLIE KEITH.

CHAPTER IX.



HE FLUNG THE FLASK FAR OUT UPON THE BEACH.

FOR the first part of the night the patient lay in a stupor that gave the watcher nothing to do but left him the more time for vivid thought.

Any one who has experienced the shock of a suddenly re-opened wound will understand what Ralph Ellison felt as he sat through the long lonely hours of the night, quiveringly suffering the old pain over again. The storm outside that beat against the windows and made wild revel of the waves was all unheeded by him, lost, swept away before the force of his mental struggle. As he glanced at the bed all his slow-recovered peace seemed to be slipping from him, all his painfully conquered impulses towards revenge starting up into renewed vigour and vitality. He was held in the clutch of a great dread lest he should lose that hardly won control, and find himself urged to gratify the old promptings towards hatred.

Henry Vane was in his power; he lay helpless and unconscious in the hands of the man he had so deeply wronged. Ralph had but to sit still and neglect him; he had but to substitute the bottle of brandy for the sleeping-draught the doctor had left with him, and the enemy of his peace would trouble him no more.

Already he was growing more restless and feverish as the night wore away, and in his half-coherent mutterings Ralph could make out an appeal for the stimulant on which he had learned to lean, and without the support of which he felt himself sinking into death.

A temptation such as this has a terrible vitality; Ralph had conquered, as he supposed, when he knelt in the little white room above with Josie's hand in his, and yet once again the old vindictive fire was burning in him, the old irresistible tide of passion was rising. Were all his strong cryings and prayers for delivery to go for nothing?

In that moment when he felt himself hovering on a perilous margin, when any breath might plung him into irretrievable guilt, the face of Mary Hughes suddenly rose before him.

He saw it again—the gentle, worn face with the loving, yearning eyes; the impression was so strong that he almost felt as if she were present in the room with him. He heard her voice above the storm with its note of pleading, anxious love; he remembered the pledge he had given her—could he be unfaithful now to the promise that had brought her comfort and ease in dying? But, more than all, could he now, after for years tasting the goodness and tenderness of God, turn his back on Him and refuse to follow the way of life?

He covered his face with his hands in shuddering recoil from the abysses in his own heart that had been so plainly revealed to him, and with his inward cry for help there came back some of the old strength to resist.

He rose stiffly, and taking up the flask walked to the window, and, opening it, flung the bottle far out upon the beach. In a lull of the wind he heard the shiver of the glass upon a stone; but now that he had once more conquered he felt himself shaking all over, as in that first moment when in the helpless stranger whom he had sheltered he discovered Henry Vane.

He leaned out of the window, letting the cold air revive him; the wind was falling before the slow-coming dawn, and the sea was heaving less tempestuously; nature seemed to be weary of the conflict, and Ralph, too, felt worn and spent. Yet, when he shut the window and went back to the sofa, he had no return of the temptation.

For an hour or so before the sleeping-draught which he had with difficulty administered took effect, the fever ran high, and in combating Henry Vane's wild ravings and struggles all his resources were taxed. By and by, however, the patient sank into a heavy sleep, and Ralph lay back in his chair exhausted with his many emotions. When he had time in the disentanglement of his thoughts to ponder over the probable events of Vane's life, he could not withhold a sudden movement of pity. Vane had snatched away Ralph's joy and had made his youth a bitterness to him, but he had not secured happiness for his own portion. The record of a misspent life was written on his face for all men to see; its old beauty and charm were blotted out; the strength, agility, and grace that had made the pride of his young manhood, had been wasted in years of riot and dissipation, and even in sleep, when something of youth and innocence often comes back to a face, he looked a worn and wicked old man. God had taken the revenge out of Ralph's hands and punished this poor wanderer already.

When Josie came creeping downstairs, looking like a ghost in the thick white morning wrapper which she wore, Ralph met her with a smile and the whispered assurance—

"He is better."

"You have had a dreadful night," said Josie, putting her cool hands on his hot head; "you must go and lie down now, and let me take your place. But first I will get you some breakfast."

Ralph said nothing, but he was inwardly resolved that Josie should not share his watch; if it were necessary, he would arrange with the doctor to get some outside help; at all hazards he was determined to spare Josie the shock of a sudden revelation of her relationship to this man. He had no trust in Vane: he could not take refuge in the certainty that his presence was the result of an accident, and a heavy foreboding of evil lay like a weight on his spirit.

Vane had not sought him out to make by his repentance a late amends; more surely, urged by that hatred the wrong-doer feels for the man he has wronged, he had come to do him further injury. Ralph shuddered at the thought, and could only sustain himself with the faint hope that some glimmering of better feeling might yet linger in Vane's breast, and that he might reach and work upon it in persuading him to go without making himself known to his daughter.

After breakfast, which he took with Josie in the kitchen, feigning an appetite, to cheat her loving anxiety, the doctor and the maid-servant —who had been storm-stayed—arrived almost simultaneously; and with the setting in of a cold, clear day, some of the night's terrors began to take on the look of a dream.

The doctor evidently thought so, for his examination of the patient was satisfactorily brief.

"He'll do," he said; "you've given him another chance."

"Do you mean," said Ralph, speaking painfully, "that I—that we—have saved his life?"

The doctor nodded.

"There wouldn't have been any life in him to save, if he had been exposed for another hour or two to last night's storm." He looked at Ralph curiously, wondering what tie connected the men; but though he did not despise gossip, he had the discretion of his profession, and he asked no questions.

"You may have a day or two of nursing yet," he said, "though it is likely enough he'll waken up all right. If you can make up your mind to

keep him for a week at the outside, you may turn him out patched-up at the end of it."

Then he turned his attention to Josie, and rallied her on the blank her absence had made at the dinner of the previous evening.

"I got back to find them all in a flurry," he said; "it's as well you had me to make excuses for you, Miss Josie, but you are not to be allowed to escape. Mrs. Brown is coming herself to carry you off to-day; she says Christmas-day must be respected, whoever chooses to fall sick, so you may make up your mind to eat your plum-pudding there this very afternoon."

"She can't carry me off if I refuse to go," said Josie, trying to speak with the old, defiant lightness.

"Yes, she can. She has my authority that you want a little change and amusement, and here is the minister who will back me up."

"Yes," said Ralph eagerly; "certainly she must go."

"There, you see, Miss Josie, you haven't a chance of rebelling."

Ralph had listened in a maze. Christmas-day, was it? The doctor's jests and Mrs. Brown's threatened visit made it wear the air of many other days in Sandbury, and yet it was a day apart to him, for he had gone back twenty-three years in his life.

He spent it mostly in the sick room and alone, firm in his purpose to exclude Josie.

"Why won't you let me help you?" she asked distressfully. "If he is your—your enemy, as you said last night, then he is mine too; let me do my share of caring for him."

"He once did me a great wrong," Ralph spoke with difficulty—there was a dim anguish in his eyes; "I trust God has helped me to forgive him, but I have a reason for refusing to let you wait on him. Some day you shall know it, but meantime you must trust me, my child."

She looked at him sadly. This hint of mystery involving his life and hers was painful to her ingenuous nature, but her love, as always, rose to the surface. She obeyed him, and even at his wish went to eat yesterday's dinner with the Brown family party, bravely trying to smile, though she carried a heavy heart with her.

Mrs. Brown sent the gig for her, and Ralph went to the door to see her set out, wrapping her up carefully from the cold.

"Try to be happy, my Josie," he said; "do not let my old cares rest too heavily upon your young life."

"Oh, how can you ask that of me?" she said reproachfully; "we have shared everything, do not shut me out from your sorrows. Promise me one thing," she said urgently: "when I come home this evening, you will let me come to you at once. I will not stay in the room since you do not wish it, but you will let me come to the door?"

"Yes, surely," he said, glad to buy her absence for the afternoon at that price, and thinking that he could go to her at once when she knocked. "I shall be thinking of you all the while, and hoping you are happy."

But for himself there was no gleam of comfort. The hours were a slow agony, for they brought abatement of the fever to Henry Vane, and with returning consciousness he was not slow to proclaim the object of his visit.

No sense of shame, of the degradation the downward years had wrought in him, seemed to visit him; his position in Ralph's house as an invalid under his care seemed scarcely to affect him, and the changed, stern face of his once friend and admirer only moved him to a kind of mocking mirth.

"So you know me?" he said; "no need to introduce myself, is there? I fancy the years have not been so rough on me as they have on you—you always took things hard—and yet I should have recognised you anywhere. You didn't expect me, of course? I wanted it to be a surprise; Christmas is the time for family reunions, for the return of long-lost relations—of prodigal sons, no doubt you would say."

"I have done what I could for you," said Ralph sternly; "if you have any sense of decency left, you will hold your peace while you are under this roof."

"Always the preacher!" said Vane, with a sneer. "I will leave you, never fear, my friend; I will leave you when I have done that which I came to this forsaken corner of the earth to do. It was not wholly for the pleasure of renewing our friendship that I sought you out."

It gave him a fiendish delight thus to hint at his purpose. No remorse for the past, no gleam of pity for the man whose life he had desolated, moved him; the torture he saw he was inflicting seemed but a fresh incentive to him.

"I've come to relieve you of my girl," he said at last; "I've let you keep her a good many years, but it's my turn now. How did I know where to find you, perhaps you would ask? Oh, I've had my eye on you. I'm cleverer at that game than you were when you set about enquiring for me. Besides," he sneered, "the famous minister of Sion Chapel cannot hide his light under a bushel. You thought I was dead and safely disposed of, I dare say; well, here I am, you see, ready to settle down and play the indulgent father. I have seen my girl; I took care to have a look at her before making myself known," he laughed; "she's a handsome young woman, but I dare say she's a bit of a puritan; safe to be under your care, and she won't be the worse for a glimpse of the world from my point of view."

"Shame, shame!" said Ralph with unrestrained passion; "you took her mother from me, would you rob me of her too?"

Henry Vane laughed once more.

"You can scarcely call it robbery for a man to claim his own. I married her mother before she died; that is a little bit of information I would not have gratified you with, but that you seem to dispute my right over my own child. I am not acquainted with any law that can step in to deprive a father of his rights."

"You have forfeited your claim," said Ralph bitterly; "you have left her to the charity of strangers; it was not by your seeking that she was shielded in her babyhood by the tenderest love; that she found a home here which she has

blessed. In all these years you have never cared to enquire whether she lived or were dead,—dead, perhaps, of neglect and cruelty, like her mother before her;—and now—now, when she is happy, now when she is dearer to me than any daughter, you would take her from me——"

He paused abruptly, and hid his face in his hands. He felt how worse than futile were the reproaches that glided off this man as if he never felt them. Then he stooped to kneel and pray for mercy—he a suppliant to Henry Vane, whom he had thought to spurn from his own feet.

"Spare her," he cried; "it will be the one good act of your life—an act for which you will be glad when you come to leave this world. She will die as Alice died, if you force her to go with you. Leave her in peace; let her think as she thinks now, that her father died long ago. Would you not rather be dead in her thoughts, and so hold your sacred place in her imagination, than live to show her your shame?"

Henry Vane smiled mockingly.

"No wonder that they like your sermons if you give them this sort of thing," he said; "it must be as good as a play in this dull hole; but spare me, I haven't heard a sermon since the days when your eloquence shook all the old women in Manchester; and you only convince me that I am right to take my girl away before she becomes too saintly for my society. She will scarcely thank you for proposing to shut her up in your nunnery; if Josie is the young woman I take her to be, she will jump at the idea of a new father who is prepared to be a little less straitlaced than her adopted one."

What wild ideas Ralph may have entertained of rushing out to seek Josie—to carry her off, to hide her where Vane could never find her—were all swept away almost before his bewildered thoughts had formed themselves in order, by an accident which, had he been more collected, he might have foreseen and prevented.

Sent home early by her uneasiness on his account, Josie had entered the house without his being aware of her return, and indeed in the heat and passion of his argument he might easily have failed to hear her light footfall. Remembering his permission, she had gone at once to the sickroom, hurried by a new dread when she heard the sound of passion-stirred voices coming from the half-open door.

It was Vane who saw her first as she leaned against the doorpost, white to the lips.

"Here she is," he said easily; "come to answer for herself; come in, don't be frightened, my dear: I am your long-lost father, as they say in the plays."

Ralph looked up and saw by her face that she had heard and understood everything. Her eyes met his, which were sunken and dim; and reading the dreary anguish in them, she stepped swiftly up to him.

"Is this true—this that he says—" she spoke in a hoarse whisper, "that he is—that he is my father—and that he is going to take me away from you——"

Ralph's eyes looked into hers despairingly, but his lips could not frame a sound. It was the voice of the stranger that replied:

"It is quite true, my dear; he doesn't deny it, you perceive. I have come, like the benevolent fathers in fairy tales, to carry you off to new delights."

Josie never so much as looked at him. It seemed as though she did not hear him.

"It is not true—say it is not true." Her burning eyes were fixed on Ralph, and her voice rose into a wail of passionate pleading. "You are my father, the only father I have ever known. I want no other."

Ralph could bear no more. His head sank forward on his breast. His silence was her answer, but it cost him an anguish bitter as death.

IRON IN THE SOUL.

BY THE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

"He was laid in iron."—*Psalm* cv. 18.

THE marginal reference tells us that a more literal rendering of these singular words would be "his soul came into iron." This is a peculiar Hebrew expression, and is equivalent to a well-known poetical phrase which we often use when we speak of a man who is sorely tried, "The iron hath entered his soul." The composer of the Psalm in which this remarkable metaphor occurs, lived, we have reason to believe, in the days of Nehemiah. He was an exiled Jew, mourning the sore evils that had come upon his people by reason of their long-continued captivity in Babylon. There were stirrings of reviving national life among the exiles; and the thought was ever recurring in the mind of the Psalmist that the God who had so often interfered at critical moments in the history of their country would manifest Himself once more, and turn again their captivity as the streams in the south. He was led to compare the captivity in Babylon with the bondage in Egypt; and he felt sure that as God had shown by signs and wonders on the banks of the Nile that He had not forsaken His people, so He would show by the marvels of His providence on the banks of the Euphrates that His merciful presence still continued to dwell

with them. The story of the imprisonment of Joseph by the law of association was thus forcibly recalled to his mind; and he dwelt upon it as furnishing a striking parallel, in the sufferings which he endured and in the glory that crowned them, to the sufferings which the children of Israel were enduring in Babylon, which he had no doubt would result in an equally triumphant consummation.

The iron entered, said the Psalmist, into the soul of Joseph. This does not, indeed, appear on the surface of the narrative. We read the account of his imprisonment, but it does not leave upon our minds the impression that it was such a dreadful calamity after all. We are told that the Lord was with him and prospered all that he did, and the jailer committed the care of the prisoners and the oversight of the prison into his hands, as Potiphar had previously made him ruler over his house. This position of responsibility would imply, one would suppose, a large measure of personal freedom and consideration from others. And so prominently is this favour shown to him by God and man set forth, that we are apt to think that this was the whole of his prison life, and that it had no other side.

But the Psalmist's forcible words lead us to look beneath the surface, and find out what was the true nature of his imprisonment. "Whose feet they hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron." These are not words that could be used of a man who was allowed to roam at large through the prison-house, and whose bondage was but a name. Rather do they bring before us the picture of a man who was close confined, who was chained to the wall of his dungeon; whose movements were cramped by the sharpness and weight of the fetters upon his hands and feet. What a criminal prison must have been in Egypt under the despotic government of the Pharaohs, it is not difficult to imagine. It was far worse than anything we have ever known in our country. Dry cesspools were not unfrequently used as prisons. And that the place in which Joseph was confined must have been somewhat of this nature, we gather from the very term which he himself applied to it: "Here, also, I have done nothing that they should put me into the dungeon." Think of Joseph—like the African monarch Jugurtha, confined in the Mamertine prison at Rome—accustomed to roam without restriction over the hills and plains of his native place, chained to the wall of a prison whose filth and gloom were indescribable! Imprisonment in such circumstances, to such a man, meant far more than it would do to the dwellers in the confined streets of the city. Joseph, too, was at that period of life when the world offers so many ideal allurements, and the ardent passions long to realise them. Full of health and hope and intellect, it must indeed have been an intolerable bondage that shut him out from all possibility of tasting the full cup which youth presented to his lips.

But worse than his physical pains and restraints was the torture of his mind. The iron entered his soul. It would not have been in human nature not to brood bitterly and resentfully upon the great wrong that had been done to him. He felt that he had been degraded without a cause. The consciousness of his innocence of the sin imputed to him might in one sense have been a consolation, but in another sense it must have greatly aggravated his sufferings. He felt that he had washed his hands in innocency in vain; that he was fated to suffer as cruel a punishment as if he had been actually guilty. When he looked back upon the long weary months that had passed since the memorable day when his father in distant Canaan sent him out to visit his brethren as they tended their flocks on the hills of Shechem, and they first entombed him in a pit and then took him up and sold him to the Ishmaelites, he seemed to himself to have gained nothing by his goodness but the hatred of his brethren and the malicious revenge of his mistress and the cruel wrath of his master; nothing but the doom of the exile and the slave and the prisoner. If John the Baptist in after-years in his lonely prison at Macherus got into a despondent mood, and lost for a time his faith in the Messiah, having sent to enquire of Christ, "Art thou He that should come, or look we for another?" why should there not have crept over the mind of Joseph similar painful doubts begotten of his cruel treatment and his bitter wrongs? His life in that dreary dungeon must have been a stern fight of faith to preserve his trust in human goodness and in Divine mercy; and the chain that daily grew tighter upon him was a foe not to be shaken off, with whose doubts and fears he had continually to do battle. When we take all these things into consideration, we cannot wonder at the earnestness with which he besought the butler to effect his release. And when even this last hope failed him, and the ungrateful butler left him to his fate and forgot all about him, and the slow weary days passed on until he had completed two years of imprisonment; and he felt as if he were now bereft of all, even of his faith, as if God, if there were a God, had forsaken him as man had betrayed and deserted him, and all the bright dreams of his life vanished in the darkness of despair,—we can understand that the Psalmist used no words of exaggeration when he said that "the iron had entered his soul."

But those things that seemed to be against Joseph were in reality working together for his good. There are persons who are born in favourable circumstances, with every advantage that wealth and influence can give them; and these easily attain to high positions without having undergone any training through the trials and drudgeries of a struggling life. But such favourites of fortune, basking in the sunshine of the world, have no intrinsic superiority, whatever may be the adventitious greatness thrust upon them. They are not the most important actors in the drama of Divine providence. On the contrary, they are often the mere cyphers, or lay figures on which to exhibit the splendid properties of the stage; while the real heroes, the offspring of the loftiest conceptions of the poet, are personated by those who are unjustly charged with crimes, upon whose defenceless

heads all manner of wrongs and injuries are heaped, and who bear with magnanimity "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." Joseph was destined to be the ruler of Egypt, and for this great position the dreary prison was to be the strait and narrow way. Chaste as he had proved himself to be in his contact with foul temptation, there were yet indwelling sins in his soul whose outbreak would have been ruinous to his career, from which he needed to be purified. There were selfish pride, imprudence, vanity, obstinacy, from which he required to be delivered, if he was to be a truly great and righteous administrator. Those who have to rule others must be taught to rule themselves by noble self-denial and brave endurance of hardship. The man who is destined to teach is compelled himself to learn bitter lessons; must learn the immortal consolations by probing all suffering himself. The Psalmist tells us in forcible terms of the wretchedness of the prison; but we can see for ourselves in the after-life of Joseph the calmness and nobleness that were born of the miserable experience. Two years of wrongful imprisonment seemed a long time taken out of the life of a young man impatient to realize his glowing dreams, and to be up and doing in the struggle of the world; but they were not assuredly wasted years. The plough of sorrow had drawn wide and deep furrows in his soul, and the season of ploughing was a bare and miserable season; but in these furrows were cast the seeds of many a noble resolution from which a glorious harvest was afterwards to be reaped in joy. The iron indeed entered his soul. Outwardly it degraded and impoverished him, but inwardly it ennobled and enriched him.

Joseph suffered much in his disposition by the injudicious treatment which he had received in his Hebrew home. He was the child of the dearly-loved Rachel, and therefore his father's favourite son, sheltered from the rough winds of life and surrounded by the experienced tenderness of old age; a tenderness doubly tender on account of the great shock it had suffered by the ever-lamented death of his mother. A coat of many colours was made for him; by which is meant a long loose robe, worn only by the rich and noble, who were exempt from all labour. While his brethren were sent with short rough garments, girded close about the loins, to do the toilsome work of shepherds among the hills, Joseph as the favourite child was kept at home in idleness, living pleasantly and softly in his pretentious robe. This partiality of Jacob wrought the same mischief in his own home which the partiality of Isaac and Rebecca wrought in his father's home; the same mischief which partiality in families works everywhere. It filled the hearts of Joseph's brethren with bitter envy and jealousy and an intolerable sense of wrong; and it spoiled the subject of it and made him selfish and unfit for the hard work of life. The wearing of the coat of many colours filled him with pride. He presumed upon his father's favour and lorded it over his brethren. He told them with a most imprudent frankness about his dreams of the future, in which he was destined to rule not only over them but even over his father's house. He told tales upon them, brought an evil report against them to his father. His whole conduct shows that in his early years he was just what we might have expected him to be considering his foolish upbringing, destitute of manly vigour, tact, and prudence.

But God was kinder to him than his own father; and the thirteen years that he was forced to spend away from that father's mischievous love, as a slave in the house of Potiphar and as a prisoner in the dungeon of Egypt—years of hardship and misery untold—had wrought a marvellous transformation in him. He emerged from his prison-life entirely cured of his faults, his pride, his vanity, his childishness. And no sooner was he clothed with the robe of royal power and invested with Pharaoh's signet ring and gold chain, than he acted with a consummate wisdom and prudence which seemed never to be at fault. During his long occupancy of the highest position in Egypt next to the king—possessed of almost irresponsible power—he proved himself to be the wisest and most conciliatory of administrators, regarded by all classes with the utmost esteem and confidence. Though cruelly wronged, he manifested the most noble generosity and forgivingness, and became the saviour of his people in their time of great distress. Not in vain therefore was he "laid in iron," since he had thus learned "to suffer and be strong."

Iron enters largely into the composition of our earth. It gives stability to its rocks and fertility to its soils. It helps to form the pillars on which the whole vast superstructure rests, whose massive strength resists alike the weathering of the storms and the battering of the waves. It is apparently also the substance that is most prevalent in other worlds, judging from the evidence of the aërolites that fall upon our earth, which are composed almost entirely of iron. It is the material by the aid of which more than all others man has been able to subdue the earth to his own uses, and to raise on it those wonderful works which have made him what he is, only a little lower than the angels. Iron is also the source of much of the beauty of the world. It is with the strongest of her substances that nature adorns her fairest. It gives their rich and varied colouring to the rocks and the jewels. The amethyst and the ruby gleam with its magic hues. Marble owes to it not only the lovely coloured veins that pervade it, but even its own formation; for it is the presence of magnetic iron that starts the crystalline process which changes the rude limestone into the brilliant marble. Iron paints the flowers of the field with their crimson dyes, gives the scarlet colour to the human lips and the vivid blush to the cheeks. Iron also is the best of all tonics and medicines, restoring to the pale and flaccid body the ruddy vigour of health it has lost. As great as are the use and importance of iron in the field of nature, so great are the use and importance of its spiritual counterpart in the sphere of human life. Gold is but a medium of exchange for goods that perish in the using and touches us only superficially; but iron that enters into the soul is a rich experience, a

saving health, and becomes a part of our vitality. Gold is outward wealth; iron is inward. The attraction of gold is partial; the magnetic attraction of the iron of sorrow that subdues and ennobles the soul is universal, and draws all hearts together—the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. Not by a golden but by an iron chain are the members of humanity linked to each other; and just as in the world of art gold is sparingly employed and iron largely and constantly, so the characters that are most useful and that attract most attention everywhere are those which have been formed, not by the gold of success, but by the iron of trial; for—

"Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

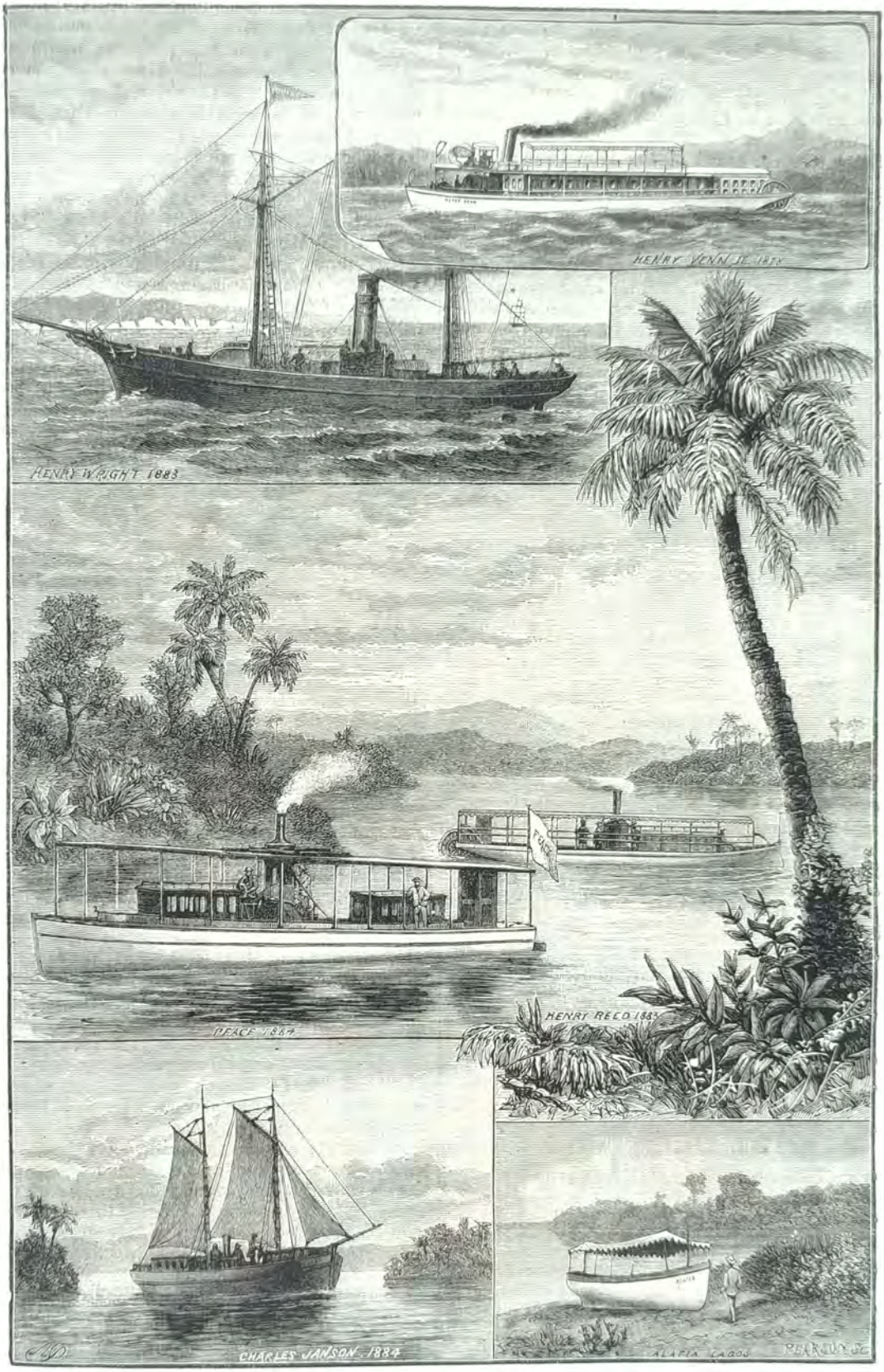
The men that have done the greatest things in the world, and that have been themselves the greatest characters, have been the men who were laid in iron, and who have learned patience and sweetness by the things which they suffered. Pain is the deepest thing that we have in our nature; and it brings out the noblest thing that is in us. Pale, etiolated, sickly is the man or woman whose blood has lost its red particles through a deficiency of iron. Weak and worthless is the anæmic soul into which the iron of some great trial or sorrow has not entered some time or other. Paul lifting up his manacled hand before the trembling, conscience-stricken Agrippa, so weak, so wretched though a king, said, "I would to God that thou wert altogether such as I am except this chain." But he needed not to have excepted the chain; for it would have been better for Agrippa, brought up in sinful luxury and ease, if a chain like that which bound the Apostle had bound him too; for in that case his nature might have been enlarged in distress, and if a sadder he had been a wiser man.

More precious than gold is the sympathy of the soul into which the iron of adversity has entered. And the wonderful enlargement of human sympathy Joseph got by having his life narrowed within the straits of human suffering. God had set him free through imprisonment. The door of the prison-house was the door of a larger liberty. And so was it with St. Paul, who, when he received his call to be an apostle, was shown "how great things he must suffer for Christ's sake." At the close of life, he was immured in one of Rome's most terrible dungeons, aged, worn-out, forsaken by his friends. He was laid in iron, and the iron entered deeper into his soul than into that of any of the disciples; but what a strength, what a touching beauty did it give his character! The iron in his case had qualities superadded to it in the furnace which advanced it to the condition of steel, the most worthy and important of all the forms of iron. And not without cause is the man who has undergone this process called "true as steel;" for it gives him an elasticity of soul and a keenness of spiritual perception which pass sword-like through all the evils of the world. While he bore in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, he bore in his soul still grander marks of Him. His fulness of trust in his Saviour, his gentleness and consideration for others, were most remarkable. And through his prison-bars he obtained a grander outlook into the eternal world. That fettered hand of his wielded a sceptre infinitely more powerful than that of the Roman Emperor; for it wrote in the gloom of the dungeon epistles whose mighty words have helped to build up a kingdom that has endured, while the empire of the Cæsars has vanished like a shadow.

Consider above all others the Captain of our salvation, who was made perfect through sufferings. He was laid in iron as never human being was. The iron entered deeper into His soul than into any human soul. He was the "man of sorrows," as if there were no other. He was alone in the awful supremacy of His woe, crowned with the crown of thorns as the Prince of sufferers. Was it not when nailed to the cross —when the iron pierced through and through both soul and body—that He poured out to man His tenderest words of love, and to God His mightiest cry of intercession? His cross became a throne, and the symbol of His weakness and degradation the mightiest power in the world—the glory before which all other glory pales.

The Gospel came to Europe, as it first came into the world, through the sufferings of the cross. It was in the inner prison of Philippi that it was first proclaimed. The feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace were made fast in the stocks; and the men sent to preach deliverance to the captives, themselves were bound. But from this imprisonment came forth the message of salvation which set all Europe free; which changed tyrants into constitutional kings, serfs into subjects, slaves into freedmen, and nobles into guardians of the poor. This is ever the Divine way. None can lift the iron load of others if the iron has not first entered into their own soul, and thus made them strong to bear and magnetic to feel the sufferings of humanity. Each human heart knows its own imprisonment. We may be shut out from the freedom and enjoyment of life by some hidden disease, some galling poverty, some bitter frustration of our hopes, some cruel wrong done to us when we had striven to be generous and to do the right—or by our own heart becoming the grave of a dead sorrow or of a living sorrow worse than death. But surely if we know that the iron enters our soul in order to give us a tender magnetism towards the kindred points of heaven and home; that we are thus laid in iron in order that we may be trained by all our defeats and failures for the task we have to do for God and for the world; we shall trust in the loving-kindness and tender mercy of Him who in all our afflictions is Himself afflicted, and who has given to us in that fact the assurance that we shall not be tried above what we are able to bear, but with every trial shall have the way of escape provided for us. The chain may indeed bind us for years, and may be taken off only when we have forgotten what it is to be free, and

MISSIONARY SHIPS.



MISSIONARY SHIPS.

feel like the poor prisoner who was so long in captivity that he preferred when released the prison, where he had become at home by habit, to the strange terrifying world upon which he was launched; but all the time if the chain has bound us closer to Christ, we have gained more than we have lost.

Every one has heard of the Iron Crown with which in ancient times the Lombard kings were crowned, and in later times the German emperors when they wished to manifest their claims as kings of Lombardy. Charlemagne was crowned with it eleven hundred years ago; and Napoleon Buonaparte put it upon his head when he conquered Italy. It is a golden crown, set with precious stones; but it derives its name from an iron circle fixed inside, concealed from view, which, according to the legend, was made out of a nail of Christ's cross. In connection with this crown, "the Order of the Iron Crown" was founded; and it now ranks amongst the noblest orders of the Austrian Empire.

Christian sufferers, you belong to the spiritual order of the Iron Crown! You are not Companions of the Thistle or the Bath or the Garter, but companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. It is His cross that you carry. It is His sufferings that you have the fellowship of. It is with His crown that you are crowned; a crown of gold that fadeth not away, but whose most precious part is the inner iron circle that clasps your brow, made of the nails of His cross, showing that you have been crucified with Him. For it is a faithful saying, "if we be dead with Him, we shall live with Him; if we suffer, we shall reign with Him." Listen to the song of triumph from one of the noblest knights of the Iron Crown, as he was chained in a Roman prison, "in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and iron," his vision in the awful darkness piercing beyond the battle and the struggling faith—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me on that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

THE MISSIONARY SHIPS.

BY ROBERT CUST, LL.D.

PART I.

I FOLLOW the example, and make use of the labours, of our German Brethren in the "Mission Zeitschrift," and chronicle the history of the successive mission-ships. No small interest attaches to them, for they have carried the good tidings, the merchandise of great price into many regions, and their weapons, though not carnal, have won great victories. Moreover, they have been the homes of good and holy men, both British and Native, who have devoted their lives and not been afraid to die for the great cause of the extension of their Master's kingdom.

A poetess has anticipated me in the description of this charming subject. I give Mrs. Hemans' beautiful lines, suggested by the sailing of one of the earlier vessels:

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
O'er glassy bay, wherein thy sails are furled,
And its leaves whisper, as the winds sweep by,
Tales of the older world.

Oft shall the burning stars of southern skies
On the mid-ocean see thee charmed in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts, and ties,
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas, that roll on gorgeous coasts renowned,
By night shall sparkle, where thy prow makes way;
Strange creatures of th' abyss, that none may sound,
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour thy flag to mark;
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!
Hush, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell! Thou wilt not bring us back
All, whom thou bearest far from home and hearth;
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth.

Among the first, though after the *Moravians*, was the *Duff*, which in 1796 was chartered by the London Missionary Society to convey the Gospel to the mysterious islands of the South Seas. The grandeur and novelty of the enterprise can scarcely now be appreciated. It is characteristic of that age, that the *Duff* was chartered to call at a South American port to take up supplies of good wine for the use of the missionaries; what would the present generation say to that? The *Duff* returned safely to England, but on its second voyage it was captured by the French cruisers, and the missionaries were confined in a French prison, and the good ship disappears.

In 1821, the great missionary hero, John Williams, purchased at Sydney a ship which he named the *Endeavour*, with a view of evangelising and creating a legitimate commerce in the Harvey Islands. He was ordered by the Home Committee to sell the ship. John Williams then undertook, though ignorant of shipbuilding, to build himself a ship, which he named the *Messenger of Peace*, which for many years did him good service. In 1838, on his return to England, by his own personal exertions he got together enough money to purchase a larger vessel, the *Camden*, on board which he safely returned to the field of his labour, and which he left only to be

murdered and devoured at Eromanga in the New Hebrides, in 1839. The *Camden*, till 1843, did good service in carrying the Gospel from island to island. In 1844 it was replaced by a larger and more convenient vessel, *John Williams I.*, which sailed yearly backwards and forwards from England to the South Seas, until, in 1864, it was wrecked on Danger Island. The new ship, *John Williams II.*, suffered the same fate in 1867 at Savage Island. *John Williams III.* then took its place, no longer to proceed to England, but destined to keep up the communication among the islands, and supplied with auxiliary steam-power. It is notable that the connected islands subscribed largely to the expenses of these last two ships, and, moreover, the mission-ship proved itself to be a necessity for carrying on the work of a mission spread over scores of islands scattered over a large area. On the side of the vessel is inscribed in gold letters on a blue ground, *Peace on Earth and Good-will towards Men.*

The London Missionary Society had another steamer in the Torres Straits, the *Ellengowan I.*, the generous gift of Miss Baxter, for the service of the New Guinea Mission. In 1881 the same lady presented a two-masted steamer, *Ellengowan II.* The work of evangelisation would be impossible without the assistance and the additional help of smaller craft, given by kind friends for the same purpose.

When Marsden had prevailed upon the Church Missionary Society to send a mission to New Zealand in 1817, he purchased at his own expense a brig, the *Active*, to despatch the missionaries, and he followed them himself. This ship was of a great use, and made the missionaries independent of the precarious and uncertain accommodation afforded by merchant vessels and whalers. The necessity has long since passed away.

At their Jubilee in 1838, a subscription was collected by the Methodist Church to send out a vessel to the South Seas, and in 1839 the *Triton* accomplished the voyage. Since 1848, the good ship, the *John Wesley I.*, has kept up the communication of the scattered Wesleyan Missions, assisted by smaller craft. In 1865 the *John Wesley I.* was wrecked, and was replaced by a *John Wesley II.* (this also suffered so much that it had to be sold) and two smaller vessels, the *Jubilee* and *John Hunt;* and with the aid of cutters all the needs of the missionaries are supplied.

The American Mission Board of Boston, U.S., and its daughter, the Hawaii Missionary Society, kept up its intercourse with its mission in Mikronesia, in the Caroline, Marshall, and Gilbert Islands, by the aid of a small vessel, the *Caroline*, but this proving too small was replaced in 1851 by *Morning Star I.*, which, with the aid of smaller craft, did good service till 1867, when, being no longer seaworthy, it was sold, and replaced by *Morning Star II.*, which was wrecked in 1869. Its successor, *Morning Star III.*, was also wrecked in 1884. The school-children in America and Asia Minor contributed so large a sum, that *Morning Star IV.* came into existence, a large three-masted vessel with steam auxiliary power, three times bigger than its predecessor, No. I., twice as big as No. II. and No. III., a proof of the greatly increased work of the mission.

When Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand, first conceived the idea of evangelising the New Hebrides in 1847, he purchased a small ship of twenty-two tons, the *Undine*, and in 1849 in this nut-shell the bold skipper-bishop navigated the sea with a crew of four men, and brought lads from the Loyalty Islands and New Caledonia to be educated in New Zealand. For his second trip he was supplied by the Church of Australia with a larger vessel of seventy tons, the *Border Maid*, and penetrated as far as the Solomon Islands. The returning lads were welcomed with joy, and the ship thus became a preacher of the Gospel. In 1856 a friend presented the mission with a larger schooner, *Southern Cross I.*, which, in 1860, was wrecked. In 1863, Bishop Selwyn's successor, Bishop Patteson, was enabled by the help of generous friends to send out *Southern Cross II.*, larger in size and with auxiliary steam-power. As this was barely sufficient for the wide-spread work of the Melanesian Mission, the gift of a small additional steamer by a lady was gladly welcomed.

The same necessities produced the same results for the United Presbyterian Missions of the Free Church of Scotland, Australia, and Canada in the New Hebrides. The little *Columba* was superseded in 1857 by the *John Knox*, which did not prove equal to the work, and gave way in 1864 to *Day Spring I.*, a two-masted brigantine, but after having done excellent service it was wrecked in 1873. It was succeeded by *Day Spring II.*, a three-masted vessel of 160 tons; after excellent service this is to be replaced by a large sailing vessel, with a steam launch for the discharge of the internal service of the mission stations.

In Sumatra the Rhine Mission supplied itself in 1882 with a small steamer, the *Denninger*, to communicate with its stations in the Island of Nias.

The Hermansburg Missionary Society launched the first German mission-ship, the *Kandace*, in 1853, to take the missionaries to the mission-field in South Africa. In 1874 it was declared to be no longer seaworthy, was got rid of, and the place not supplied, as it was found less expensive to send out missionaries by the numerous commercial steamers.

The Norwegian Missionaries launched a mission-ship, named *Elieser*, in 1865, a three-masted sailing vessel, which conveyed their agents to the coast of Zululand and Madagascar. After twenty years' good and profitable service it gave way to a new sailing vessel, named *Paulus*, and it appears to make money by trading, which is very objectionable.

The Swedish Missionary Association was not so fortunate with their ship *Ausgarius*, named after a Swedish Apostle. It was built in 1873, a sailing vessel with auxiliary steam-power. It went to Massava in the Red Sea, and made expeditions along the coast of South Africa: soon after it was recalled to Gothenburg, and, after a very short service, sold in 1879, for it was obvious that the commercial steamers could convey missionaries at much less cost.

On the River Zambési Livingstone first ap-

peared with an iron steamer, the *Ma Robert*, called after his wife, which went to the bottom, and was succeeded by the *Pioneer*, made of wood, with paddle, and was sold soon after, as the draught proved unsuitable to the navigation of the River Shiré. *Lady Nyassa I.* succeeded, an iron screw, but which was sold at Bombay. In 1876, Cotterill appeared on the Nyassa with the steamer *Herga* on a commercial enterprise, and presented it to the Mission of the Scotch Free Church, in whose service it sank to the bottom. In 1875 Young appeared with the *Ilála*, named after the place where Livingstone died; it was the first steamer which circumnavigated Lake Nyassa, and now belongs to the African Commercial Lake Company, who in 1878 placed on the waters of the River Shiré *Lady Nyassa II.*, a paddle-steamer. It was sunk by the hostile natives. The company built at Greenwich a new steamer, the *James Stevenson*. The *Ilála* passed from the possession of the Free Church Mission into the hands of the commercial company, which is on friendly terms with the mission. In 1884 the Universities' Mission in East Africa placed the steamer *Charles Janson* on the Nyassa Lake, to be, as it were, the headquarters of that branch of the mission.

In 1876 the Church Missionary Society sent out the *Highland Lassie* to run from Zanzibár to Mombása, on the East Coast of Africa, but it was not equal to the navigation at all seasons of the year. In 1883 the steamer *Henry Wright* supplied its place: at that time there was no line of commercial steamers running betwixt Mombása and Zanzibár; as there is such convenience now, it may be questioned whether a mission-steamer is required. In 1875 the Church Missionary Society sent out to Zanzibár, and thence conveyed by a land journey, the little vessel *The Daisy* to the waters of the Victoria Nyanza, which it reached in 1877. It navigated the lake to Rubága, the capital of U-Ganda in the north-west corner, but was wrecked in 1879. A sailing boat was then constructed by the missionaries on the lake, named the *Eleanor*, from the materials brought from England. It is a very serious matter indeed placing a vessel upon an inland sea many hundred miles from the ocean, as the expense of porterage is enormous, and the hostile tribes on the shore may at any moment capture or destroy the vessel. A new boat adapted to machinery is now being constructed on the lake.

The London Missionary Society sent a boat in many hundred portions from Zanzibár to Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, in 1883, which was called the *Morning Star*. Soon after, they sent a steamer, the *Good News*, built in London, which was conveyed to Kilimáni on the east coast of Africa, thence up the Zambési River; it was then conveyed on board the steamer *Ilála* across the whole length of Lake Nyassa, and thence by porters along the new road, constructed at the expense of James Stevenson, to the southern shore of the Lake Tanganyika, where it was put together and launched in 1884.

On the east coast of Africa the Livingstone Kongo Mission in 1881 launched their small steamer the *Livingstone*, at Stanley Pool, on the Upper Kongo; it experienced great disasters, and after the bursting of its boilers is used as a sailing boat. It was succeeded by a second boat, the *Moffat* in 1882, and by a third, the *Henry Reed*, in 1883, which has accomplished a great deal of navigation of the Kongo waters, and is now transferred with the whole mission to the North American Baptist Union.

The English Baptist Missionary Society, in 1882, sent out the steel boat, *Plymouth*, to Stanley Pool. To this followed in the same year the steamer *Peace*, which has accomplished marvellous voyages of discovery; it was launched at Stanley Pool in 1884.

Bishop William Taylor, of the Self-Supporting American Mission to the Portuguese Colony of Angóla in West Africa, collected enough money in America to send out a steamer to navigate the River Coan and Kongo, which he named *Annie Taylor*, after his wife.

The American missionaries in the French Colony of the Gabún on West Africa have a schooner, the *Albert Bushnell*, which serves the mission on the Island of Corisco.

The Baptist Missionary Society, during its occupation of the Kamerún country, in West Africa, as a mission-field, in 1861 sent out a small schooner, the *Wanderer*, which sunk. In 1871 they had a small steamer to keep up the communication between their stations; this was succeeded by another steamer. The mission is now abandoned.

The United Presbyterian Missionary Society on the Old Calabar River has a small steamer to navigate the river named the *David Williamson*, to communicate with the out-stations.

OLD NANNIE.

WE want to carry our readers to-day for a few minutes into a very old-world spot indeed, though this is the latter half of the nineteenth century—to ask them to visit with us a very old-world individual. There is a deal said and written about the things and ways and habits of the present time among us, so much that we are almost tired of it; it may therefore be refreshing to some people to get for a little while into a region where, in many points, they will find themselves suddenly in the midst of the last century.

There is a corner of West Somersetshire which lies between the Bristol Channel and North Devon, and which is very little known to even the most enterprising tourists, where old customs,

and old beliefs, and old manners exist to an extent that would be hardly credited by the dwellers in large cities, or in thickly-populated country districts. It is a beautiful tract of country, now spreading out into broad, purple moorland, now narrowing into lovely green valleys among the hills; a land of tricksy, sparkling, winding streams, and deep lanes, the tall hedges of which are hung with a wondrous tapestry woven of delicate ferns, and soft velvet-like mosses, and rare wild-flowers, and sweetbriar, and woods where the red deer harbour; and it is into the middle of this land that we want to lead the way to Old Nannie's cottage.

If your feet are used to tread only pavements, or trim walks in city parks and boulevards, walk carefully down this steep path through the woodland: if you do not, you may very likely slip on these broad flat stones that form unexpected steps here and there, or stumble over the roots of trees that stretch across the way. Do not linger either, for if you once begin to pause, to look into all the strange and beautiful things around you, the many flowers laughing up at you at the path-side, and the squirrels bounding from branch to branch over your head, and the woodpecker at work yonder, making a noise exactly like a fairy carpenter busy with his hammer, we shall never arrive at Nannie's cottage to-day. Tread yet more circumspectly down this field, which is more like the side of a house than anything else, and a house built of glass, moreover, it is so slippery. Beware how you cross the narrow bridge over the stream, though Nannie with her eighty years crosses it like a swallow on the wing; it is nothing but the trunk of a tree thrown in airy, careless fashion from bank to bank. Now all dangers and difficulties are surmounted, and we are at Nannie's cottage at last.

There she stands to welcome us, in her little close-fitting bonnet, and her large handkerchief pinned so trimly across her breast, and her shawl with the curious branching flower pattern on its border, which was, she will tell you, worn by her mother at her wedding. A quaint little figure she is; she might well be made of china just taken out of an old closet. When we look however into Nannie's face, we find something more than china there; we find such a deal of shrewdness and kindliness and fun mixed altogether in it in spite of wrinkles and furrows, that a painter might make it his study, and use all his skill without arriving at a satisfactory likeness.

Let us glance around first at Nannie's cottage; she will be well pleased to tell us about everything that is in it, and it will repay us for the trouble of inspection. Look at those cups and saucers: these strange shapes upon them, supposed to represent beasts and flowers, must surely have belonged to pre-Adamite times. They were among Nannie's wedding-presents, and were her chief pride on her bridal morning. On that shelf is the huge bowl which was an heirloom in the old yeoman's family with which Nannie lived as a girl; its last descendant died a single woman, and, as she had no relations, she bequeathed the bowl to Nannie. It is made of curious, very thick ware, with a raised pattern upon it; it used to be the glory of the supper-table in the old farmhouse, when it was filled with pile upon pile of solid clotted cream that formed the summit of a splendid junket. In that corner stands a spinning-wheel which belonged to Nannie's great aunt, who sat every week in the yarn market, whither she had gone with bales of yarn upon her head, in the little country town, and thus with her own hands had earned enough to clothe herself and all her ten children in their Sunday best. On that little table lies, most precious treasure of all in Nannie's eyes, the large Bible, on the first leaf of which there is chronicled quite a whole parish register concerning Nannie's family; and which is Nannie's highest earthly joy, when, all the work for the day being done, she puts on her glasses, and opens it reverently, and sits down to read by the winter fireside, or in her doorway with the summer evening breeze playing round her.

When the tour of the little room, which serves as kitchen and parlour, is over, and we have admired the brightness of everything, from the huge warming-pan hanging behind the door, which was Nannie's baptismal present from her godmother, to the pewter mug on the chimney-piece which belonged to Nannie's little son,—who was carried by the angels to the Master's arms, she will tell you, "fifty years ago, come next Michaelmas,"—we sit down and begin to have some talk with Nannie on various subjects. A strange, almost unreal feeling steals over us as we listen, for we feel as if we must surely have been suddenly carried back some two or three hundred years, and be conversing with one who lived in the reign of Queen Bess. Nannie has such quaint recipes for the cure of all sorts of diseases, recipes that it would defy the whole College of Physicians to comprehend or explain; she has such full belief in certain superstitions for the truth of which she will relate stories enough to fill several volumes. She is fenced in on so many sides of her mind by such a number of quaint, simple prejudices. All these things are so firmly rooted in her head, that you might as well try to remove one of her native hills as to get one of them out of it.

Not the least remarkable part of Nannie's discourse is the language in which she expresses herself. How rich it is in curious phrases that fit exactly on to the subjects in hand, though the most original writer that ever took up a pen could never have invented them. There are words, too, used by her which sometimes entirely baffle us; strive as we may to find out their meaning, we can only look wise and seem to understand them: we must be very careful that no smile at these remarkable curiosities of expression rests upon our lips, for should Nannie for a moment get the idea that we are laughing at her, she will leave us with a toss and a flounce. There is nothing which irritates the inhabitants of these regions so much as the notion that a visitor is come among them just in order to make fun of them. They are courteous themselves, with an old-fashioned courtesy of their own, and they expect courtesy from others.

Nannie has had singular experiences herself in

her time, and how graphically she describes them! When she and her husband inhabited once, long ago, a little cottage that stood in what is called a "combe," namely a very small upland valley or basin among the hills, the house was one winter buried completely beneath the snow. The storm came on on a Saturday night. No one passed near the cottage on Sunday; yet the old woman tells how they could hear the Sabbath bells ringing merrily from the church tower of a neighbouring upland village, and how she could praise the King, letting her heart send forth a hymn to suit the music of the chimes, as freely and sweetly in those hours of darkness and danger as if she had been standing in God's house in the summer sunshine. She can recollect as a girl being lost in a fog on Exmoor, and wandering about in extreme dread of getting into a bog, or of being benighted, till a sudden lifting of the mist showed her that she was, in reality, close to her home all the while that she had believed she had strayed far from it. She draws a spiritual lesson out of this story in her simple, straightforward way, and shows how like it is to the manner in which some Christians go groping about after salvation, wrapped in mists of their own self-righteousness, when all at once they find that the blessed thing they seek is close to them if they will but grasp it with faith and thanksgiving.

Nannie also tells of many quaint, peculiar customs, which, to her, do not appear quaint and peculiar at all; she has been so used to them all her life through. There is the custom of all the lads in the village, when a wedding-party return from church, chaining the road in front of the bride and bridegroom, and not letting them pass till money has been given them. There is the custom at funerals of all the mourners, on the following Sunday in church, remaining seated through the whole service with their heads bowed down on the front of the pew. There is the custom of making the sheep-shearing in each farm-house a grand, important yearly festival. There is the custom of singing to the apple-trees on a certain day in winter, in order to insure next year their bearing a plentiful crop. These and many more old-world practices Nannie narrates with simple gravity, and as a matter of course, as if they were the most ordinary things in the world; she is evidently astonished that we should want to ask questions about what seem to her such common-place subjects; but she is too innately well-bred to express her surprise.

And what a wonderful and beautiful thing is Nannie's Christian faith! She has never read any other religious book besides the big Bible, and even in that there are many long words that she spells through with difficulty; but how entire, how triumphant, how bright is her trust in her heavenly Father's love and care, in the work of salvation done for her by her Saviour, in the power of the life-giving Spirit! Her religion permeates her whole life down to the smallest thing and matter in it, and makes its way into her talk in the simplest yet most earnest and reverent way. "The dear Lord, praised be His holy name!" "His blessed will be done!" Such expressions are constantly upon her lips, resting there like sweet things that she loves; she is like one who has indeed a pearl of price and is never tired of showing it.

Such is Old Nannie; such is a visit to her; who can return from a glimpse of her without feeling wiser and better?

ALICE KING.

Under Mara's Ripples.

INTO the pool they looked with wistful eyes—
"That cannot be the thing our father meant?
A crooked useless stick! see, how it lies;
Not worth the lifting up, shaking and bent."
Then one—the younger—drew it from the pool,
Seeking to please his father. Oh, the shout
Of boyish glee! His wondering heart was full—
"See what a splendid staff, Tom! when it's out!"

So we oft gaze with clouding, doubting eyes
At what seems crooked in our Mara pools!
A bending reed, a bitter cross, it lies
Beneath the trembling wavelets. Oh, poor fools!
Lift it, and lay it in the glorious light of God!
It is a "splendid staff" to lean on all the road,
Supple and straight and strong;
The way home may be long!

M. B.

Things New and Old.

LETTERS FROM GENERAL GORDON.—The following extracts are from letters to Captain Murray of the P. & O. S.S. *Paramatta*.

"At Sea, July 17th, 1880.

"You will not forget my words; they will comfort you. You will read those everlasting promises of peace, promises charged with no conditions, promises irrespective of merit and irrevocable.—C. G. GORDON."

"November 14th, 1881.

"You are never forgotten by me. You are in my thoughts every day, in the morning. You and I are drifting on our pilgrimage; and it little matters where we are. We have to learn that God is most merciful and kind, and *that* irrespective of our salvation, which is assured. I wonder whether you have realized the great truth of God dwelling in you; that is the key which opens all locks. Whether you write or not, you may rely till life ends that you will be remembered by me to your Friend Jesus daily. Believe me, yours sincerely, C. G. GORDON."

EARLY TRACTS.—For very many years after the establishment of the Religious Tract Society, its tracts were all issued anonymously. The following list of names has interest now as including the principal writers of its earlier tracts: Legh Richmond, E. Bickersteth, Dr. Bogue, Joseph Hughes, G. Burder, Dr. Marsh, A. Fuller, Simeon, Dr. Bennett, Hugh Stowell, Thomas Scott, Robert Hall, J. A. James, T. H. Horne, Bishop Wilson, J. J. Gurney, Rowland Hill, J. H. Stewart, A. Bonar, Chas. Bridges, Dr. Redford, Basil Woodd, Dr. Malan, Felix Neff, Dr. Keith, Dr. Wardlaw, Pike, Richard Knill, Charlotte Elizabeth, Hannah More, Mrs. Sherwood, Caroline Fry. Many of the first tracts, it should also be noted, were abridgments from the writings of such men as Baxter, Serle, Bunyan, Flavel, Howe, Owen, Luther, Doddridge, Leighton, and Cecil.

BERTIE DANBY'S TRAINING.

BY EMMA LESLIE.

CHAPTER X.

MR. ROBINSON was busy reading his letters that had come by the post, when another was brought in by the waiter, also addressed to him.

"The little boy is waiting for an answer, sir," said the man, as he handed it to him.

"Wait a minute," said the gentleman, and he cut open the envelope, and read: "Honoured Sir, I think you are a friend of the family. Mrs. Danby is very ill, and I don't know what to do. The doctor came yesterday, and said I ought to send for her friends, so I send for you. Your humble servant, Ann."

"Sensible woman!" remarked the gentleman, as he refolded the letter. Then, turning to the waiter standing near, he said, "Send the little boy to me."

"Well, Bertie, so there's trouble at your house, I hear," said Mr. Robinson, holding out his hand, and drawing the little boy to his side.

"Yes, sir, mamma is very ill—very ill indeed, Ann says."

"And Ann wants to see me?"

"Does she, sir?" said Bertie in some surprise, for he knew nothing of the contents of the note he had brought.

"Ann is a very sensible woman—the most sensible perhaps of any of us. Sit down a minute, while I change my coat, and then we will walk back together."

Ann was a little surprised when she saw her visitor, for she did not expect he would come so soon.

"I hope you will excuse me, if I am wrong, sir," she said as soon as she saw him.

"But you are not wrong, and I feel very much obliged to you for sending for me," said the gentleman, as he stepped into the little drawing-room.

"You keep Tommy quiet," whispered Ann to Bertie, as he passed her in the passage, while she followed the gentleman into the room.

"Now tell me the trouble—what has caused Mrs. Danby's illness? I may as well tell you at once, that I have taken over the factory, and therefore I know all about your affairs."

"Have you, sir?" gasped Ann in her astonishment.

"You need not tell your mistress of this. The business will be Master Bertie's when he is old enough, as it was his father's and grandfather's before him. But that we need not discuss just now. What has happened to make Mrs. Danby ill?" asked the gentleman.

"Nothing, sir, only the letters haven't come very regular from master lately, and she's taken up the notion that she shall never see him again—that she's going to die."

"But you could not expect to hear from Mr. Danby very often, from a distant and partly settled district of Australia."

"That's just what I told my mistress, but it made no difference, and now she's asking me to send for somebody to talk to her—she says she's lived a selfish worldly life, and God will never forgive her. Oh, sir, whatever shall I do?" And poor Ann put her apron to her eyes, and burst into tears.

"Suppose you tell Mrs. Danby a friend has come to talk to her, upon the subject she desires to discuss—a friend whom Christ has found, and redeemed from the worldliness and evil of his life," said Mr. Robinson after a pause.

"Oh, sir, if you could talk to her, and set her mind at rest, I feel sure she would soon get better," said poor Ann.

"Very likely. Go and ask her whether she feels able to see me now, or whether I shall call again. I will come at any time, tell her."

"Thank you, sir," said Ann, wiping her eyes, and trying to look cheerful, as she left the room.

She came back in a minute or two. Her mistress would be glad to see him.

"I haven't told her, sir, who you are," said Ann.

"I don't think you know yourself," said the gentleman, smiling; "but I understand what you mean—she is not to know yet that I have ever been here before."

"Yes, that's it, sir," said Ann, as she led the way upstairs.

Mr. Robinson was startled to see the alteration in Mrs. Danby, since he had last met her, and he wondered whether he was as much changed—whether she would fail to recognise him.

"I am very sorry to hear you are so ill," he said, in a tender sympathetic voice, taking her thin hand in his, and looking at her worn anxious face.

"It is the mind rather than the body," said the lady with a sigh; "I have had a great deal of trouble lately—trouble I have richly deserved, for I have been a wicked, selfish woman, and God can never forgive me, for I do not deserve forgiveness."

"My dear lady, we none of us deserve forgiveness, but while we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly. That is the class I think you said you belonged to, of those who have been content to live without God in the world."

The lady nodded. "He will have nothing to do with me now," she said with a sob.

"Ah! there you make a mistake, for God so loved you—loved the ungodly, remember, who would have nothing to do with Him, that He sent His Son to declare His love to the world, and to die for those who had neglected Him. He knew a time would come in their lives when they would want to 'arise and go to their Father,' but would be afraid to venture, because of the sin that lay between, and so He sent His Son to be the Way, by which poor guilt-laden souls might come to Him and find rest and peace. The Lord Jesus said to His disciples, 'I am the Way,' and coming to the Father by Him, this living Way, we shall be welcomed and rejoiced over, as the prodigal son in the parable, for He is our Father, not hard to be persuaded to forgive, as you suppose, but waiting to receive us, waiting to be gracious, waiting to show us more and more of His love, although He has already given the greatest proof of it, in giving His Son to die for us—the sinners, the ungodly, the forgetters of God."

"You believe this yourself, I know," said the lady with a sigh.

"I do, indeed. I am trying to live it too," said the gentleman earnestly.

"What do you mean? If God—if Christ has redeemed us, is it not enough?"

"Enough? I do not understand. Christ died to redeem us from sin, and when we come to believe this, the fight against sin begins, but is not ended. Christ's power—Christ's life in us, will constantly struggle against it, until it is conquered, and we are wholly saved by it; but you must not think this is done all at once. The blood of Christ—the life of Christ in us, cleanses us from all sin, but this has to be done day by day, and we must live in constant communion with Him, if we would be victors at last."

"And this is the new life I have been reading about lately," said the lady faintly.

"A new and blessed life it is. I can speak from experience, I assure you. But I will not talk longer now, you are tired, I can see; I will come again to-morrow, if you will allow me."

"Yes, yes, come again," said the invalid.

After a few words of prayer Mr. Robinson went downstairs, but beckoned Ann into the drawing-room, on his way to the street-door. "I should like to see Mrs. Danby's doctor," he said.

"What do you think of her, sir?" asked Ann eagerly.

"She seems very weak and ill, and I should like to have the opinion of a physician. Will you tell the doctor this, and ask him to call upon me at the hotel? I shall call again in the evening. Send the boys out," he added, as Ann escorted him to the street door.

When Ann went up to her mistress, she was met by the eager question, "Who is that gentleman you brought to me?"

Ann coloured and felt half afraid to answer, for fear her mistress should be offended, and refuse to see him again. "He's staying at the Royal," she said evasively.

"I could almost have fancied it was my uncle Charles, if he had not been so religious," said the invalid. "I do hope he will come again soon, for he seems to understand just how I feel, and knows just what to say to help me."

Mr. Robinson called in the evening, but he did not see Mrs. Danby. He came to say that he had telegraphed for an eminent physician from London, and he would be down about two o'clock the next day.

"But you will come in the morning to see my mistress, sir?" said Ann. "I think you have done her good already; she says you have taught her to hope."

"To hope in God. That is well. Yes, I will come and see her before the doctor arrives. Good-night," and Mr. Robinson was gone. Ann stood gazing after him, thinking of Christmas night, and how they had refused him the shelter of a roof there, and what pain and sorrow and anxiety they had suffered since, which might have been avoided if they had but known that this was a friend come to help them out of their trouble.

He came again the next morning, and had a long talk with Mrs. Danby.

Just as he was about to leave, the lady said, "You remind me so much of a relative of mine—an uncle who left England years ago."

"Your uncle, Charles Robins," said the gentleman in a shaking voice.

"Yes, yes; it is uncle Charles!" almost shrieked the lady.

"Hush, hush! my dear," said the gentleman, tenderly bending over and kissing her pale face, while Ann rushed in from the adjoining room, on hearing her mistress's voice.

"Oh! uncle, why didn't you come before? why didn't you tell us?" said the lady, when she had somewhat recovered from her agitation.

"My dear, I came last Christmas—traced you here, after a good deal of trouble, and saw your boys in the fields. Do you not remember I said I was a friend of your uncle Joseph's? I must confess I wanted to find out whether I should be welcomed for myself, as well as what I could do for you," he added with a smile.

"Oh, uncle! and we drove you away?"

"Yes, and I might have gone away too and been a miserable old man for ever after if it had not been for your boy. He taught me my duty when I was forgetting it."

"To think that the Mr. Robinson Bertie talked about, should be uncle Charles," said Mrs. Danby; "but why did you call yourself 'Robinson'?" she asked.

"Did I not tell you I had a fancy for finding out whether you would receive me for myself at first, and whether you would remember me, too? Robins and Robinson are not so unlike, it only needed the addition of a couple of letters. Now you must rest, my dear," said the gentleman; "make yourself quite easy, and try to go to sleep for an hour before the doctor comes."

The physician's opinion encouraged them to hope that Mrs. Danby's illness was not so serious as she had herself imagined. There was great weakness, but no positive disease, he said, and the spring would bring about an improvement, he thought.

But the improvement commenced before the spring could be fairly said to have arrived. The talks with "uncle Charles," as everybody called him now, were very helpful and cheering to the lady, and gradually her heart was opened that the love of God in Christ Jesus might flow in and make her life a happy and a useful one for the future. About the same time, too, came cheering news from Mr. Danby. The business that had taken him out was progressing more favourably than had been anticipated, and he spoke of coming home shortly, and gathering what he could of the wreck of his old business, and starting again in a small way as a manufacturer.

Uncle Charles smiled when he heard it. "I am glad of it," he said; "he can work for Tommy and you, my dear, but Danby's must be Danby's still, and earn a new name for itself under my Bertie. I have put all I possess into it for the little lad who helped me to see the right way when I was bent upon going wrong. Yes, yes; you make haste and get well, my dear, and be ready to welcome and help your husband in his new venture when he comes home. The old factory has got a bad name and must earn a new one, and that can only be done under one who has been specially trained for it; and that I believe God has taken in hand Himself, and has been carrying on through all this trouble, which is but another name for 'Bertie Danby's training.'"

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XX.

Not wholly false, nor wholly faithful, thou:
Believing, doubting—richly blest of God!
Of most surpassing beauty, thy fair brow
Wears yet a jealous frown. Thy feet are shod
With more than justice—well-nigh cruelty—
That bids the slaves depart, nor heeds their cry.

1. Our Lord by this endearing name is known;
May we be of His flock—His very own!

2. O priest of God! thou servest Him but half;
Or else why sufferest thou that golden calf?

3. Woman, such wisdom comes not from above,
Sad that deceit should mar thy mother-love!

4. Thy husband's churlishness hath touched not thee,
And wise of heart art thou, and fair to see.

5. O deathless word that infant voices sang!
A song that's ringing now, as then it rang.

M. E. R.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

JANET MACFARLANE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER I.

Hark, the music loud and sweet
Thrills our heart and stirs our feet:
Brethren, hands upon our swords.
Let us shout, "We are the Lord's!"
Rise! He calleth thee, arise!

IN SIGHT OF HOME.

MORE than thirty years ago, there was in one of the green clefts of the headlands of Jura a little stone house. It was partly cut out of the rocks, and partly built of granite, and it contained only the "but and the ben" of ordinary Scotch cottages. But it had about it the sublimity of the rocks and the hills, and it was made beautiful by the gold of lichen, and the green of moss, by the grey of granite, and the deep browns and purples of the peat stacks at either end. The shadow of a rowan-tree was over it, the ocean before it, and the great Highland Bens rose above and above it, until their heads, huge

and pale with mists, were lost in mystery and distance.

The owner of this little home was John MacFarlane, and here he lived with his wife, Janet, and his son Malachi. On the September night on which my story opens, John stood in the door of his house, looking seaward and heavenward. "The vision and faculty divine" is not the exclusive possession of the maker of rhymes; and John had a poet's soul. The earth—the work of his Father's hands—was all consecrated ground to him:

> And he dwelt in his house of the rock,
> Like a bird in its breezy nest;
> With an ocean of beauty around,
> And a fountain of song in his breast.

As he gazed in serenest joy upon the glory above and before him, he heard a clear, strong call, and, smiling, he passed round the house and looked up the hill. Out of its mists, with a swinging rapid step, came a young Highlander with a fawn across his shoulders.

He leaped the little corries and burns with a grace and strength and fearlessness that showed he was on his native heath. His father went a little way towards him, and it was noticed that as they met the young man lifted his bonnet to the elder, saying:

"My father!"

"Malachi, my dear lad, where got thou the fawn?"

"I was with The MacFarlane on the hills. It is my share of the sport. It will be a grand parting gift to my mother."

They were close by a large boulder, and John MacFarlane sat down upon it.

"Wait a wee, Malachi. You ken weel that your mother is of a stiff disposition, seeking to hae a' things her ain way; and she is wonderfu' down-hearted anent your decision. Canna you venture into a pulpit, my lad?"

"I canna do my life-work at a venture, father. When you were fighting in the Cameronian regiment, you wanted a clear order frae your captain. I hae had nae call to the pulpit. If the Captain o' Israel's host wanted me, He wad let me ken it. I'll no slip into the place o' honour without request; and you'll no be wanting a 'sticket minister' among the MacFarlanes, I'm sure."

"That would be a sair trial."

"Then I canna go until I be sent." And he added in a mournful voice, "He hasna called me. Ye ken how many nights at the lambing and hunting seasons I hae been alone wi' Him amang the mountains. I hae watched for Him on the vera tops o' the hills, where there was nae thing between me and heaven, thinking, perhaps, He might call me, as He called the lad Samuel, but He has na' done it. Father, dear father, I'll no go unless He send me."

"Maybe you'll get the call yet, Malachi."

"Then I'll answer it, father—wherever I be, I'll answer it. You ken that o' me, I'm sure."

"Aye, aye! but I wonder where you got such like thoughts."

"We don't make our thoughts, father; they grow in us, as grain grows i' the soil; and if they be na' wrong thoughts, the growth dootless will be from the skies."

"Weel, weel, His will be done; but it's vera strange that you tak' neither to the kirk nor the army, and you a MacFarlane on baith sides." Then he rose and they went into the house.

Janet was standing on the hearth, scattering the meal into the evening porridge pot. Though near sixty, she was still brisk and handsome; a woman of strong feelings, but upright and generous. Her son was to leave the next morning for Edinburgh University. It was an event for which she had been working and saving ever since the boy had been given them; an event of the most supreme importance to her. There were a dozen white linen shirts lying on the table; she had just ironed them. But when Malachi first began to walk, she had begun to spin the flax for those shirts. As she found time she had woven and bleached the linen, and made the garments, one by one; and put them away until he should be ready to go to the University. What hopes and prayers and blessings she had wrought into them! She had thought no needlework too fine to put upon them; for they were for one who was to be a Christian minister, and lift up his voice to the people from the pulpit!

And then, almost at the very last, Malachi had decided to enter the medical classes; had declared that he could not go into the ministry. Both his choice and his refusal angered his mother. It pained her also very deeply.

"I gave you to the Lord at your birth," she said, with bitter tears of disappointment; "you hae nae right to tak' back the gift." The argument which his father felt bound to respect, Janet would not listen to.

"Such presumption!" she answered. "Do you really think you are a Moses or a Saul o' Tarsus? What for should He send an angel or speak a word to you frae the heavens? Gae your ways and gie yoursel' willingly to His work; gie yoursel' o'er and o'er, until He choose to tak' what you hae to offer Him; and dinna be sae fu' o' conceit wi' yoursel'."

"But, mother, the Saviour was just as busy healing as He was teaching."

"He didna gae round the country wi' pill-boxes and lancing-knives, and charge for every visit. You havena the gifts o' healing, any mair than the gift o' teaching, my lad. Either one o' them you'll hae to seek. I think little o' doctors, Malachi." And with this assertion she generally closed the argument.

But she loved her son tenderly; and when he and his father stood in the open door, she had to put her apron to her eyes for a moment before she could speak to them. She had been praying as her hand scattered the meal, praying that even yet God would accept her son for His service, and not refuse what she had given Him. And just as Malachi said, "Hame, at last, mother!" a great peace and resignation had come into her heart. It was as if all her disappointment had never been; and she answered with a smile, "Aye, aye, my lad, night brings us a' home."

Then he kissed her, and the porridge was dished, and they ate their supper with a calm cheerfulness. After it, they drew closer around the table, and the fire was stirred and the lamp brightened, and the Bible laid before John.

He chose a few hopeful, comforting promises, and then on his knees carried them to his God. It was a happy prayer. They rose from it with holy joy and confidence; and, in accord with an old rite at parting, silently clasped their hands above the Holy Book—a solemn promise of each soul to be true to all it had promised.

Malachi's trunk was to leave by the carrier at midnight, in order to catch the coach which passed a certain point early in the morning; and before the dawning the youth kissed his father and mother on the threshold, and went forth into the world to begin his life-work.

For this life-work, Edinburgh University offered him the grandest apprenticeship. Its spirit, eminently religious and thoroughly democratic, had always refused to acknowledge any peculiar privilege for the noble or the wealthy. The son of the peer and the son of the labourer met and studied within its halls upon equal terms. Its fees were within the reach of all earnest scholars; it had no reserved rights for those who could afford to exceed them.

In his own classes Malachi soon became a great favourite. He possessed, indeed, an almost irresistible personal magnetism. When he entered the hall, many an eye watched the noble poise of his head, the swing of his broad shoulders, and his ruddy, handsome face. His eyes were specially attractive. There was in them a gleam as of the morning star, and they laughed out upon all with boundless good humour and sweetness.

He had other advantages rather exceptional in a student of his social position. Though in some sense a peasant's son, he was not poor. John and Janet had not put their savings into a bag with holes in it. Year by year the increase, if modest, had been sure; and John had remembered his son's needs in no scrimping spirit. Malachi was well clothed; he had a comfortable room, and all reasonable money for college expenses. Besides which, if he ranked as a peasant's son, he felt himself to be by birth a Highland gentleman. He was a MacFarlane, and the same blood flowed in his veins as in those of "The MacFarlane" himself. The poor kinsman of the chief of his family, he inherited, as truly as the chief, all its traditions of civil and military glory; and this feeling, being inborn and natural, was worn with that ease and grace that the vulgar in soul, be they ever so rich, can never successfully assume.

His life in Edinburgh was very pleasant to him, and he took care that his parents shared in its pleasure. Each week he wrote them a letter which filled all the next seven days with delightful interest; and every Saturday afternoon John walked to the post office, seven miles distant, for this pleasant token. Not even Jura rain torrents, nor snow, nor wind, could prevent him, and he was never disappointed. The thick white letter was sure to be waiting. He always put it in his pocket unopened. It was the charmed hour of the whole week when Janet and he sat down together upon their hearthstone, with the tea-table between them, and Malachi's letter in John's hand. Yes, indeed, the few sheets of paper had a power beyond that of Ethiopic sorcery or Chaldean magic; they transformed the little house in the Jura mountains to college and kirk, and to the busy streets of a great city. Famous preachers and professors spoke through them. They brought the air and the enchantment of a life new and wonderful within the narrow walls; and made John and Janet breathe an ampler life than they had ever dreamed of.

For two years there was very little change in Malachi's nature. Though he increased rapidly in knowledge, he kept all the dew and freshness of his youth. He had still that spirit which has ever a look upward, and is open to the whole noon of sunshiny influences. The fact was, that the companionship in which he was thrown during this time had no power over him. The home memories were far stronger. For the empty laughter and practical joking, the boyishness and slang which was its tone, he had only a good-natured toleration. In his father's company he had learned, even in early boyhood, a dignity beyond such things. The youth whose amusements had been to stalk the wing-footed red deer, and bring down the eagle, and spear the leaping salmon, could hardly find any pleasure in silly student tricks.

But when he reached the higher classes, and was thrown into the society of men of wider experience, the case was different. It was a time of great mental and spiritual excitement. The Free Kirk Movement was at its height. Temperance was beginning to be a great moral power. Sunday schools, ragged schools, and many hitherto unheard-of charities were exercising the church; while, on the other hand, German philosophies and doubtful speculations of every kind were rife in the reviews, appealing to the minds of the young and the inquisitive with that peculiar force which novel ideas have for intellects in a state of formation. Young men of twenty-two years set themselves to solve the mysteries of existence and the problems of the Eternal. There was something fatally attractive in this temptation. It was a trap set by the devil for souls which could not be lured by sensual baits. Milton represents the fallen angels discussing such topics; and holy angels in heaven must have gazed with pitiful eyes upon the assemblies of fine young fellows meddling with things as fatally beyond their capacities.

In such a club Malachi was at first a silent listener. But it was perhaps this very quality which made him so popular that he was unanimously voted its chairman. Even in that capacity he had little to say; but the words he heard, brought him many hours of great unrest. He often found himself walking rapidly about his room in order to cool the fever of spiritual contention; and once he trembled with a new terror when he stopped before the old black Bible with its silver clasps, which he had

brought from home with him, and was aware of a question, subtle and cruel, that crept into his soul about it. He repelled it by lifting the book reverently and clasping it to his breast. But, oh! if that question should come back and back, and each time with fresh power and new doubts, how could he bear it? Would his faith stand the trial, or should he run away from it?

But running away, even from a spiritual foe, was not in the MacFarlane nature.

"I will write to my father," he said, after a long argument with himself. "I will tell him just what these men say anent The Book; and I will do what he counsels."

But while the letter was pending, the question was settled for Malachi in a manner that he had not even dreamed of. It was the night of the club, and he had determined to excuse his attendance until he received his father's advice; but a young man called Traquair urged him to go and support his argument upon a subject which heartily commended itself to Malachi's conscience and reason.

There was a stranger present that night, a grave, swarthy man with gleaming eyes, who sat at Malachi's right hand. He seemed very much interested in the debates, and, though he said little, he contrived by adroit questions to lead the discussion frequently from its proper channel. Mainly through his suppositions, dropped now and then in few words and with singular modesty, the argument had drifted in the course of an hour, from a geological problem to the more tremendous issue of the soul's immortality.

Then, to his horror, Malachi discovered that there were Sadducees in modern Edinburgh, as well as in ancient Jerusalem. As they spoke, his heart began to burn within him, his eyes to flash, he grew restless, and finally angry.

"On what does the evidence of our immortality rest?" inquired the stranger.

"The evidence is in the Holy Scriptures," answered Traquair.

"You'll no find a word i' the Auld Testament to support the doctrine. It's a maist materialistic book a' the gither," answered a member.

At that moment, swift and penetrating as lightning, Malachi heard these words spoken in his soul, "Arise and shine, for thy light has come!" A trumpet blast in his ear, the noise of multitudes shouting, could not have stirred him like that heavenly whisper.

He rose to his feet, his face shone with the light behind it; a majesty and a magnetism far beyond the power of words to express, seemed to pervade and to surround the wonderful and beauteous body and soul, which the speaker was dooming to annihilation.

"Will you be silent?" he cried. "How many more o' you will blaspheme the Word o' the Living God! Stand up, every one, who can daur to say in His Presence, that they hae ever read the Auld Testament carefully through, missing not a word i' the book."

No one moved, and no one spoke.

"Not ane o' you then! If it was a question o' an acre o' land, or o' a bit twa-roomed cottage, you would hae read the title-deed frae end to end. Yet you'll fling awa' your soul's heritage without ane fair reading o' its rights. If you were familiar wi' the Auld Testament, you would know weel that it is in a' things the charter which the New Testament affirms and confirms."

"Iteration is na' any proof, MacFarlane, and we are na' the men to be taen in wi' it," said the doubter. "Just gie us chapter and verse whar the immortality o' the soul is taught in it."

"I tell you the doctrine is in the whole book as the salt is in the seawater. You canna avoid it. When Jacob is dying, he gives Joseph blessings not only for this world but unto the the bounds of the everlasting hills; and he welcomes his ain death wi' these words: 'I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.' Do you think he would ca' the corruption o' the grave and the annihilation o' his soul, 'the salvation o' the Lord'?"

"Na! na! na!" answered Traquair.

"When Moses had taen the people o'er the Red Sea, he anticipates the passage across the grave, with the same strong arm to help, and says wi' a' confidence, 'Thou shalt plant them in the mountain o' Thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which Thou hast made for Thee to dwell in; in the Sanctuary, O Lord, which Thy hands have established.'"

"That would mean Jerusalem, MacFarlane."

"It would mean naething o' the kind. God doesna promise to hae His tabernacle wi' men until He mak's the new earth i' which there will be nae sin and nae tears. Auld Jerusalem, as you weel ken, was ane o' the sinfulest o' cities, and ane o' the maist unfortunate. And Hannah, rejoicing at Shiloh, whispered in the temple—'The Lord killeth and maketh alive; He bringeth down to the grave and He bringeth up.' Balaam, constrained against his will, asks to 'die the death o' the righteous man;' but if there was naething after death, the death o' the sinfu' man would hae been the same in its results to him. Job knew that 'his Redeemer lived,' and said, 'Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.' You'll find the doctrine a' through the Psalms. David was weel acquaint wi' it, and sang in his triumph, 'God shall redeem my life from the power o' the grave.' Wi' the Psalms, martyrs hae walked to a fiery death, mothers hae given up their sons, and husbands their wives and wives their husbands. I dinna think a book that works miracles is a materialistic book."

"The Ecclesiastes! MacFarlane, what o' that, then? Isna it a bit o' despairing materialism?"

"You'll find the key o' the book at the end o' it: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and walk in the ways o' thy heart, and in the sight o' thine eyes;'—Vera weel, and what then? 'But know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' But what for need I go further wi' men who are wiser i' their ain conceit than patriarchs and prophets; and wha ken mair than the saints on earth, or the angels in heaven? You'll be to get yoursel's a new chairman forthwith; for if I wouldna sit and hear my father spoke ill of in his ain house,

or 'The MacFarlane' on his ain hills, it's no vera likely I'll listen to you while you deny the Word of my God, and mak' little o' His promises."

He had spoken rapidly, and with a growing indignation. At the last words he pushed back his chair and left the room. An authority of which he was quite unconscious had fallen like a mantle upon him. Even after the door had closed behind him, there was a moment or two of intense silence. Then the stranger who had prompted the question quietly followed Malachi. He looked this way and that way, as if desirous of overtaking him; but Malachi, impelled by a rush of feelings which he scarcely understood, had walked with marvellous swiftness, and was very soon safely locked in the seclusion of his own room.

A wonderful happiness had been given him. The call he had longed and waited for, and almost resigned, had come! He had heard it! And he had answered it! Oh, how glad he felt that he had not hesitated for a moment! How doubly precious was the Book which he had defended! He lifted it from the table and clasped it firmly in his hands. At that moment he felt that neither life nor death could part him from it, and that for nothing would he relinquish one jot or tittle of its promise, or prove disloyal to the Divine Lord and Saviour revealed in the Scriptures.

SUNSET AT TINTERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE," ETC.

IT was from the river that I first saw Tintern Abbey. Once, in boyhood, I had been very near the realising my mind's vision of the august and pathetic Ruin; but I was then just the one-too-many of the party, and had to remain in the fair garden of Newland Rectory, in solitude, but well pleased with my book (agreeable "Companion of my Solitude"), under the linden-bower. It was twenty years after that I found myself actually drawing near to Tintern, to exchange my dream of it for reality. Deftly has Wordsworth, in his "Yarrow Unvisited," described the sort of shrinking of the meditative and poetic mind from accepting, however lovely, a reality in place of the heart's long-cherished idea.

> Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown!
> It must, or we shall rue it;
> We have a vision of our own,
> Ah, why should we undo it?
> The treasured dreams of times long past,
> We'll keep them, winsome marrow!
> For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
> 'Twill be another Yarrow!

And, in actually drawing near to Venice—Stratford-on-Avon—Tintern, I have especially felt this almost reluctance.

There was, happily, no railway from Ross to Monmouth, nor from Monmouth to Tintern. Therefore I had the delight of starting, on a lovely late September morning, upon the box of a four-horse coach of the old style, for a drive, through exquisite scenery, to Henry the Fifth's City. And what a beginning of the journey was the splendour of the view from Ross itself! To look down on the lovely landscape, and the winding Wye, and ruined Wilton Castle, from the top of the coach, hard by the grounds of the Man of Ross;—this, for the beginning of the day, and then, for its close, the first view of Tintern! The time flew by, as the swift air parted hither and thither, meeting our blithe onward motion, and soon the exhilarating drive was a pleasant memory only. And, Monmouth explored, the question was, How to progress, at reasonable charges, and, if it might also be, in manner the most agreeable, to grave grey Tintern. The most agreeable proved to be also the most economical method, and soon I found myself in a boat, being pleasantly rowed down the winding Wye, "vocal in its wooded walls." Along the bends and loops of the river we glided: here the solemn woods with the gold of the autumn beginning to crown a nearly-accomplished work; here fair fields sloping up from the babbling water that sometimes ran shallow over the brown-amber of shelving stones at the bottom; fair fields, dotted with straggling homesteads, that clustered presently into villages about the grey ancient Tower of the House of God. And sometimes I might see the seldom-seen Maypole of old days, sending skyward its inland mast from the village-green; and, all the while, the pleasant smooth gliding; and the thud of oar, and, in a pause, the drip of water, giving time and tune.

And so on, past a Moravian settlement on the left river-bank, until another bend in the river will reveal the venerable Ruin. A little further monotone of oars, and behold the reality of the long-cherished idea!

There TINTERN ABBEY arose from the river-side, pathetic in its dignity, dignified in its pathos, unique, surely, in its melancholy grandeur; for if it be apt to speak of "fair" Melrose, no one would dream of speaking of "fair" Tintern. No; the Ruin is too noble for our pity, too grand for smooth adjectives. Without the rugged sternness of a crumbling fortress, it has a discrowned hauteur before which you stand uncovered. Even the British tourist, methought, would hush the babble and bend the head in presence of that

august and melancholy majesty.[1] And the poet, what must be the emotions of his heart! Could any poet set Tintern before the mind with any word-magic? Wordsworth, to my mind, has not done this, and I know not that any other has essayed it. Ruskin might build it, grey and pathetically noble, on his page, with reverent placing and mortaring of apt and appreciative words.

There is no ruin like it that I have seen. And now the plash and the prattle of the water had ceased, the grating of the prow on the shore, the light leap from the boat, the "good-night" to the boatman:—these were now things behind me. And in front, Tintern, and the day falling towards sunset. This thing and that seen to, and decent and quiet lodging secured (close to the Abbey, reflecting it, as in a camera, upon the open lattice-window of my bedroom), the sunset itself was dying down, and the gleam of some large eastern star pierced the cold heaven, above the amber-rose sky, as I drew near, with intensified deliberate enjoyment, to make my dream all that I would.

And I stood now before the western window, wide, piteous, with its broken tracery. But the ivy had beautifully and bounteously scarfed the despoiled stone-work, and, through the empty pointed arch, in the upper steely blue, the bright star shone.

* * * *

I passed into the Abbey, and there mused far into the evening, having purchased peace by a gift to the troublesome warder who came to disturb my serenity of tender meditation. The noisy jackdaws—too noisy, the cloud of them, by day, for the solemn hush within the grey walls—were quiet now; the fading after-glow of the sun made, with the brightening moon, enough and suitable light for such a scene. The still broken tablets of the Sleepers, waiting for the Resurrection Dawn, were touched by the moonlight that fell through the windows, and slept in the long narrow aisles. The grouped wands of the tall grey pillars were deepening into ivory and ebony; and here and there a lovely fallen capital or a fluted shattered shaft of lichened stone broke the smoothness of the floor of Transept or of Nave. Each ruined window had its own peculiar loveliness. That in the north transept still kept the triple beauty of the principal lines of its design, the ivy doing all it could do to make up for the delicate stone tracery, the carved work which axe and hammer—and after that, onset of wind and weather, and undermining of slow decay—had brought to nought. But the grand east window—only one tall shaft, the central, was left in the wide forlorn space. Yet, still, the ivy bordered the vacant arch: and beyond, quiet in the growing moonlight, the autumn-wooded hills rose, halfway towards the apex of the great empty window. And above the woods, the sky, with faint stars unobtrusive in the grey.

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I had some days to spend at Tintern, and my refreshment time was spent every day in the abbey walls. I loved to fancy what the stately ruin would be in apple-blossom time, when the rose-flush made a gay and laughing sea about the sad and solemn pile. I loved to see, in fancy, the piled snow resting on its capitals, and turning the ivy-tracery into purest marble, while the large flakes yet stole down, clinging here and there as silver moss, to the dark lichened stone. I loved to note the dark, and the gold, and the frosted-silver lichen bringing their homage of subdued rich tinting to the time-honoured grey. Also to take heed of the maidenhair, and the black-stemmed hard-fern, and the fleshy, round-leaved moneywort, bringing adornment of yet more exquisite beauty in place of the wreathen leaf-work that Vandalism and Time had overthrown. I loved to go, plan in hand, throughout the building, court after court, and try to people it with the forms of the past. Here was the Refectory, into which in quiet order the grave monks would file. Here, in the wall, the sort of pulpit from which one of them would read, while the rest ate and drank in silence. Here the Abbot's room; here the Calefectory, here the Dormitories would have been.

But most I loved to call back in imagination its pristine glory to the stately Fane. To see the magnificent beauty of its proportions restored, the exquisite delicacy of its tracery replaced; to call up the splendour of the ceremony, the grand organ peal, the blending notes of the full choir, the monks in their stalls, the spiral incense-clouds, the great Nave crowded with worshippers. But it could not be! The proud Ruin refused the restoration of any mind-architect. It remained, and must remain, the grave, or rather the monument, of ancient splendour. Aye, it seemed to my rapt mind as though the venerable pile would resent the intrusion of the modern workman, of the reared scaffolding, of the noisy hammer and chisel, and the coarse and careless laughter of men, scaring away the chattering Babel of immemorial jackdaws. Even as, in silence, the splendid fabric of Solomon's Temple of the Lord "rose, like an exhalation," and, in silence, grew towards completed beauty, so, in silence, must this majestic building crumble into decay. So it must be, but who shall forbid the natural tribute of regret to a departed glory? Who, remembering Belisarius in his halcyon days, shall refuse the "meed of a melodious tear" to Belisarius in the pathos of his fall?

Many an "impulse of deeper birth" may "come to us in solitude" as we sit upon a broken stone, in a corner of the building; above us, a capital of profuse sage-green polypodium fern, with the gold underwing; about us, the broken shaft of some splendid column, on whose dark grey an Admiral butterfly has lit, eclipsing the tints of the varied lichen; and, in the distant aisles, a reverent guest or two, seen now, and now passing into obscurity. For one theme of thought:—Alas! that splendour and pomp in worship should so often, in the later years, in the years long after the devoted builders had raised these stately

[1] Alas! since the visit here recorded, I have stood again within the venerable walls—brought to Tintern by rail—and have—yes, indeed, I have—read within them the notice: "Visitors are requested not to *dance*, in Tintern Abbey!" Not to dance! *O tempora! O mores!*

E. M. WIMPERIS, R.I.] [EDMUND EVANS.

SUNSET ON TINTERN.

fanes for magnificence of worship, have obscured the true heart-worship in spirit; and, too often, have, by degrees, substituted the accident for the essence, in the adoration due to God! That this *need* not be so, I believe. But that it *has* been so who can deny? Beautifully does R. W. Evans in his "Rectory of Valehead" expose and reprove the folly that would think to "please God's ear" merely "with pomp and power, and rites of pride." And, though written of another ruin, yet the verses will fit in well with our train of musing here.

I made for Buildwas—o'er her graves,
Her shattered tombs, her rifted tower,
Her shafts where the tall ivy waves—
To have a meditation hour;
And, as I journeyed, in my mind
A picture of old days designed,
Forgotten rites renewed;
And I beheld assembled there,
From Porch to Chancel bowed in prayer,
A countless multitude.

The vase with holy water teemed,
The pealing Organ shook the Nave,
Hoar clouds of fragrant incense steamed,
Bright lamps a flood of radiance gave;
And from their chairs of sculptured stone,
Three gorgeous priests, as from a throne,
Surveyed the prostrate train;
Image on image fired my breast,
And,—with the dazzling show possest,—
I stood within the fane.

There all the consecrated ground,
Nave, Chapel, Choir, and Aisle,
Thronged by a bleating flock I found;
Quite crowded was the pile.
The holy vase with waves was filled
From heaven's own sacred breast distilled,
And, in the stony chair,
A shepherd's boy, with cord and crook,
Kept watch, with contemplative look,
Upon his fleecy care.

The use and abuse of splendour in worship,—much might be thought and written on this theme. There is, undoubtedly, a tendency to idolatry in the human mind, and this causes that there is a danger in the outward, lest the symbol should push aside the inward, and usurp its place in worship. Yet God gave the poet mind, the appreciation of beauty; nor did He, who praised the widow's mite, disdain to accept and to record the costly offering of ointment, very precious, that was given out of devotion. And we are made body, soul, and spirit; and the affection, as well as the intellect, should be offered at His shrine. And, as Jeremy Taylor says, imagination and poetic feeling, and thoughts and things of beauty, should all be enlisted in His service. And, as one quaintly complained, "Why should the devil have all the best tunes?" so we may ask, why should our houses be cieled and painted with vermilion and richly adorned, and the House of God be the meanest house in the parish? Solomon's Temple, and that glance given us in the Book of the Revelation of the divine Apostle, set before us costliness and beauty in the worship of God, as that which is appropriate and approved by Him. And if, saying even this, we seem to tread upon thin ashes, under which yet lurk smouldering fires, we may yet be bold to say this much, now that most of us, in our just and righteous fear and distrust of Popery, are yet agreed that decency, and even beauty (that I say, not splendour) in the worship of God, need not be, and are not necessarily, Popery. If beauty, decency, and order in our prayer and praise be, really, incompatible with heart-worship, by all means let them go, and let the simple flock and the shepherd boy in the ruined temple be the type for all ages, and for all frames of mind. Natural tastes will differ, and temperaments are *created* different; and, within the limits of becoming reverence, who art thou that condemnest thy brother? Who will say that George Herbert was less spiritual in his Church than George Fox in his Meeting House? Might not words for peace be said within this pathetic Ruin? words good for patience, forbearance, brotherhood? "One believeth that he may eat all things, another—eateth herbs. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not; and let not him which eateth not, judge him that eateth."

Let heart-religion, spiritual worship, be kept first in aim, not in any wise obscured. If this be so kept, let certain diversities of temperament be allowed for. And let *love* be guarded, above all. Truly has it been said that he is in danger of harm from beauty in the externals of worship, who *requires* them for his worship. He is safe who can, on occasions, worship earnestly and heartily, or within four bare walls, or in a cathedral. And it is a good rule, that old one—"In things essential, unity,"—but all know how it goes on.

It is time to leave Tintern, and its associations, now. Let me, before parting with it, recall, for poetic and artistic enjoyment, an episode in its story of grey dissolution of which I read some years ago. There was a great meeting of clergy, I do not recall on what occasion, at Tintern, or in some parish hard by. And the idea occurred to some one among them, the Rural Dean, suppose, that it would be a thing impressive, solemn, and inappropriately appropriate, to have their usual introductory celebration of Holy Communion, within these consecrated, but dismantled walls.

And this was done. Imagine, as I have loved to do, the solemn service once again, of these white robed worshippers, the strange sound of the thin voices within the grey gaunt walls, whose only canopy was the blue heaven. The solemn chant and hymn, faint in the open air, below;—above the noisy startled crowd of birds resenting their right of solitude thus strangely disputed. The very words used there of old (many of these, at least, the very words, only in the vulgar tongue) heard, after centuries of silence, in the deserted fane; and, under the ivy, and amid the briars, and the fox-glove, and the fern, a table spread, in the wilderness. A congruous incongruity, an apt inaptness. A paradox pathetic in its eccentricity; a medley, stranger and sadder than that, in the "Princess," of the nineteenth-century crowd and the ruined Castle. A kind of link,

between the earnest Past and the earnest Present. All around, the "pensive tablets," marking the resting-places of the former worshippers. And, above them, the thin, scarcely heard, soon-to-be-silenced voices of those yet worshipping, and militant, here on earth.

Passing on, in a procession that only seems to be broken, to "where, beyond these voices, there is peace," to the Land and the time where perfect beauty, and perfect warmth, and perfect spirituality, of worship, shall be, if three, yet one.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

II.—THE SIMOOM.

YOU ask me, my children, what is the meaning of that terrible picture which is in my room? I painted it from my sketches to commemorate my escape from deadly peril in the desert. You know I have travelled in many desert lands, but this was "the Desert of Shur;" you know Moses led the children of Israel through that "wilderness." I had been to Sinai to paint the "Mount of God," and, returning, had lingered to make other sketches. Thus it happened that when we got as far as "Elim," we found our stock of food had nearly run out. We had hoped and expected to meet a Bedouin tribe, and to buy some meal from them. But we failed to find them, they had moved off somewhere. We had plenty of water, for we filled up all our water-skins at "Elim." But we had next to nothing to eat. I consulted my Bedouin, and found we must push on. We had a camel-boy with us who was not well, and also a very sickly camel, and we decided we dare not take them on, as we knew we must make a "forced march." So we gave the poor boy some food and left him and the camel at Elim, knowing that before long some Bedouin were sure to come there, because that was the only place where water could be got.

The morning we started there was a very high wind, so cold that I had to put on all my warm coats. We pressed on all the day at a great pace, not even stopping to lunch, hoping that by the end of the day, we might get across the desert to a place called "Wady Werdan," where a small depression would give us shelter if the dreaded "simoom" should come upon us.

Late in the afternoon the wind rose to a gale, sand was driving up all round us, the sharp bits of sand almost blinding us. At last the camels refused to face the storm and fairly turned round. We got off, and in great excitement tried to drag them to where a few low sand hillocks somewhat broke the fury of the blast. There we made them lie down, and then tied their legs to prevent them running away in their fright. We tied up our own faces with our head shawls, covering well our mouths and nostrils, and threw ourselves down by the side of the camels. After a time the cold wind passed; and in the night the wind was hot, like the blast of a furnace.

It was a strange sight: sand filled the air. I could dimly see the mountains of the "Tih;" as the sand drifted up them, they seemed all smoking by the faint and sickly light of the moon, which now and again tried to show through the storm. This "smoking" was sand drifting up their slopes. The sunset, I must say, had been awful, the clouds black with lurid edges. Ever and anon a vivid flash of lightning tore down from the upper sky. I heard no thunder; but then the noise of the wind, the howling of the camels might have deadened that. Bathed in perspiration, loaded with sand, half stifled with sand and heat, we gave ourselves up for lost.

At one time in the night the storm subsided a little and I saw a few stars, but it gathered strength again in the morning. I rose several times to shake off the weight of sand which had fallen on me, and also to get a drink of water from my leathern bottle. But the water was full of sand which had drifted in. Again, at times, we all had to rise, for some of the camels in their agony broke their leg ropes and got up, and we had to pull them down again and retie them.

In the morning one felt braver, though no one had slept a moment; so, in spite of all my Bedouin could say, I began to make sketches in my note-book, and also to write down the general effects. The dark clouds passed; light came on the distant horizon. Huge thunder-clouds hurled their forms high in air. Again came the rushing cold wind. Then towards the middle of that day we were enabled to collect our scattered camels and effects, and again try to push on. But, oh! the weakness, the painful weakness, racked with headache, faint with hunger, and only a bit of hard bread to eat. By the blessing of God, in time we arrived at the oasis of "Moses' Wells." There we got food and rest before continuing our journey to Suez.

Now, dear children, is this wind ever mentioned in the Bible? Yes, frequently. I think the Prophet Isaiah meant it when, in chap. xxv. ver. 4, he says, God will be "a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

Jonah (see chap. iv. 8) "was very angry" that God had not destroyed Nineveh, "that great city," so he went out of the city to the east side, and built a shelter, a booth (verse 5), and then God

THE SIMOOM

prepared a sultry (or vehement) east wind, and the sun beat upon the head of Jonah, that he fainted, and requested for himself that he might die. He then, without doubt, experienced this "kamseen" or simoom. It is called "kamseen," because it blows on and off for fifty days. Fainting and sickness with feverish headache generally follows exposure to its virulence.

Moses, in Deut. xxviii. 24, says: "The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust: from heaven shall it come upon thee, until thou be destroyed."

Then, David, too, in Psalm ciii. vers. 15, 16, while blessing the Lord and speaking of His mercies, and of His eternal duration, says of men by way of contrast: "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the *wind* passeth over it, and it is gone."

And I think, too, that when Sennacherib, that haughty Assyrian king, threatened God's holy city Jerusalem, and so cruelly taunted its inhabitants, he had experience of this same awful blast. Isaiah (xxxvii. 7) was told by God to tell the king, that God would "send a blast upon him." In the thirty-sixth verse we are told that the "angel (or messenger) of the Lord went forth, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred and fourscore and five thousand." This messenger, remember, is called in the seventh verse "a blast."

What does Hosea say in chap. xiii.? Speaking of the wickedness of Israel in serving false gods, he warns them that they shall be "as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind," and in ver. 15 of the same chapter he says: "an east wind shall come, the breath of the Lord cometh up from the wilderness, and his spring shall become dry."

Oh, no, it was no new thing I experienced in that Sinai desert. History tells us of large armies who were entirely destroyed by its terrible effect. The "blast" is called by Jeremiah a "destroying wind." The Arabic version says a "hot pestilential wind." One great historian, Herodotus, says that it overwhelmed the whole army of Cambyses, sent against Amon, so completely that it disappeared as if swallowed up by the waves of the sea. Arab historians say it was accompanied by intense darkness. You remember the last plague of Egypt, before the children of Israel were allowed to go, followed the plague of darkness. That darkness might have been caused by a "kamseen," or pitchy dark storm wind. It has often been noticed that the "plague" followed this wind. Once, in 1696, 10,000 people died of it in one day in Cairo, and, in one year (1714), in Constantinople, 300,000 people died of it.

Remember, children, that the "wind" is a "messenger of God," "fulfilling His word;" and whenever you look on that picture, thank God that your lot is cast in England, where God does not permit such terrible forces to have their way.

RALPH ELLISON'S OPPORTUNITY.

CHAPTER X.

FROM that hour Ralph knew that he must lose her.

After all those years in which his prison doors had been opened and he set free, when there had been love in the world for him and peace in his heart, he was to be forsaken.

And Josie? It says something for the moral and spiritual progress he had made that when he thought of her he was able wholly to forget himself and his own coming loneliness.

It seemed to him that to send this young girl, whose purity and innocence had been sheltered from all knowledge of the grosser side of life, into the world in the companionship of such a man as Vane, was to degrade and insult her. Even if he reformed—turned over a new leaf, went in for respectability, as he himself phrased it; even if he conformed to an outward decency of life, how much there was in him that must inevitably shock and wound her! For her sake Ralph stooped once more to entreat for at least a respite.

"Leave her here for a little longer," he said, "till she is older, more fitted to face the world. Come and see her if you will"—he forced himself to give the invitation—"but leave her in peace."

But it was all of no use, and he knew it even while he spoke.

"You trouble yourself quite needlessly, my friend," said Vane with a sneer; "you have done your part by my daughter, I admit, as well as your extremely limited views would permit, but it is high time for me to interfere."

"You have been long in making the discovery." Ralph's tone was bitter.

"The more need to act upon it at once before my daughter becomes too saintly to appreciate my poor society. She is a very pretty girl, and she will have some money when I drop off, and, excuse me, but I don't particularly wish that she should throw herself away upon one of your Sandbury worthies, even if he should happen to be your successor in Sion Chapel, and the inheritor of your mantle. Come," he ended more gaily—careless or perhaps incapable of understanding the pain he was inflicting—"I will make a bargain with you. You shall give her wholly to me for three years, and at the end of that time she shall choose for herself. If she

has the bad taste to prefer your rustic dulness to my lively world, you shall have her again and welcome. I want a companion, not a whining victim."

It was after all Josie who settled the matter.

She came to Ralph in his study next day—that little room where she had played as a baby, and learned her letters at his knee; where, in her budding womanhood, she had borne him company through many quiet and happy hours. Her face was white and her eyes heavy with a night of weeping. She put her head down on his shoulder and rested it there with clinging tenderness, as if she could not bear to part with him.

His heart, too, was full, and it called out that the sacrifice was too great.

"Josie, my darling," he said, "he cannot force you to go against your will. He gave up his authority over you when he forsook you as a baby; you do not owe him the unquestioning obedience of a child who has had a father's guardianship all her life."

"I know," she said, "I have been thinking of that. Oh, I have been thinking of everything! I cannot love him or feel drawn to him because he calls himself my father—there is no sacredness in such a tie, but, perhaps, I can help him."

Ralph shook his head.

"You would only suffer, my dearest."

"But, if it is my duty? I heard what Dr. Rose said to you; that if he went on living without restraint, without any one to care for him, he would kill himself in a month or two."

Ralph was silent. He knew that Henry Vane's life was in his own hands, and his fears for him were far greater than his hopes. If he chose the downward path, what could Josie do to hinder him? She could but suffer herself. Her little hands might as well attempt to turn the course of a torrent as to stem the tide of a man's passion when it set that way.

But her next words checked his remonstrances.

"There is one thing I want to ask you," she spoke, still hiding her face, almost in a whisper; "do not tell me anything that will make it harder—more difficult to go, but tell me this. My mother—I—I am afraid she was not happy?"

"No," said the minister, and could say no more.

"But she stayed with him, she did not leave him?"

"She gave up all her friends; even you, her little baby, to follow him. She was with him till she died."

Josie lifted her head, and there was a resolute light in her eyes.

"If I see it is of no use," she said, "I will come back. But I think I could never be quite happy, never look in my mother's face in heaven if I let him go alone. And oh, you must pray every day that I may be a help and comfort to him!"

For the little time that was left Josie was busy with a hundred contrivances for Ralph's comfort; it seemed as if she could not rest in her feverish desire to serve him to the last. She gave no thought to her own preparations, and indeed it was with no girlish anticipations of delight in the new scenes that she was setting out.

She took her farewell of Ralph alone in the little study; but the true parting had begun already, on the day when she made up her mind to leave him and all the dear familiar joys of the little home by the sea.

Ralph took the hand Henry Vane held out airily to him.

"For her sake keep yourself pure," he said; "as you will answer to God when you come to die, see that no shadow of your bringing rests on her. Be good to her," his voice suddenly broke; "be good to my Josie."

"Ah," said Vane, with well-assumed patience, "you are zealous in your office, my friend; you lose no chance of improving the occasion. Come, my child," he turned to Josie; "if your last words are said, we shall set out."

Was he touched or moved at all, as he looked into Ralph's haggard face and took the hand offered him in token that the past was forgiven? Perhaps some faint chord of long-forgotten goodness was stirred in him; more likely he was glad to get away from the restraint of the minister's dull little home, the reproaches of his sad looks.

How dull, how cheerless it was when Josie forsook it, and how Ralph missed her bright sovereignty, her merry laugh, her blithe step; the love that had made life sweet. Every moment he came upon some reminder of her that set his wound aching afresh; a bit of work with the needle sticking in it; a book she had been reading, the slippers she had worked for him; the ivy she had trained at his window, her canary that seemed to miss her, too, and call aloud for her with its shrill, piping note.

The rooms she had made so homelike were strangely desolate, as in that long-gone time before she had come to fill the empty place in his affections, and yet he did not suffer the old rebellion, the old fierce revolt from trouble.

He had lived through the tragedy of his life, he had known its keenest pain, and in this new sorrow he had still the support and comfort of Josie's unchanging love. Somewhere in the wide world, wherever she wandered, she took a heart that beat in utmost faithfulness to him, and knowing it he could give her up.

The bitterness, too, had passed from his spirit. He had forgiven his enemy, he had yielded him his best and dearest treasure; he could no longer hate or scorn the man to whom Josie had given her youth and strength. So in all his walks by the seashore, more than ever his chosen path now, there were blessed memories that helped his resignation and hopes, that touched his trembling prayers when he daily pleaded that she might be shielded from evil.

There was human companionship too. Perhaps it was left for Ralph's loneliest hour to taste to the full the consolations of sympathy. There

were many kind hearts that were sorry for him in his bereavement; and, if they took rather oppressive ways of manifesting it, he was more patient than he had once been.

He was ready with his habitual courtesy and with something of a new gentleness to welcome Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Culpepper when they announced that they had come to take tea with him; then Mrs. Brown would produce a little pot of cream from under her shawl, and Mrs. Culpepper would mention casually that her Anna Maria had been baking and that she had taken the liberty of bringing a few hot cakes. Miss Lavinia Saxby—to whom advancing years permitted the indiscretion—was sometimes of the tea-parties too. The ladies brought their knitting and sat round the fire trying to give an air of easy sociality to the gathering, and to hide as tenderly as they could the blank in the little circle.

They gave him the latest gossip of the town and the chapel, and he listened now with none of the old inclination to scorn; they brought him their troubles and told him of their hopes and fears for their children, some of whom had fled the home nest too.

Ralph showed a special interest in those wanderers, and it was noticed by many people that though he grew suddenly much older in the years after Josie went away, he learnt to talk more, and was gentler—that little children found out the smile in his eyes and no longer feared his stern face, and that perplexed fathers and mothers brought their burdens to him sure of his sympathy.

Every one was very good to him, he thought, with a new wondering humility, touched by a thousand thoughtful little kindnesses that knit him closer to his fellow-men and helped him in his solitude.

But it was the days that brought letters from Josie that made epochs in his life. He shared little bits of them with Culpepper or Brown when they dropped in to chat and smoke a pipe, or with the ladies when they came to tea; for Sandbury was loyal in its love for its adopted child. She wrote cheerfully, bravely, and always with unchanged affection. If there was any shadow on her life, she kept it unrevealed. Of Vane she had not much to tell. But she spoke of his indulgence to her and his liberality. With the money he gave her she sent many remembrances to her friends at home, to tell them of the wonderful places she was seeing.

"Don't let them forget me," she would say; "my heart is with you all, always; I am coming back some day to fill my old place."

This was the only hint she ever gave of her possible choice. When the third year of her absence was well advanced, Ralph began to wonder with a trembling hope whether its close might restore her to him. The possibility served to sustain him when for almost the first time in his life he fell ill. The early winter was unusually severe, and he had caught a heavy cold, which did not leave him, and finally developed more serious symptoms.

His friends nursed him with a very tender fidelity, and a real dread that they might lose him. He had slipped in those years from the brilliant preacher, of whose eloquence they were proud, into the friend who was downcast when they were in sorrow, and glad with them when they rejoiced. Not one of them could afford to spare him now.

He had asked one day for a letter which had not come. Mrs. Brown, who was sitting by his bed, had feared this question, but she answered it as unconcernedly as she could.

"The weather has been such as you can't believe," she said; "and the snow has blocked the lines, they say. All this fine stir and talk of the new railway hasn't done Sandbury much good, that I can see; give me back the old coach, where you knew what to depend on, and weren't left in a worrit, not knowing what to expect."

But when she slipped out of the sick-room presently, to let Mrs. Culpepper take her place while she went home to dispense the family dinner, she said emphatically—

"We'll have to send for Josie, that's clear, unless he mends. The light seemed to go out of his eyes when he heard there was no letter. Her father, indeed! the minister is the only father she's got to think of."

"But where are we to send?" asked Mrs. Culpepper anxiously; "we can write to the last direction, to be sure," she consoled herself, "and tell them to forward it."

Mrs. Brown did not share this innocent belief in the obligingness of foreign officials, but she had decided on her own plan of action; all she said however was—

"We'll wait a week; and if he doesn't mend by then, home she comes, father or no father."

Before the week was ended, however, something happened.

Ralph was still in bed, not seriously worse, perhaps, but no better. The trains were set free, for a rapid thaw had set in, but Josie's letter had not been buried in any of them: Christmas-day had come and gone without a sign from her. Miss Lavinia Saxby was the watcher this time; perhaps the hot shaded room and the enforced silence had a drowsy effect—at any rate Miss Lavinia's knitting-needles had ceased to click, and her head had drooped forward. It was not a profound slumber, and she was wakened with a start by the gentle opening of the door. It was perhaps permissible that she should still think herself dreaming when she looked up and saw Josie standing there,—Josie, paler, thinner, changed somehow, but with the old look of love in her eyes, only shadowed by what might be a dawning fear.

Miss Lavinia, forgetting her rheumatism, started up, her knitting falling unheeded to her feet. She would have cried out in her astonishment, but Josie held up a warning hand.

She came in softly, and parting the curtains knelt down by the bed.

"Dear guardian," she said, "I have come back to be with you always."

Ralph put out a trembling hand. "Josie, my Josie," he murmured.

Then Miss Lavinia, finding a use for it, dis-

covered that she had forgotten her pocket-handkerchief and slipped quickly from the room.

* * * * *

A few days passed, during which Ralph was slowly but surely recovering his grasp on life before he was told how it was that Josie had come back to him. She wore a black dress, and she was grave and pale—Henry Vane was dead.

There were those who found Josie changed, and some who held that she had grown more beautiful. She had lost some of the old girlish gaiety; she was more serious, older, with a deeper look in her eyes, and a new gentleness in her smile, but of what she had seen, or known, or suffered in the years of her exile, even the minister was never told; he only knew that the close of them had brought her comfort.

"I think," she said, "he was glad to have me near him. He spoke of you—he sent you a message; some day I will give it you. He died with his hand in mine, and with a prayer for pardon on his lips."

"God has been very gracious to me," Ralph said, and his voice broke as he laid his hand on her bent head.

But for Ralph she could not sufficiently show her tenderness. Perhaps in those years of close companionship she had come to some knowledge of his story. If that were so, it made him but the dearer. He grew well again under her care, and life's broken threads were taken up once more in the house by the sea. Its rest and peace were inexpressibly soothing to Josie, and by and by she recovered her old cheerfulness, and the years of her absence came to wear the look of a dream.

The fortune Henry Vane had left her went to make a good many people happy, for Ralph and she had early agreed that they would not spend it on themselves. She still kept the name that had the best associations for her, and in the very few letters that she wrote, she signed herself Josephine Hughes,—until, upon a day, she took her husband's name and became for the rest of her life Josephine Verney.

For Josie was one of the women who are born to be wives and mothers, and who but love the more, the more that is claimed of them. When with Ralph's full sanction she married the young Doctor who came from London to assist and succeed Dr. Rose, she had, indeed, to leave the little house by the sea; but she took the best of it with her, when Ralph, at her husband's persuasion and her own, consented to share her new home.

So Ralph is at rest at last, with his people's love to bless him, and with Josie's children at his knees.

THE PROBLEM OF THE POOR.

IX.—EDINBURGH MISSIONS.

THE Carrubber's Close Mission began in 1858 in the old Whitefield Chapel, which Allan Ramsay the bookseller-poet had built on a theatre in 1736. The Close is famous in the history of Edinburgh. Its No. 135 was the meeting-place to which the Episcopalians were reduced on the ruin of the Stuart scheme, which twenty-seven years of persecution and martyrdom failed to force on Presbyterian Scotland. Here the bishop and his few adherents held together, and here for a century after the Revolution was the "Hanoverian usurper" denied the benefit of prayer. Strange that from such a spot a new light should be kindled, and the old High Church retreat become the centre of perhaps the most energetic evangelical propaganda in these islands!

Since the commencement, this wonderfully active mission has held over 10,000 consecutive meetings, to say nothing of outdoor meetings, at least equal in number. During the last year there were held over a thousand of these ordinary meetings, over six hundred evangelistic meetings, about the same number of meetings for Bible study, and over nine hundred and fifty prayer meetings. Its staff consists of over four hundred unpaid workers. What its week's work is like can be most readily gathered from its list of meetings, which shows no less than twenty on the Sunday, ten on the Monday, seven on the Tuesday, six on the Wednesday, seven on the Thursday, eight on the Friday, and five on the Saturday, these taking place in different rooms at the same time, and covering ground ranging through Evangelistic Meetings, prayer meetings, School Work, Fellowship Associations, services for children, young women, teachers, mothers, policemen, railway men, and others, Dorcas meetings, Mizpah meetings, Band of Hope meetings, and Bible classes, writing classes, sewing classes, and choir classes.

At the opening of the new building in March 1884, Mr. D. L. Moody expressed a hope that it would become "a sort of Edinburgh Mildmay, where all the different tribes of the Lord's host are united and banded together." . . . "I would have the place open from ten in the morning to ten at night every day, and the rooms kept cheerful and pleasant. Something might be going right along of a useful nature from morning till night. Why should there not be a grand work of grace bursting out here? There are a great many

Christians pot-bound, like a plant confined in a small pot where it has not room to grow. Many think that because a thing has been done in a certain way for the last fifty years, it must always be done in that way. We must get at the masses in some way, but I am convinced that we are not going to reach them wholesale; we must have individual effort, seeking to win them one by one. Have temperance meetings, go in for the blue ribbon or the pledge, or anything that will get hold of the people. Neither the pledge nor the blue ribbon will save a drinking man, but it is a great thing to get these people out and have their names and addresses taken; then you can visit them in their homes next morning, and pray with them, and tell them of the Saviour. It is my belief that the masses are not going to be reached wholesale—it is going to be a hand to hand fight. Some of you may say that if you go at the people in this way you will be encroaching on the field occupied by some one else. It seems to me that nothing will wake a man up much quicker than to have people from four or five churches after him in one day. At any rate get at them some way." And in this spirit the mission has been conducted. What the results have been, none can tell, but that the seed scattered so profusely has not been without fruit, there is much evidence to show.

The mission-house is a handsome stone building, with a large hall at the back holding 1500 persons, and a number of halls and class-rooms in front, the largest of which can hold 220. When the mission was begun in 1858, Whitefield Chapel, with its side room, afforded the only accommodation, but in the following year the premises beneath the chapel were added for class-rooms. Then a hall and side rooms, in the middle of the Close, were acquired; but on Sunday evenings the chapel was found incapable of holding the crowds that sought admittance, and through the kindness of the Government the old Theatre Royal was obtained for some considerable time. It was filled to overflowing, sometimes twice in the same evening. When the theatre was taken to make room for the General Post Office, the use of the Free Assembly Hall was obtained, and notwithstanding the accommodation afforded by the new building, it has been occupied ever since. In addition to this and other meeting-rooms, the mission has branched out into Marshall Street, where it has its counterpart in the Congregational Institute. There, as the centre, is a Sunday School, with over three hundred scholars; connected with it are no less than seven different Bible Classes, a Young Men's Christian Fellowship Association, a Children's Church, and an Evangelistic Sabbath Meeting. There is a Penny Savings Bank, a Sabbath School Library, two Bands of Hope, with a choir and orchestra, a staff of Lady visitors, a Dorcas Society, a Mothers' Meeting, a Young Men's Literary Association, and a number of classes through the week conducted by members of the congregation, for sewing, reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and other things, for all of which the building provides ample accommodation free. Truly the effort has been great enough, and persistent enough to satisfy even Mr. Moody! And it gives no sign of flagging. We were last at the tall Mission House in the Canongate one Tuesday night, and floor above floor, every window was alight, and each room was occupied with its meeting for study, prayer, or praise.

Wider in its work, but less demonstrative in its effort is the Edinburgh City Mission, with head-quarters in St. Andrew Square. Working hand in hand with the churches, supplying help to the ministers wherever needed, and in populous parishes holding services of its own as auxiliary to that of the parish church, it labours quietly, but no less effectively. It has covered the city with a network of branches, and its missionaries and visitors are met with in every slum and rookery. Its methods and means are on familiar lines, and, being thus readily conceivable, need no lengthened mention. Over and above its special religious results there can be no doubt as to its widespread social influence. It is in touch with all the benevolent agencies, official and otherwise, in which Edinburgh is so rich, and the sick and destitute owe it a deep debt for the good it is doing in sifting the worthy from the worthless, and bringing help to the deserving.

Mention of other missions we must for the moment leave. Here we must end. In the religious condition of the young and adolescent, increasing interest is being taken. Like Glasgow, Edinburgh has its Sabbath Morning Breakfast for the Destitute and its Working Boys' and Girls' Religious Society, though both are on a small scale; it also has an energetic Young Men's Christian Association, and, bridging the gap to it and church membership, is a very flourishing battalion of the Boys' Brigade, whose present important influence it is difficult to overestimate.

W. J. GORDON.

God's Forge.

THE hammer of Thy discipline, O Lord,
Strikes fast and hard. Life's anvil rings again
To Thy strong strokes. And yet we know 'tis then
That from the heart's hot iron, all abroad
The rich glow spreads. Great Fashioner Divine—
Who sparest not, in Thy far-seeing plan,
The blows that shape the character of man,
Or fire that makes him yield to touch of Thine—
Strike on, if so Thou wilt! For Thou alone
Canst rightly test the temper of our will,
Or tell how these base metals may fulfil
Thy purpose—making all our life Thine own.
Only, we do beseech Thee—let the pain
Of fiery ordeals through which we go,
Shed all around us such a warmth and glow;
Such cheerful show'rs of sparks in golden rain,
That hard hearts may be melted, cold hearts fired,
And callous hearts be taught to feel and see
That discipline is more to be desired
Than all the ease that keeps us back from Thee.

MARY E. ROPER.

A DUCHESS IN SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

HEN I was a lad of twelve (said Mr. Norton), there was an exciting rumour amongst the boys of my class in the Sunday-school. We had known for some time that, on a certain Sunday, our own regular teacher would not be able to attend; but we had never been told who was coming to take his place, nor indeed had we interested ourselves much in the matter. We should probably be taught, we supposed, by the son of the village grocer, who instructed us now and then, or it might be that the clergyman's wife would take us for once. In any case, our imaginations had not soared higher than the daughter of the squire. You may imagine, then, our feelings when, on the evening of the preceding Sunday, as we loitered together after church, there rose an idea which spread from mouth to mouth, informing us that when next Sunday came, we should have the privilege of possessing as our teacher for that one afternoon only, a Real Duchess!

Yes, it was quite true, really true, Fanny Bolton had said so, and she was the sister of a parlour-maid in the house of the squire, and had learnt the news from her. The duchess was coming to the great house on the Saturday night. She was an old friend, and they were much attached to her. She had been so truly kind as to promise to take the class. Ada Bolton had heard all this when she brought in the afternoon tea; for they had made use of her services in that way for once, the footman being ill. So there could be no doubt about it.

Only fancy, we said to each other, a real duchess! What would she be like? How would she be dressed? Would she be very much grander than the daughter of the squire? Ada Bolton had been so fortunate as to see a duchess once, and her sister reported that that Duchess had been dressed for a dance in "yellow satin and diamonds, so as the Queen couldn't be more beautiful." Our hopes and expectations, therefore, rose very high.

About the spiritual instruction which the lady was to bestow upon us, we did not think it necessary to inquire, that being, in our minds, a secondary consideration, with which we did not concern ourselves. The idea of the yellow satin dress was quite enough for us.

How I remember all my foolish excitement that week! I had just left school, and gone out "upon the land," rising with the dawn every morning, and working till long after sunset; for now that the hay was ready for cutting, it was necessary to labour as long as there was any light by which to work. Through all these long hours (and they were long to a boy), and even through the cricket matches, which we played once or twice by moonlight, and on the Saturday afternoon, I found my mind often occupied with the thought of the diamonds and the yellow dress. I am afraid I had never looked so much forward to Sunday-school before. And I am sure that all the others were very much interested too.

The Sunday morning was very fair and bright. Our class was in a state of great excitement, and throughout morning school we were exceedingly ill-behaved. Our temporary teacher—the son of the grocer—was very much displeased with us, and informed us that if we whispered so much again he would complain to the superintendent, and we might lose the squire's treat. But even this terrible threat did not alarm us much, because we were certain that as soon as the duchess came we should be good.

The squire's family were not accustomed to attend the village church in the morning. On fine days they walked over to the beautiful cathedral, about two miles away; so we had no expectation of seeing the duchess until the time for afternoon school. A few of us, however, went to church upon the chance, and were kept in order by fear of the sexton's stick. The squire's pew was empty.

No matter; we would see the duchess in the afternoon. As soon as our dinner-time was over, we started off for school. There were no idle excuses made or sent by any member of the class that afternoon; we all attended. And so early were we, that it was about ten minutes before the time for school when we arrived.

We went first—a crowd of chattering boys, eager with excitement—into the small separate room where our class was held. We wished to see if any preparation had been made for a distinguished visitor there. Our disappointment was great; there were only the usual forms and table, and a wooden chair for the teacher. I think we had supposed that an armchair would be provided for the duchess; but it seemed that we were mistaken. The bell rang sharply; we hastened into school.

And there we had barely taken our places when a string of teachers arrived. The superintendent came first, a great, harsh-looking man, about six feet high, who was a tax-collector; then the kind old clergyman, who looked in on us sometimes; then the daughter of the squire, who had come to introduce her friend; and then—Was this the duchess?

A thrill of anger and disappointment went through us all. Could this be the duchess?—this young, shy lady, very plainly dressed in black, without a single ornament of any kind on her dress, without anything remarkable to distinguish her? Why, there were girls in the Sunday-school more grandly dressed! There was not a teacher with a gown so plain. For one moment we were silent, stunned, overwhelmed with dismay, and then——

"It's all her pride," whispered our head boy to me. He was a lad of fourteen, and his name was William Bold. "I've heard as the rich folk do this kind o' thing; they won't put on their fine clothes to come to such as we!"

"Silence," said the superintendent; and school began.

But in spite of the influence of hymns and prayers a spirit of wrath rose fast amongst us all. We had been deluded, deceived, tricked into an expectation that had not been fulfilled. We felt that we had a right to complain of the manner in which we were treated; and, notwithstanding the restraining presence of many teachers, our growing discontent was fast passing from the silent stage into the stage that speaks.

"I tell you it's all her pride," said Billy Bold, who was always foremost amongst us as best or worst. "It's her nasty mean way to dress herself like this. When we're in the class-room, I shall tell her so."

"Oh, Billy!" whispered all boys who were closest to him, a mingled exclamation of horror and delight. To the hero of the moment it was a stimulant which confirmed him in the resolve he had made. The kind old clergyman read

the opening prayer; we rose to our feet to march off to our room. A burning excitement once more was in our hearts, but it was a different kind of excitement now. We reached the room, and all of us took our places. The young lady followed, and sat down on the chair. She seemed very shy, and quite inexperienced as one who has not learned in what way to deal with boys; and then, in an instant—how well I remember it!—without allowing her time to say a word, the ardent Billy rose suddenly to his feet, and addressed her, with the recklessness of his tribe, in loud, rude tones, before us all:

"I say, you are shabby!"

The young lady started, the colour rose to her forehead, she stood up, she sat down again, and burst into tears. And at this moment, the superintendent, who had entered the room, came in, and stood before us.

It may easily be supposed in what state of mind he was—a lady had been insulted before his eyes and ears. He was a hot-tempered man, with more zeal sometimes than discretion; he did not give himself time to think that the young lady might not wish the affair to be brought under public notice. In an instant, without allowing us time to speak, we were swept out of our class-room and into the school again. The other classes had not yet dispersed; they had been detained to hear some directions given. We were hustled into our places before them all; and there, whilst every one was silent with surprise, the wretched Billy was made to stand up in the midst of us, and the master desired to know, in tones most terrible, the reason for the extraordinary rudeness he had displayed.

"I couldn't have believed it," said the master, "of any boy in this school, if I hadn't been present to hear his words myself."

"They told us she was a duchess," blubbered Billy. "We didn't know as she'd come and look like this."

"A duchess!" echoed the master in amazement. "Miss Argile!"

"It is my nickname," the young lady murmured, blushing. "I do not know how the boys could have heard of that."

"They said as she were a duchess," spluttered Billy, becoming emboldened by the courage of despair. "We knew as we owed to be good if a duchess come; but we thought—we thought——" And he broke down and cried.

"You owed to be good to a duchess!" cried the master; "you idle, impertinent, and conceited boy! You don't imagine that you owe any goodness to those who are kind enough to teach you, I suppose? You owe to Miss Argile," he went on, waxing terrible, and becoming more terrible with every word he spoke, and heaping up all his phrases on each other, as if every one added to the load of guilt, "you owe to this lady, who has been kind enough to teach you, what every schoolboy owes to every teacher; what every gentleman owes to every lady; what every man owes to every woman; what every human being owes to every other human being; and that is—civility. We do not wish to teach you any more this afternoon. You may leave the school, sir, this instant, and go home."

And the miserable Billy slunk away at once, the classes dispersed, and quiet was restored.

We were not suffered to remain an unbroken class that day. The superintendent divided us himself, and, leaving the best of us in the charge of Miss Argile, took under his own direction all whom he supposed likely to offend. I remember the subject he chose for his lesson—it was sins; and, as he was still in a warm state of mind, I believe, if you will excuse the expression, that he made the lesson "hot and strong." But of that hot strong lesson I remember nothing. It was another lesson that I carried away with me. There were a few words that haunted me ceaselessly. ". . . What every man owes to every woman. . . ."

It was a new idea.

Poor, rough lad as I was, I had known no such thought before. My own ideas of politeness were scanty and confused; they were very far from possessing universal tendencies, and, after their fashion, were based upon a descending scale. Before her Majesty the Queen (with whom I had no personal acquaintance), I was prepared to abase myself as a loyal subject should. All peers and peeresses I was ready to hold in awe. I was aware that I ought not to be ill-mannered to the daughters of the clergyman and the squire. With the pretty lasses of the rich farmer near us, I preserved a respectful familiarity; and, to my own mother, supported as she was by the strong arm of my father, a somewhat surly obedience. But the idea of a politeness that was practically unlimited, and that should include the whole world within its scope; that, whilst mounting as high as her Majesty the Queen, could yet descend as low as poor Nan who swept our kitchen—the thought of that was a new imagination, and it was, moreover, the largest I had known. I suppose it must have taken root in my heart, for it began to bear some practical fruit at once.

"Thank you, Jack," said my mother, when I had laid the tea that evening. "You are very kind to-night."

I could not help getting hot. Why had I never laid the tea before?

"Nannie," I observed to our poor little "slavey" that same night before she left, "if I were to give you a needle and cotton you would be able to mend your dress."

Nannie was annoyed with me for saying this; but my meaning was good.

And I think that in some shape or other that meaning has remained with me, even though I may not always have acted up to it as I ought to have done.

The other day, my boys, when I was vexed with you for being unwilling to help the poor old woman who had dropped her basket of fruit in the street, my friend, who was walking with us, asked me, for a joke, in what school I had learnt my own manners. And the idle question brought back to me, with odd distinctness, my old, almost forgotten remembrance, of the duchess in Sunday-school. You will understand now why I have told the tale to you.

I wish for you, my boys, that you may follow, now and always, the one perfect Man, whom old Chaucer, with all reverence, calls the "stock-father of gentleness," who never thought any human being beneath His notice, though He was Lord of all. I shall have no fear for your manners, or for any other part of you, if you do.

Well, I have said enough.

M. A. C.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XVII.—p. 560.—OBEDIENCE, 1 Sam. xv. 22; Heb. v. 8; Rom. v. 19.

O-badiah	1 Kings xviii. 7-9, 15, 16.
B-alaam	Numbers xxii. 18.
E-li	1 Sam. ii. 12, 17, 25; iv. 11.
D-aniel	Daniel vi. 7-10.
I-saac	Gen. xxii. 6-10.
E-ndor	1 Sam. xxviii. 7, 8. Deut. xviii. 10-12.
N-aaman	2 Kings v. 11-14.
C-ornelius	Acts x. 1-8.
E-den	Gen. ii. 15; iii. 17-19.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

A STEP OUTSIDE.

No. 1799.—OCTOBER 20, 1888.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

A Step Outside.

THE neighbours think me lonely: and they wonder much, I know,
That though I'm happy when they come, I'm quite content they go;
And when they watch me smiling, I feel they say, "We fear
Her mind is growing weak and dim: she's very old, poor dear!"

I smile because I live again through all the joys I've known,
My own dead don't feel far away when I am quite alone:
There's my old man—I think of him in all his youthful grace,
And yet our fifty years of love shine also in his face!

And there's my little Susie—she was six years when she went—
More than forty years ago (she'd be oldish now, and spent);
She must be a grown-up daughter in our Father's house on high,
Fit to fetch the poor old mother, when it's time for me to die!

And then there's Jem, who died abroad—ah, it was bitter hard
To know our boy was sick to death—and we from him debarred:
'Twas hard for me—and hard for her, the girl he was to wed,
Who's living yet, and brave and bright, but faithful to the dead.

Her visits are my best of joys—I hear her softly say,
"Who shall I talk of Jamie to, when you are gone away?"
Yet Mary will be always cheered, whatever may betide,—
Life keeps its best for those whose love by Death is glorified.

But there's my Tom—poor Tom!—who was different from the rest.
Tom isn't dead to my knowledge, the Father above knows best;
Tom went away like Jem, but poor Tom did not often write—
And I can't say my Tom made as good a son as he might.

Sometimes I dream of Tom—he's always just holding my hand,
And speaking; and I am happy, but wake ere I understand;
I've watched for Tom of a morning,—I've watched in the gloaming dim,—
I never finish a stocking I put on the pins for him!

The only prayer that I utter outside of "God's will be done!"
Is "Father, give me one word, before I die, from my son."
I can't help hoping—But—hark! what step is that just outside?
Is this a dream? No, surely.—My Tom! I am satisfied!

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

JANET MACFARLANE'S PRAYER.

CHAPTER II.

How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

MALACHI was eating his dinner next day when a visitor was announced. It was the stranger who had sat beside him on the previous evening.

"Good afternoon, sir," he said, with a frank smile: "I am, just as you see, eating my dinner. Will you hae a plate o' collops and a potatoe wi' me?"

"Thank you, I will."

"Sit down, then. It isna often a man has enough for twa, unexpected like; but I thought John Traquair was going to eat wi' me to-day, and then he couldna come; sae, you can hae his share. There's a hot plate on the fender."

They fell readily into talk about the club and its objects; and the collops were eaten and the table cleared, before Malachi remembered that his visitor might have some special business with him. The thought made him silent, and he looked critically at the grave, dark face before him. It was handsome and thoughtful; and when Malachi ceased speaking, a slight shadow of melancholy crossed it. He seemed, however, to be quite satisfied with the silence, and Malachi, after waiting two or three minutes, inquired:

"Did you hae any reason in particular for coming to find me oot, sir?"

"Yes, I had a reason, MacFarlane. I don't know what you will think of it—I came to ask for your friendship—my name is Gordon."

"My friendship may be worth little or much, Mr. Gordon, but it isna a thing for command; you ken that, I'm sure."

"It may be for desire, though I am strongly

drawn to you. I loved you at once last night. I apprehended thoroughly your clear honesty and your fearlessness. I have never had a friendship; my lips are not used to the commonplaces of its pretence. Will you let me come and see you, until you learn to like me?"

"I'll do that, Gordon, and I dinna think the lesson will be hard to learn. Are you in the medical classes?"

"No, I am not taking any course of study. I matriculated simply for the sake of hearing Dr. Chalmers and other great men lecture, but I do not think I am a lazy man:—

> He that attends to his interior self,
> That has a heart and keeps it, has a mind
> That hungers and supplies it; and who seeks
> A social, not a dissipated life,
> Has business.

Do you not think so, MacFarlane?"

"More than most men manage."

"You are in the medical classes?"

"Yes."

"Ought you to be there? Is not your place in the Theological Hall?"

"I never felt that I was wrong until to-day—still, I dinna just see my way clear."

"What for?"

"Weel, I hae just paid my fees for this year."

"Take what good you can from the classes you have paid for, but enter for theology to-morrow; waste no more time. I hear you are clever in mathematics. Give me an hour every day, and I will pay you for it, 100*l.* for the terms, if you will accept it."

"Do you ken weel what you are offering me? It is o'er big a sum."

"I think it is a very moderate sum for time so precious as yours is. I have plenty of money; say 'Yes,' and you will make me happy."

"This morning I asked God to clear the way for me, and He has sent you to do it. I hae neither right nor inclination to say 'No' to His messenger. I'll go to the theology classes to-morrow—the first thing I do."

"Your friends will not object, I hope?"

"If I reach the holy office, it will make them glad above measure; but I'll no gie them the anxiety of my probation to bear. I have but father and mother, and they gave up the hope lang syne, and have become content wi' the way I have gone sae far. If I succeed in the ministry, it will be tidings o' great joy to them. If I fail, may be they'll ne'er hear tell o' it."

"Where do they live?"

"They live in the Jura mountains."

"I am Highland, myself, MacFarlane. I come from the braes of the Findhorn, and Moray Land."

He put out his hand and Malachi took it, saying, "Then we are land-brothers; and, oh, it is a bonnie land! There is none like it!"

"To Highlandmen—yet, I have seen many a lovely spot beside. And you were born in Jura?"

"Ay, was I. My father has a little flock of sheep there. My mother makes butter and cheese, and spins the finest of wool and flax. I am their one child. Few lads have had such a home, or such a father or mother as mine. I wouldna give them a minute's heartache for a' the joy that could come to me. We are poor folks, but you know we are MacFarlanes, for a' that; and my father fought with his regiment through many a hard campaign in many countries. He is a grand old man. That is a' about me."

"I'll be free with you, too, MacFarlane. I never saw my mother, and I had not a very good father, and I never knew what home meant. I was brought up in schools, and since I left off study I have wandered about a good deal. Two years ago my father died, and since then I have lived mostly in Edinburgh. I like its thoughtful society. I think I should have been a minister."

"I think not. God makes no mistakes in His dispensations. You'll doubtless be mair fit for a landlord than a preacher; and I am not one o' them that lightlies His gifts o' wealth and honour and position. You'll have many a chance for the kind deed, and the great deed, and I believe that you will take them a'. A man can serve God as usefully in common life as in the ministry."

"I'll try, MacFarlane."

"Then we'll try thegither."

This was the beginning of a year brimful of happy work, and of happy companionship in work. When Malachi had been studying medicine, he had never been satisfied with mere verbal knowledge, but had eagerly sought every opportunity for actual practice either in the hospitals or among the poor. In the study of theology, he followed a like course. He allied himself with Dr. Guthrie's hard-working church, and was found foremost in home mission services, in Sunday-schools and ragged-schools and night-schools. He became an enthusiastic advocate of the then scorned teetotal crusade. His magnificent physique and amazing vitality enabled him to do an incredible amount of work; and his personal attractiveness drew like a magnet the wretched and suffering around him.

Gradually also his social life widened. Wherever Gordon visited, Malachi also visited; and Gordon might be found a great portion of his time in his friend's little parlour. He never troubled Malachi. While Malachi studied, he sat quiet at the fireside, lost in some train of thought, or in some new book. Part of every evening they spent together; and Gordon seemed unhappy if they were long apart. The companionship did Malachi a great deal of good. In it, all traces of his isolated bringing-up gradually vanished. He dropped much of the rustic vernacular; only a word here and there gave a Doric simplicity and strength to his discourse. He insensibly gathered grace and polish, and, scarcely conscious of the fact, he acquired habits of personal refinement which added greatly to his influence.

But nothing made him neglect the least iota of his loving duty to his parents. After the third year his education ceased to be any charge in the way of money to them. He gave lessons, and

he received a small salary from Dr. Guthrie's church; and so simple were his tastes, that from these sources he not only paid all his expenses, but also bought many valuable books. Every year he went to Jura for a few weeks, and, after the example of Jesus, even when he had disputed with doctors and won prizes for his eloquence and learning, "he was obedient unto them." But he said nothing of the change of his plans, for he could not bear to think of what a disappointment might be to them.

In the fourth winter something wonderful happened to Malachi. He fell in love. Many good and fair women had looked kindly on him, and his friend had frequently pointed out the fact; but vanity was the very last foible in Malachi's nature. One night he was going to speak before his fellow-students on the subject of Medical Missions. Gordon did not go, but promised to call for him before the lecture was over. In the enthusiasm of his subject Malachi soon forgot all else. His words flew like arrows, every one of them to its mark. His heart burned with holy fire until every heart was on fire with his heart. He ceased amid tumultuous applause. Then he looked around for his friend, and, to his astonishment, saw him approaching with a lady.

"A far awa' cousin of mine, MacFarlane," he said, "Miss Helen Forbes. We have been listening to you for half an hour, and you have almost persuaded us to become missionaries."

Helen looked at Malachi, and put her hand in his. In that moment he learnt to love the girl, and to long for her to love him. She was not pretty, but there was the charm of a pure heart on her calm face; and indeed Malachi never thought whether she was pretty or not. He only felt that she was the one woman whom his soul desired. They walked home with Miss Forbes, and then Malachi went to Gordon's house. He wished to talk of the young lady, but did not like to open the subject.

Gordon, perhaps, divined the feeling, for he said, "Malachi, I often wonder if you look like Joseph. There is a tradition that the women of Egypt all loved him. You know what a favourite you are with the Edinburgh ladies—old and young—and now here comes my bonnie cousin Helen Forbes, and she has eyes nor ears for none but you."

"Forbes is a Highland name?"

"Oh, yes, she is Highland born—a little body, as you see, but she has a great heart, and a good heart; he'll be a happy man who wins it."

During the winter they met frequently, but the wooing did not progress. This was mainly Malachi's fault. He had found out that Miss Forbes was rich, and also closely allied with more than one noble family. Gordon was frequently with her, and yet he very seldom spoke of her. Malachi thought it only likely that he was seeking her hand. It would have been impossible for him to interfere with his friend's hopes; and her rank and wealth were almost as impassable a barrier—but love thrives upon contradictions. Fifty times a day he told himself that it was madness to think of her, and yet he went on loving. He suffered after every interview, and yet he missed no opportunity of meeting her.

Had he dared to have been more demonstrative, perhaps, he would not have found Miss Forbes unkind; but the circumstances in which he was placed, compelled him to put a restraint upon his feelings, which gave an air of coldness and reserve in his behaviour to her. And this denial of his tenderest self was perhaps the hardest part of his trial. If he could only have let her understand how dearly he loved her, and what a sorrow it was to resign his hopes to the honourable obligation of her position, he could have borne it better. The silent strain told a little even upon his fine temperament, and he was glad when the long vacation drew near. "As one whom his mother comforteth"—he had thought often of those words, and he looked forward to telling that tender heart all his sorrow. She would understand the honour that had kept him silent. She would read aright for him, certain looks and words of the beloved one, which he cherished.

But even this comfort, when the vacation came, he felt it right to resign. He had the offer of travelling with a wealthy youth during it, and both John and Janet willingly resigned their own pleasure, and urged him to accept so manifest an advantage. Only Gordon grumbled a little at the event.

"My father had a friendship with 'The Mac Farlane,'" he said; "and for the sake of being in Jura this summer with you, I have taken the trouble to renew it."

"Our friendship will be all the better of a little time to grow in, Gordon, and we are na likely to forget all that we have been to each other."

So the students scattered, and Malachi with his charge went to the Rhine cities. It was a wonderful thing for the old people in that wilderness to get letters from such far-off countries and famous places. More than one letter told about the homes and haunts of the great Luther. John carried them in his pocket, and with pardonable pride took them to "The MacFarlane" to read. The old chief was very sympathetic.

"He will be a credit to the name, dootless, John," he answered, "and we'll a' be proud enough o' the lad. You'll gie my respects to him!" And if the Queen had sent a similar message, it would not have seemed to the happy father any greater honour.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

ON ITS RELIGIOUS SIDE.

I.—SOME ILLUSTRATIVE INCIDENTS.

"To condemn those who in the flames invoke the name of Jesus Christ is no light matter."—*Anne Dubourg.*[1]

IT is a thousand pities that English history is treated alone and without reference to that of Europe. The great man of the later Stuart period was Louis XIV., and he set the fashion to Society in his age. Charles II. and James II. followed his example, and worked for the same ends. Nothing more natural: they were bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, and largely educated under the same influences. Bourbon—Medici—Guise, brought up in France under a bigoted Catholic mother, and dazzled by the blaze and blare of their illustrious relative at Versailles, how could they do other than try to effect in England what he had done in France?

And they found a great part of the people and most of the leaders in church and state blindly ready to assist their purpose. What king was ever welcomed to the throne with more intense enthusiasm than Charles II., or was maintained upon it by more devoted loyalty? Macaulay tells us that every servant-girl in London went into mourning at his death; and before he expired all in the room, including Bishop Ken, fell on their knees and invoked his blessing as their common father.[2]

He had a parliament as entirely devoted to his person as if he had himself nominated the members, and he kept that parliament in existence for eighteen years. Charles II. alone knew what he was aiming at, but neither ministers nor parliament seemed to have known where they were drifting. One minister after another found him out, and then they fell, and at last the Cavalier Parliament itself got into a panic and ended by aiding and abetting the infamous concocters of the Popish Plot. But there was and had been a real plot to turn England into a Romanist despotism, and the dominant party had been so bent in destroying the work of the Puritans, that they made themselves its docile instruments. Darker days never befel the truly godly in this country than those between the Restoration and the Revolution. The days of "Mary I." look more lurid, but they were not nearly so hopeless and depressing. In the days of Charles II. England was well typified by Mansoul in the hands of the Diabolonians.

No better place at that time to hear the news, especially "the police news," than a county gaol, for the prisoners were crowded together in large rooms where they were allowed to see their friends. Certainly John Bunyan was thinking of all he daily learnt about the condition of the country during his twelve long years in Bedford gaol when he wrote his "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War." And I cannot help thinking that in painting the character of Diabolus he had Charles II. in his eye.[1] Otherwise, he surely would not have represented the great enemy of the kingdom of Jesus Christ as an easy-going, good-natured gentleman, careless of his own honour and dignity, provided that he could attain the end of his policy to make his power secure and absolute. Notwithstanding Charles the Second's *bonhomie*, he was a true disciple of Machiavelli, and knew the importance of beginning his reign by striking hard and deadly blows against his enemies. Hence his revengeful pursuit of those who had sat in judgment on the late king. The Convention—at least the Lower House—at first resisted the cry for blood, but, giving way at the end, thirteen persons were executed with all the horrors attending death for high treason: and, as the principal offenders had passed beyond the reach of human law, their bodies were dragged from their graves to the gallows at Tyburn, where the putrefying remains were hanged as a terror and a warning to all their adherents.

The Parliament of 1661, made up for the most part of young men, were passionately determined to reverse everything done under the Commonwealth, and all who in spirit sympathised with the late order of things were made to feel acutely the change. How numerous these were is shown by the fact that, when after the execution of Colonel Okey the king consented to give the body to be buried by his wife, about twenty thousand persons assembled to attend the corpse to its last resting-place, so that the Government, affrighted, withdrew the permission, and Colonel Okey's remains were interred in the Tower. Instead of trying to conciliate this formidable opposition, which included nearly all who were most worthy and most earnest in the nation, the authorities sought to terrorise them. In the State Trials of this time I have met with the following illustration of the way in which the wicked watched the righteous, seeking to slay him. It gives a most graphic picture of the spirit of the time, and seems likely to have been one of the histories John Bunyan had on his mind when he described the trial of Faithful in Vanity Fair.

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[1] Anne Dubourg was a counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, who, like Nicodemus in the Sanhedrim (John vii. 50), tried in vain to move the consciences of his fellow-rulers. He spoke these words in a Bed of Justice, held in 1559, in the presence of Henri II. of France, and they cost him his life.

[2] Bishop Burnet's History of his own Times.

[1] Andrew Marvell, describing Charles II., says:—

"Of a tall stature and a sable hue,
Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew."

On the 19th of October, 1661, Whitechapel was in a hubbub. A preacher among the Seventh Day Baptists, named John James, had just been seized; being pulled by force out of the pulpit. In the midst of a rough crowd, crying "Treason! treason!" he was dragged to a tavern close by, until the Lieutenant of the Tower appeared on the scene, who committed him to Newgate, where he lay until the 14th of November; when he was taken to Westminster to be tried before the judges of the King's Bench. He was indicted for high treason. The *sole* ground of this serious charge being certain words which one Tipler, a journeyman piper, professed to have overheard as he stood listening[1] at a window in Bulstake Alley, which words the congregation, being questioned by the Lieutenant of the Tower, on the day of the arrest, utterly denied had been spoken.

John James asked for a copy of the indictment, but was refused. Having pleaded "not guilty," he was committed to the King's Bench prison in Southwark, where he received a letter from a person of note, warning him that such a jury had been empannelled, being all picked men, and most of them knights and gentlemen, that if he did not except against them he was a dead man. On the 19th he was brought forth to his trial, in order to his condemnation. The Lord Chief Justice[2] and three other judges sat on the bench, and five of the king's counsel, besides the attorney-general and the solicitor-general, were there to plead against him. Serjeant Keeling opened the case, and Sir Geoffrey Palmer followed, the latter suggesting that a man came under the law who harboured treason in his heart. The witnesses now gave in their evidence. Tipler had stood in a window in the yard next adjoining the meeting, and had heard the prisoner at the bar say that the king was a bloody tyrant, a blood-sucker, and a bloodthirsty man; and that, further, the said prisoner did wonderfully adore Oliver Cromwell, saying that every finger of his was a champion, and that when they had power again they would do it more thoroughly. Another witness then deposed to being at the time in Tipler's house, to hearing loud speaking, to coming out and hearing dangerous words, but what the dangerous words were he could not remember. Finally, Bernard Osburn, a sailor, swore to all Tipler had said. To rebut these charges, James produced four witnesses who came into court and stated that Bernard Osburn had confessed to them that he had sworn against John James, he knew not what; and a woman, a near relation of Osburn, came forward and affirmed that he had told her that he had been affrighted into what he swore, in fact that it had been brought to him in writing. But Osburn declared that he had never said such things.

James then began his defence, in which he categorically denied every statement made by the witnesses for the prosecution, affirming that he had not said one of the things attributed to him; then he warned the jury not to shed innocent blood, and was proceeding to speak of the Kingship of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the eternal character of His reign. At this, the Lord Chief Justice cried: "Hold, sirrah; sirrah, you think you are in the conventicle in Whitechapel, preaching." Then Serjeant Glynne proceeded to try and lessen the effect of the objections to the evidence; after which, Serjeant Maynard spoke. "The prisoner," he said, "had referred much to his innocency and integrity, but he believed that there never was any offender or the vilest miscreant in the world that would ever have received the reward of his doings if his own excuses and protestations could have saved him." Then upstood Sir Heneage Finch, who declaimed against the treason and rebellion of the prisoner at the bar—"horrid treason and rebellion for spurning against the meekest king on the earth." "He tried," Finch said, "to affright your consciences with his innocency, but the punishment of this malefactor will affright like malefactors in future, and further, that while some were allowed liberty of conscience for a time, till they were better informed, this man, and those of his kind, are none of these men." And further, he told them they were not to be affrighted by what the prisoner had said on account of innocent blood, for they would find that if his blood be rightly and swiftly pursued, it would be the means of preventing the shedding of the blood of thousands. Finally, Judge Foster tried further to incense the jury against the prisoner by telling them that he was one of the same spirit as those who heretofore had put all the nation in a flame, and that no treason was comparable to that treason that was covered with a pretence of religion.

John James now desired to address one word to the jury, but was told that he could speak no more; whereupon he cried out that then they had as good have hanged him at Bulstake Alley without bringing him there to cover over the matter with the pretence of law; for which explosion of righteous indignation he was solemnly rebuked. A verdict of "guilty" was soon returned, and the prisoner was ordered to come up for judgment on the Friday following.

In the interval, his wife was persuaded to petition the king, and she presented a memorial to Charles II. as he came out of the park, stating at the same who she was. "Oh!" said the king, "Mr. James, he is a sweet fellow!" and the door was shut in her face. Next morning she followed the king downstairs from the gallery into the park imploring an answer, but all she got was, "He is a rogue and shall be hanged."

On November 22, James was brought up again before the judges, and asked why sentence of death should not be passed on him. Not much, he replied, only two or three Scriptures: "Know ye for certain that if ye put me to death, ye shall

[1] "I command, moreover," said Diabolus, "that there be spies continually walking up and down the town of Mansoul." —*Holy War.*

[2] Sir Robert Foster. "After the Restoration it was considered necessary to sweep away the whole of the judges from Westminster Hall, although they were learned and respectable men. Immense difficulty was found in replacing them. . . . At last a chief-justice was announced, and his obscurity testified the perplexity into which the Government had been thrown in making a decent choice. He was one of the few survivors of the old school of lawyers which had flourished before the troubles began."—*Lord Campbell*: "Lives of the Chief Justices," vol. i. p. 491.

certainly bring innocent blood upon yourselves and upon this city, and upon the inhabitants thereof, and 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.' I have no more to say for myself, but I will say one word for the Lord Jesus Christ. The Son of God is King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and of all the kingdoms of this world." He was then silenced, and sentence of death pronounced with all the horrid tortures inflicted in those times on traitors. James exclaimed, "Blessed be God! whom man hath condemned God hath justified."

Taken back to prison, he was, notwithstanding his extreme poverty, subjected to all kinds of extortions, from the governor of the King's Bench prison to the executioner, who came to demand money that he might be favourable to him at his death. Twenty pounds would satisfy him, but James pleading poverty, he fell to ten, and, in conclusion, told him that unless he could pay him five pounds he would torture him exceedingly.[1]

There had been a time in his imprisonment when John James had been greatly troubled, and had said, "Why should I live any longer? Lord, take away my life." But this, he said, the Lord rebuked, and he had much calmness of spirit, and very suddenly by grace arrived to rejoicing in God. At times in imagination he put the halter round his neck and the sled before his eyes, but found they were not at all terrible (as yet). The friends who visited him found him exceedingly cheerful, and much filled with the sense of the goodness of the Lord, declaring tha he could truly say, "Whatever the Lord had spoken of in His blessed word in relation to any trials he had hitherto met with, He had been in them all every way as good as His word." When he had thoughts of living, he said to another friend, he had nothing but trouble and distraction; "for, alas," said he, "what will my life signify? It will signify but little; but my blood will cry aloud; it will speak louder than my life." Some could not forbear weeping when they visited him in the dungeon at Newgate, after his sentence; but he smiling said, "I beseech you, let me not see any of this, for all is well, and therefore forbear, I beseech you, such carriage, which will too much encourage the enemies of the Lord." To others he said, "I am going to a place where the 'wicked cease from troubling, and where the prisoners be at rest.' God has been eminently with me; and though it be hard to look the king of terrors in the face, my dear Lord hath helped me over two of my steps, and now I have but one more before I shall be free from all that care and fear of dishonouring God or grieving His people in the work to which I am called." And to another he said, "I bless God I do no more fear this death than to lie down upon this bed. Oh, how good is God! There is a ground for encouragement in the Lord's dealings with such a poor worm as I, for all the saints to trust Him in every condition."

Upon the seventh day, in the morning, he was allowed to be alone with his wife, and when the friends waiting to see him inquired how he was, he replied, "Never better in all my life; my wife and I have had the best morning that ever we had. We have been giving up one another in the Lord, and I bless the Lord that He hath made us willing to part one from another."

While in prison he preached more than one sermon, especially on his favourite topic, "Jesus Christ, King of all the nations of the earth." Pass what judgment men might on such phrases, they were not used in this instance as political weapons. Finally, several persons of quality came to visit him, men and women, courtiers and others, to persuade him to petition the king and to lay forth his innocency; especially one of eminence in the city laboured much with him to that end, but he replied that he had discharged his duty and conscience already in clearing himself and that to the king he had done no wrong; therefore would submit himself to the Lord and rest satisfied in His good pleasure. He seemed indeed to feel a sort of glory in his death, dwelling on all the details of his trial—the cause for which he suffered, the kingdom of Christ and the righteousness thereof; the false witnesses, who laid to his charge things he knew not; the importance given to his trial by its taking place in so high a court and before several judges, by the Government employing four of the king's counsellors besides the attorney-general and the solicitor-general to plead against him, and empannelling a jury of knights and gentlemen, all of the same spirit; thirsting after his blood; the being robbed of his garments; and finally the mode of death with its details, even the fact of his body not being put into the grave, but on poles, so bringing it to resemble that of the witnesses in Rev. xi.

The night before he suffered he sat at supper with some friends, and said unto them, "I sup with you to-night, but you would be glad to sup with me to-morrow night." About three in the morning he had a sharp conflict with the king of terrors for about an hour and a half's time, but spoke no word, only had an inward wrestling that put him into a sweat. A friend who watched with him read the eleventh of Hebrews, and therein the Lord discovered, to the refreshing of his soul, how that the way he was to travel that day had been travelled through by the Lord's worthies of old, and by faith they endured and accepted not of deliverance on man's terms because they looked for a better resurrection; and afterwards that friend sought the Lord. Then John James declared that the Comforter was come to him again, and had refreshed his soul, and then he made himself ready, and in a joyful frame took his Bible and read James i. 12: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." Then he discoursed from this Scripture

[1] This hangman went by the sobriquet of "Squire Dun." In a curious little tract of the time, entitled "Groanes from Newgate, or an Elegy upon Edward Dun, Esq., the Citie's Common Hangman, who dyed Naturally in his bed the 11th of September, 1663. Written by a person of Quality, 1663," the epitaph concludes by calling him "the miracle of crueltie," and then proceeds to give details too horrible for reproduction, but which ought to be recalled sometimes if we would realise the world in which our suffering forefathers lived.

for half an hour, and when he had ended his discourse he kneeled down and prayed and praised the Lord. After that he discoursed with much joy and sweetness, and said that the Lord had granted him the desire of his heart; for he had desired and sought the Lord that he might be far from being afraid of any amazement, that he might endure the shame with joy when it came.

Just before his going forth, the friends arrived who had particularly desired to accompany him to the place of execution. "Here come my bridemen," he said, embracing them with joy. Then the keeper of the prison delivered him to the sheriff, who brought him into the press-yard, where, hearing the noise of the multitude without, he said there would by and by be as many Hallelujahs. They then bound him about the back with a new cord, and so he was led into the street, and being placed on the sled, and attended by the sheriff's men and a company of foot-soldiers, he was dragged to Tyburn; and the way out of the town being very foul, he was drawn through much dirt and water, besides much splashing of the horses that went beside him.

It was one of the last days in November 1661 when this poor saint was dragged through the mire to endure his horrible sentence. But he was full of joy and cheerfulness, and not at all dismayed or terrified, when at last he stood beneath the gallows. Leave being given him to speak, he discoursed at large on the charges made against him, in the course of which he described himself as coming from a mean family, but of God-fearing people; mentioned that his aged mother was still living; referred to his principles as a Baptist, as a Seventh-Day Baptist, and as a believer in the visible kingdom of Jesus Christ here on earth. "I do desire to declare it humbly and in the fear of the Lord, that Jesus Christ the Son of God is King of all the nations of the world." Then having declared that he had not the least rising of the spirit against either judge, jury, or witnesses, having asked God to pardon them, he spoke earnestly to the people of God not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, or to neglect the ordinances of the Lord, but to stick to them whatever should happen, not to content themselves with what they already knew, but to endeavour in the fear of the Lord to be seeking after more, and to have a care not to defile themselves with any superstition by treading into paths that might not suit the mind of God, however much they might be accepted in the land. Finally, he spoke to those that had not yet an interest in Jesus Christ, that could not call God Father. First he addressed himself to the young, then to the ancient, saying, "There is yet a day of grace. Jesus Christ is held forth in the Gospel freely, He holds forth His blood freely; for the worst of sinners are not too old, nor too wicked, nor too great, they are not too unclean for Jesus Christ to pity." Then he addressed himself to the Lord in prayer. And this prayer, now lying imbedded among legal reports, is one of the most touching man ever offered.

"Sweet Father! blessed be Thy holy and dear name, that such a poor worm as is before Thee can call Thee Father, that such a poor worm as is before Thee can come and take hold of Thee through Thy dear Son." Then praying very earnestly for the poor witnesses in his late trial, he came to plead for "the poor executioner who is to destroy Thy servant and take him out of this world: that God would be pleased, if it may stand with Thy glory, and if he be within the line of the covenant of grace, that Thou wouldest wash his soul in the blood of Jesus Christ." Then he prayed for all the people in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and all the people up and down the countries, praying specially for the people of God everywhere, and for their unity.

"And, sweet Lord, remember our dear King, our righteous Redeemer, and that Thou wouldest be pleased to give Him the heathen for His inheritance, and the utmost part of the earth for His possession." Then praying finally for courage in the presence of the instruments of death, he ceased, being very tired, and his body brought very low. The hangman said, "The Lord receive your soul." He replied, "I thank you." Then another said, "This is a happy day." He said, "I bless the Lord it is so." The other said, "The Lord make your passage easy." He said, "I trust He will do." Then the hangman, having prepared him for his death, drew away the cart, John James saying aloud, lifting up his hands, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and so he finished his course.

The sheriff and executioner appear to have been so far affected as to suffer him, contrary to the sentence, to be dead before cutting him down; then the hangman took out his heart, burnt the interior of the body, and returned his head and quarters back to Newgate to be disposed of by the king, his quarters being put up on the gates of the city, and his head first on the bridge, but afterwards it was taken down, and put on a pole in Whitechapel, over against the passage to the meeting-place where he was apprehended.

Though wrong in justice place be set,
  Committing great iniquitie;
Though hypocrites be counted great,
  And still maintain idolatrie;
Though some set more by things of nought
Than by the Lord that all have brought;
    Blame not my lute.

Blame not my lute, I you desire,
  But blame the cause that we thus play;
For burning heat blame not the fire,
  But him that bloweth the coale away;
Blame ye the cause, blame ye not us,
That we men's faults have touched thus;
    Blame not my lute.[1]

RICHARD HEATH.

[1] John Hall's ditty "On the Wicked State and Enormities of Most People in the Present Miserable Daies."

THE ENTRY OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE INTO LONDON.

(Reduced facsimile of a portion of a print bearing date 1689, *by Romein de Hooge.)*

SOME NOTABLE PULPITS.

A PILGRIM FATHER'S PULPIT.

WHAT a sail we had in a small yacht from Hunstanton to Boston! The wind was fair right over the Wash. The little vessel sent the water flying on one side and over us. It was most enjoyable. We overtook a number of fishing-boats with deeply-tanned sails going up the river on the flood, and we went with them up the narrow estuary and low-banked treeless river.

As we strolled up the streets of Boston we were struck with the quaintness of the buildings and general picturesqueness of the place. The house in Archer Lane and the Guildhall drew forth much admiration—the one for its beautiful timber-crossed antiquity, the other for its graceful Gothic window with a niche for a statue in middle of the tracery. The whole place is to me as interesting as Antwerp, and the "Stump," as the tower of its famous church is called, is a rival not to be despised by the continental cathedral. What mariner does not know the "Stump"? What a landmark it is! Marvellous tower! Massive, lofty, graceful! The church is almost the largest parish edifice in England. It might be a cathedral.

We wonder how it is that in fen districts such fine churches are found. We are willing to accept as explanation that which is put forward sometimes as a reason, namely, that in past ages the feudal lords imparted to their vassals full hereditary rights to their lands on condition of payments to be laid out in pious uses, and that the erection of such churches as St. Botolph's was connected with grants of land as it was gained, from time to time, from the water.

This church of St. Botolph appears to have been built in the reign of Edward III., at a period when there was a great movement in the way of church-building. It is a remarkable structure. We shall not easily forget the first view of the "Stump" from the bridge, with the reflection of the lofty tower, so perfect and lengthy, making one enormous Jacob's ladder. Then the view within of the church, from under the curtains of the Cotton Chapel, was superb. There are pews on the ground-floor for nearly 2000, and then space in the aisles for 2000 more. Americans have taken a great interest in the place, and filled one chapel, called the "Cotton Chapel," with stained windows. There are brasses also of wonderful workmanship, notably one with the twelve apostles around the effigy of a pea-merchant. But the pulpit is the most attractive object to me. There the celebrated Dr. Cotton had preached. It is attached to the first pillar at the east end of the church, is hexagonal in shape, and of the Elizabethan period. It stands on one pillar, and the sides are elaborate pilasters with arches and florid panels. It is of oak, and the dark ornamental parts are picked out with gold. It must be confessed that the pulpit is in a measure out of harmony with the Gothic of the building; but though the eye of the æsthete might turn away from it, the eye of the antiquarian and religionist would rest upon it with pleasure as the place where that most earnest, God-fearing Dr. Cotton had preached.

The custodian described to me in glowing words the emotions of Dr. Phillip Brookes and his brother, Dr. Cotton Brookes, of America, when they stood in that pulpit. Both said it was a high honour to stand there; and when one went to preach at Westminster Abbey, the other remained to preach from the spot where his namesake and ancestor had so fervently and frequently proclaimed the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We ought perhaps to mention a little more particularly the history of this exemplary minister. Dr. Cotton Mather says of him, "He was descended from honourable progenitors, and his immediate ancestors were, by some injustice, deprived of great revenues. His father, Mr. Rowland Cotton, had the education of a lawyer bestowed upon him that he might be the better capable thereby to recover the estate of which he had been wronged." The son did not take to the law, but went from the grammar school at Derby to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was,

it appears, only thirteen years old when he entered that college. He gained great reputation as a scholar and preacher. A funeral sermon he preached made such a stir that the next time he preached the church was filled with dons. The Vice-Chancellor was there also. High expectations were raised. A polished, high-class sermon was looked for, but, instead, he preached such a practical and pungent discourse on repentance that many were disappointed and disgusted. Instead of ears being tickled, consciences were pricked.

Soon after this Dr. Cotton was appointed to the vicarage of Boston. The presentation was in the hands of the corporation. The men wishing to have him were met by an equal number objecting to him. The casting vote of the Mayor was to decide the election; but the Mayor made a mistake, and, when intending to vote against him, voted for Dr. Cotton. He requested a second ballot, but again repeated his mistake. Demanding a third ballot, it was refused, and so in 1612 Dr. Cotton became vicar of St. Botolph's.

It seems that he could not "digest the ceremonies which were so pressed, nor conform to them." His Nonconformity gave him trouble in the court in Lincoln. Still for twenty years he laboured in Boston. He had many secret enemies, but he maintained his position. "His heart and door were ever open to receive all that feared God, especially godly ministers, and ministers driven into England by the persecution then raging in Germany."

He wrought a great reformation in Boston. Profaneness was extinguished, and superstition abandoned. He was, through the interference of a dissolute man, summoned before the High Court of Commissioners in London, and Dr. Cotton applied to the Earl of Dorset for his intercession with the Government. The intercession was rendered unavailing through Archbishop Laud's opposition, and Lord Dorset informed Dr. Cotton "that if he had been guilty of drunkenness, uncleanness, or any such lesser faults, he could have obtained his pardon; but as he was guilty of Puritanism and Nonconformity, the crime was unpardonable, and therefore he advised him to flee for his safety." In 1633 he resigned the vicarage, flew to London, and lay concealed there for some time. He then changed his dress and travelled under an assumed name, and eluded the officers of the High Commission, who had long sought for him. He managed to get on board a vessel in the Downs. His wife was with him, and a child was born to him on the Atlantic, and named Seaborn. The vessel that carried him was only 300 tons burden, and she had 300 passengers. We can only imagine what sufferings must have been endured during that seven weeks' voyage.

Dr. Cotton settled down at a place called by the Indians Shawmut, but afterwards changed to Boston. Instead of preaching beneath the broad roof of stately St. Botolph's and sending his voice reverberating among its Gothic arches, he had to preach in a small low-thatched meeting-house. But here he was enabled to leave such an impress on the civil and religious arrangements of the day that he has exercised a far mightier influence than if he had remained in England. When Cromwell was in power, some of the principal men of both Houses of Parliament "wished to send a ship to convey Mr. Cotton and other leading colonists to England to aid in public affairs." Something hindered this design, and Cotton remained to carry on his work in New England. He caught cold when crossing a ferry, and died when nearly seventy years of age, and was carried on the shoulders of fellow-ministers to his resting-place. Said one, "Both Bostons have reason to honour his memory, and New England most of all, which oweth its name and being to him more than to any other person in the world."

Among his descendants in the female line in New England are the Byles and Brookes, Cuslings and Everetts, names household words over the Atlantic.

FREDERICK HASTINGS.

THE MISSIONARY SHIPS.

BY ROBERT CUST, LL.D.

PART II.

ON the River Niger, in 1857, appeared, for the double purpose of commerce and evangelization, the ship *Day Spring*, under Bishop Crowther, which ascended the stream as far as Rabba. In 1878 the steamer *Henry Venn I.* was placed by the Church Missionary Society on the Niger. It was worn out in the course of eight years. A second steamer of a different construction, *Henry Venn II.*, was sent out in 1885, solely for the navigation of the Niger River, and not to navigate the sea from the mouth of the Niger to the Island of Lagos. The mission is thus independent of the service of the African Company's commercial steamers. The steamer is furnished with steam launches to navigate the creeks.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society has supplied their missionary with a boat fitted with awning and curtains for the navigation of the River Ogan from the ocean to Abeokuta. It is named the *Alafia*, the Yoruba term for *Peace*.

The Basle Missionary Society on the Gold Coast in 1866 purchased the schooner *Palme* to carry its missionaries to the African field. It was got rid of, as the commercial steamers

supplied regular and better means of communication. A small river steamer has been supplied for the navigation of the River Volta.

The North German Missionary Society, on the Slave Coast, since 1857 made use of a ship, the *Dahómey*, which is now engaged in commerce, though formerly belonging to the mission. The commercial steamers have removed the necessity of this or other ships.

The "United Brethren in Christ," a missionary society from Ohio, in the United States, have a small steamer, the *John Brown*, to serve the stations of their Mende Mission, in West Africa.

In the American Province of Alaska the Moravians have a sailing boat, the *Bethel Star*, to navigate the rivers of that desolate region.

Following the American coast southward, we find ourselves in the interesting mission settlement of the Shimshi Indians at Metlakatla, belonging to the Church Missionary Society. The head of the mission, Bishop Ridley, of New Caledonia, has a small two-masted steamer, the *Evangeline*, built in England. Still farther south, but belonging to the same mission, is the steam-launch *Eiréné*, for the navigation of the Frazer River.

In the Diocese of Algoma, in Canada, which skirts the northern shore of Lake Superior, the Bishop has started a steam-ship, the *Evangeline*, which enables him to visit his numerous stations lying at great distance, and establish new ones.

In the famous Labrador mission-field of the Moravian Mission, the mission-ships have a longer and more romantic pedigree, extending over one hundred and eighteen years. In 1770 the *Jersey Packet* led the way, but was superseded by a large vessel, the *Amity*. In 1777 followed the *Good Intent*, which was captured by a French vessel, and released by an English cruiser. In 1787 the *Amity*, which had done good service, was replaced by the *Harmony I.*, a much larger vessel, which lasted till 1802. Like its predecessor, the *Resolution* had narrow escapes from capture by French cruisers, and worked on till 1808. Its successor, the *Hector*, after only two months, was replaced by the *Jemima*. This vessel ran many risks from the icebergs and the perils of the North Sea, but went backwards and forwards from Labrador to England till 1817. *Harmony II.* was specially built for the work in 1818, and kept on till 1831, in which year *Harmony III.* was launched, and had a wonderful career, till 1851, when she was replaced by *Harmony IV.*, which was launched in 1861, and is still afloat. This vessel traverses the Atlantic, but for keeping up the communication in the mission-fields we hear of mission-boats, named *Meta*, *Union*, *Amity*, and the schooner *Cordelia:* this last was run down in the course of a voyage to Europe in 1881 by a steamer in the Thames, and was replaced by the *Gleaner*, which is still afloat, and carries freight. In the inhospitable clime of Labrador the missionaries and their flocks depend upon the arrival of the mission-ship for their provision and very subsistence. This places the service of these boats upon a distinct category from those of other societies.

The following lines from a Moravian source indicate the spirit with which the successive voyages of the *Harmony* are watched:—

Thither, while to and fro she steers,
  Lord, guide our annual bark
By night and day, through hopes and fears,
  While lonely as the Ark,
Along her single track she braves
Gulphs, whirlpools, icefields, winds, and waves,
  To waft glad tidings to the shore
  Of longing Labrador.

How welcome to the watcher's eye,
  From morn till evening fixed,
The first faint speck, that shows her nigh,
  Where surge and sky are mixed!
Till looming large, and larger yet,
With bounding prow, and sails full set,
  She speeds to anchor on the shore
  Of joyful Labrador.

In Newfoundland the Bishop since 1865 has had a church-ship called the *Hawk*, but this is used for pastoral rather than missionary purposes. The Bishop of Nassau for the same purpose in 1885 had a ship, the *Messenger of Peace:* there is another ship, the *Red Cross*, and a third ship was sent out in 1880, the *Baynes*, by the Baptist Missionary Society, but its occupation is pastoral.

On the Moskito Coast the Moravians have had for many years ships for their mission-work. In 1858, *Messenger of Peace I.* was launched, and lasted ten years, and was then replaced by *Messenger of Peace II.*, which was lost in a storm in 1873. In 1875 the *Herald* was afloat. It is interesting to note that a large portion of the cost of these ships was collected from the children in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States.

In their mission stations in Dutch Guiana the Moravians are compelled to use boats, among which the *Dove* is worthy of special mention.

Passing downwards to the region of the Lone Star Mission in Tierra del Fuego, we find in 1854 *Allan Gardiner I.*, which has made important geographical discoveries in the course of the prosecution of strictly missionary work. It has had the mournful honour of being plundered by the natives, but escaped burning. In 1884 *Allan Gardiner II.* replaced the old vessel, and was a steamer, but has since been converted into a sailing vessel, which sufficiently answers the requirements of the mission-field, and is much less expensive.

The Roman Catholic Missionaries are generally found among the steerage-passengers in the ordinary passenger steamer, after the manner of St. Paul in his famous voyage from Syria to Italy; he had no cabin accommodation like the Protestant missionary and his wife in modern times. Even the negro missionaries claim first-class accommodation, though travelling for their own pleasure. The Roman Catholic Missions appear to have a ship, the *Christopherus*, for the navigation of the River Amazon; on the Lake of Abbitibi, in Upper Canada, they have a new boat. In Oceania the mission to the Paumotu Island has a boat with the name of the *Vatican*. The Mission of Bagamoyo near Zanzibár has a boat, and on the Nile above Khartúm the Austrian missionaries once had a *Morning Sar*, but their

mission has ceased to exist, and the *Star* has disappeared. The missionaries are still prisoners.

A great many considerations arise from the review of this secular side of mission-work.

Let us consider the objections:

1. The dangerous encouragement given to men of enterprise to become geographical explorers, and get a repute as such to the neglect of their proper spiritual work.

2. The temptation offered to secular men, like Henry Stanley, to seize mission-steamers for the transport of troops, weapons of war, gunpowder, &c.

3. The temptation on the part of the missionaries to use the steamers for the purpose of commerce.

4. The temptation on the part of the missionaries to make their ship the refuge of runaway slaves, or to oppose the slave-dealer in a way that may lead to bloody reprisals.

5. The danger which the ship, laden with valuable stores, runs of being boarded, captured, or sunk by armed bodies of natives; and the inexpediency of placing a missionary under the necessity of taking away life to protect his own and that of his companions.

6. The great expense of purchasing or building, of conveying it by sea or land to the mission-field, of repairing, replacing, and maintaining it. This last remark applies specially to steamers.

7. The danger of transgressing the customs or police regulations of a civilised country, and being suspected of being smugglers, or refugee of criminals, as in China.[1]

The mission-ship may appear in several forms.

1. The sea-going steamer, or auxiliary steamer, as in the South Seas.

2. The river-going steamer, as on the Niger.

3. The sailing sea-going vessel, as in the South American Mission.

4. The steam-launch, as on the Niger.

5. The European boat adaptable to steam engines, as in preparation for the Victoria Nyanza.

6. The European boat with sails and oars, as the Wesleyan boat at Lagos.

7. The native boat, as at Port Said, for the Bible Society's agent.

It is clear that a missionary society should think three times before buying a steamer, and weigh the advantages and disadvantages, the profit and loss; it is not a simple problem, nor of universal application. In the South Seas the steam mission-ships have been an universal blessing: their course from island to island has been marked by a track of light on the waters. Without a mission-ship of some kind mission-work in the Northern Sea would be impossible. Independent of the risk from the dangers of the sea and fire, experience has shown that a steam-ship has a very short career. The *Henry Venn I.* steamer on the Niger lasted only eight years, owing to climate and local causes. But there is another contingency: after an expensive steam-ship has been placed on the water to connect certain places, commercial steamers may occupy the line and the mission-ship is no longer required. It is not expedient for a mission-ship to make profit by a carrying trade, even of legitimate merchandise, exclusive of liquor and materials of war. This opens out a great many serious questions. Our safest course is to keep our missionaries to the work of evangelizing, education, and healing, and try to relieve spiritual men, as much as possible, of secular work and cares. Perhaps, on Lake Nyassa, the happiest solution has been found, where a commercial company has undertaken the duty of navigation on terms of strict amity, but entire independence of the missionaries.

[1] We give place to these objections simply as raising practical points that may demand consideration in particular cases.—Ed. S. H.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"J. R. L.," Tunbridge, writes: "I beg to call your attention to the fact that notwithstanding the solemn injunction laid upon Gentile Christians, by the Council of Jerusalem, as recorded in Acts xv., that among the other things named they should abstain from 'things strangled,' yet modern Christians make no scruple about eating strangled poultry and strangled rabbits. Can you tell me when the injunction, said to be in accordance with the will of the Holy Ghost, was abrogated; or whether it is not equally binding upon Christians in our day? Some may plead that circumstances have altered; but if this plea can be maintained, upon the same ground other infractions of the sacred word will be resorted to with impunity, so far as the Church is concerned."

It must be remembered that this was the decree of the Church in Jerusalem to meet a special case—that of Gentile converts newly received into the Church of Christ, and still having much to do with heathens on the one side and Jews on the other. Special temptations and difficulties arose from their position, which it required much wisdom to meet. First, the associations of *heathenism*, with its evil habits and impure rites, demanded a special warning against the deadly sin of fornication, as well as against the complicity with idol worship which would be involved in eating what had been offered on the altars of false gods. This eating, as St. Paul abundantly proved to the Romans and the Corinthians, was not *essentially* sinful; it was a case in which Christian liberty might be claimed and allowed; and yet it was wisest to have nothing to do with what was connected with the abomination. Secondly, with regard to *Jews*, to whom the blood was something to be poured out in sacrifice before God, and thus consecrated to Him alone, the employment of blood in any way as food would be an intolerable scandal. The prohibition, as old as the days of Noah (Gen. ix. 4), had been plainly repeated in their Law, with as plain a statement of the reason: "The life of the flesh is in the blood, and I have given it to you upon the altar to make atonement for your souls; for it is the blood that maketh atonement by reason of the life: therefore I said unto the children of Israel, No soul of you shall eat blood, neither

shall any stranger that sojourneth among you eat blood" (Lev. xvii. 11, 12, R. V.). The reason for the prohibition no longer existing, the prohibition itself would naturally fall to the ground. But for a time, until larger views of Christian truth and liberty should prevail, it was needful, for the sake of union in the Church, to maintain the restriction. The Jewish believer could not so completely overcome the habits of a lifetime and the Divinely warranted usage of centuries as not to be horrified and alienated by the practice in question. "For Moses," it is added, "of old time hath in every city them that preach him, being read in the synagogues every Sabbath day." In every Gentile city there would thus be a voice from the synagogue to condemn the profanation. The *essentials* of the Jewish ritual were abrogated once for all when the veil of the Temple was rent, but the *circumstantials* long remained, vanishing gradually as the largeness of the Gospel was more completely understood.

As a matter of history, we may add that, until the fourth or fifth century, the prohibition was generally recognised in the churches as binding. Thus Tertullian (about A.D. 200) explicitly states (*Apology*, § 9), that Christians abstain from blood, from things strangled, and from animals that die a natural death, being tempted by their enemies in mockery "with sausages of blood," which the tempters knew to be held unlawful. But Augustine (A.D. 400) refers in his great treatise against the Manichæan heresy (*Reply to Faustus*, bk. xxxvii. § 13) to the prohibition as having been laid upon the Gentiles as "an easy observance that could not be burdensome, and which the Gentiles might have in common with the Israelites, for the sake of the Cornerstone who makes both one in Himself;" adding that, "since the close of the period during which the two walls of the circumcision and the uncircumcision, although united in the Cornerstone, still retained their distinctive peculiarities, no Christian feels bound to abstain from thrushes or small birds because their blood has not been poured out, or from hares because they are killed by a stroke on the neck without shedding their blood. Any who still are afraid to touch these things are laughed at by the rest; so general is the conviction of the truth that 'not what entereth into the mouth defileth a man, but what cometh out of it'; that evil lies in the commission of sin, and not in the nature of any food in ordinary use."

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT.

A correspondent, W. R., quotes Hebrews ix. 3, 4: "After the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the Holy of holies, having a golden censer (*or*, as R.V. margin, altar of incense), and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein *was* (R.V. margin, *is*) a golden pot holding the manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant; and above it cherubim of glory overshadowing the mercy seat (or propitiatory, R.V. margin)." Our correspondent then asks how this statement is to be reconciled with 1 Kings viii. 9 and 2 Chron. v. 10?—"There was nothing in the ark save the two tables of stone which Moses put there at Horeb;" and adds the following remarks:—

"PROFESSOR EADIE suggests that the contents of the ark were different at different periods (but where is the authority for that?), or that the phrase 'wherein' in Heb. ix. 4 refers not to the ark but to the antecedent 'the tabernacle.'

"In the directions given by God to Moses (Exod. xxv. 10–21), we notice what the use of the ark was to be. The mercy-seat of pure gold, without any alloy, was to cover up in the ark the tables of the law written with the finger of God (Exod. xxxi. 18; Deut. ix. 10, 11). These first tables were broken (see Exod. xxxii. 15, 16, 19). They were graciously renewed (see Exod. xxxiv. 1; Deut. x. 1–5). From the last-mentioned passage it would appear that Moses made and took a small box with him to carry the tables of stone safely up and down the mount, temporarily to hold them until the ark proper was completed.

"When all the articles used to compose the tabernacle were completed, Moses was commanded to set it up (Exod. xl. 21): 'And he took and put the Testimony into the ark, and put the mercy seat above upon the ark.' Now, in the subsequent history, there appears no evidence that the mercy-seat was ever lifted up again, either to see what was in the ark or to add anything whatever to it, until the Temple was destroyed, and its contents were taken by the Babylonians.

"As to the pot of manna, see Exod. xvi. 32, 33, and 34: 'So Aaron laid it up before the Testimony to be kept.'

"With regard to Aaron's rod that budded, see Numb. xvii. 10: 'The Lord said unto Moses, Bring Aaron's rod again before the Testimony to be kept.'

"In both cases the instructions were to put these things 'before the Testimony to be kept,' not inside the ark.

"Another thing, not alluded to in Hebrews, may perhaps throw some light on this matter. In Deut. xxxi. 24–26 it is commanded: 'Take this book of the law, and put it in the side of the ark.' Is this not the 'book,' or roll, which was found by Hilkiah the high priest in the reign of Josiah (2 Kings xxii. 8)?

"There was probably a shelf, or ledge, attached to the ark, on which the roll, the manna, and Aaron's rod might be placed for the purpose of transport; otherwise the Levites, who carried the ark by the staves through the rings of gold attached to its four corners, would have had to leave these accessories behind them.

"Very particular directions are given for the protection of the ark from public gaze (comp. Exod. xix. 21), or the touch of any but the priests (Numb. iv. 4–6, 15). 'When the priests have made an end of covering, then the Levites shall come to bear it, but they shall not touch, lest they die.' In verse 18 is a warning given to the priests how they should guard the bearers from danger, by seeing that each one attended to his own particular service. And lastly, verse 20, 'They shall not go in to see, lest they die.'

"This explanation, it is submitted, will throw light on the narrative of the men of Bethshemesh (1 Sam. vi. 19), which has already been discussed in these *Notes and Queries*.[1]

"When the ark was taken by the Israelites to the war against the Philistines, it would not be uncovered. (The representations therefore given in pictures are erroneous.) Consequently, when the Bethshemites who were near to the cart which carried the ark saw their opportunity to gratify a carnal curiosity, they lifted up a portion of the covering, when instantly 'fire consumed them' (Psalm lxxviii. 63).

"The ark into which they pried included the things that were commanded to be kept with it; so the writer in Hebrews, when summarising its contents, writes as if all were in the ark, whereas he only meant that they were inseparable from it when folded up for travelling."

On the whole, then, it appears, according to our correspondent, that the objects covered up with the ark, and stated in the history to be kept "before the Testimony" or placed "in the side of the ark," were never really *inside* the sacred chest, either in the tabernacle (as generally assumed by expositors of Hebrews) or in the Temple; and that the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews uses the phrase translated "wherein" in a general sense, to include what was *on* or *by* the ark, or wrapped up with it. We think that our correspondent has made out a strong case, especially as there is no record whatever in the history of anything being put into the ark but the "Testimony," *i.e.* the tables of the law.

[1] See SUNDAY AT HOME, 1887, p. 138.

WILLIE WILLS' WINGS.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

CHAPTER I.

HE was a fair-haired—crisp, curly-headed—little fellow, with blue eyes which could look overflowing with mirth, but which were more often—as now—very plaintive in their mute sadness. Willie Wills was in trouble. He was the youngest of a family of five, but had never known the petting which so often falls to baby's share. All Willie's good games and merry romps were associated with somebody else's home. His heart-aches and tears belonged to his own.

To-day had only been a repetition of many and many a scene, which for the time made Willie very sad, very miserable. His father and mother had both, alas! been drinking, and this drinking had—as was often the case—led to quarrelling; and when Willie, frightened and troubled, had ventured to plead, "Please, mother, don't," tugging at his mother's skirts the while, his father had turned upon him, boxing his ears and driving him down the stairs of the lodging-house where they were staying. This brought little Willie to just where we find him, leaning up against a lamp-post in a street to which he had run to distance himself from home, looking so sad, but shedding no tears.

It was Sunday. A few hours ago Willie had watched the people going to church, wishing again and again that he had been one of the little boys who walked beside his mother carrying her books for her. The town was new to Willie; his parents had only come there a few evenings ago, and this was his first Sunday. Willie could remember the days when Sunday meant, to them all at home, clean clothes and the Sunday-school. He had belonged to the infant class, and the only verses he could repeat to-day were those he learnt with the other children: a very favourite hymn, which was not only said but sung every Sunday afternoon. Willie had strangely mixed and muddled the tune, but at times it was very soothing to him to hum through dismally—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
In the darkness be Thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.

All the day Thy Hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me:
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell."

Willie was humming this to himself to-day and looking strangely pathetic—so, at least, thought Rose Simmonds as she watched him at a distance.

Rose Simmonds had felt led to offer herself that day as a teacher at the All Saints' Sunday school. Something had come to her heart by way of beautiful inspiration, and as Grannie—with whom she lived—felt it to be "a leading of the Lord," as indeed all good longings are, no matter to whose heart they come, Rose had no doubts in her mind as to the wisdom of the step she was taking. Grannie's parting words, "God's biddings are His enablings," gave her courage to enter the All Saints' school-room and ask to speak to the superintendent.

When the superintendent had listened to Rose's desire to take a class, he answered deliberately:

"We shall be very thankful of your help, Miss Simmonds, if you will bring your own scholars. Some chairs and yonder corner are at your service; the boys you will find by looking for them outside; any ragged little fellows will be welcome."

That was how it happened that Miss Simmonds came to notice poor little Willie

CHAPTER II.

WILLIE had reached the second verse of the hymn, and was pausing over the line

"And we thank Thee for Thy care,"

wondering if a little ragged boy, whose ears still tingled with the blow they had received, could feel quite the same about God's care as the little well-dressed boys whom he had watched on their way to church that morning with their fathers and mothers. Willie was wishing he could change places with those little boys just for one day, to find out "how it felt" to wear nice clothes, and be called "dear," when Miss Simmonds stood before him, and, placing her hand on his shoulder, said, with a very kind smile—

"Little boy, would you like to come to my Sunday-school class?"

The voice was so tender, and the smile so sweet, that Willie's eyes filled with tears. Rose Simmonds noticed this, and, as Willie did not answer, she slipped her hand in his, and gently drew him in the direction from which she had come, saying brightly—

"We will have such a happy afternoon. You were looking so sad when I came up just now. Were you wishing you could go to a Sunday school?"

"No, miss," said Willie, turning his blue eyes fully upon the questioner. "I don't expect to go to Sunday schools while father travels. We mostly only spend one Sunday in a place, and you see we're only strangers."

"What does your father do?" asked Rose, keeping Willie's hand fast in hers, and walking slowly.

"He has a van, and sells things. Baskets, and brushes, and mats," said Willie, growing communicative.

"Have you many brothers and sisters?" asked Rose, now really interested.

"There's Sal; but she's gone to service," said Willie. "The clergyman's wife where we used to live before father got a van has taken her. Then there's Becky; but she's had to go to hospital, because she was took bad on the road when we were ten miles out of the last town we stayed in. Jim works at Farmer Smith's, near our old home, and Bert has gone for a sailor."

"Then how many does that leave at home—I mean with your father and mother?" asked Rose.

"Only me," said Willie; "and I help mother with the brushes. We've not done this town yet. Perhaps, miss, you might give us a turn if we should chance to come your way?"

"Certainly," said Rose, smiling at Willie's business faculty; and she added, "When we have had our Sunday-school lesson to-day, I will tell you where I live, so that you may find me without difficulty."

Willie's face brightened up. Perhaps it was because he thought when the morrow came it would sound a little grand to be able to tell "mother" he knew where to find a customer; for the poor little fellow knew all too well that nothing was so likely to make him in favour with his parents as putting "an honest penny," as they called it, in their way.

Just at this moment, Miss Simmonds told Willie to wait where he was, while she crossed the road to speak to two boys who were playing marbles. Neither had a hat on, and both looked even more ragged than Willie did. After a few moments of earnest talking, Miss Simmonds got the two boys to come with her, and within a very short time she and her three scholars entered the All Saints' Sunday school.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. VII.

Very many incidents in our Lord's history are alluded to in the prophecies of the Old Testament. These passages may be divided into two classes: (1) those in which reference is made to Him directly; (2) those in which another person is spoken of in the first instance and there is a remoter allusion to the Messiah. This set of questions is upon the first class:—

1. It was prophesied that He should have a forerunner. Where is the prophecy, and where is it alluded to in the New Testament?

2. Jacob prophesied long before that He should come from the tribe of Judah. Give the prophecy and two texts from the New Testament connecting our Saviour with the tribe of Judah?

3. It was foretold that He should be born at Bethlehem. Give the prophecy and say where it is quoted in the New Testament.

4. The 22nd Psalm contains the following allusions to Jesus' death. Mention the parallel passages in the New Testament?

(*a*) Jesus' words upon the Cross.
(*b*) The mocking of the bystanders at His crucifixion.
(*c*) The division of His garments among the soldiers.

5. The prophet Isaiah has the following, for which parallel passages may be found in the New Testament.

(*a*) The miracles of our Lord.
(*b*) His refusal to answer Pilate.
(*c*) His crucifixion between two thieves, and His burial by Joseph.

6. The prophet Zechariah speaks

(*a*) Of His riding into Jerusalem.
(*b*) Of His being sold for thirty pieces of silver.
(*c*) Of the piercing of His side.
(*d*) Of the scattering of His disciples.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

NO. VII.—p. 560.—REBEKAH.

(1) Gen. xxiv. 15; (2) 17; (3) 22; (4) 3, 4; (5) 61, 67; (6) xxv. 28; (7) xxvii. 15–17; (8) xxvii. 46; xxviii. 1.

NO. VIII.—p. 576.

1. A-hithophel	1 Chr. xxvii. 33. 2 Sam. xvi. 23; xvii. 23.
2. B-athsheba	2 Sam. xi. 3, 27. 1 Kings i. 30; x. 23.
3. S-himei	2 Sam. xvi. 6, 7; xix. 19, 20. 1 Kings ii. 36–40.
4. A-bner	1 Sam. xiv. 50. 2 Sam. ii. 8, 9; iii. 8–10, 27.
5. L-ot	Gen. xiii. 10; 2 Pet. ii. 7. Gen. xix. 15, 25.
6. O-bededom	2 Sam. vi. 11.
7. M-ephibosheth	2 Sam. iv. 4; ix. 13.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. IX.—p. 576.

A wise son maketh a glad father.—*Prov.* xv. 20; also x. 1.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

JANET MACFARLANE'S PRAYER.

CHAPTER III.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear!

"I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward."—*Gen.* xv. 1.

"COME IN, AND WELCOME."

ONE afternoon in August, John came in early.

"There is going to be a storm, gude-wife, and there is a party o' strangers on the hills. They'll be here for shelter vera soon. Get the fire built up, for they'll be wet enough before they reach it."

John's surmise was true. In half-an-hour a couple of ladies and gentlemen, accompanied by a guide, stopped at the little house. There was a good fire and a cup of tea waiting for them, and for a short time the quiet, spotless kitchen was as busy as an inn. One of the ladies was Helen Forbes, but her cousin Gordon was not with her. She was soon attracted by a picture standing open upon the high mantel-shelf. She drew near the fire, and, holding her wet feet toward it,

she looked, without seeming to look, at the pictured face. She had not a doubt as to its identity, but what was it doing there? Then she remembered that she was on the Mac Farlane's land, and that very likely this motherly old woman had been a nurse, or foster-parent. "To-morrow I will come again, and come alone;" and, with this thought in her heart, she contrived to drop her riding glove, where it would not be readily seen.

The next afternoon Janet, sitting spinning in her house-place, saw Helen Forbes standing at the door. She remembered her face readily, and said at once—

"Come in, and welcome, I found your glove this morning. Will you hae a cup o' tea, or a cup o' cream and a bit o' oat cake?"

"I would like well the cream and cake."

It was easy enough to get the proud mother to talk of the one so dear to both. She took down the picture, and explained how much inferior it was to the original. "As if I did not know that," whispered Helen to herself. Then the mother told the history of his whole life; only too happy to have such a patient listener. Helen could never forget that hour. She thought through all the future she would remember just how the sun glinted through the open door, and how the bees hummed among the stocks and thyme in the small garden, and how the old woman's happy voice blended itself with the "tick, tick" of the long clock in the corner.

"You have a good son;" she said in a soft voice.

"I hae the best son i' a' the wide world, miss."

"What made you call him Malachi? It is a very unusual Scotch name."

"I'll tell you, miss. It was the day before he was born, and I had done up the house-place, and sat down to rest a wee, and read a few words in the Holy Book before his father cam' frae the hills. It was the prophecy o' Malachi I opened, and my e'en fell upon his description o' a gude minister—here it is, miss, read it." Helen read: "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with Me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity. For the priest's lips should keep knowledge, and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of hosts."

Helen laid down the Bible, saying, "A beautiful description, indeed."

"Even sae; and as I read it my soul rose up to my God, and I asked of Him with a' my heart, if it was His pleasure, to gie me a lad bairn and to mak' him ane o' His messengers. Sae then, when the child was born, I called him Malachi, in remembrance, and in hope; and I keep it the Lord in memory o' my prayer year after year. But it was'na to be; and sae I have bowed my head, and said, 'Thy will be done!'"

"Oh, but God would surely hear such prayer as that! When you first made the petition I have no doubt that it was granted."

"He is a doctor;" said Janet, a little sadly.

"Nevertheless, your prayer will be granted."

"All things are possible to God, miss; I ken that."

Helen perceived that there was something unexplained, but she thought she understood Malachi's motive, and she kept her thoughts in her own heart, where also a great personal conflict was going on. She had all the class prejudices of her rank, and she valued good birth more than gold. As far as the world could appraise Malachi MacFarlane, he was only a peasant's son. "But," she told herself with a tender glow upon her face, "he was consecrated from his birth to the service of God! He is sure to become a burning and shining light in the kirk; and Scotland has the grace to put, even socially, the servants of the King of kings on a rank with any earthly nobles. When hands have been laid upon him, and he can assume the gown and bands of his office, he will be greater than the judge on the bench, or the earl in his robes. I am not ashamed of my peasant-born lover; and, if he is not ashamed of the cottage where God caused him to be reared in all noble simplicity, then he shall understand that I think him most worthy of love and honour."

She did not meet him again until Christmas. Malachi had returned to his classes at the proper time, but Helen did not go to Edinburgh until near the holidays. She saw at a glance that travel had much improved him. He was standing at the side of Dr. Guthrie, and the great man's hand was affectionately laid upon his shoulder. They were in parlours crowded with notables from the kirks and the college, but her eyes rested upon no two nobler figures. For nearly an hour Malachi did not know that Helen was present. Suddenly he met her face to face. She was sitting quietly under a large tropical plant, its broad green leaves making an exquisite background for her white-draped form.

It was impossible for Malachi to hide his delight in seeing her again, and Helen permitted herself to show that she shared his pleasure. They parted with the understanding that he was to call the following day and show her some prints he had collected during his summer travels. And it was after a pleasant hour over them that he asked Helen "if she had spent the summer at her home in Nairn?"

"I was in Jura for a month," she replied. "The MacFarlane was a friend of my mother's. Is he any relative of yours?"

"All the MacFarlanes are kin, near or far off."

A cloud gathered on his face, and a sense of constraint fell between them. Helen's heart beat painfully. Would he deny, or even evade the truth? Alas, if her idol should be clay after all! It took but a moment for these painful doubts to wound her, and in that same moment Malachi had faced the question before him. It was to be her test, as well as his. If she shrank from it, it was better to know the truth at once. He looked at her steadily, and yet with all his soul in his eyes, as he continued—

"Some of them are rich and well-born, some are poor and peasant-born. My father—God for ever bless him—is more than well-born, he is

born from above, and a son of the most High, though but a shepherd on the MacFarlane's hills. My mother—there is no sweeter mother—is just a pious, wise, housewife, whose sole aim is to please her Maker and make her husband and son happy. But I do assure you, Miss Forbes, that I bless God for them morning and night! I owe the opportunities I have had to their industry, economy and love. All honours I may come to will be the reward of honouring my father and my mother. I would be a base craven to be ashamed of them! I have no cause to be ashamed of them! If you only knew them, you would understand that!"

The face she lifted to him was bright with admiration, her eyes tearful and tender.

"I do know them!" she said, softly. "I honour you with all my heart for what you have said."

She gave him her hand, and then he found the words to say all that was in his heart. An hour afterward, going home, he felt as if Paradise had been regained. Life seemed so beautiful, so wonderful. Everything was possible. There was a prayer in his heart that was a song.

"Perfectly happy!" he whispered to himself. "Perfectly happy! What must it be in heaven to be always perfectly happy?"

On Princes Street he met Gordon.

"What is the matter, Malachi? You look as if you had come into a kingdom."

"I have come into something far awa' better. Helen Forbes has promised to be my wife. Could you ever have expected a thing like that to happen?"

"Oh, yes, I expected it a year ago. I congratulate you with all my heart. Helen will be one of the wives that are from the Lord. But, my dear, dear Malachi, we will never forget these years in which we two alone have been everything to each other."

"Never, never, Gordon! No circumstances continue long, but we have made the best of those we have shared; and I'll no doubt but what they'll dovetail into any others that lie before us."

The next half-year was a very busy and happy one for Malachi. In it he passed his examination with the highest honours; and almost simultaneously with his ordination he received a call from a church, with the active work of which he had been long connected. The invitation, in its promptitude and unanimity, gave him great pleasure. It was a small kirk in a fashionable locality; but then, as Helen said, there were a great many sinners to save, even among that decorous class which Charles Kingsley called, "sitters in pews," and for work among the indigent and ignorant he had many other outlets.

After he had preached one Sunday in his new charge, he resolved to let his father and mother share in his joy. There could be no fear of a disappointment to them now; and he wrote and entreated them to give themselves a holiday, and come to Edinburgh for a few weeks. He urged them upon two grounds—work which he could not leave to come to them; and his probable early marriage. John felt that they could well afford this trip. His son's education had cost him much less than he had anticipated; so, with almost childlike delight, they prepared for it.

It was indeed a great event for Janet, who had never been twenty miles from her home; and even John felt a nervousness which, as an old soldier, he would not acknowledge. But all went well; and Malachi met them with a beaming face, and took them to his own home. Janet was much amazed at the handsome dwelling, but it was Saturday night when they arrived, and the strictness with which the Western Islanders observe the Sabbath admits of no worldly curiosity or conversation so near to it. In the morning John asked what minister they were to hear.

"Maybe you would like to hear your namesake, the Rev. Mr. MacFarlane, I think you would enjoy the service there."

"Ay, I would like fine to hear ane o' the name preach. He'll be Menzies MacFarlane's son, dootless;" said John with a sigh. "I heard tell that he was in the holy office."

At the church door Malachi said to one of the deacons, "This is my father and my mother, deacon; will you put them in the minister's pew?"

But this request raised no suspicion in the old people's minds. The minister's pew was generally the place of honour for a stranger, and John and Janet silently congratulated themselves upon being so near to the pulpit. They sat with bowed heads communing with God until Malachi's voice, uplifted in the opening prayer, broke the silence. He knew them too well to fear any visible or audible sign of their emotion. He was certain that, of all places on earth, they would have desired that this joy should come to them in the house and the presence of God.

Janet indeed laid her trembling hand upon her husband's, but, even in that supreme moment, John would not suffer his human love and pride to enter with him into the presence of his Maker.

By the time the prayer was over, both were grave and self-possessed. Indeed, John felt that it behoved him to listen without favour; and he was determined that none of the deacons should see that he was at all "set up" with having a son in the pulpit. But, oh, what a fountain of holy joy was in his heart! and it required all the stern conscientiousness of his nature to prevent his thoughts that day from rambling from the sermon to the preacher.

As for Janet, she had less strength. She sat with closed eyes, saying with Hannah of old, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him. Therefore, also, I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. My heart rejoiceth in the Lord."

A grip of his father's hand, the look in his mother's eyes, said far more to the happy preacher than any words could have said. They, of course,

came the next day, but the Sabbath's silent thanksgiving had a joy beyond them.

"You gave us twa grand sermons, Malachi," said John at the breakfast-table. "It was a Sabbath o' pleasant things to me, my son. I ne'er had such a day afore—God has been vera gude to me."

"I was just the happiest woman i' a' Scotland, Malachi; my dear bairn, you hae paid me the hire o' my love a thousand fold."

They remained in Edinburgh until after Malachi's marriage, and it was a wonderful visit to them. But at the last they pined a little for their home, and before the winter closed in they were back on the Jura Hills. But there was no longer any necessity for them to toil, and, indeed, John was no longer inclined to do so. He was seventy-seven years old, and the wounds and exposures of his hard life began to remind him that his day's work was done. He dug a little in his garden, and read his Bible, and talked with Janet about Malachi, and thought a great deal about the land to which he was going.

One day in the following spring the MacFarlane called to see him.

"John," he said, "they tell me that you are sair failed, but you look happy enough."

"I hae happy memories, and happy prospects, MacFarlane; and my work is done. I am just resting a wee afore I gae the way that I'll ne'er return."

"John, I heard your son preach last Sabbath day; his words went to the very bottom o' my soul. I'll be a better man, my life long, for that sermon, I hope. John, I hae the lands, and I hae the title, but your son Malachi is, 'The MacFarlane,' he is that, John!"

Of all human praise, this touched John most. His dim eyes filled with happy tears; he lifted his bonnet and bowed his head gratefully. It was difficult for him to say clearly—

"Thank you MacFarlane, and praise be to His name!"

One lovely night in the midsummer, John went home almost without warning. Sitting quite still and silent in his great chair at the open door of his cottage, he was looking over the ocean, which lay smooth as glass under a full moon, and letting his thoughts wander solemnly through eternity.

Suddenly his face shone with an adoring wonder, and his staff fell from his hand. He needed it no longer; treading the star-strewn spaces with the sons of God and stumbling not.

Then Janet listened to Helen and Malachi. The little house was locked up, and she dwelt for the rest of her days with them. She heard her son preach every Sabbath, she carried his sons and daughters in her arms. She had nursed her boy for the Lord, and the Lord paid her grand wages. She saw him beloved and honoured, she saw him rise to the highest offices in the kirk. She shared in all the love and happiness of his beautiful home—she never grew old. When she was eighty years of age, her heart was so young, that Malachi's children made her their companion and confidant. Her last act was one of beautiful and appropriate significance.

It was her eighty-second birthday, and on it Malachi's new church—a large and splendid edifice—was to be opened. She had been weak and inclined to sleep for many days, and it was not thought well for her to be present. When Malachi returned from the opening service, she was still farther away from life. He told her about it, and she seemed to listen.

"Do you hear me, mother, my dear mother?"

"A lang way off, my dear lad!"

"Mother, there is to be a beautiful tablet over the entrance to my new kirk—you are to choose the verse for it. What shall it be?"

"The fourth chapter o' Isaiah and the sixth verse," she answered, without a moment's hesitation; though her voice was faint and far-away, as if it came from the very border-lands of being.

They were her last words. After them she went the way of all the earth, but Heaven had opened to her, and from the calm of the other side she yet speaketh, through the love of her faith and her dedication; for the verse which she chose for Malachi's church has been ever since its sentiment and its motive:

"A tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain."—*Isa.* iv. 6.

"The Brook in the Way."

(MELMERBY.)

"He shall drink of the brook in the way, therefore shall he lift up his head."—*Psalm* cx. 7.

THIS shining brook, I drink it with mine eyes,
As down the secret dell it winds its way,
While thro' o'erhanging boughs full many a ray
Trembles uncertainly from steadfast skies.
This singing brook, whose softened murmurs rise
Through the green umbrage, where cool breezes play,
I drink it with mine ears, as on I stray
Marking its cadence and its symphonies;
And, from the mystic influences shed
Through eye and ear upon the trusting heart,
Soothed I return, and cheerful lift my head:
A fellow-worker, Nature fair, thou art
With Grace, and by twin angels we are led
To yon safe heights where mortal fears depart.

RICHARD WILTON.

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

VI.—WRITINGS OF THE APOSTLE: THE APOCALYPSE.

THE great transition in the life of St. John, from the Jewish to the Gentile world, was evidently directed by the Spirit of God with a view to those works in which the apostle was to speak to all the ages with a voice that grows only clearer and more thrilling with the lapse of time. The Gospel, the three Epistles, and the Apocalypse, more than any record of outward incidents, are the memorial of his life in Ephesus.

With regard to these writings, many questions have been raised, especially in modern times. One question, in particular, lying as it does on the surface, cannot be ignored. Is it possible, the critic and even the general reader asks, that books so diverse in form and spirit can have been the work of the same hand? What is there in common between the "Revelation" with its glowing symbols and startling imagery, and the divine philosophy of the Gospels and the Letters? Is it not with a sense of violent contrast that we pass from the sublime abstractions of Light and Love, Truth and Peace, to the vials and the trumpets, the white horses and the warrior angels? Then, as a minor but significant matter, the style in the two sets of writings is very different. In the Apocalypse the language is that of a Hebrew employing Greek as a foreigner. The constructions are rugged and irregular: the writer thinks in Hebrew although he writes in Greek. In the Gospels and Epistles his mastery over the language is much more decided; the roughnesses have disappeared: he writes as one to whom the tongue had grown familiar.

Some readers, no doubt, would account for the contrast by simply saying that the Spirit of God Himself so controlled the vehicle of speech as to lead the same writer to adopt various styles according to the message he had to communicate. But this explanation will hardly satisfy those who consider that the inspired writers as a rule employ their own characteristic modes of speech, the human element in their compositions being employed and possessed by the divine. The author of the Gospel and the author of the Apocalypse in each case writes in his own style; and, believing as we do that both works proceeded from the same pen, we must seek some satisfactory reason, on literary grounds, for the difference between the two.

There have been critics from ancient times who have boldly cut the knot by denying the common authorship. Some have rejected the Johannine origin of the Apocalypse, some have denied that of the Gospel and Epistles. The former alternative is that adopted by the earlier rationalistic critics; the latter is now more generally chosen. In fact, it may be said that, after long controversy, the authorship of the book of Revelation has been settled beyond the reach of fair objection. There is scarcely a book of the New Testament on behalf of which such decisive testimony can be adduced;[1] while, as we hope to show, although at present more frequently attacked, the Gospel stands upon as certain a foundation.

A question of greater difficulty concerns the dates of these respective writings. From considerations of style alone, the natural inference would be that the Apocalypse was the earlier of the two. This is in fact the conclusion at which the great majority of modern critics, orthodox as well as rationalistic, have arrived. The exile in Patmos, and the visions of the Revelation, it is held, belong to that part of the apostle's career in which he had but recently quitted Judæa, with the associations of his early life still surrounding him; the Gospel and Epistles to his closing days, when by long intercourse with the Greek-speaking people of Ephesus he had become familiar with their language. "It is not difficult," writes Canon Westcott, "to see that in any case intercourse with a Greek-speaking people would in a short time naturally reduce the style of the author of the Apocalypse to that of the author of the Gospel. It, is, however very difficult to suppose that the language of the writer of the Gospel could pass at a later time in a Greek-speaking country into the language of the Apocalypse."[2]

We cannot now go into the collateral arguments for the earlier date of the book, drawn from the contents, especially from those passages which seem to imply that Jerusalem was not yet destroyed, and that Nero or Galba was at that time Emperor of Rome. These points belong to the difficult subject of apocalyptic interpretation, which we have no space to pursue into details. The general purport, as we shall see, is clear; although we may hesitate to admit with Professor Harnack that "the Apocalypse is the most intelligible book in the New Testament."[3]

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[1] See the list of authorities in Canon Westcott's "Synopsis of Historical Evidence," *Canon of the New Testament*, p. 593.

[2] *Speaker's Commentary* on St. John, p. lxxxvi. Substantially the same conclusion is maintained by Bishop Lightfoot, and by Professor Salmon, not to mention other names. Professor Lee, the commentator on the Apocalypse in the *Speaker's Commentary*, as strongly maintains the later date.

[3] *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th ed., vol. xx., art. "Revelation."

The most serious difficulty in the way of accepting the early date is in the testimony of early Christian writers, and especially of Irenæus, the pupil of St. John's disciple Polycarp. His statement is made incidentally, in a discussion of the name of Antichrist ("the number of the Beast"[1]). "If it were necessary," writes Irenæus, "that his name should be distinctly revealed in this present time, it would have been announced by him who beheld the apocalyptic vision. For that was seen no very long time since, but almost in our day, towards the end of Domitian's reign."[2] Attempts to explain away this testimony must be pronounced unsatisfactory. Thus, instead of *that*, i.e. the vision, *was seen*, some propose to render *he*, i.e. John, *was seen;* while others take "Domitian" as an epithet of Nero. But these explanations do violence to the language of Irenæus, which will fairly bear only the rendering above given. Whatever this father's testimony may be worth, it is clearly for the later date.

Other writers of the early centuries do not help us much. Thus, Clement of Alexandria, in the narrative given last month, simply says that John, "after the tyrant was dead," returned from the isle of Patmos to Ephesus. Eusebius understands this without question of Domitian: but the epithet might well stand for Nero; and, in fact, the travels of the apostle of which Clement goes on to speak, "to appoint bishops, to organise churches, and to ordain to the ministry," could hardly have been undertaken by so aged a man as St. John must have been after Domitian's death, A.D. 96. Jerome also assigns the exile in Patmos to the reign of Domitian. Only a note in the Syriac Apocalypse of the sixth century states that "John was banished to Patmos by Nero Cæsar."

Thus, then, stands the external evidence. Taking this as an authority, we should be compelled to place the Apocalypse in the latest years of the apostle's life, and must explain its diversity of style from that of the Apocalypse in the best way possible. It must be confessed that the explanations hitherto proposed have not been very successful; and perhaps the latest word on the subject has not yet been spoken.

An argument in support of the later date has been drawn from the Epistles to the Seven Churches. Too short a time, it is urged, would otherwise have elapsed for the church in Ephesus to have left its first love, and for the heresies associated with the names of Nicolaus, Balaam, and "that woman Jezebel," to have crept in. The argument has some force; and yet, remembering the Epistles to the Galatians and to the Colossians, we need not be surprised at a very rapid development of false doctrine. Bishop Lightfoot, in his *Commentary on Colossians*, points out that the errors denounced in the Seven Letters were existing in the germ in the days of St. Paul;[1] and the stern reproofs of the Apocalypse are the almost immediate sequel.

These letters seem, in fact, on the whole to tell in favour of the earlier date. Thus the boast of being "Jews," tested and repudiated by the church in Smyrna, would rather befit the time when Jerusalem and its temple were still standing than when all that glory was in the dust: and the commendation of the Ephesian community for having rejected the claim of false apostles seems rather to belong to the time when apostles still were living, and the name could be assumed by pretenders, than to the days when all the witnesses of Christ's resurrection, save John himself, had passed away.

These various points, and others that might be raised, serve to show the difficulty of the question. The main conflict is between external and internal evidence. Readers who confine their attention to the books themselves will, we suspect, be inclined to place the Gospel and Epistles after the Apocalypse, and to assign the latter to that period of storm and tribulation in which the final catastrophe was gathering over the Jewish state, while in the Roman world the name of Nero everywhere spread horror and dismay. Those who are chiefly guided by the voice of Christian antiquity will still adhere to the view that Domitian was "the tyrant" by whom St. John was banished to Patmos. The advocates of the latter view, we observe, are apt to speak of the former as "rationalistic." No doubt it is accepted, almost universally, by the rationalistic school of expositors; but there is an array of names on the other side sufficient to show that the early date of the book of Revelation may be maintained together with an undoubting acceptance of its inspired authority, and a full recognition of its true prophetic character.

If we cannot hope, in the present state of the discussion, to settle this question satisfactorily, we may at least discern in the Apocalypse the characteristic thoughts and tones of the disciple whom Jesus loved. The outward contrasts of which we have spoken only heighten the effect of those inner harmonies which he who seeks will surely find. So signal indeed are these, that some of the acutest critics who reject the identity of authorship have been constrained to admit that the Gospel must have been written by one *under the influence* of the seer of Patmos!

Generally, it may be said that the deepest and most spiritual truths of the Gospel are thrown in the Apocalypse into a concrete form. In the one we have the abstract reality, in the other the living picture. If the proëm to the Gospel tells us of the WORD made flesh, the Apocalypse shows us a warrior from heaven going forth to the world's conquest: "and His name is called the WORD of God." The words which introduced

[1] With regard to this vexed question, it may suffice to remind the reader that Irenæus proposes the interpretation *Lateinos*, or *Teitan*, but without any certainty. Those who maintain the later date cannot be said to have reached any accepted conclusion as to the meaning of the symbol. Those who maintain the earlier, with practical unanimity find in the number 666 a cryptogram (in Hebrew) for *Nero Cæsar*.

[2] *Against Heresies*, b. v. ch. xxxi. § 3. See also Eusebius, *Eccl. Hist.*, b. v. ch. 8.

[1] "The message communicated by St. John to Laodicea prolongs the note which was struck by St. Paul in the letter to Colossæ. An interval of a very few years has not materially altered the character of these churches. Obviously the same temper prevails, the same errors are rife, the same correction must be applied."—Lightfoot, *Colossians*, p. 41.

the two disciples of the Baptist to Jesus announced Him as the LAMB of God; and the deep thoughts which the phrase contains are translated into the glorious emblems of the vision—"the Lamb that was slain"—"the Lamb standing upon Mount Zion,"—"these are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." The great point to be here noticed is that these descriptions of our Lord are found in the Apocalypse and the Gospel, and nowhere else. So, twice over in the ministry of Christ, as recorded in the Fourth Gospel, the promise of the "living water" was given; and in this vision of the heavenly Jerusalem is beheld "a river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb." The invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink," has its perfect echo in the words, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." Again, "I am the good Shepherd," in the Gospel, becomes in the vision a living picture: "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life." Once more, the gift of the manna, as an emblem of spiritual blessing, is found alike in the Gospel and in the Revelation, and in these alone. These peculiarities reveal to us the same mind at work, apprehending the same great realities, now as abstract truths, now as concrete symbols. Some other kinds of accordance, less markedly on the surface, may be noted; as the phrase "keep my word," or "commandment," characteristic of these writings,[1] and the expressive verb to "tabernacle," also peculiar to the Gospel and the Revelation. "The Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us:" "He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them.[2]" A coincidence in thought of yet another kind is in the application to the Crucified of Zechariah's prophecy: "They shall look on Him whom they pierced"[3]—the same word being employed in both quotations, differing from the Greek version of the Old Testament, and agreeing with the Hebrew.[4]

The argument based upon these and similar instances is *cumulative;* the accordances being at once too numerous and too peculiar to be resolved into mere coincidence. But beyond all this there is, as Canon Westcott has well shown, a deep interior unity between the theme of the Apocalypse and that of the Gospel. "The main idea of both is the same. Both present a view of a supreme conflict between the powers of good and evil. In the Gospel this is drawn mainly in moral conceptions; in the Apocalypse mainly in images and visions. In the Gospel the opposing forces are regarded under abstract and absolute forms; as Light and Darkness, Love and Hatred; in the Apocalypse under concrete and definite forms, God, Christ, and the Church warring with the Devil, the False Prophet, and the Beast. But in both books alike CHRIST is the central figure. His victory is the end to which history and vision lead as their consummation. His Person and Work are the ground of triumph, and of triumph through apparent failure. It follows that in both books the appearance of Christ is shown to issue in a judgment, a separation, of elements partially confused before. The 'hatred' of evil gains a new intensity. The Apocalypse gives, so to speak, in an ideal history, the analysis of the cause of unbelief which is laid open in John viii."[1]

It is on these lines, we are persuaded, that the true exposition of this wonderful and mysterious book is to be found. It is "an ideal history." To attempt an interpretation of details is beyond our province; we only remark that the popular schemes "præterist, progressive, futurist"—all have an element of truth; but the moment we restrict the symbols to one historical line of things our failure begins. Sufficiently humiliating, in truth, has been the issue as yet of every attempt to forecast the times and seasons of the future from the apocalyptic emblems; while the hopeless discordance of interpreters even as to the past[2] proves that their methods can help to no sure conclusions. But still it stands written for us, as it stood written for the seer's own contemporaries: "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein; for the time is at hand."

The ceaseless contest on behalf of goodness and truth still centres round Christ, the Captain of our Salvation. The tumults and the convulsions, the mystery and sorrow of this world, prepare the way of His appearing. The four "living ones"—the great cherubic symbol—emblems of the forces by which God controls the universe—each in his turn cries, "Come!" It is a misfortune, we cannot but remark, that in the sixth chapter, which is so signally the key to what follows, we have the reading *Come and see* perpetuated in our version.[3] The appeal is not to the prophet, nor to any mere spectator of their wonders, but to Christ Himself. So at the end of the vision: "The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come'"—not surely an invitation to the children of men, but to their Lord! "Come forth out of Thy royal chambers, O Prince of all the kings of the earth. Put on the visible robes of Thy imperial majesty. Take up that unlimited sceptre which Thy Almighty Father hath bequeathed Thee. For now the voice of Thy Bride calls Thee, and all creatures sigh to be renewed!"[4]

Connected with this is the downfall of the godless world-empires and systems of evil. The catastrophe is pictured in language and imagery of the Old Testament. The fall of Babylon, in the

[1] John viii. 51, 52, 55; xiv. 23, 24; xv. 20; xvii. 6. Rev. iii. 8, 10; xii. 17; xiv. 12; xxii. 7, 9.

[2] John i. 14. Rev. vii. 15; see also xii. 12; xiii. 6; xxi. 3.

[3] Zech. xii. 10. John xix. 37; Rev. i. 7; ἐξεκέντησαν, a word occurring in the N. T. only in these two passages.

[4] It might be added, as a small point, that in several passages of the Gospel and the Apocalypse, and in these only, an adverb is used, meaning "in Hebrew speech": ἑβραϊστί.

[1] *Speaker's Commentary*, Introduction to St. John, p. lxxxiv.

[2] Archdeacon Farrar has given a curious list of these interpretations: *Early Days of Christianity*, ch. xxvii.

[3] Not of course in R. V. The instance is one among many of the incalculable gain which the new translation gives to the right understanding of the Apocalypse.

[4] Milton: *Animadversions on the Remonstrant's Defence*, § 4.

fifty-first chapter of Jeremiah, and more especially that of Tyre, in the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, supply the details. Pagan Rome is in the foreground of the vision; but every feature in the description has had manifold fulfilments, wherever secular or spiritual tyranny has oppressed the souls of men. Great Babylon falls, and the heavenly Jerusalem descends from heaven to earth. Babylon and Jerusalem are constant antitheses in Scripture; and, if the former designates the world-power, the latter as plainly stands for the spiritual city, or, in other words, for the ideal Christian church, reared as by invisible hands among men; or, in the language of the Seer, coming down from God out of heaven. The ideal yet awaits its accomplishment, in the day when the "great voice" shall be heard "out of the throne, saying, Behold the tabernacle of God is with men!" And yet there is an incipient fulfilment even now.

That there is a sense in which the holy city is upreared *on earth* is manifest from the description of the Tree of Life, whose fruits are not only for the refreshment of the saved, but for the "healing of the nations." Plainly, therefore, round about the New Jerusalem are nations that require to be healed, consequently of the sinful and the miserable. Again, "the nations shall walk in the light of it, and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it." There is the moral and spiritual influence of the church of Christ, gathering to itself the homage and tribute of the world. It may be noted again that some misunderstanding copyist has explained "the nations" in this verse by adding the words *of the saved*, thereby making the prophet say exactly the contrary of what he intended. Those "who are saved" constitute the City, and "the nations" at large are sharers of the benefits which radiate from the true Church of Christ.

We may not, then, wholly restrict the vision to the future blessedness. "*Ye are come* unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." This we believe, and yet with the seer we cry even from the midst of the spiritual city in which we have already found a home: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

Only Begun.

"The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach, until the day in which He was taken up."—*Acts* i. 1, 2.

O CHRIST, for three-and-thirty years
Thy blessèd feet our earth did tread,
Thine eyes did weep our human tears,
Thy frame did live by mortal bread,
Thy lips the word of life did speak,
Thy hands did heal the sick and weak.

But when, above the wooded height,
With gentle hands in blessing raised,
A cloud received Thee from the sight
Of friends in lingering awe that gazed,
Was all Thy work of mercy o'er,
And couldst Thou save and bless no more?

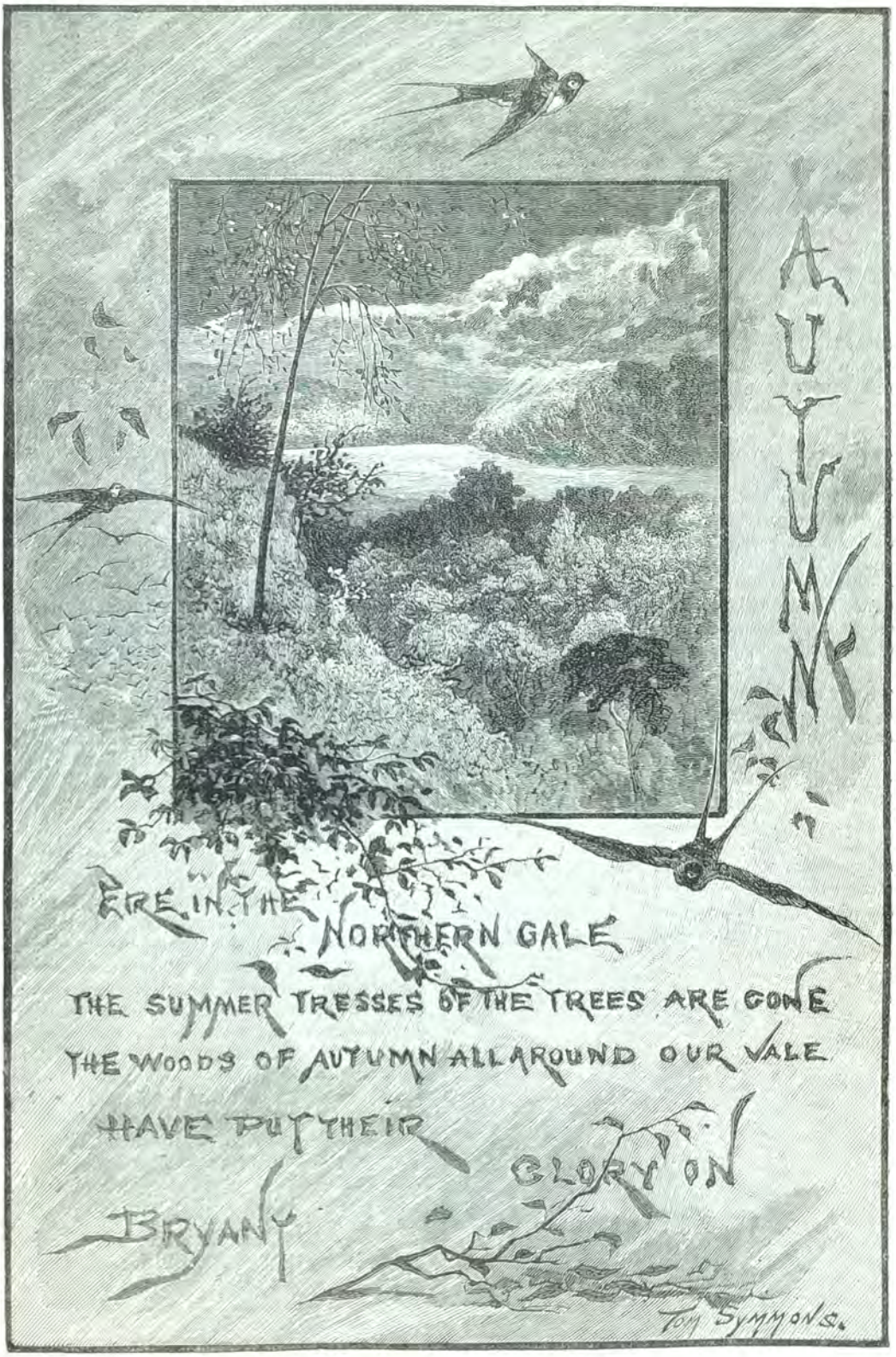
Ah, no! that brief and blessèd space
Did but behold Thy work begin;
Still from Thy high and thronèd place
Thou lookest on our world of sin—
Nay, dost not gaze from far away,
But minglest with us day by day.

While still by Thee our streets were trod,
One wasted frame Thy touch could cure;
One group on beach or grassy sod
Could hear Thee bless the meek and pure;
Now art Thou nigh in truth and deed
In every place to every need.

Thy presence make us alway feel;
Let every spirit prove Thee near
To teach and guide, to bless and heal—
A tender Heart, a willing Ear,
A mighty Hand, till all be done,
Still urging on Thy work begun.

Victorious Saviour, throned sublime,
All hearts and every thought control!
Lead Thou the ordered march of time,
And guide creation to the goal;
Wrought out at last the purpose schemed,
Reign o'er the world Thou hast redeemed.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.


AUTUMN
ERE IN THE NORTHERN GALE
THE SUMMER TRESSES OF THE TREES ARE GONE
THE WOODS OF AUTUMN ALL AROUND OUR VALE
HAVE PUT THEIR GLORY ON
BRYANT
TOM SYMMONS.

HOSPITAL NURSES

IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER IV.—MUNICH.

"It would be hard to find stronger evidence that the times we live in are better than the times past than that young ladies of good social position, influenced by the high motives of religion and charity, give themselves to the work of nursing the sick poor."—*Sir James Paget.*

MANY English people in their travels have become acquainted with Munich, its inhabitants, its galleries, its beautiful buildings, its charming gardens and surroundings, and yet the under-current of earnest work going on from day to day which gives life and character to the Bavarian capital may have escaped their notice.

Not the least important part of this unobtrusive methodical work is the education and training of nurses for the sick—the preparing and holding in readiness of every necessary article required by them in the performance of their duties, and the employment of poor, industrious women and girl-seamstresses at remunerative prices, not to speak of the nursing in the hospitals.

One remarkable and pleasing feature of this work is that it is not done by one class alone, but by the union of sovereign and subjects of every degree.

Even all question of creed is merged in the desire of obtaining skilled aid and comfort for the sick and wounded, whether in hospital, home, or battle-field.

This state of things has obtained only during the last few years, and probably nothing but the overpowering sense of external dangers could have brought it about, welding together opposing forces and breaking down all social barriers.

It is not easy for strangers to get an intimate knowledge of the practical work going on beneath the surface, and hence it is that when a crisis comes we are astonished at the preparedness and readiness of the Germans, which looks as though they had been waiting and watching for the event; and this is in fact so, and is the reason why in an emergency they do not lose their heads.

There are many centres of work here in Munich, all under the same regulations and striving for the same object, viz., the possession of a scientific and well-trained band of nurses, who, at a few hours' notice, may without hurry or bustle be ready to take up their duties under medical authority in any part of the kingdom.

To give effect to this aim, there is in Munich a depôt which supplies every possible requisite for the nurses and their patients.

One advantage of the class of nurses which have superseded the old here, as in our country, is the wonderful influence they exercise over their patients — they are at once teachers, servants, comforters.

In going over the various institutions in Munich, I have been reminded often of Florence Nightingale's words, "That a nurse must be of higher stamp than will suffice for most other kinds of work, and that, wherever she enters, order and cleanliness must step in with her."

Just as we observed the Albertinerins in Saxony devoting their lives to nursing, so here we see the Red Cross sisters and the deaconesses in active work.

The Order of the Red Cross was first started in Weimar, and it has never lacked the fostering care of the Empresses Augusta and Victoria, the Queen Mother of Bavaria, and the Grand Duchess of Baden. They one and all cherished it as a means of occupation to refined, loving-hearted women, whose talents for comforting and tending the sick had often lain waste for lack of knowing how and where to use them. They fostered and cherished it as a preventive to that lavish waste of human life which followed every battle and every outbreak of epidemic. It may be said with truth that the Red Cross Order has nobly carried out what was expected of it. The number of unions working under its banner is over 800, while its members amount to 75,000. In Bavaria alone there are over 20,000 members.

Formerly, deaconesses, as nurses, were only to be found in purely Protestant countries, but in 1830 Pastor Fliedner first employed them in nursing; and now many thousand deaconesses are actively engaged in public and private sick nursing. Here, in Munich, they pursue their important calling with much self-sacrifice and love, more however in the homes and prisons than in the hospitals. In time of war they would nurse the soldiers, but would be paid by the Red Cross Order for their services. Their dress is black with white inside the bonnet. The deaconesses come to Munich fully trained, their school of learning being at Neuzettelsauf.

In Munich, as in Dresden, every servant is bound to contribute two shillings and sixpence a year towards the support of the general hospital, the advantage being free admission in time of sickness.

This General, or City Hospital, is situated outside, but quite close to one of the city gates. It is a fine large building, and the average number of occupied beds is 700.

It is divided into two parts; one for men, the other for women.

When patients are brought in, they are asked their name, rank, address, religion; and whether they would like to see a pastor of their own particular creed.

The wards are differently arranged to ours—they are in groups of three, all connected with each other, with a tiny scullery between. Each contains twelve beds, six on each side, and over each bed a blackboard, with the patient's name written on it.

The windows are large, admitting plenty of fresh air and light into the wards, which are warm and dry.

Two sisters and two probationers have charge of each group of three wards.

The doctors come round twice a day, visiting every patient with the students, as with us.

There are fifty wards and twenty private rooms, which, are, of course, paid for extra, and six isolated rooms for very serious or infectious diseases.

The private rooms are divided into first and second class; for the first the patient pays six shillings a week, for the second three shillings and tenpence.

A description of one of the rooms will do for all. It is a bright, sunny room, containing a bed, sofa, easy-chair, table, chest of drawers, wash-stand, two ordinary chairs, and four bright pictures on the walls. It had a quiet, comfortable air about it, and from the window we could see the home where the sisters live, and which is joined to the hospital by a covered passage.

The second-class rooms have not quite so much furniture, otherwise they are the same as the first.

The theatre, as the operating-room is called, is small but light, with a movable table in the centre, on which the patient is placed, and its walls and ceiling are painted white.

The medical and surgical wards are alike, except that in the latter there is a long pole fixed over each bed, from the foot to the head, with a ring hanging from the centre, by which the patient can drag himself up.

The housework is very heavy in this hospital. The sisters and probationers scrub out and clean thoroughly all the wards and private rooms; but servants clean the corridors and stairs, of which there are a great many.

Passing from the wards, we went through stone passages and down polished staircases, where not a speck of dust was seen; and were shown with pride the lift, worked by steam, which is long enough and wide enough to admit of a patient being laid in bed, and thus carried up and downstairs.

The kitchen is large, light, and clean. The huge coppers were full of soup, coffee and milk puddings and looked appetising. 500 lbs. of meat daily is the average amount cooked. The bills are paid every month. The kitchen is managed by six sisters and four girls.

One thing pleased me greatly, which was to see a large room given up to a sister and two or three probationers for the purpose of mending the patients' own clothes. These, after being washed and mended, are done up in clean, tidy parcels, ready for the patients' use on leaving the hospital.

Before leaving, we saw the steward, who could tell us little or nothing about the detail of carrying on the hospital; and, to our great astonishment, we learned that no annual report was issued, and no balance-sheet required.

There were portraits hanging in his room of all the doctors who had worked in the hospital during the century; and a telephone; but no reports.

The night watching and nursing is taken by the sisters two and two, so many hours at a time.

Our next visit was to the Children's Hospital, which has been in existence sixty years, and is nursed by the same body of sisters as the City Hospital.

It is pleasantly situate, with a garden back and front, and not over-crowded. There are eight beds in a ward, and nine wards managed and nursed by eight sisters and eight maids, a man to look after the machinery, and an odd man for gardening and rough work.

The children, of whom there were fifty, were prettily dressed in white woollen jackets, with little red frills round throat and wrists, made and presented to the hospital by a lady.

In each of the wards were tiny tables, and benches suitable for children; and there was no lack of amusement for those who were well enough to be amused.

Patients are taken in here of every class and creed, and with every kind of disease, and therefore it seemed to me somewhat dangerous that there should be but one entrance for all comers.

The lady superintendent who showed us over the hospital was a kind, courteous woman, exactly the person to have the care of the little ones.

We were pleasantly impressed with all we saw. Everything was clean; there was plenty of light and fresh air, and no cutting draught. The cots for the babies were very dainty and pretty. The absence of flowers struck us—it is rarely that one catches sight of any in a German hospital. It seems a pity not to have them in a land where they are so abundant and so cheap.

Our attention was next given to the Red Cross Administrative Depôt, and as we went through we wished we could transplant it to our own land, so useful and admirable in all its detail did we consider it.

I asked how the ladies got means to produce such stores; and learned that they obtained for this depôt part of the indemnity paid by France after the war, amounting to 8,600*l.*, and that it is supported by voluntary contributions of two shillings up to twenty-five.

There is a division of labour, some ladies undertaking the cutting out, and preparing the work for the poor needle-women; others keep the books and accounts; others distribute the articles set aside for hospitals, while others arrange and keep the stores for the nurses in time of war.

This last store-room had six large presses in it reaching up to the ceiling. One was full of towels tied up in bundles of hundreds; another contained socks, bundles of mending materials, and coloured flannel jackets; another was full of soft old linen sent from the palace; another of shirts and handkerchiefs. Tied up in parcels by themselves were the operation shirts, which have no sleeves or fastenings, so that they can be slipped off in a minute. In another press were seven hundred sheets, beautifully made and very soft. The old lint bandages are no longer used, but of the red and white Pembridge bandages there was a large stock.

We saw also the bolsters stuffed with horse-hair, which are provided in large numbers, and which seem to be excessively comfortable.

Within fourteen days after the declaration of war all these things, together with nurses, could be on the scene of action. These articles would be taken out of the presses and packed in the waggons.

There are branches of this Administrative Depôt in most of the principal towns of Germany, and their help and work are given to all German soldiers indiscriminately, and not to those of Bavaria only.

Red Cross sisters are bound by their order to nurse on the battle-fields, but if deaconesses are sent under the Red Cross sisters they are paid.

All the sisters must have worked at least six months in the hospitals before they are qualified to tend the wounded.

A good rule is that every nurse must have four or five hours of undisturbed sleep.

In looking over the directions given to the nurses I see how they are exhorted not to let anything not absolutely clean touch a wound; the directions about the bandages and lint are also most minute.

When I compare this state of things, so scientific, so orderly, so refined—all set in motion for the preservation of life, with the neglect, the want of nurses and of every requisite for the alleviation of suffering on the battle-fields of 1866, which I saw with my own eyes, I can but join in the general thanksgiving to Him who put the desire into the hearts of good women to come forward, with their intellect, their hearts, their very lives, to minister unto His sick and poor.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

RESPECT TO THE AGED.

THE Hervey Islanders, even in their heathen state, were remarkable for the veneration they paid to the aged. If the fathers of the tribes speak, the younger men obey implicitly. I shall never forget a meeting of the king and chiefs held many years ago, on the island of Mangaia. The aged king and the equally aged chiefs had given their opinion on a matter of grave importance at the time. As the four younger chiefs remained silent, I begged an expression of opinion from them. The senior (about sixty years of age and a grandfather) looked up into my face and said—"Gilirua! why do you ask for our opinion? We are only children. Our fathers have spoken; that is sufficient!" There was never a smile on the faces of the three very aged men as with one voice they said to me, "Yes; that is true." Now, as a matter of fact, six of these chiefs were equal in rank; but, on account of seniority (being uncles) and age, were spokesmen for their respective clans. Upon the decease of these very aged men the turn of the younger ones would come.

So in families; the eldest, as a matter of birthright, rules his brothers. To the native mind how right and good appear those beautiful pictures of the special honour paid to age found in the book of Job and elsewhere in the ancient Jewish Scriptures. Even our modern "advanced civilisation" might learn a lesson from the brown Polynesian.

TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.—"One man (said Keta) plants by the wayside; another in a cleared spot in the forest known only to himself and family. The former plantation is the talk of all; the latter is unnoticed. Stray cattle and hogs are apt to make havoc in the roadside plantation, and passers-by (as by custom allowed) help themselves to the ripe bunches of bananas, &c. Now the owner of the forest plantation has no anxiety and is sure to reap the reward of his toil."

"This is just the difference between the religion of the Pharisee and that of the publican. The one is to attract the eye only; the other is hidden in the heart, but is well known to God. The Pharisee has his reward in the praise of men; the publican, life eternal."

THE GOSPEL NET.—It is customary to wall off portions of the lagoon, leaving only a narrow passage for the capture of the fish brought in by the tide. When the tide ebbs, strong nets are placed at this opening to catch the retreating fish. These valuable fish-preserves are the property of the high chiefs. In allusion to this, Maretu said,—

"The lagoon-enclosure represents the church, the property of the High Chief Jesus; the ocean fish, the unconverted. Let the servants of Christ be constantly on the watch to spread the Gospel net to catch them, lest they return to their evil ways."

W. WYATT GILL, B.A.

WILLIE WILLS' WINGS.

CHAPTER III.

HE superintendent's face brightened as he saw them come in. He took them all to a pleasant corner of the room and gave them hymn-books. Willie felt a little shy and awkward—for one thing, he was more conscious than ever that his clothes were ragged—but when the singing began he was quite at his ease. How strange that they should have chosen the "Shepherd Hymn":

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,"

and the tune, although a new one to Willie, was so pretty that he quickly caught it. Miss Simmonds watched his bright face, and could not help contrasting it with the pitiful one she had noticed when she found Willie leaning against the lamp-post, and she was more glad than ever that she had offered herself as a Sunday-school teacher that day. During the hour which followed, Miss Simmonds, while teaching the three boys, felt every moment to get more interested in Willie. Willie listened so earnestly, that that had a great deal to do with it, while the other two boys glanced about them, and only seemed to give half their attention to Miss Simmonds. Willie's cheeks grew quite rosy with animation as Rose told a story about a little cripple boy who was very sad, very lonely, until he came to love his Bible and could look upon the Lord Jesus Christ as his Friend.

"Please, miss, did he go to be an angel up in heaven?" asked Willie, breathless and eager to learn the end of Johnny's story.

"No," said Miss Simmonds, smiling; "no, Willie, but he stayed on earth to be an angel here! He still lives, and at home he tells every one by his own true and beautiful life what a Friend the Lord Jesus Christ can be to every one who seeks Him!"

Willie looked mystified, but asked no more questions then. It was quite a new idea to him "to stay on earth and be an angel here." He thought all good people, whether grown up or boys and girls, went off to heaven very quickly; and dimly in his own heart in very dark, very desolate days, he had longed for the time to come when "somehow" (he never quite made up his mind how it was to come to pass) he could die and go to heaven—the heaven which was never separated in his mind from the Sunday-school and the hymn-singing of some years ago.

Miss Simmonds kept Willie back when, at the close of school, the others went away promising to return next Sunday.

"I want to give you my name and address, as I promised," said Rose, and she asked Willie if he could read writing.

"Yes, miss," replied Willie, quickly, "I can read and write first class for my age. Sometimes—but that was a bit ago now—father sent me to a night school and I learnt a deal."

"How old are you?" inquired Miss Simmonds.

"Twelve, come autumn, miss," said Willie, who was well made and fairly round of limb, but small for his age.

"And have you enjoyed our lesson to-day?" asked Rose, loth to let Willie go before she had learnt a little more of his history.

"Yes, miss. I've learnt about Daniel before," said Willie, thoughtfully; "but, please, I would like to know about that cripple boy-angel that still lives on earth. Does he have real wings of his own?"

Miss Simmonds laughed.

"I think he has, Willie," she said, "only everybody cannot see them. I think he has wings which help him to fly higher in thought, and word, and life than people can who are not angels. I know he never tells a lie; and I expect he is tempted just as much as other boys, but I think his wings keep him up nearer to the Lord Jesus, and that makes him very brave for the truth. Then he never gets into bad tempers; just as they are coming, his wings, I think, help him to rise above the temptation. Would you not like to be a boy-angel too, Willie?"

Willie looked shy. He was thinking how often he was untruthful, how frequently he gave way to naughty tempers.

At length he looked up steadily into Miss Simmonds' face and said deliberately—

"Yes, miss, I wish I could be like him; but I guess it isn't possible with such a home as I've got!"

"Do not say that, Willie," replied Miss Simmonds, quickly. "Everything is possible with the Lord Jesus Christ. He can keep as well as save us! Do you know what it really means to be—what we sing about in the hymn—His little lamb? The Good Shepherd will not let His lambs who trust in Him be hurt. He will lift them right up in His arms and carry them in His bosom."

"I'd like to be His lamb," said Willie softly. "He would take care of me then, and I guess He knows I would like to be good and do right, if only I had some one to help me. I know I'm very wicked, but I don't like being wicked!"

The plaintive, sweet look on Willie's face as he said this, touched Rose Simmonds deeply. She yearned more than ever to be a help to Willie. She saw the superintendent standing a little distance off, evidently waiting to speak to her when she had finished her talk with Willie. Rose went to him, and asked him to come and say a word to her new scholar. This Mr. Sartus was only too pleased to do.

CHAPTER IV.

WILLIE was in his place in Rose Simmonds' class for three Sundays, much to his own delight and his teacher's, the reason being that his father was ill, and the van could not proceed without him. But for his Sundays, this would have been a very very hard time to Willie. Ever since that first Sunday, the boy had resolutely determined not to tell the untruths his parents tried to force him to utter in regard to the things he was selling from door to door. One day Willie had been offering some combs for sale at a country house on the outskirts of the town. One of the servants said she could take one of a better kind if Willie happened to have one in the van (which stood at a little distance). Willie at once ran back with the news.

"Mother, I've got a customer for a comb, only she wants an eighteenpenny one instead of a sixpenny one."

"Give me those you've got in your hand, lad," Mrs. Wills said in business-like tones; and, choosing one from

the packet, she neatly wrapped it up in pink tissue paper, and said; "There, take that to the young woman, and tell her she's lucky to get it, as it's the last your mother's got in stock. Mind you get two shillings for it!"

"But, mother, it's the same I asked sixpence for just now," said Willie in hesitating tones. (He was accustomed to other "tricks of the trade," as his father would call them, but not to this one.)

"Go along, and mind your own business," said his mother quickly; "or come inside for a flogging."

Willie did not seem disposed for either. He stood on the step of the van in deep thought.

"Be off quick with you, Willie," said his mother. "What are you waiting for?"

"Mother, I can't—tell—a lie," said Willie, bursting into tears.

It was the first time in his life that he had utterly refused to do his mother's bidding, although often and often he had hated the part he had had to take in having to say things which were not true, and had long ago been teased by his brothers and sisters for being "a little saint."

"You dare to defy your mother?" said Mrs. Wills, bringing her wrathful hand down on little Willie's shoulder with a blow which gathered its force from the weight of her own fury. Willie did not move to avoid the blow, but, as it came, he staggered to the ground, and, burying his face in his hands, cried silently to himself. He thought of the boy-angel Miss Simmonds had told them about, whose invisible wings helped him to fly away from temptation and to get nearer to his Saviour; and Willie prayed in his heart, "Good Shepherd, keep me from telling untruths. Mother can beat me, but she can't force my tongue to speak what it won't say."

And, somehow, there came into Willie's heart such sweet contentment—a feeling so restful and glad that, although his face looked pale and tearful all the morning afterwards, it wore a calm, strong look of one who was not to be turned from a secret determination—at least, Mrs. Wills felt this. She herself had delivered the comb, telling her own tale, and getting the money asked; but she made up her mind that she must "get the upper hand of Willie," and let him understand once for all that he was to do as he was told on all occasions, that "her word was law, and he must abide by it!"

Hence each day had brought its orders, which Willie refused to obey. Very often he was whipped for this, when, after a long round through the villages, they at length came home; but never once did Willie knowingly tell a lie.

Rose Simmonds noticed the last Sunday Willie was in the class that he looked very pale and languid. She spoke to him as he was leaving.

"Are you feeling quite well to-day, Willie?"

"Yes, miss, thank you," answered the boy; "only I've a bruise on my back which hurts a bit." And Willie winced.

Miss Simmonds looked sad. She felt sure Willie had a very suffering life at home. She had gathered from him that he sometimes was flogged when his mother got angry, and on the second Sunday when Rose asked her three scholars if they would join the All Saints' Band of Hope, Willie had said that he belonged to one in the village where they used to live, and that mother was a teetotaler then. A sudden pause and flushed cheek told Rose Simmonds—she being quick to read—that mother was not a teetotaler to-day. This made her urge upon Willie the desirability of never, never having anything to do with "strong drink."

To-day, as Willie spoke of his bruise, Rose Simmonds said—

"Have you had a fall, Willie, or—have you been beaten for anything?"

"I don't mind the beatings, miss," said Willie tearfully "Perhaps, some day, my wings will grow like the cripple-boy's, and I shall fly up and up, and up, so near to the Lord Jesus, that He will give me a message to bring down to mother about its being wicked to deceive people. It does hurt so, to think how I used to do it, too, until I came here!"

Then Willie told briefly the cause of the special bruises. He had refused to tell a lady at, whose door he was selling his brushes, that "poor father was dead."

"I think your wings are growing very quickly, Willie," said Rose tenderly.

As she looked into that little fellow's face, she thought of the inward longings and struggles of the heart beating beneath these ragged garments. Willie's hands and face were perfectly clean, and his hair as smooth as its curls would permit; but his clothes were as ragged as the first day Rose saw him. Willie had asked his mother to "tidy them up a bit," but, as she never put any questions to him about his reason for wishing to be neat, he had not felt it necessary to tell her of his coming to the Sunday-school. He was so afraid she might forbid it, and Willie was more than half convinced in his own mind that, if his mother told him not to come, it would be almost like being untruthful did he attempt to do so after being forbidden. Hence he had not dared to press his claim to mended garments lest it might lead to questioning; and his mother had taken no notice of his request.

"Is your father better, Willie?" inquired Rose as they left the school together.

"Yes, miss; he has been out a bit to-day," answered Willie, looking wistful. "I'm afraid it means going on this week. Our next stop is Birmingham, and that's a big place, you know."

"No place is too big to have the Lord Jesus very near to us, Willie," said Rose, as at that moment a friend came up, and she had to wish Willie good-bye. "If you go before next Sunday," she called out after him, "come and let me know."

"Yes, miss, thank you," said Willie; "if there's time, I'm sure I will."

And Willie meant to do so; but he did not know that within twenty-four hours from then the van would be some miles out of the town on its way to Birmingham.

SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. VII.

1. This verse contains the names of three cities, a garden a fertile country, a river and a plain.
2. Our Lord dwelt in one of the places mentioned.
3. Angels visited another.
4. Some pots and shovels were made in the plain.
5. Bela is another name for one of the cities.
6. Some young men felled trees on the banks of the river
7. The verse refers to past and present blessing, and to future judgment.
8. Only one man is mentioned in it.
9. The same action is ascribed to him in the verse that is related of his cousin, and his cousin's bride.
10. He was rich and lived with another rich man.
11. He had an uncle and great-grandfather of the same name.
12. He was attracted to his home by water, and driven away by fire.
13. The verse contains forty-three words, eight being proper names.

L. T.

Monthly Religious Record.

THE important conferences of the summer are now being supplemented by the usual autumnal gatherings. Meanwhile, many matters of grave moment have been brought under general review by the Encyclical Letter of the Lambeth Conference. The formal resolutions of the Conference, and the reports of the several committees, have also since been published. These have all more than a passing interest: they not only embody opinions, they will more or less influence action, and they raise questions which will be debated for some time to come.

Temperance, purity, the sanctity of marriage, the treatment of polygamy as found in the mission-field, the observance of the Lord's Day, threatened by the growing laxity, Socialism, the case of emigrants, the definite teaching of the Faith—are all subjects briefly touched. The authoritative standards of the Church, and its relation to various other bodies—to the Scandinavian Church, and Old Catholics, and to the Eastern Churches, and others—come also under consideration. Many of the suggestions made must approve themselves to Christians the world round; some deal with debated points, on which agreement is not to be expected. We can quote but a few words.

In regard to Sunday: "We call upon the leisurely classes not selfishly to withdraw from others the opportunities of rest and of religion. We call upon master and employer jealously to guard the privileges of the servant and the workman. In 'the Lord's Day' we have a priceless heritage. Whoever misuses it incurs a terrible responsibility."

In relation to Socialism: "To study schemes proposed for redressing the social balance, to welcome the good which may be found in the aims or operations of any, and to devise methods, whether by legislation or by social combinations, or in any other way, for a peaceful solution of the problems without violence or injustice, is one of the noblest pursuits which can engage the thoughts of those who strive to follow in the footsteps of Christ."

In connection with the need of more definite teaching: "The doubts which arise from the misapprehension of the due relations between science and revelation may be, and ought to be, treated with respect and a sympathetic patience; and, where minds have been disquieted by scientific discovery or assertion, great care should be taken not to extinguish the elements of faith, but rather to direct the thinker to the realization of the fact that such discoveries elucidate the action of laws which, rightly conceived, tend to the higher appreciation of the glorious work of the Creator, upheld by the word of His power. The dangers arising from the hostile or sceptical temper and attitude are increased by the difficulty of determining how far our teaching and the popular acceptance of it can be harmonized with a due consideration for the views on inspiration, and especially on the character of the discipline of the Old Testament dispensation, which, although they have never received definite sanction in the Church, have been long and widely prevalent. We must recommend to the clergy cautious and industrious treatment of these points of controversy, and most earnestly press upon them the importance of taking, as the central thought of their teaching, our Lord Jesus Christ, as the sacrifice for our sins, as the healer of our sinfulness, the source of all our spiritual life, and the revelation to our consciences of the law and motive of all moral virtue."

The following passage on "the attitude of the Anglican Communion towards the religious bodies now separated from it by unhappy divisions," has scarcely less general interest: "We gladly and thankfully recognize the real religious work which is carried on by Christian bodies not of our Communion. We cannot close our eyes to the visible blessing which has been vouchsafed to their labours for Christ's sake. Let us not be misunderstood on this point. We are not insensible to the strong ties, the rooted convictions, which attach them to their present position. These we respect, as we wish that on our side our own principles and feelings may be respected. Competent observers, indeed, assert that not in England only, but in all parts of the Christian world, there is a real yearning for unity—that men's hearts are moved more than heretofore towards Christian fellowship. The Conference has shown in its discussions as well as its resolutions that it is deeply penetrated with this feeling. May the spirit of love move on the troubled waters of religious differences."

The whole subject of reunion from the Anglican point of view is discussed with much minuteness in the report of the committee. Several of the resolutions formally adopted by the Conference, also deal with it. Of these, the following has perhaps the widest scope, and comes nearest to practical measures:

"That this Conference earnestly requests the constituted authorities of the various branches of our Communion, acting, so far as may be, in concert with one another, to make it known that they hold themselves in readiness to enter into brotherly conference (such as that which has already been proposed by the Church in the United States of America), with the representatives of other Christian communions in the English-speaking races, in order to consider what steps can be taken either towards corporate reunion, or towards such relations as may prepare the way for fuller organic union hereafter."

The Encyclical Letter begins with a reference to the "We,—archbishops, bishops metropolitan, and other bishops of the Holy Catholic Church, in full communion with the Church of England, one hundred and forty-five in number." Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, however, owing to diocesan engagements, was not present when the draft of the Letter was adopted, and has since published a letter protesting against its silence on the "unhappy divisions about the doctrine and ritual of the Lord's Supper which are at this moment convulsing the Church of England." This he characterises as a glaring defect.

THE Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have decided that the Archbishop of Canterbury has jurisdiction to entertain complaints of ecclesiastical offences made against bishops. They express no opinion as to whether the Archbishop had or had not a discretion whether he would issue the citation in the case of the Bishop of Lincoln which has been brought before him, but they "humbly advise her Majesty to remit the case to him to be dealt with according to law." The Privy Councillors forming the Court were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Hobhouse, Lord Herschell, Lord Macnaghten, and Sir Barnes Peacock. The Bishop of London, the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Manchester, and the Bishop of Sodor and Man were present as ecclesiastical assessors. The charges preferred against Bishop King include the use of lighted candles on the Communion Table when not needed for light, the ceremonial mixing and administering of water with the wine at the Holy Communion, the eastward position, the singing of the *Agnus Dei* after consecration of the elements, the ceremonial cleansing of the paten and chalice, and other offences of a similar kind. All such acts have been declared illegal in the case of ordinary clergymen.

THE state of the Christian communities in Turkish Armenia appears to be pitiable in the extreme. According to the correspondent of the *Standard*, the Pope has proposed to intervene, and, by inviting their allegiance, to secure standing-ground for their protection; but the Protestant sympathies of the people are too strong to admit of any general movement in this direction. The Rev. R. Chambers, writing to the Turkish Missions Aid Society,

states that "hundreds are crowded into the prisons of Erzeroum, Erzingan, Diarbekir, Harpoot, and Van." "The most jealously watched prisoners are school-teachers and priests. These are suspected of attempts to arouse the national spirit of the Armenians. The country is full of spies. The Sultan has hastened to decorate some of those who have been most prominent in effecting these pitiless and senseless arrests. There are two Protestant political prisoners in Erzeroum. One is a lad of about seventeen years of age, who composed a song expressing sentiments unpalatable to the rulers of the country. The other is a school-teacher, who corrected certain grammatical faults in the song. These two are closely confined, and are allowed no communication with friends nor with their fellow-prisoners. Even the pastor and the missionary are refused admittance. The gates of Erzeroum are guarded by police, and Christians going out and coming in are searched for books or papers, and imprisoned until any found can be translated and examined." The time seems come for some helpful expression of sympathy, if not for joint remonstrance from the Protestant powers.

At the annual meeting of the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society, in Exeter Hall, sympathetic reference was made to the case of Señor Vila, the brave and faithful pastor at Malaga, who has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment in a Spanish dungeon, because he was courageous enough to protest against the degrading form of image worship which prevails so largely throughout Spain. He was not the aggressor, having merely made a reply to a violent attack upon the Reformed Church by a Roman priest.

The popular edition of the Bible, issued in halfpenny numbers from the office of the *Secolo* newspaper, in Milan, has proved so great a success, that an arrangement has been made for a Spanish edition of the Bible to be published at Barcelona, in similar form. Thus the Scriptures are being brought under the notice of the people, free from the ban of ecclesiastical prejudice.

By instruction of Lord Salisbury, the consul-general at Zanzibar has moved the Sultan to exercise his power in the case of the three (so-called Arab) slave-traders who attacked the African Lakes Company's agents at the north of Lake Nyasa. The property of the criminals at Kilwa has been sequestrated until they return and explain their conduct. The Sultan has sent a special mission to the spot to check the slave-traders. Meanwhile, news of another and more serious attack reaches us as we write. Dr. Laws, of the Livingstonia mission, referring to serious troubles caused by the slave-traders, in a letter of earlier date, says:—"My last told you of the wound Mr. F. Moir had received at the north end, and of the state of matters there. We have no further accounts from the north, but the *Charles Jansen* has brought us the news of the seizure of Acting-Consul Buchanan and Mr. Johnson by Makanjira, and the murder of one of Mr. Buchanan's men, the seizure and retention of the *Charles Jansen's* boat, and the holding of both Mr. Johnson and Mr. Buchanan till they were ransomed by those on the steamer."

Missionary work in New Guinea continues to extend and prosper. The Rev. James Chalmers has been revisiting some of his old cannibal acquaintance. In a note relating to the village of Vagavaga, he says: "There is a change seen even in the appearance of all the natives. They were a wild cannibal lot a few years ago. One of the natives who came off spoke a little English. Pearse asked him if they eat man, and was answered; 'No. No eat man now, all fellow missionary now.' In the evening, at seven, a bell rang, and soon hymn singing was heard; they were having evening prayers. You cannot realise it—savages, cannibals, murderers—now seeking to worship God. It was strangely pleasing to hear an old hymn tune in such a place." And so again, at Navaopou a New Guinean, preaching, said: "The time has come for us to be up and doing. Foreigners have brought us the Gospel, many have died of fever, several have been speared and tomahawked; now let us carry the Gospel to other districts, and if we die 'tis well, for we die in Christ; if we are murdered 'tis well—'tis in carrying His name and love, and 'twill be for Him. Motu, let us do it!" "He knows," adds Mr. Chalmers, "only a little, so very little; yet he loves, and he is willing to endure for Christ. I saved that lad a few years ago from being attacked, perhaps murdered, by his own people."

Miss Whately's work in Cairo has long been familiar to our readers. It is proposed to build two new wings to the English-Egyptian Mission School at Cairo, one of which will afford more room for the girls' school and the other for the boys, this step being necessary owing to the lack of accommodation. Five hundred pounds are wanted, of which only a part is yet collected. The scholars number between 600 and 700, and consist partly of Coptic and partly of Mohammedan children, the latter being the most numerous. The pupils are all instructed in the Holy Scripture as well as in the branches of a good secular education. Many have shown in after-life the fruits of the teaching here received.

At the Keswick Convention this year as last the claims of the mission field had full attention. There was a short missionary prayer-meeting every morning at nine. "On the Wednesday,"—we read in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer"—"the seven o'clock meeting itself, which was attended by a thousand people, was one of prayer for Missions. On Wednesday afternoon a great meeting took place in the large tent, some two thousand persons being present, and on Saturday forenoon there was a similar one. Subsequently open-air meetings were held on two or three evenings on the banks of Derwent Water. The greatest interest was manifested throughout. There was much earnest prayer, and many persons, clergymen, laymen, and ladies, inquired about the openings for personal service in the field. At the Saturday meeting there was a remarkable burst of enthusiasm as to giving. A young man sent to the platform, anonymously, a 10*l.* note, his savings for a year, which he had intended putting in the savings-bank, but which, he wrote, 'he felt the Lord wanted'; and this being announced, within a few minutes cash and promises were sent up, which, with some subsequent additions, amounted to over 900*l.*"

The Salvation Army is sending out another detachment of fifty officers, male and female, to India. At the farewell meeting in Exeter Hall, General Booth said he was very much surprised that the recent International Convention on Missions, and other great assemblies that had met, had so feebly stirred the heart of Christendom, if they had stirred it at all. So far as he could see, there had been very little increase of effort even proposed, much less undertaken. "If the poor Salvation Army can send out fifty missionaries at a batch, the rich religious corporations, numbering two, three, or four hundred thousand members, ought to send out their hundreds and their five hundreds." There are now seventy corps and "outposts" in India, and 230 officers exclusive of these last just sent out. At the same meeting it was stated that six hundred souls had "professed salvation during the last quarter, 450 of whom were heathen."

The Young Men's Christian Associations met in general conference this year at Stockholm. Nearly a thousand delegates were present from different lands. The Swedish welcome was hearty in the extreme. The introductory sermon was preached by the Rev. Professor Rudin, of the University of Upsala. The opening address was given by the Bishop of Visby. The discussions dealt with practical questions affecting the Christian life, and were shared by the members of various nationalities. That on the means to be employed for spiritual development in the conversion of young men generally, was opened by Count Bernstorff, of Berlin, and Mr. Daamen, of Amsterdam. The statistical report presented by the International Committee shows that there are to-day in Great Britain and Ireland 605 associations, and a membership of 51,518; Canada and the United States, 1,240, and 152,721; in France, 93, and 850; in Germany, 673, and 35,752; and in other countries a goodly number.

The mission cause in Burmah lately sustained a severe loss in the sudden death of the Rev. James Alfred Colbeck, S. P. G. missionary in Mandalay. For fourteen years had Mr. Colbeck been working in Burmah, and not only had he become a thorough master of Burmese, but also had won greatly upon the Burmans, by his life of almost apostolic simplicity, self-denial, and hard-working devotion. On the annexation of Upper Burmah, he was sent to resume the mission work in Mandalay, which had been interrupted under the misrule of King Theebaw. In little more than a year he had gathered round him a band of baptised converts, and a large number of enquirers, many of them Buddhist monks.

After a Painting in the "Musée Moderne" at Brussels.]

"THE BLESSING."

[By Charles De Groux (1825–1870).

"O YE HOLY AND HUMBLE MEN OF HEART, BLESS YE THE LORD,
PRAISE HIM AND MAGNIFY HIM FOR EVER."

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OLD GWEN.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER I.—THE COTTAGE BY THE RIVER.

"HUSHT!" SAID OLD GWEN, AND SHE BECKONED HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE.

"I'M as sure as sure can be, that our Toom never did the deed. Rouse up, Tisha, and think of your children," said old Gwen, the Castell, to her daughter-in-law, Letitia, Caban Afon.

"I shall never be rousing up again, Mamgu. I shall never be looking my fellows in the face. I shall never be leaving this bed so long as I do breathe," answered Tisha.

"Nonsense, mother; you must, or we'll pull you out, and carry you off in the coracle," cried Gwen fach, or Gwen the younger.

"To my burial! In poor father's coracle! There's unfeeling you are!" sobbed Tisha.

"Don't cry, Mam fach," shouted Shonny, a youth of seven, giving Gwenny a punch with his fist, which caused Mamgu to burst out laughing.

These words were spoken in the house-place of a tidy cottage. Old Gwen was seated in an antiquated bee-hive chair by the fire; young Gwen, or Gwenny, as she was called, was standing near her, arms akimbo; and Tisha was lying in a big cupboard-bedstead, enveloped in flannels, while Shonny sat on a three-legged stool at the knees of his Mamgu, or grandmother.

"You're more unfeeling than Gwen fach, Mamgu," moaned Tisha from beneath her blankets, which caused Shonny to punch his grandmother, and jump upon his mother's bed.

At this juncture two other children came in, apparently much excited. They were a boy and girl of twelve and fourteen, and they had slates and satchels swung over their shoulders.

"What's the matter, David?" asked old Gwen.

"I fought him, and I'll do it again. Evan Ty Gwyn said father was——"

"Hush! never say the word," cried old Gwen, her finger on her lips. "Your father is not the man. The prophet Nathan 'ould never have pointed to him. But he suffers, like our blessed Lord, 'the just for the unjust,' and I will say so to my dying day. But the laws o' the land were against him, and don't you be breaking them by fighting and going to prison yourself. One trial's enough for anybody's lifetime. You're a naughty boy, you are."

David, or Dai bach, as he was familiarly called, slunk off to the cupboard-bedstead, and began to whisper to the blankets.

Little was visible of his mother, for after the custom of the poor when invalided, she had enwrapped herself, or enrolled herself, to speak literally, so closely in the bed-clothes, that her form alone was displayed. And this was soon hidden from view, for at David's whisper, she pulled to the panel of the bedstead, and lay, sobbing audibly, between its four sides.

"What did he do? Tell the truth, Dorcas," said old Gwen.

"He knocked down Evan, Ty Gwyn," replied Dorcas, the girl who had just entered, "because he said father was——"

"Husht. What can we do, Gwen fach? We must get them away from this place," said the grandmother, or Mamgu, as we will call her for brevity. "So long as Toom bach was here, he carried on the fishing, and could manage the coracle nearly as well as his father—God bless and keep him!—but he could bear it no longer, and went and 'listed."

"I wish I could go and 'list, I do," said Dorcas. "I 'on't be going to school any more. Let me go to service, Mamgu. You are knowing everybody, and can get me a place. Let me be nurse to one of your babies."

"You must stop at home and take care of mother, Dorcas," cried Gwenny, excitedly. "Mamgu has promised to get me a place with one of her ladies." Mamgu was a trusted nurse. "And when we get mother up to the Castle——"

The sliding panel of the bedstead suddenly withdrew, and a melancholy voice was heard from amongst the flannels, murmuring lugubriously, "I'm not going up there. Do you 'spose I'll be leaving this caban where father and I lived ever since we were married"—suppressed sobs—"and where all you children were born, and Toom bach besides; and where I've got my pretty chairs and tables, and bed-linen that I bought with my own savings when I was head nurse at Lewis, Bryntowy; and all my crockeryware, and spoons, and ornaments in the corner-cupboard, and the pig, and cocks and hens, and dog and cat"—more sobs—"and—and—father's coracle and the river and the fields, to go upon the top of a bare rock, where the ruins frighten me to death."

"That's just what you want, so you say, mother," interrupted Gwen fach, who was slightly provoking.

The sobs increased, and the boys began to howl for company.

"Husht! Hold your noise!" said Mamgu authoritatively. "Listen to me, Tisha. There's room for all your things at Tybach. I'm not wanting the little parlour, and you shall have it for your own. Joshua will carry up your goods in his little cart——"

"And father's coracle!" interrupted Tisha, suddenly displaying a pale face and red eyes.

All the children looked aghast; for they had not seen so much of their mother since Toom bach enlisted.

"Laban will take it on his back," pursued Mamgu, feeling that she was progressing; "Oncet you get change of air, you'll feel better. 'Tis dampish down here by the river, and dry as dust up with us."

"Are you sure you'll have room for all my things?" asked Tisha, actually sitting up, and surveying her property, from the beloved corner-cupboard to the equally adored dresser.

"Yes—children and all," replied Mamgu, with, for her, a slight asperity of tone, for she had a notion that if the children were put in one scale and the precious furniture in another, Tisha would find it difficult to choose between them.

This was not quite true; though most of us know how deeply we get attached to our goods and chattels.

"Ach! my poor children!" cried Tisha, suddenly remembering them, and surveying the quartette.

"God will provide for them," returned Mamgu solemnly. "They're worse than orphans, but their father served the Lord all his days, and is serving Him still in his—what do they call it, Gwenny? My memory can't be carrying hard words."

"Penal servitude for life," replied Gwenny importantly; for she was a scholar according to board-school education.

"And what did they say besides?" groaned Tisha, disappearing under the blankets as rapidly as she had emerged from them.

"Sentence commuted on account of unimpeachable character, and extenuating circumstances," answered Gwenny, bringing out her words like a judge.

"There's foolish I am!" muttered Mamgu. "She was just coming round, and now she's gone out again like a candle. Oncet for all, Tisha, and you, children, I do declare, for I'm as sure as sure can be, that father is as innocent as the babe unborn. He swore it to me on the Holy Bible, as calm as could be, and he never told me a lie in his life. There's a Judge up in Heaven a sight grander and more powerful than them as comes on circuit, who 'seeth the secrets of the hearts, and spyeth out all our ways.' He knows all about our Toom, and if it be His blessed will, his character will be cleared in this world—anyhows it will be clean of crime at the great Judgment. He no more took the life of Thomas, Plas Newydd, than he took the life of his own father, who died when he was six years old. Why can't you believe it, Tisha, as well as me? I'm going my three score and fifteen, and I'd scorn to let the world fancy I thought him guilty."

"You ain't so weak as I, Mamgu," moaned Tisha. "You're twice my age and have much 'sperience. *Ach yn wir*! I shall never look up again. I was getting better when Toom bach 'listed, but that finished me up."

"There's the spoons and ornaments in the corner-cupboard to clean, mother. Who's to do it?" asked the shrewd and wide-awake Gwenny. "Dorcas, you'd better try."

"P'raps I could rub up the spoons; Dorcas is so rough," said Tisha, roused to interest.

"All right, mother. Just sit up in bed and we'll bring them along."

Mamgu's sides began to shake a little, for her normal state was mirth; but the astute Gwenny bade Dorcas bring the spoons, while she pillowed up her mother. In a few moments Tisha was polishing up her plate, and forgetting her troubles, while the two girls began to lay the cloth for a very frugal meal of bread and cheese, to be helped down by that universal panacea, tea. The teapot was already on the hob—indeed it was never off it, for whenever Tisha was unusually miserable a cup o' tea was the restorative. No lecturers on the baneful properties of this beverage had, as yet, appeared in the neighbourhood, and poor Tisha knew nothing, happily, about tannin or theine, or any of the noxious or beneficial qualities of the leaf she loved. She felt that it stimulated her drooping energies, and did not intoxicate her, as the *cwru da* (good ale) of her country might do if she imbibed it to the same excess—she knew, also, that people lived to a hundred and more, who drank nothing else; so she desired no enlightenment. But then, she always bought good tea, and disdained the "cheap and nasty" adulterated compound sold under its name. Your peasant has a notion that "little and good" is a sound axiom, and old Gwen was wont to say that "a spoonful at half-a-crown a pound went further than three at one and nine." And she was in all things a practical philosopher, self-taught by experience, and not by lectures. Indeed she had a horror of all lecturers, ever since she had heard an infidel hold forth on the "non-authenticity" of the Holy Word. She had defied him on the spot, and, her friends declared, had had the best of it; but "No more lectures for me, 'scept those delivered in church or chapel," she had said ever since. "Don't listen to 'em. Itching ears catch any disease. Satan finds out when they itch and knows how to irritate 'em, till his poison kills the soul."

In like manner she would have confronted any man who dared to lecture against the use of tea. Nevertheless, she did not like it "stewed," as she expressed it; and when Mamgu appeared, a fresh infusion was prepared. All her grandchildren—and they were legion—knew and respected her peculiarities. Not one of them would have dared to contradict her; nor, for that much, would her children. She had had, she declared, three quivers' full; for she had somewhere read, that a quiver contains five arrows, and as she had been blessed with fifteen sons and daughters, she assumed that there must have been, somewhere, three quivers to hold them. Twelve of these were still alive, the youngest of whom was the husband and father of Tisha and her five olive-branches—and was the unfortunate Toom or Tom, who had been either justly or unjustly sentenced to penal servitude for life for the murder of Thomas, Plas Newydd.

The spirits of old Gwen and her grandchildren rose at sight of Tisha rubbing up the spoons. They all knew the value she set on these rarely used but ostentatiously displayed articles, and had themselves so great an admiration of the contents of the corner-cupboard, that they almost considered them as household gods—the Lares and Penates of the moderns. Certainly Tisha greatly venerated her furniture.

"There's nice it is to see mother sit upright again," said David, surveying his parent.

"Husht! Boys shouldn't make remarks about their elders," returned old Gwen, who foresaw a collapse; but the spoons held sway.

It was no wonder that Tisha resisted removal from that comfortable cottage. She was furtively looking about her while brightening the spoons with a piece of very old chamois-leather, that had seen service ever since her marriage. She heaved a deep sigh as she watched her children eat. What appetites they had, she thought, and what good teeth, to be able to masticate the very hard cheese they eagerly devoured. Neither did they disdain the stewed tea in the big brown teapot: but drank it with gusto, sweetened as it was with coarse sugar, and cooled by skim milk. Mamgu had a small teapot to herself, the contents of which were shared by Tisha, who was also regaled with thin slices of bread-and-butter, which she ate as she rubbed up the spoons. For a moment she forgot her troubles as she contemplated the tea-table and its surroundings. She was not herself a particularly captivating sight in her present costume, and looked as old, if not older, than Mamgu. The frills of her nightcap were concealed by a flannel petticoat, which framed her lank and mournful face. Her shoulders were enwrapped in a many-coloured plaid shawl of Welsh flannel, which, as the

practical Gwenny expressed it, "had cost a lot o' money at Hollantide Fair, and was too good to sleep in." For the rest, all the blankets of the small establishment were heaped about her.

Very different was the cheerful and helpful mother-in-law, whom she contemplated with a sort of jealous annoyance. Old Gwen's face was fat, fair and smooth, and looked like a very full-blown rose, beneath the snow-white cap and pinners that encircled it. Of course it was surmounted by the high beaver, which she, at least, she said, intended to wear as long as she lived, as well as the picturesque costume of her native land. Her figure was as round as her face, and the short striped petticoat and tucked-up flannel gown seemed to become it.

Young Gwen resembled her as the rosebud resembles the rose. Round-faced, dimpled, red-cheeked, black-eyed, raven-haired, laughter-loving maiden, she was as irrepressible as a lark at sunrise. Not even her father's misfortune, nor her brother's 'listing, could break her buoyancy. But then, she lived for the most part with her grandmother, and had imbibed her good humour with the bracing air of the mountain where they dwelt.

Dorcas, on the contrary, was like her mother, while David, a sturdy, plodding youth, was, old Gwen declared, like nobody belonging to him. As to Shonny, he was an imp of mischief, and wholly spoilt by the rest of the family. Thus, when he declared his intention of winding up with bread and treacle, Tisha ordered Dorcas to give him a slice, in spite of Mamgu's remonstrance.

While describing these specimens of Adam's race, the other members of the household must not be forgotten. Snap, the somewhat surly and sarcastic dog, and his devoted friend and admirer, the tortoiseshell cat, awaited and received their full share of the meal; while sundry cocks and hens and a couple of tame pigeons walked familiarly in and out, pecking up the crumbs. In winter they had to dispute possession with flocks of birds of all denominations. Who can wonder that Tisha should grieve at the prospect of quitting this home that she had shared with an indulgent husband ever since their marriage?

Her tea and bread and butter finished, and the spoons "rubbed up," she began to cry again.

"You'll have to carry me," she sobbed.

"So we will, mother. Shall it be pick-a-back or queen's cushion?" returned Gwenny.

While she was speaking a man entered, who was boisterously hailed as Uncle Joshua. This was old Gwen's eldest born, who, toil-worn and grey-headed, looked almost as old as herself. He had come to enforce the necessity of the move, and his advent sent Tisha back amongst her blankets, and made her hastily draw the sliding panel.

"How's Tisha? I've nothing particular to do to-morrow, and I've settled——" began Uncle Joshua.

"Husht!" interrupted old Gwen, and, rising with some difficulty from the bee-hive chair, beckoned him out of the house.

The children followed as a matter of course, and Tisha was left alone.

"Which corner 'ould be best for the cupboard in Mamgu's parlour, and where could the dresser stand?" she muttered, when the coast was quite clear. "*Ach a fi*, I never shall survive it. What 'ould my poor Toom say?"

Who shall describe the scene outside the cottage? As far as eye could see, stretched on all sides, meads and valleys, through which wandered a wild and wilful river. In the centre of a lovely valley rose one of Nature's rocky fortresses, surmounted by a ruined castle. It was at some distance from the cottage and towered skyward three hundred feet above its level. A mighty giant indeed; bare, isolated, unapproachable. This was Careg Cennin Castle, near the entrance to which lived old Gwen. It must have been in some strange freak or convulsion that Nature threw up this precipitous rock of mountain limestone; and in some equally strange and convulsive mood of the ancient Britons that they surmounted it by an apparently impregnable fortress. It appeared to rise out of the narrow ravine of the river Cennen, which flowed into the broad flood of the Towey. The cottages scattered in its neighbourhood looked like the dwellings of pigmies, and even the so-called *giant* oaks dwindled into dwarfs by comparison. While the surrounding valleys were green and fertile, well watered by the fair river and dotted everywhere by flocks and herds, the barrier of hills was, like itself, bare of verdure and composed mostly of sandstone. From its base the castle at its summit looked a part of itself, and the once formidable and now crumbling walls seemed but a continuation of the gloomy rock. Not that it looked gloomy to old Gwen and her descendants, as they held consultation outside the cottage. They were used to it, and to them it was Castell Careg Cennin, and nothing more. They wondered why archæologists should come to speculate upon, tourists to admire, and artists to sketch, this massive excrescence, and were of opinion that some people had more money than wit when they gave old Gwen or a grandchild a douceur for showing them over the ruin: for she had certain privileges connected with it. It is to be feared that she had not appreciated as she ought the many celebrated people who had visited her house on their way to and from the castle, or understood their speculations concerning that Knight of the Round Table, yclept Urien, said to have founded it. But she had made a pleasant acquaintance with the painters John Varley and David Cox, who had sketched not only the castle, but the neighbourhood. Indeed two of their most remarkable productions were this bare and castellated rock, cloud-capped and rugged.

The afternoon sun of a bright spring day, however, woke up the giant to momentary life, while old Gwen and her son Joshua finally settled a change of abode for Tisha and her children. The latter, with the love of variety inherent in youth, thought any change better than none, and their Mamgu, in the solidity of age, knew that it was easier to keep one house

than two. So she finally decided that all the live-stock and all the furniture should be transported from the base of Careg Cennin, or Cennin stone, to her small abode near its summit.

Here it may be well to account for the necessity of this change of residence. Thomas Gwillim, the husband of Tisha, had been all his life a fisherman. In the beginning of his career, he and his coracle had been wont to navigate the rocky river Towy from its source to its end, and to make a decent living out of the fish caught in it. But of late years, landed proprietors had begun to preserve the river, and he and his income were impeded thereby. One of these, Squire Thomas, of Plas Newydd, who was young, bold, and wild, set himself up as a staunch conservator. As such, he and Gwillim were constantly brought into contact. He was in the habit of accusing Gwillim of poaching, and summoned him accordingly. Gwillim always got off, for he was strictly honest and conscientious in the matter; and this irritated Thomas. High words arose between them whenever they met, and people said that if Thomas was overbearing, Gwillim was insolent.

About four years before this story commences, Thomas was found dead, with Gwillim close at hand. The discovery was made by one of Thomas's keepers, who affirmed that Gwillim was in the act of flight when he secured him. The spot was a retired corner, near the turnpike road, and close to the river. Thomas's dog-cart was not far off, and Gwillim's coracle was moored close by. The body bore marks of violence, which had indisputably caused the death, and a great struggle must have preceded it. Gwillim stolidly persisted in denying all knowledge of the event, and in declaring that he had come unwittingly on the body; but nobody believed him, save his mother, though most people acquitted him of intent to murder.

The customary trial and imprisonment succeeded, during which it evolved that Thomas was taking money to the bank, which money was nowhere to be found. Gwillim denied all knowledge of this also; indeed, "Not guilty" was all he had to say for himself.

It is not necessary to enter into the details of the trial and evidence here; suffice it to say that sentence of death was passed upon the prisoner, but that, owing to the good character he had heretofore borne, the sentence was commuted into one of penal servitude for life.

Some time after the sad events, his eldest son was driven, by the taunts of his companions, to enlist, and the circumstances of the family declined from bad to worse. The health and spirits of the mother gave way, and the result was the change of abode from the base to the summit of the rock on which the ancient castle was situated.

But for old Gwen, Tisha and her children would have been still more badly off. She was a woman of faith and prayer, and believed that the Almighty could unravel the most intricate affairs of human life, and weave good out of them. So she did not hesitate, trusting wholly in His strength, to charge herself with her son's family. They, too, had been brought up in "the nurture of the Lord," and believed in Him according to their various lights, knowing that He could bring good out of evil for those who loved Him.

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

VII.—THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND THE THREE EPISTLES. (1.)

THE common consent of the Christian Church has marked out the Gospel and the First Epistle of St. John as the pre-eminently spiritual writings of the New Testament. Their Divine philosophy carries the reader into the upper air of pure thought and of eternal realities. Their phraseology, so simple that a child may understand, opens the way to infinite depths. Imaginative expositors, discerning in the fourfold cherubic symbol an emblem of the evangelic narratives, are accustomed to describe the Fourth Gospel as the "eagle," in its lofty flight and its piercing vision.[1] To many, who have here found the very Holy of Holies of the Christian revelation, it comes as a shock of strange surprise to be told that they are "the battle-field of the New Testament." Yet for nearly seventy years[1] this has been literally true; and it is the singular fate of modern Biblical critics to have to establish the authenticity of these writings, before surrendering themselves to their spell.

One happy result of the attack upon the "Johannine Books" has been a minuteness and care in their examination which might never have been accorded to them as undisputed. The literature of the subject has grown into a library; and in tracing the career of the beloved disciple,

[1] "Christ's own Eagle."—*Dante.* Yet in early times John was sometimes the Lion, Mark the Eagle. So Irenæus.

[1] We may date from Bretschneider, the learned theologian of Gotha, whose *Probabilia de Evangelii et Epistolarum Johannis Apostoli indole et origine*, 1820, really begun the controversy. An Englishman, however, Evanson, had been first in the field, as will be shown in the next note. Bretschneider himself eventually acknowledged the Johannine authorship; but Strauss and Baur afterwards strenuously opposed it.

we can give no more than the barest outline of the vast and exhaustive discussion.[1]

The appeal to *ancient testimony* establishes first of all, the unchallengeable fact that Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian in the early part of the fourth century, familiar as he was with early Christian literature, including many books no longer extant, asserts that the Gospel of St. John had always ranked in the church among the *homologoumena*, that is, among the canonical writings concerning which there was no dispute.[2] We can add but a few corroborative quotations from writers of an earlier date. Theophilus, bishop of Antioch, writes in his *Apology*, about A.D. 175: "The Holy Scriptures teach us, and all who were moved by the Spirit; one of whom, John, says, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God.'"[3] This is probably the first reference in Christian literature to the Gospel as the work of St. John. But obviously, it carries back the evidence far beyond its own date. The bishop would quote what was already recognised and accepted on all hands, by orthodox and heretics alike. A few years later, *i.e.* between A.D. 182 and 188, Irenæus, bishop of Lyons, argues for the existence of four Gospels, and only four, by a chain of reasoning which could not possibly have been employed unless the fact had first existed and the reasons been sought afterwards.[1] And of the four, "that according to John" is first mentioned. Now Irenæus, although at that time in the West, was the depository of the Eastern tradition, which had come to him through Polycarp, direct from the apostle. There is no question, again, that Tertullian at the end of the second century, and Clement of Alexandria, at the beginning of the third, recognised the Gospel as the authentic work of the apostle. The Canon of Muratori, discovered at Milan about 1740, and believed by competent judges to belong to the last quarter of the second century, not only mentions the book, but gives an account of its origin which probably presents an actual fact in a legendary dress. A few lines are worth quoting.

> "At the entreaties of his fellow-disciples and his bishops, John said, 'Fast with me for three days from this time, and whatever shall be revealed to any one of us, let us relate it to one another.' On the same night it was revealed to Andrew, one of the apostles, that John should relate all things in his own name, aided by the revision of all. What wonder is it then that John brings forward each detail with so much emphasis, even in his epistles (*or*, epistle), saying of himself, 'What we have seen with our eyes, and heard with our ears, and our hands have handled, these things have we written to you'? For so he professes that he was not only an eyewitness, but also a hearer, and moreover an historian of all the wonderful works of the Lord in order."

Once more, Tatian the Assyrian, in the second century, compiled a Gospel narrative made up from the Four, whence its name, *Diatessaron*. It was not precisely what we now call a Harmony, inasmuch as it did not embody the whole contents of the evangelists, but selected and arranged from them severally what appeared sufficient for a combined and complete history. Until recent years, all that was known of this compilation was that it was largely read in the Syrian churches, and that Ephrem, the Syrian poet and theologian of the fourth century, wrote a commentary upon it. The Diatessaron and Commentary alike had vanished. The latter has now, however, been recovered from an Armenian translation preserved at Venice, which has been rendered into Latin; and the work of Tatian can with tolerable certainty be reconstructed. It begins with the proem of the Fourth Gospel: "In the beginning was the Word;" and throughout, says Professor J. M. Fuller, "of the Four Gospels, St. John is Tatian's favourite. The text of that evangelist is generally adopted, then that of St. Matthew, and, at a long distance, the texts of St. Luke and St. Mark."[2] Now Tatian was a disciple of

[1] Readers who may wish to pursue the subject will find in the English edition of Dr. Luthardt's *St. John the Author of the Fourth Gospel*, Clark, 1875, a list of books and articles on both sides of the question, down to that date. The list includes 491 works, including essays in periodicals; and during the last twelve years the number has greatly increased. It is observable that the controversy was begun in England, by Edward Evanson: *The Dissonance of the Four generally received Evangelists, and the Evidence of their Authenticity examined*, Ipswich, 1792. Evanson, however, rejects all the Evangelists but St. Luke. He was answered by Dr. Priestley; *Letters to a Young Man*: Works, vol. 20. In the *Introductions* to the best recent commentaries, the question is exhaustively discussed. Those of Luthardt, Tholuck and Godet (Eng. ed. in *Clark's Library*), of Canon Westcott (*Speaker's Commentary*) and of Dr. H. R. Reynolds (in the *Preacher's Commentary*), leave nothing to be desired. A briefer but cogent and masterly summary of the argument is given in Dr. Plummer's two volumes (*Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges*) on the Gospel and the Epistles of St. John. Canon Westcott's *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, and Dr. Salmon's *Introduction to the New Testament*, will be consulted by the student with the greatest advantage. Dr. Sanday's *Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel* (1872) has a special and unique value from the carefulness and insight with which the author comments upon the whole Gospel, chapter by chapter, bringing out the indications of genuineness at every step. Luthardt's interesting *Essay* has already been mentioned. Dr. Ezra Abbot has also treated the external evidences in a scholarly and convincing manner, in his *Authorship of the Fourth Gospel*, 1880. Dr. Davidson, in his *Introduction to the New Testament*, 1848, argues strongly for the genuineness of the Gospels and Epistles; but is as decidedly on the other side in his *Introduction to the Study of the New Testament*, 1868. Against the Johannine origin of the Gospel the writers best worth consulting are the late John James Tayler (*The Fourth Gospel*, 1867), and Dr. Edwin A. Abbott, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, art. "Gospels." Nothing, however, has really been added by these writers to Baur's *Kritische Untersuchungen über die Kanonischen Evangelien*, 1847, with his successive essays in the Tübingen *Theologische Jahrbücher*, from 1844 to 1857, of which the English reader will find a fair account with a very able refutation, in Mr. R. H. Hutton's *Essays Theological and Literary*, vol. i., 1871. Mr. Hutton, however, gives up the Johannine authorship of the Apocalypse. An anonymous book published in 1874, entitled *Supernatural Religion*, excited great attention, but the searching criticisms of Professor (now Bishop) Lightfoot in the *Contemporary Review* (1874–1877) have effectually disposed of its pretensions. Many other works might be mentioned, but the above contain all that is essential on either side.

[2] *Eccl. Hist.*, bk. iii., c. 24. "John's Gospel," writes the historian, "so well known in the churches throughout the world, must first of all be acknowledged as genuine."

[3] Theophilus to Autolycus, bk. ii., ch. 22. Theophilus succeeded to the bishopric of Antioch in the eighth year of Marcus Aurelius, *i.e.* A.D. 168.—*Eus. Eccl. Hist.*

[1] Irenæus *Against Heresies*, book iii., ch. x. § 8.

[2] Smith & Wace's *Dict. of Eccl. Biog.* Art. "Tatianus."

Justin Martyr, and his testimony to the Gospel is all the more valuable, as that of a reputed heretic.

These testimonies must be taken for what they are worth, and no more. We do not propound them as sufficient to establish any doctrine of inspiration, or as carrying any *theological* authority. They bear simply upon matters of historical fact; and the fact which they establish beyond all controversy is the reception of the Gospel as the work of the Apostle John, by the Churches of the East and of the West, before the last quarter of the second century.[1]

But how are we to fill up the sixty or seventy years which separate this date from the apostle's death, an interval in which the Gospel and its author are not explicitly mentioned in any extant Christian writing? The question is a fair one, and the answer to be given is threefold.

1. The literary relics of the period are very scanty. Leave out the writings of Justin Martyr, and every scrap of Christian authorship that has survived from those seventy years could be included in a volume of very moderate size. The omission, therefore, is not wonderful.

2. The fact that at the end of the period the Gospel is found in full possession, recognized and reverenced as St. John's by the Universal Church, requires, on any hypothesis, to be accounted for. That this Gospel actually came from the apostle's hands in his old age at Ephesus, is a simple and natural explanation: that a forgery in his name was imposed upon the churches and everywhere accepted, East and West, is the most wildly improbable of suppositions.

3. There is from the very first a chain of quotations in this early Christian literature sufficient to render it morally certain that the Gospel and Epistle were in the possession of the churches, and were received as veritable Scripture. That these quotations are not so numerous as those from the other Gospels, is certain. These earlier writings had been longer in possession, and their language had grown more familiar. But when we read in Ignatius, "of Jesus Christ as the bread of God," and of "His blood as drink, which is incorruptible love;" and of "the Spirit of God as knowing both whence it cometh and whither it goeth;" and when in Polycarp we find the words, "Whosoever does not confess that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is an antichrist," can we resist the conclusion that these "apostolical fathers" were conversant with the Johannine writings? Again, in the anonymous *Epistle to Diognetus*, about the middle of the century, we have such phrases as these: "Christians dwell in the world, but are not of the world," "God sent His Son, loving not condemning," "He sent His only begotten Son;" the very turn of expression irresistibly recalling the Fourth Gospel. About the same time, Justin Martyr is full of "echoes" of the Johannine writings, seldom indeed in forms of exact quotation, but sufficiently exact to show their source. Thus: "Christ said, Except ye be born again, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven; and that it is impossible for those once born to enter into the wombs of those that bare them, is manifest to all;" "the blood of Christ is produced not of human seed, but of the will of God;" "we are called and are the true children of God, who keep the commandments of Christ." The same writer speaks of "the Word" as "the Son of God," as "made flesh," as "with God begotten before all His works." Once he quotes John the Baptist as saying, "I am not the Christ, but the voice of one crying." "This," says Tischendorf, "depends upon John i. 20 and 23, for no other evangelist has reported the first phrase of the reply." A great number of other correspondences might be adduced.[1] It is true that many of these might be individually explained away, but their concurrence forms a moral demonstration that the writings we know as those of St. John were in the hands of Justin. In fact he distinctly says that "the *Memoirs of the Apostles* were read in the weekly services of the church on the same footing as the writings of the Prophets," a phrase which, if it may apply in a general sense to the Four Gospels, appears to have a more specific application to the two which bear the apostolic names of St. Matthew and St. John. In view of this statement, and of such quotations as those we have adduced, it seems the very perversity of criticism to argue with the late Mr. Matthew Arnold that Justin may have but incorporated Christian sayings (*logia*) current in the church before they were gathered into one book—say by the Ephesian elders,—and that this collection may well have been of later date than the days of St. John. That the book itself furnished the sayings is the most satisfactory as it is the simplest solution of the problem.

But we may appeal to the Gospel itself for evidence; and we are at once arrested by the fact that the author claims to have been an eye-witness of the events narrated, and a disciple of Christ. At the very outset we find the parenthetic statement, "we beheld His glory, glory as of the only begotten from the Father." In recording the marvel that followed the crucifixion, he adds, "he that hath seen hath borne witness, and his witness is true, and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye also may believe." At the end of the Gospel, in a chapter that is evidently an appendix to the work, a similar declaration is confirmed by the testimony of others: "This is the disciple which beareth witness of these things, and wrote these things, and we know that his testimony is true."[2] Now it would be easy to show that there is no one save the Apostle

[1] An insignificant exception only makes the unanimity more striking. The *Alogi* (so named, or nicknamed, by Epiphanius, bishop of Salamis, two centuries afterwards), an obscure sect in Asia Minor at this period, rejected the Gospel because it was quoted by the Montanists in support of their mysticism; but they seem to have had no other reason for repudiating it. In the word *Alogi* there seems to be a double meaning: "opponents of the Word," and "without reason."

[1] See Professor Charteris, *Canonicity*, pp. 176-179, for a careful and valuable list. The whole subject of Justin Martyr's quotations, and especially of his doctrine of the Logos, or Word, has been largely discussed, but the conclusion above indicated seems irrefragable. See especially Abbot's *Authorship of the Fourth Gospel*, pp. 28-52.

[2] John i. 14; xix. 35; xxi. 24.

John to whom these concurrent declarations would apply: and if the Gospel be not his, it is no less than a literary imposture, all the worse because he implies that others are parties to the fraud.

If from direct assertions like these, we turn to indirect evidences of truthfulness in the record, they meet us on almost every page. So marvellous, so minute, is the correspondence between the details of the Gospel and its professed authorship, that if it be a forgery it is unmatched in the literature of the world for its consummate skill. The hand of an eyewitness is everywhere, as in our sketch of the apostle's life we have already shown. Minute particulars, thrown in as if unconsciously, mark out persons, places, times, shades of character, moods of feeling, which, if not represented with the simplicity of truth, are drawn with unparallelled dramatic genius. The narrative of the Samaritan woman (ch. vi.), of the cure of the blind man (ix.), and of the raising of Lazarus (xi.) may be given as instances; but every reader will have observed for himself these notes of authenticity. That the writer was a Jew continually appears in his familiarity with Jewish topography,[1] festivals, modes of thought, as well as with the Old Testament Scripture: it is equally plain that he wrote for Gentiles, from his interjected translation of Hebrew phrases—Messiah, Siloam, Rabbi and Rabboni; from such explanations "as the passover, a feast of the Jews;" and especially from the use of the term *Jews*, as descriptive of the opponents of Jesus. This last fact also suggests the true date of the Gospel, when the Jewish glory was in the dust.

Very remarkable also is the constant reference to the words and even the thoughts of our Lord's hearers, especially of His disciples. The evangelist writes as one who has listened to the cavils of the sceptical, and the questionings of those who longed to believe. Of the apostles, especially, he knows the very thoughts, as thoughts which he himself had shared. He presupposes facts, again, that he has nowhere before mentioned, writing of them in an easy unforced way, as though he knew that his readers had access to other records. Thus, "Andrew, Simon Peter's brother" (ch. i. 40); Simon Peter having not been previously mentioned: "John was not yet cast in prison" (iii. 24), nothing being further said about his imprisonment: "Have not I chosen you twelve?" (vi. 70), the call and the number of the apostles having been nowhere related in his narrative: "Bethany, the home of Mary and her sister Martha" (xi. 1), alluding to the sisters as well known, although not spoken of before. These and other instances are characteristic of a truthful narrative, implying the existence of the others as too well known to need further reference.

The connexion between the Fourth Gospel and the other three (usually called the "synoptic" or "parallel" Gospels) demands a brief separate consideration.

[1] The writer knows all about Jerusalem, although the almost unconscious turn of his expression shows that the city had been destroyed: "Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem" (x. 18); "Beyond the brook of Kedron was a garden" (xviii. 1); "There was a garden in the place where He was crucified" (xix. 41); the localities being already laid waste when he wrote. Against these references may be quoted ch. v. 2: "There is in Jerusalem at the sheepgate a pool"; but it may well have been that the watercourse remained by the shattered gate, as a natural feature of the scene, long after gardens and country villages had become indistinguishable in the ruin. The phrases therefore all point to one conclusion.

THE BLESSING.

CHARLES DE GROUX, the painter of the picture engraved as a frontispiece to this number, died in 1870, at the early age of forty-five. He was a leader in the movement towards realism in art, which in Belgium took place towards the end of the first half of this century.

Weak and suffering himself, De Groux quitted the comfortable quarters of affluence for an obscure suburb, where he was surrounded by straitened homes, distressed faces and pale wrecks of humanity. Into the sombre depths of this vale of tears he descended, seeking to understand its trials, its anguish and its vice. Then he tried to express on canvas what he saw and felt; the squalor in which the people lived, the stagnation of their souls, the coarseness of their minds, the icy bareness of their homes, the solitude of their firesides, often without a father, sometimes without a mother, their sparse and broken furniture, everything cracked and fallen into decay, their skins wan, worn, and deeply furrowed, and often marred by eruptions and scaly sores. He sought, in brief, to delineate that continuous perishing of persons and things—the action of certain social conditions hitherto regarded as inevitable.

Sometimes he depicted the dull, oppressive monotony of their daily life—the long afternoon spent in mending the clothes of the husband and the children; the wearied tramping of beggars through the mud; the gossiping of half-frozen paupers near a stove where a grocer is roasting his coffee; or he became still more touching as he showed a fond mother interceding at the foot of a Calvary for her dying child; or the humid depths of dark churches, filled with bending suppliant forms.

His sympathy for the people made De Groux one with them, and their soul took possession of him, and through his pencil found expression, and thus in the best sense of the term he became "a great man."

Among the most characteristic of his pictures is the one we reproduce. An act of common faith unites the members of the household. Notwithstanding the sombre gloom of the surroundings, and the certainty that the lives of all represented have been and will be hard, we cannot help exclaiming: "Blessed are ye, poor, for yours is the kingdom of God."

By permission from the Painting in the Royal Academy, 1888.] [*Frank W. W. Topham.*

NAAMAN'S WIFE.

"And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."—2 *Kings* v. 2, 3.

HOSPITAL NURSES

IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER V.—VIENNA.

THERE is no city in the world more favourable than Vienna for viewing every variety of nursing. The good and the bad, the religious and the lay, the new and the old, all may be seen there. But of whatever character the nursing, it must be paid for, there being no such thing as free admission to the hospitals, even for the very poor.

Vienna is famous for the number of its hospitals, and for the rare skill and devotion of its doctors; but its institutions, unlike those in England and Germany, lack the interest and sympathy of royal and highly-born women. Neither nurses nor patients are cheered by visits such as in England do so much to bring the rich and the poor together. The work goes on in these crowded wards day after day, and year after year, without the exercise of any gentle outside influence to cheer the monotony or soothe the pain of the sufferers.

It will be no more possible to give an account of all the Vienna hospitals than it was of those in London; so we will take three as examples, where we shall see specimens of the various classes of nurses—the old untrained type, the strictly religious sisterhoods, and the Red Cross nurses.

Besides these three classes of women, there is an order of nurses quite peculiar, and only to be met with in Austria and Bohemia—I mean the Brothers of Mercy, whose surgical skill and sick nursing in their own special men's hospital, and among the poor in their homes, cannot be overlooked if we are to consider the question of nursing at all. Their work is confined to Austria and Bohemia. It is gentle and humane, and highly valued among the poor; for in Vienna, even more than in other cities, the sick poor have no comforts or appliances in their homes with which to ameliorate pain, and, but for these Brothers of Mercy, the working classes would have no home nursing of a skilled character.

Besides nursing in the homes of the poor, they tended last year in their own special hospital 4,140 sick people, of whom 257 died, 3,980 were healed, and 639 were sent back to their homes much improved in health. They tended each patient on an average 15½ days, and of the 4,140 so nursed, 427 were day labourers, 312 brewer's workmen, 282 shoemakers, 198 coachmen and stablemen, 172 millers, 175 butchers, 168 workers of steam machines, beside many of a better class, such as doctors, chemists, teachers, clergy, and missioners, who sought their help.

Leaving them to their humane and benevolent work, we take our way to the largest hospital I have ever seen, viz., the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, which has been in existence for over two hundred years. It occupies an immense area, and contains 2,000 beds, all of which were in use when we were there.

There are thirteen huge courtyards or gardens, which must look very pretty in summer, but which were buried deep in snow at the time of our visit.

Professor Dr. Carl Böhm, Director des Wiener K. K. Allgemeinen Krankenhauses, received us most courteously, and gave himself up to the task of making us acquainted with every corner of this vast city of the sick and its working powers. I do not think there is a living person who would willingly change places with him, so overwhelming and hopeless must seem the work before him. It was his known skill as an administrator and organiser which secured for him the post of honour which he now occupies, in the hope that he may bring this hospital into some such order as that in which he left the Rudolph Stiftung.

On his appointment as director he was in despair, not only at the size of the hospital, but at the general laxity of discipline and disregard of rules and cleanliness which prevailed throughout. Imagine, also, two hundred and fifty nurses, and one hundred helpers, untrained, uneducated, each going her own careless way, no matron, no means of keeping them in subjection, except while the director's or doctors' eyes are upon them.

His first attempt at a nursing staff was a religious sisterhood; but this did not answer at all. They were prejudiced, and disobedient to lay instruction and direction.

He then started on a tour of inspection to the hospitals in Dresden, Baden, and other great centres of hospital work, and being greatly pleased with all he saw, determined—at first on a small scale—to introduce something of the same sort; but, before returning home, he went on to Paris, where he met a certain abbé who had founded both a brotherhood and a sisterhood for nursing. The two talked the matter over. Influenced by what he heard and saw, the director conceived the idea of establishing something similar in Vienna, and would certainly have done so, had not the abbé suddenly died. The project fell through; and at the present moment, the nursing is wretched, dirty, unprincipled, unreliable.

The nurses are taken from the streets, or from wherever they can be obtained, without a question of their fitness or training.

Their dress is a dirty, red-check, loose blouse, and when you look at them with their untidy hair and slipshod feet, you feel as though you

were moved back more than half a century, and all the improvements were absolutely wiped out.

It is almost impossible for one individual to overlook the whole of so large a hospital, and much must be left to the honour and conscientiousness of the nurses; but from what we saw it was easy to perceive that they were quite unworthy of the trust.

The director told us he would welcome with delight any English lady of moderate means, clear head, with a talent for organisation, and well trained as a nurse, who would undertake the post of matron.

If only one of the many wards could be organised and managed as ours in London, it would be a beginning in the right direction.

The great ladies of Vienna—including the Empress herself—take no interest in the hospitals; and thus it is that few but the least educated of the women are nurses. Women of a higher class for the most part think the work beneath them, and so the organisation suffers.

We went through men's wards and women's wards, and were unfavourably impressed with all. The beds were arranged down each side, twenty-five or thirty in a ward, but the coverlets were unwholesome-looking, and, as in most German beds, the sheets did not tuck up at the bottom, and the bare, and in most cases dirty, feet of the patients protruded. The bedsteads, too, were wooden, and much too short. We asked why iron bedsteads were not used, being much more healthy, and heard that the managers thought them too barrack-looking.

In the midst of each ward stood a table, supposed to contain various useful appliances; but the arrangements were carried out in a very inefficient and primitive method indeed. Down each side of the wards ran a piece of matting, all awry, and before we could pass on, a thick ridge or stream of dirt had to be swept away, and this at four o'clock on a Sunday afternoon.

Outside each ward was a small kitchen or scullery, but how different to the spotless ones we have grown accustomed to! These looked as though they had not been cleansed or scrubbed for a week, and the various pans and utensils were equally dirty.

The patients who were well enough to do so, were walking about in greasy dressing-gowns. Altogether there was not one bright or pleasant thing to look at in the whole building.

This, like other hospitals, has certain rules, which, however, are quietly set aside; for example, the hours for visitors are from two to four o'clock, but the Sunday we were there going through the wards, although long past four, visitors were arriving, and those already there showed no signs of moving. Again, there is a rule to the effect that no eatables are to be brought to the patients; but, as we entered a ward, a father, who had come to see his sick child, hastily tried to hide a huge cake he had brought her, and the nurse standing by aided him by saying he was going to take it away again, which, however, we found he did not do.

This sort of thing must happen again and again, and, when the nurses are untrustworthy, they but help the visitors to break the laws, and undo the good work of the doctors, who can but visit their patients twice a day. I could not help thinking of what Florence Nightingale would have said had she been with us. And yet it was exactly from such a state of things that her energy rescued us.

The whole arrangements of the hospital cry aloud for inspection and improvement; for example, the food is neither bought nor prepared by the hospital authorities and their servants. The providing is farmed out—a plan which works very ill. The food is carried in large open baskets, and by the time it reaches the patients, it is cold and messy. The covered tins in which it is sent round are not supplied with hot water, even in the severest weather, and the pudding are carried across the gardens singly, which is worse.

The medicines, again, are contracted for by the chemists in Vienna, so that practically neither the kitchen nor the dispensary are under the hospital control.

The dispensary is a very large airy room, with several little rooms and lobbies leading out of it. The patients, if able to walk, are allowed to come down and take their own physic away with them, which seemed to us an extraordinarily bad plan.

There are very poor people, out-patients, who can get a prescription from an outside chemist and then come to the hospital to have it made up. Over a thousand a day avail themselves of this privilege, but there is no separate dispensary or waiting-room for them, so that in their coming in and going out, they mix with the in-patients, a state of things which would not be tolerated in a London hospital.

Here is a hospital in one of the finest cities of the world, with a director clever, conscientious, full of desire to cleanse and ennoble it, with doctors whose fame is known throughout Europe, with powers of working immense, calling for pity and reprobation, simply for the lack of a body of nurses, such as we possess in almost every London hospital.

We will go now to the Rudolph Stiftung, a fine hospital situate in the Rudolph Strasse, and where an altogether different state of things obtains.

It is built in the form of a square, with a beautiful garden in the centre. One side of the building is for men, another for women, a third for kitchens and offices, and a fourth for the dwellings of the medical men. The halls, staircases, and corridors are lofty, airy, and grand, and there is no sense of stuffiness or bad smells about any part of the building.

The wards are composed of two rooms, one large and one small, with a scullery, bath-room, and ante-room, all enclosed in a passage, with a door opening into the main corridor. The large rooms contain twenty-eight beds, the smaller six beds. Should an infectious illness break out, the wards are provided with double doors, so that one can be always kept shut. These wards are warmed by stoves burning coke and coal;

they are lighted by windows on one side only, and kept pure by ventilating shafts high up near the ceiling.

The doctors—of whom there are seven head surgeons and physicians, and twenty-three assistants—make their visits from eight to nine in the morning; therefore no one is allowed in the wards except the sisters and nurses until these visits are over.

There are eight hundred and sixty beds in this hospital, nearly always occupied, for every class of disease is received. At the time of our visit, the hospital was so full that beds had to be put up in the corridors.

It has its own special fund, and is otherwise supported by the money paid for and by the patients. The annual cost of each bed is, on an average, about 300 guldens, or 25*l.*

But to speak of the nursing staff.

There is a matron, an assistant matron, seventy sisters, and from thirty to thirty-five nurses.

This is the first time I have seen a divided service—if I may so term it—in a nursing staff; for example, the matrons and sisters are Roman Catholics, either *Servantes du Sacré Cœur*, as the doctor told us, or *Dienerinnen von Herrn Jesus*, as the matron told us, and are answerable to their order alone. The nurses, on the contrary, belong to no order, may hold any creed, and are under the direction of the doctors, and not of the sisters. As far as cleanliness goes, or kindness and attention, this curious combination answers well; but in any emergency, it seems to me, it would greatly increase the difficulties.

We found the sisters courteous, and willing to answer questions to the best of their ability, but they could tell nothing of importance.

The sisters take it in turn to have twenty-four hours' rest, and twenty-four hours' work. They, together with the nurses, learn their work by daily experience in the wards. The monthly pay for their service is from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 3*s.* in money, their mid-day meal, and a penny a day for bread. Three sisters and three lay-nurses are told off to each set of wards.

There are separate dormitories for the sisters and nurses, which are shut off from the rest of the building by plate-glass doors; so that all appertaining to order and cleanliness is as it should be. The laundry-work is done out of the house by contract.

The sisters wear the dress of their order; but the nurses wear no special costume.

The patients are dressed in loose white shirts and jackets provided by the hospital.

In passing through the wards, I was startled to find my hand grasped by every patient that could get within reach of it, and carried to the lips with a "God greet thee." I got quite accustomed to it, however, before I left Vienna.

The bedding in this hospital is extremely good. Spring metal foundations, on which are thick soft mattresses in three portions, so that they can be the more easily cleansed and disinfected. The sheets were good, and the counterpanes clean and warm.

Taking it as a whole, this hospital left a pleasant impression upon us, and we owe many thanks to the director, who bestowed time and patience upon us in order that we might get a correct view of the hospital and its power of work.

And now for a view of the third and last type of nurses, viz., the Red Cross Sisters. These ladies are messengers of love and comfort, and their deeds by the sick-beds and on the battle-fields are often heroic. They arrange themselves under the banner of the Red Cross for the purpose of nursing, saving, recovering, and strengthening people's lives, and they do this because they love the work, and long to be of use in the world, and in order to do this well, they submit themselves to the most severe discipline and training. The very sight of them at their work inspires one with confidence, so orderly, clean, and gentle, are they.

The Empresses Augusta and Frederick of Germany have and do work under this banner, and have been heard to say that they thank God for His grace in permitting them to take part in so grand a work of love.

The Red Cross Hospital in Vienna is known as the Rudolfinerhaus. It is outside the city, and beautifully situate in the midst of a large garden, round which are various cottages, which were bought with the ground, and made use of for kitchens, superintendent's house, and wards for third class patients, until better could be built.

This hospital is supported partly by a society, whose members subscribe from three florins to a thousand yearly. Five thousand florins endows a bed for life, and a thousand for a year. There are now fifty beds, and, when the building is finished, there will be a hundred. There are eighteen Red Cross Sisters, and six pupils, or probationers. These last come a month on trial, to see if they are fitted for the work. If they remain, they receive, during the first year, board, lodging, dress, and 12*s.* a month; the second year the pay is increased to 30*s.* a month, and the third year to 40*s.*

The Red Cross Sisters are from all ranks of society, the refined and better-educated being selected where a choice is possible. Their dress is a blue and white striped washing costume, with a shoulder-cape edged with plain blue, a white band on left arm, on which a red cross is stamped, and an inscription worked round it, a brooch with a red cross on it, a white muslin cap without strings, and a white apron completes it.

The probationers have the same, with the exception of the cape, badge, and brooch, which are gained only after three years' service, and which constitute them as Red Cross Sisters.

In time of war this hospital will be devoted to wounded soldiers, and the Red Cross Sisters will be their nurses, for this is their special mission. In time of peace, as now, civilians are received with surgical and internal complaints, but no infectious or imbecile cases.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays lectures are given to the nurses, which some ladies of Vienna attend in order to learn something of nursing.

The patients are divided into first, second, and

third class. The last of these pay 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, and have several beds in a ward.

The pavilion, containing the third class wards, is lighted from above, large, and airy. On the tables in the wards are all things necessary for use, such as bandages, medicines, and instruments, and being on india-rubber wheels, can be moved from bed to bed without noise. We are quite accustomed to these in London, but we had seen them nowhere in foreign hospitals before.

The pavilions are of wood, and are warmed by hot-water pipes.

In the summer the patients can be wheeled out on their beds into the gardens without the least difficulty, giving them pleasure and appetite for their food, and affording opportunity to the nurses of cleansing the wards.

The principal building—which is the nucleus of the large new one already planned—contains the first and second class patients, and is both imposing and handsome. The first class pay twelve shillings a day, and each patient has a separate room; the second class eight shillings a day, and are two in a room. All the rooms are warmed from the passages.

The first class rooms looked most comfortable, with stove, polished furniture, wardrobe, cosy bed, and pictures.

On the first floor is a large verandah, where the sick can sit in the summer and enjoy the garden, together with a splendid view of the mountains and woods.

The night sister has a little room in the corridor, where she watches all night. It is fitted up with electric bells, by means of which she can summon aid if required.

The staircases are broad and shallow, and easy to mount, which is a great advantage in a hospital.

The secretary told us that, as a rule, the women were more patient than the men, and that if the same operation were performed on a man and on a woman, the latter bore it better, and the result in her case was better. This is exactly opposite to what we find in London. The Baron Rothschild is a large contributor to this hospital.

If any who read this should have the opportunity of visiting this institution, I would say make use of it. It is perfect in its working and its workers. You cannot take them amiss, go in when you will, and you will find every one at his or her post. Secretary, doctors, matron, and nurses, all will be glad to see you.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

III.—PILLARS OR HEAPS.

"Set thee up waymarks, make thee high heaps: set thine heart toward the highway, even the way which thou wentest: turn again, O virgin of Israel, turn again to these thy cities."—*Jer.* xxxi. 21.

THE prophet Jeremiah, who wrote these words, lived at a time of sore trial to the Jews.

A great king from a far country, a king of a terrible nation, had brought an immense army, and had overrun all the country, carried away the young men as captives, while he had killed with the sword vast numbers of people. This prophet of God, Jeremiah, had for long foretold all the evils which were coming on the nation; but neither they nor their rulers would listen to him, though God had sent him. Instead of turning back to God, and putting their trust in Him, they had fancied that an earthly king, he of Egypt, would deliver them from the power of the Chaldeans; but these hopes were vain. Their Egyptian friends were beaten in a great battle—that of Carchemish—and then the Jews lost all heart, and, knowing they would soon be taken away prisoners, thought that they should never see the loved land again. Despair took the place of presumption; it is ever so.

By many different ways, the prophet sought to teach the people, telling them of their danger. He besought them to leave off worshipping the foul and senseless idols they did worship; to put no trust in the heathen king of Egypt, but to return to the Lord God. He did various curious things, as we would say, but all Eastern people are used to teach by parables and signs, as we know our Lord Jesus did. So once this prophet summoned all the rulers and the people to come to him, to a place just outside Jerusalem, where he would show them something. Impelled by curiosity they came. To their surprise, they found the prophet with no book, no "sermon," but holding in his hands an earthen jar—a water-bottle. He called their attention to this, and then, raising it high above his head, dashed it into bits at his feet.

What a strange sight it must have been! Picture to yourselves the valley thickly crowded with people, the great wall of the city, and the proud towers of the temple, and above a bright blue sky, and there in the valley this solitary man, on whom all eyes were fixed, and then this strange action of his. Then he told them that as he had dashed the water-jar to bits, so would God dash their city and temple to pieces, and the people should be scattered like the broken pottery.

All this came true; but though he told them

all these sad things, yet God had told him to say some comforting words to those who believed in Him, though they would be carried away prisoners to a strange land. The passage I have given is one of counsel; but in the tenth verse the prophet says that though God would "scatter" Israel, yet would He "gather" him again, and he further says that He will be their God. "He will forgive them, and remember their sins no more"—verses 33, 34.

Then they are told to set up "waymarks"; they are to make "high heaps." Remember they are to be carried away to a far distant land, to live amongst strangers, strangers in religion and speech. They had no maps in those days; no railways, no coaches, no roads even, so they are to set up their "heaps" to mark the way they went, so that they might know how to return. This was a most comforting thought to these poor captives, to think that their bondage would not last for ever: they were to have this hope of seeing the dearly loved land again. Though they went out "weeping," they were to come back with "joy." Children, you will find as the years go on, that the thought and the hope that the "trouble," or the "pain," will "soon be over," wonderfully helps us all to bear what men call "the ills of life."

PILLARS OR HEAPS.

When travelling in the desert, I often noticed how my Bedouin were guided by heaps of stones which marked the "way" we were to go, and noticed, too, that we never passed one of these heaps without every Arab picking up a stone to add to the "heap" to increase its size, and therefore its usefulness. At times the heaps were large, so that in sand-storms, or dark nights, they could yet distinguish it. Ah, sad too was it to see at one part of the desert, the "way" was marked out by the skeletons of camels, or of men bleached white by the sun, victims who had fallen by the "way" and died—such a true type of life; for one of the saddest things in life is to "remember" those we have loved and lost—"gone before." But then comes the comfort to us, as it did to those poor Israelites, that our "sorrow" is not to be for ever; we shall one day have the "joy" of reunion.

Often when I have wished to explore unknown tracks in the desert hills, I have made a small heap of stones, so that I would know the way back. Sometimes I would put a bit of paper under the top stone, to more effectually mark the place. I have seen this done by natives of the Upper Nile, when we have been exploring ruins; and that great traveller, W. G. Palgrave, who has explored so much of Central Arabia, and with whom it was my pleasure at one time in Eastern lands to spend several days, tells of a fearful desert he crossed. He says, "'The Red Desert' is never traversed by ordinary wayfarers without an apprehension which has too often been justified. Many have perished; whole caravans have been known to disappear." But one good Arab had, two years before, laden several camels with a prodigious quantity of stones, which he had thus conveyed midway across the sands, and then piled up in what the Arabs call a "Rejm," namely, a stone heap, or rough pyramid, between twenty-five and thirty feet high, forming a most desirable landmark in the pathless desert. Many a blessing had been bestowed on Aboo-'Eysa for his "Rejm"; and, better still, another Arab had copied him and put up a second "heap" farther on. And Palgrave tells how, when his party were lost and ready to die they saw the first heap, and then took courage, and were safely led out of the desert.

This is quite a picture of what the prophet wrote. He tells the Israelites to make "heaps," and then in God's own good time, after they had

spent the years in exile he had decreed for their punishment, they should have "waymarks" to lead them back.

Children, if when we are in our sins, in the "far-away country," we repent and go back to our old standpoints, God will meet us, and lead us in the way. He will pardon and forgive all our sins. Oh, let us then set up a "high heap," —even His Word; study our Bible; realise His promises; let us turn our hearts towards the right "way"—even the Christ who came to this earth to save us, and though we may in the weary desert of this world often wander, yet if only we look to our "heap," our "tower," God will restore us; and we shall find in His Word many a landmark which He has set up, and many a "heap" of mercy to guide us back to Himself.

WILLIE WILLS' WINGS.

BY MRS. G. S. REANEY.

CHAPTER V.

IT was winter. Willie Wills looked a year or two older than when we saw him last, although it was only six months ago. The poor little fellow had had a sad time of it. The more determined he was "to be good, and never to tell untruths," the more angry he made his parents. They constantly told the little fellow that he was useless to them in their trade if he did not do as they did; and as this meant being always ready with a falsehood, Willie more and more shrank from the work, and was always nervously anxious lest he might be called upon suddenly to do something which would make him miserable afterwards. This nervous anxiety, and the really cruel treatment he continually received, made poor Willie quite ill. Oh, how often he longed for a friend like Miss Simmonds! He never forgot what he had learnt at her class. Once he had written to tell her a little about himself. It was a quaint little note.

"DEAR MISS,—

"I hope this finds you well as it leaves me at present. We are still travelling. Father is quite well again, and mother tried to be a teetotaler, but she broke down in the Fair here, and I'm very glad that I've made up my mind never to touch drink. Poor mother! I'm so sorry for her, and father too! Please think of us all when you say your prayers. I'm sorry I can't give no address; but we're bound for London, certain, so if you write to the big post office there, maybe they'll keep the letter till I come.

"Your much grateful,
"WILLIE WILLS."

"I say the Shepherd hymn night and morning, and I want more than I ever did to be a boy-angel on earth; but travelling about makes it hard, I think, for the wings to grow. I do wish I had a real home; but there's Heaven left, if I never get another!"

This letter gave Rose Simmonds a great deal of pleasure. Her class had grown to six boys, and every Sunday they talked about and prayed for Willie Wills. Rose's only sorrow was that she had no better address to which to send an answer to Willie than the General Post Office, London.

Willie had a bad cold. They had been for ten days in a large city in the south of England; but for more than a week Willie had been too ill to go from door to door with his father and mother. For a day or two it was warm enough to sit out in the court where the lodging-house at which they were stopping stood, to get a little fresh air, and watch the boys and girls in their rough play; but when December came in with a sharp frost, Willie was glad to stay indoors and amuse himself by minding the landlady's baby; for this kindly office Willie had sometimes a copper given him, or a little drink of milk.

One day, Mrs. Jones, the landlady, came into the room where Willie sat nursing her baby, and said abruptly—

"Willie, lad, where do your father and mother go when they leave here?"

"Please, ma'am, I don't know," replied Willie languidly.

He had lost all interest in family plans. He seldom heard his parents discuss them now, for he was generally asleep before they came in to settle down for the night, and he was up and out of the room before they got about in the morning.

Poor, lonely, desolate little Willie! He had—since too weak to work—always felt in the way. Nothing he dreaded more than to hear the step of his people upon the stairs, and be still up and about. If in bed they took but little notice of him; but if up they spoke cruelly to him about being lazy, and shirking work. Willie would keep out of the way while they were having their meals, stealing in after they had gone, to help himself from the broken pieces left in the cupboard.

Hence it happened that Willie knew nothing of his parents' movements.

The landlady sat down upon a chair, and took her baby on her knee.

"Little Willie," she said, not unkindly, "you're a poor little fellow, and I'm awful sorry for you; but I'm not able to provide for other folk's children, with enough and to spare of my own, and a delicate husband in the bargain."

Willie opened his eyes. He failed to see the drift of the landlady's remark.

"Maybe you won't be surprised to hear," she continued, "that your folks left the town at four o'clock this morning. As you can't do them any service now, they thought well to leave you behind them."

"Gone—gone? Have they left me all alone?" said Willie.

Weak, and tired, and faint, what wonder that he burst into tears! Yes, it was hard to be constantly flogged, and more often cruelly tormented; but even that seemed "company." To be left behind seemed so lonely, so desolate! Willie's sobs came as well as his tears.

"There, dearie, don't take on so; we'll find them yet maybe," said the kind-hearted landlady, catching hold of Willie's hand and drawing him towards her, as in see-saw fashion she was trying to comfort her baby, who had commenced crying when Willie began.

But for a time Willie refused to be comforted. He had taken the landlady's statement for granted; but now his only hope came in asking her who told her. Was it not all a mistake? Alas, the landlady had learnt from another lodger that Mrs. Wills had fully planned to leave her useless weak boy behind her, hoping the workhouse would give him shelter when the landlady tired of him, &c., &c.

"You are welcome to stay for a few days, Willie," said the landlady. "You have been very kind to baby——"

For answer Willie gave baby a hug. And thus it happened that for a little while Willie made his home with strangers.

CHAPTER VI.

FIVE weeks had passed. Willie began to lose hope of his parents coming back to him, although this was at first his settled conviction. The days had followed each other in rapid succession. Willie had shared the bed of one of the landlady's boys, a lad much older than himself, out at work. He had had his meals with the family, and for many reasons had not, while still weak and ill, felt in the way; but, as he grew stronger, he was afraid, with his increased appetite, he brought more cares to the kind-hearted landlady, upon whom the chief burden of the family's support depended; and when one day he heard the delicate husband say fretfully to his wife, "How much longer are you going to house that youngster Willie? Why don't you ship him to the poorhouse?" Willie's mind was made up—he must move on—anywhere, anywhere, but not to the workhouse. He was afraid to tell his intention lest they should overrule his plans and make him after all a workhouse boy. He took baby for a last walk, taking care to go to a waste piece of ground, where he and baby could sit down and have a friendly talk quite undisturbed upon a heap of rubbish.

"Baby, baby, your Willie's going to leave you," he said, taking baby's two hands in his and looking lovingly into her blue eyes. "Did you know, dearie, what going away means? Baby will have mother to love her and pussy to play with, but Willie—poor, poor Willie—has no mother to love him and no pussy to have games with!"

Baby listened and crowed until she saw Willie's tears flowing, and then her lip fell and she began to cry too. In a moment Willie forgot himself and his sorrow (which a few minutes ago had seemed more than his heart could bear), and he began to laugh to divert baby's attention. He picked up a broken plate from the rubbish upon which they sat and very cleverly contrived to make his fingers dance at the back of it, only appearing now and again round the broken edge. Baby laughed gleefully, swayed her little body backwards and forwards and was so funny in her glee that Willie laughed because baby laughed—quite unconscious that he was teaching the world a beautiful lesson—namely, that our greatest sorrows melt away and disperse as morning clouds before the uprising of the sun, when the sunshine of tender pity and gentle love for others comes to a human heart burdened with grief, and self is forgotten in patient ministry to those who, in their turn, take us into the partnership of new-found joys.

Willie stayed out some hours with baby. It was Mrs. Jones' washing day, and he knew this would both help and please her. At length it was time to go in for a meal; baby had had a brief sleep in Willie's arms, and had awoke a little cold and fretful, although too much accustomed to this outdoor life to take real harm. Willie retraced his steps homewards very silent, excepting for the involuntary hugs which he from time to time gave baby. At length they reached the court, and Mrs. Jones welcomed them with kindly smiles and hearty words. To Willie she gave a cup of tea and a crust of bread-and-butter; to baby some milk and water sop, making the former draw near the fire while she nursed the latter upon her knee. The invalid husband was in a kindly mood, and praised Willie for being such a good nurse to baby. Hence it happened that when a little later Willie stole out into the darkness, he took with him the happiest memories of those who had in a time of need proved so truly friendly.

Willie took up his stand at the end of a street which Mrs. Jones' son came down in returning home from work. His plans were all made. He had said good-bye to baby; but he would not leave good Mrs. Jones in suspense. Hence when Jim—her son—appeared in sight, Willie drew him on one side and said—

"Tell your mother, Jim, that I'm off to find father. If I don't come back to-morrow or next day tell her to make up her mind it's all well. And, please, thank her and everyone for being so good to me!" Willie ran off before Jim could ask any questions and was on his way to the heart of the city when Mrs. Jones received her message. It cost that good woman a night's rest. She could not sleep thinking of Willie—but as her husband had been urging her to make plans to get rid of him there seemed nothing to do but to wait and hope for the best. In the long hours of that weary night Mrs. Jones thought again and again of little Willie's strange sayings and doings. His patience and gentleness under severe provocation, when his father and mother treated him cruelly, had led Mrs. Jones to say many times to her husband, "Bless the lamb; there's something in him and his nice ways which makes one think of heaven, where there's no noise, but everything peaceful like!" And to-night, as she lay thinking of him, she could not help recalling many of the things which Willie had said and done, and she "put up" a very earnest prayer from her heart that the child might come to no grief, and that she and hers might grow "more thoughtful like" about better things. Thus did Willie's angel-wings flap themselves with gentle, beautiful influence as they bore him away to a new home and new friends.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. X.

One word from each text will give a blessed assurance.

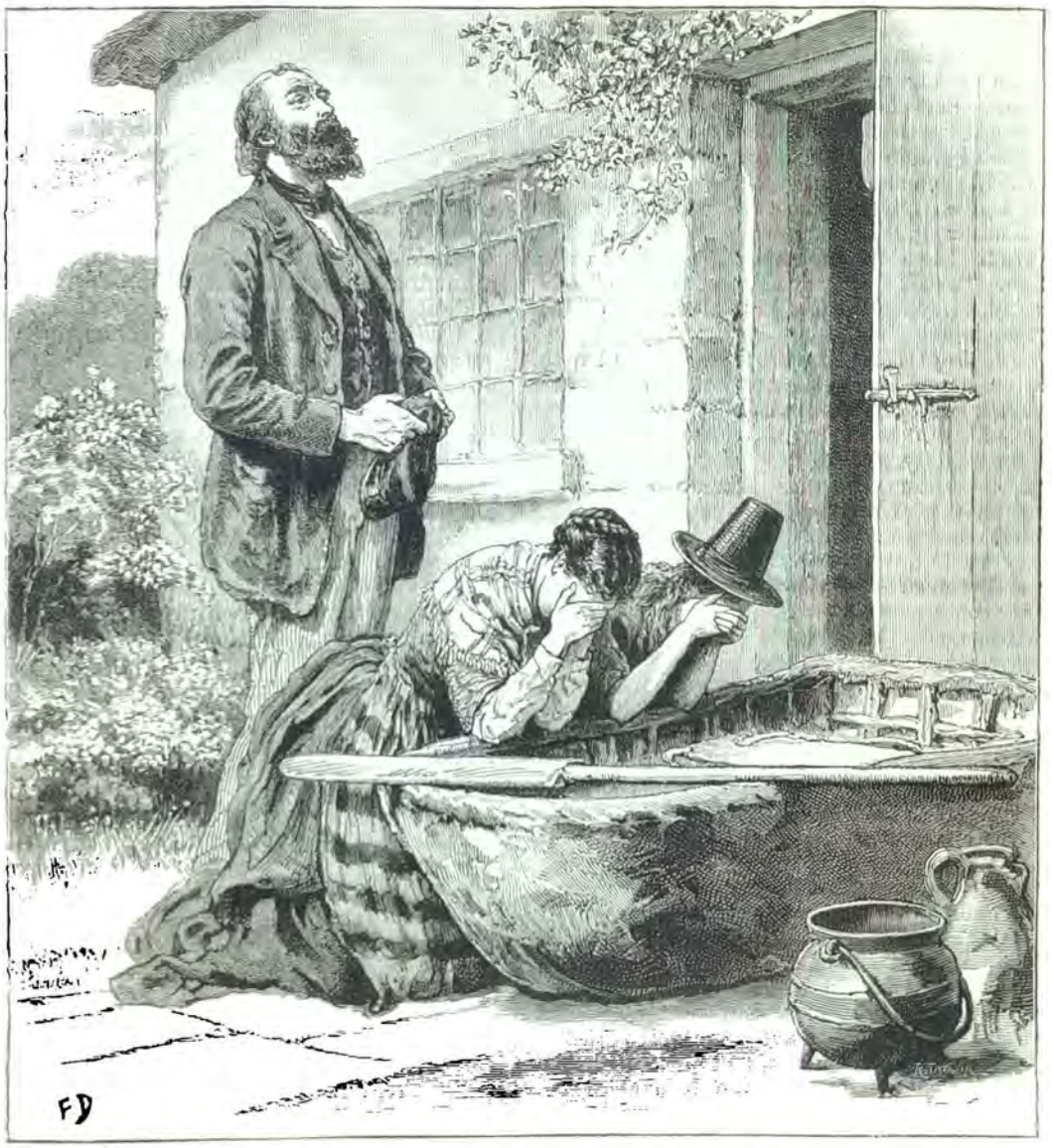
1. Whoso loveth wisdom rejoiceth his father.—*Prov.* xxix. 3.
2. The word that God putteth in my mouth, that shall I speak.—*Num.* xxii. 38.
3. The Lord will give strength unto His people.—*Psa.* xxix. 11.
4. In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust.—*Psa.* xxxi. 1.
5. Blessed are the pure in heart.—*Matt.* v. 8.
6. Blessed are the peacemakers.—*Matt.* v. 9.
7. O give thanks unto the Lord.—*Psa.* cxxxvi. 1.
8. He shall give His angels charge over thee.—*Psa.* xci. 11.
9. My soul shall be joyful in the Lord.—*Psa.* xxxv. 9.
10. Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.—*Psa.* cxix. 117.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OLD GWEN.

CHAPTER II.—THE FLITTING.



"LET US PRAY BEFORE WE LEAVE," SAID UNCLE LABAN.

A MOVE, even if it is a move for the better, is always a melancholy matter. Still, it stirs up dormant energies, and even poor Tisha's were aroused at sight of her dismantled cottage. Her brother-in-law, Joshua, had made short work of the preparations, having no time to spare, and his nephews and nieces aided him vigorously.

Young Gwen, who had a turn for management, had ruthfully begun by the beloved corner-cupboard; and when her mother saw tumblers

and wine-glasses, china ornaments and spoons, about to be consigned to a clothes-basket, she jumped out of the bed to which she had condemned herself for several months, and with her favourite sentence, "There's unfeeling you are!" snatched from the hands of Gwenny a wonderful sheep with a very green tree growing out of its back.

In another moment she had taken from Dorcas an equally amazing piece of workmanship in the shape of a man and woman under an umbrella, that the children were wont to designate, father and mother.

Although her costume was peculiar, she was by no means undressed, seeing she had shawls and petticoats *ad libitum* about her. But Dorcas, who was the genteel and thoughtful member of the household, with a certain inborn tact, whispered that she had "better put on her shoes and stockings, because Uncle Joshua would be here directly minute." She accordingly submitted to be led into a small inner room where the boys slept, and as Dorcas shut to the door, she was heard moaning, "My poor Toom."

"We'll leave the china and ornaments for mother. 'Twill do her good to pack them," said Gwenny, carrying the bee-hive chair outside the cottage.

The little garden and path were crowded with furniture, and Uncle Joshua and David were surveying it. The cart was close by, and the pony quietly browsing at no great distance. It was, fortunately, a fine day.

"Uncle Joshua, you must take up mother and the small things first," said managing Gwenny. "You'll never get done if you leave her and the chaney behind. Mamgu is at home to receive her, and we can send the fowls and pigs along. Mother could never be walking so far, and she'll go willing with those blessed ornaments. When I'm marrying, I'll never have a corner-cupboard. I say 'tis wicked to put things as can't feel before things as can."

"Your mother has had sore trials, Gwenny," replied Uncle Joshua reproachfully, and Gwenny hung her head. "You should pray to the Lord to increase her faith and patience. He has been very merciful to you all, and given you 'food and raiment' through your troubles."

"I do pray, uncle, indeed I do," said Gwenny.

Meanwhile the quieter Dorcas had persuaded her mother to dress, and she re-appeared in linsey gown, apron and shawl, to the no small delight of Shonny, who overwhelmed her with caresses.

"There's nice you look, mother!" exclaimed Gwenny. "Now if you and Dorcas 'll pack the chaney, we'll do all the rest, and uncle will take you up first. You can lay the breakables between the clo'es. I'll turn out the draws."

Tisha began to cry, but astute Gwen stayed the tear on the lid, by attacking the contents of the corner-cupboard. Tisha was rather an interesting-looking woman now that she was properly dressed, and, though pale and wan, had the remains of beauty. Seated on Shonny's three-legged stool by the clothes-basket, she received her treasures from Dorcas, while Gwenny emptied a chest of drawers and sundry boxes of clothes and linen, in the contents of which she carefully wrapped them. The dresser was also dismantled, and Gwen counted twenty jugs of all conceivable forms and patterns, which were stowed into the empty boxes. By degrees Tisha forgot herself and her troubles, and became interested in her work of packing.

Meanwhile Uncle Joshua and the boys had much difficulty in catching the majestic cock and his small harem of wives. Doubtless they feared they were to be taken to market instead of to old Gwen's homestead. There was also a brood of young chickens that gave them much trouble; but Shonny, who had his wits about him and knew more of birds and animals than did his uncle, who had been a carrier all his life, caught the hen first, and then her "cluck cluck" drew the witless chickens about her. He attracted the tame pigeons by a handful of grain, and finally, by a masterly management, much admired by his uncle, deposited the feathered fowl in a crate where they had not too much room, and made a commensurate amount of noise. The pigeons were placed in a basket by themselves.

Uncle Joshua passed in and out of the cottage a hundred times to watch the progress of Tisha, and at last, out of all patience, exclaimed, "If you don't finish up that tomfoolery, you must carry up your goods yourself, for I can't wait any longer."

"There's unfeeling you are! The things I've had ever since——" sobbed Tisha.

"Never mind, mother. We'll pack the plates and dishes against the next load," interrupted Dorcas. "Go you out with Uncle Joshua."

Tisha obeyed, and a drooping reed of a woman she looked, as she followed her stalwart brother-in-law. The cart was already partly full. The live-stock occupied the back portion of it; the bee-hive chair the centre; and the rest was left for Tisha's special treasures.

"Get you in first, Tish fach," said Uncle Joshua kindly, and uplifted her into the cart. "Sit you down in the chair. I've fastened it famous."

Tisha sat down, and no sooner was she duly established, than the two girls brought out the clothes-basket, enveloped in a blanket. Tisha uprose in excitement, and superintended the placing of her valuables before her in the cart.

"Suppose the little mare should kick," she suggested.

"She never did kick in her life. Why for should she begin now," returned Uncle Joshua. "You should think more of the Lord's mercies, and less of your furniture, sister-law. You have a good house to go to, and good children to take care of you, and He, when on earth, 'knew not where to lay His head.'"

"True for you, brother Joshua, but 'tis hard to change all the same," returned Tisha.

Every cranny of the cart was filled, and Tisha was soon surrounded by such light articles of furniture as would not endanger either her, the bee-hive chair, or the crate containing the poultry. When all was completed, the little mare was duly harnessed, and the family party stood to witness the first move. It was a pretty and pathetic scene. Tisha was crying piteously, and

even the resolute Gwenny had tears in her eyes. Shonny was howling, and Snap whining for company, while David and Dorcas stood a little apart, trying to comfort one another. A cloud suddenly passed over the face of the sun, as if for sympathy, and the grim old castellated rock looked mournfully down upon the family it had known so long and so well.

At this moment a stranger appeared, a tourist apparently, who paused at a little distance, to look on. Snap snarled at him, and the rest glanced at him from their tearful eyes; for strangers did not often come that way. He was a thick-set man of middle height, dressed in a tweed suit, with a broad wideawake on his head. A short pipe protruded from a mouth hidden by a bushy beard, and he carried a knapsack over his shoulder. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, and had he not approached David and Dorcas, he would have attracted no further notice. But he was inquisitive, and asked the children several questions concerning the neighbourhood, and especially the great rock that frowned in the distance.

"How am I to get to the top of it?" he enquired.

"By yonder path for short, please, sir; or by the lane mother's just going" replied Dorcas.

"What are you all crying about?" he asked.

"Because we are going away from here," answered David sturdily, for he objected to being questioned.

"What is your name, my lad?"

"David Gwillim."

"Gwillim?" repeated the stranger. "Is that your father?" pointing to Uncle Joshua.

"No, sir. That's my uncle. But I can't answer no more questions, because we're changing house," replied David resolutely, for he had sense enough to parry questions concerning his father.

"I dare say I shall see you again. There's something for you," said the tourist, putting a coin into David's hand, and walking off at full speed.

"Did you see the rings on his fingers, and the pin in his tie? I'm sure they were diamonds," said Dorcas.

"Hullo, sir! hullo! You've been giving me a sovereign instead of a shilling," shouted David, racing after the stranger, just as Uncle Joshua cracked his whip and said "Gee up, Nanno."

"Keep it," returned the stranger, without looking round.

But David overtook him and laid hold of his coat.

"They'll say I've been stealing it, sir, and put me in jail. Please take it back," said David. "We are praying every day to have our hearts turned from the love of riches, and Mamgu 'ould be angry if I took it."

"Give it to your mother," said the man, pausing a moment.

"None of us 'ould have it, sir. Thank you all the same, but there it is, for I mustn't stay any longer."

The boy dropped the money on the ground, as if afraid of some unseen tempter, and ran back to the house. The man picked up the sovereign and put it into his waistcoat pocket. Doing so, the pipe dropped from his mouth and broke. He uttered some sort of exclamation in a hoarse voice, and stood to watch the family party at the cottage.

"Not accept a sovereign!" he muttered, as he thought of the tearful eyes he had just seen, and gazed after the cart. He got a side view of Tisha in the bee-hive chair, of Uncle Joshua with his whip in his hand, encouraging Nanno; of Snap jumping at Nanno's nose but never catching it; and of Shonny, holding by the back of the cart. When the little procession disappeared, he turned towards the cottage, but the trio left behind had disappeared also. They were busy packing. A heavy cloud hung over the scene, and Careg Cennin frowned ominously.

"It is going to pour," he muttered, and cut across the grass towards the lane up which he had seen the cart and horse toiling.

He met a labouring man who appeared to be making for the cottage, and who touched his hat with a "good day" He arrested him to make some enquiries concerning the weather: then he asked "what was up?" as he expressed it, at the cottage below.

"They are changing house, sir," said the man, who was Laban, old Gwen's fourth son. "I'm just hurrying down to help them."

"They seem in great trouble?"

"No call to be in trouble. They're only going to live with their grandmother, and will do very well. But women make a fuss over everything."

"Is their father dead?"

"Well, not that I know of. Good day, sir."

If the stranger was inquisitive, certainly his interlocutors were reticent enough. The fact was, that none of old Gwen's numerous descendants cared to talk of poor Toom. He was the only blot on their escutcheon.

But Laban did not stay for more interrogatories. He hastened to the cottage, where he was received with a shout of welcome by his nephew and nieces.

"Now, uncle, we can get out the corner-cupboard, and take the bedstead to pieces," cried Gwenny.

Laban was a carpenter and had brought his tools; so, long before the mare and cart returned for a fresh load, the carved panels of the bedstead were out, and the posts tied ignominiously together, while the beloved cupboard was somewhat roughly extracted from its corner.

"Take care of the glass, please, uncle," said Dorcas. "It 'ould break mother's heart if the diamond panes were broken."

"I'll put 'em in again. Talk o' diamonds! I've just seen a chap covered with 'em. I wonder somebody don't murder him."

David repeated the episode of the sovereign.

"Mamgu says that the love of money is the root of all evil," put in Dorcas sententiously.

"Evil must be a big tree by this time!" ejaculated shrewd Gwenny, tugging at a feather bed. But Uncle Laban, who was a thoughtful man, said that perhaps the stranger had been moved by the Lord to help them in their trouble, though David was right not to take so large a

sum. All old Gwen's sons were, more or less, "preachers of righteousness."

The cart returned in due time, Shonny seated by his uncle's side as whip, and Snap, with canine perseverance, still jumping at Nanno's nose. The patience or indifference of that beast of burden was, as Joshua was wont to say, "a lesson to the rest of us." But then Nanno was always well treated, and Snap's intentions were more amiable than his actions. Many human Snaps do what they declare they never intended.

Again Nanno was unharnessed and permitted to poke her oft-attacked nose into the tender spring grass, and eat as much as she could in a brief space. Nanno was accustomed to make the best of the situation. Certainly her patience was put to the proof ere long, as well as her strength of muscle. Uncle Joshua piled up the goods in the cart with an accustomed hand, and it was no wonder that Dorcas asked solemnly:

"Will Nanno ever get the load up the hill?"

"Of course she will if we all push behind," was the reply.

Truly beds and bedsteads, chairs and tables, pots and pans, were piled one upon another higgledy-piggledy, apparently; but Joshua and Laban had tied everything securely, so that when Nanno was again torn from the sweet grass and put to, she made light of the load at her back.

"Furniture ain't so heavy as flesh, Dorcas. Nanno 'ould rather be carrying that load than all you girls and boys. You must bring up the rest by hand, and you girls had best stop and see to it. Laban and David 'll come back for the coracle and the pig," said Uncle Joshua.

"And puss! we must find her: though she 'ont stop anywhere but here,"said Gwenny.

She and Dorcas stood at the cottage door to watch the last load. They saw the uncles and nephews "pushing behind" when they reached the steep lane, and then they lost sight of them. There succeeded a violent outcry for puss, who had been watching proceedings at a safe distance, in other words from the pig-stye; for she and the pig were friends. She sometimes condescended to share his meal when it contained any savoury ingredient. She crept furtively forth, and was soon in the arms of her favourite Dorcas, who shut her up in the inner room of the cottage, which was quite empty, while she and Gwenny busied themselves with collecting a few odds and ends that had been left amongst the straw. Evening came on, and they were still at this work.

"Will mother ever survive it?" asked Dorcas.

"Of course she will. She'll be all the better for the move," replied Gwen.

"Can I be of any help?" were words that suddenly arrested the two girls, and the tourist who had given David the sovereign stood before them.

"No, thank you, sir. We've done," replied Gwenny curtly, who thought no more of strangers than of friends, because she had had a great deal to do with them up at the castle.

"I just came back to ask whether you would accept the money your brother refused," he said, offering the golden bait.

"Thank you, sir, but we aren't paupers, and we all earn our own living. We're much obliged, I'm sure, but we've done nothing for you," said Gwenny. "If you're wanting to see the castle and the well, one of us will show you over it, and then you can pay us if you like. But we don't want more than sixpence or a shilling for that."

Gwenny never knew what to do with her hands and arms when they were unemployed, which was not often. She could not place them akimbo before so grand a gentleman, so she put them behind her, while she examined his face with more of scrutiny than politeness. His eyes fell before hers, and he looked uncomfortable. What was visible of his face between the wideawake and beard was very pale, and she thought he must have been ill, and was probably "touring" for his health, as so many people did who had more money than they knew what to do with.

"When people change house they generally want money," he muttered, avoiding Gwen's eyes. "Why do you all refuse it?"

"Because the love of it is the root of all evil," broke in Dorcas unexpectedly.

"Who's coracle is that?" he asked, pointing to the boat that lay close by, awaiting the return of Laban.

"Father's."

"Where is he?"

"He's away from home just now," said Gwenny, and as she thus evaded the question, Uncle Laban re-appeared, and the inquisitive stranger hurried off.

He did not go far, however, but stood behind a neighbouring tree, watching the little party. His place of concealment was within earshot, so that he heard most of their conversation.

"Take care of father's coracle, uncle," said Gwenny, as the trio stood before the time-honoured vessel bearing that ancient name.

This remnant of the usages of the ancient Britons is a sort of oval canoe, formed of basket-work and covered with a hide or leather, or sailcloth, and is so light that the fishermen carry it on their backs. Being only about four feet in length and three in width, it manages to navigate the rapid, rock-encumbered rivers of Wales, where larger boats would not venture to intrude. Formerly, as we have already said, the fisherman made a good living by catching sewen or small salmon with which some of the rivers abound; but in these days owners of land preserve their rivers in order to improve the salmon, and what was once freely permitted now becomes poaching.

"Let us pray before we leave," said Uncle Laban, who was a sort of local preacher or missionary in his district, and much respected as a truly Christian and God-fearing man.

The two girls knelt down by the coracle, and placing their elbows on its edge, covered their eyes with their hands. Laban stood behind them. His prayer was short and impressive, and spoken with the rhythmic roll of the grand old Welsh tongue. Translated, the substance was as follows:—

"Bless, oh Almighty God, our goings out and our comings in. Protect those who are widowed

and orphaned before their time. Grant that if the husband and father is innocent, his innocence may be proved. Oh God! we believe him innocent, but Thou alone knowest the truth. Justify him, oh Lord. Behold his children! behold yon empty house! Behold the means of his living. Bring him back to us, and forgive his enemies, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

The girls, who were sobbing audibly, repeated the "Amen," and rose from their knees. As if to calm their grief, they hurried into the house; Laban took up the coracle and placed it lengthwise on his back, saying to himself that Joshua had promised to come back for the pig. Dorcas came out first, a basket in one hand containing the cat, a bundle in the other. Gwenny followed laden with more baskets and bundles. She locked the door, saying that she would give up the key with the arrears of rent, which the landlord had promised to wait for.

Laban led the way with the coracle on his back, which looked like a big tortoise, and the girls followed slowly; while the stranger watched the melancholy little procession up the lane beneath the gigantic rock.

Gwenny and Dorcas continued to cry silently, and when Uncle Laban turned suddenly and perceived their tears, he paused a few moments to comfort them. He was a tender-hearted man, and loved his nieces almost as much as his own children.

"Cheer up, my dears," he said; "if the Lord will, you may return some day to Cabon Afon."

"That's what I am thinking," replied Dorcas. "Only—only—poor father! It seems as if you must be father there in his coracle."

"I am sure I will take his place, God willing," said Laban. "But you have your duties to do, my dears. You must try to support your mother, who is feeble, and to help your grandmother, who is old. Think of the commandment with promise, 'Honour thy father and thy mother.' God has blessed us as a family, because we have been always clinging to one another and doing what we could for mother. Follow her example, my dears; she remembered her Creator in the days of her youth, and now she is old He does not depart from her."

"We will try, Uncle Laban," returned Gwenny and Dorcas, and somehow their hearts were lightened.

THE LATE ION KEITH FALCONER.

ION KEITH FALCONER was a genuine growth of these later days. The muscularity, the philanthropy, the Christian zeal, of which we have seen so many examples in different directions, united in him. He was one of the noblest types of the new revival. The spirit which has sent men forth from the universities, and from rich and cultivated homes, to labour in squalid city streets, or on the missionary field, was strong upon him. He combined physical energy with intellectual vigour, and all that he had of personal or social advantage he gave to the service of God and his fellows. There is a beautiful naturalness, so to say, in his life—no hint of painful effort or of self-denying virtue, but a simple faith which makes its devotion appear a matter of course.

His Biography should be read by young men of every calling, but it has its lessons also for older people. It is exceptionally good, full and yet proportioned, reserved in its praises, and yet leaving the impression of a rare and vigorous personality. It was fitting that such a career should have its memorial, and be chronicled by a discerning friend.[1]

The third son of the Earl of Kintore, himself a man of faith and good works, Ion Keith Falconer was born in 1856, at Edinburgh. His childhood was spent at the family seat in Aberdeenshire. There is a singular foreshadowing of the future man in the recollections of those early years. An old nurse describes how from the very first she was struck with his extreme unselfishness and consideration for others. "He was always eager to give up to his brothers and sisters; if anything was to be shared among them, he would say, 'Give it to the others first, I will wait.' . . . He never required to be amused like most children, but was always full of resources in himself—reading was at all times, and above all things, his delight. From the time when he was about five years old, he used on Sunday afternoons to read the Bible to the other children and explain it; and his elder brother and he were in the habit of reading and praying together. When he was about seven, he began to go and read the Bible in the cottages, and the people were perfectly amazed at his knowledge of the Bible and his power of explaining it. He did this entirely without suggestion from any one, and never talked of it to any one; it was only from the people themselves that it was found out. His old nurse used then to say that she was sure he would one day be a missionary. He was so much loved by every one, that he went by no other name in the household than that of 'the angel.' He was as generous then as he was in later years. When out walking, he could not pass ragged or hungry-looking persons without emptying his pockets for them; and when all his money was gone he would save up biscuits and the like and give them away. Before he received

[1] Memorials of the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, M.A. Late Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, and Missionary to the Mohammedans of Southern Arabia. By the Rev. Robert Sinker, B.D., Librarian of Trinity College. Deighton, Bell and Co., Cambridge.

his allowance of pocket-money, he always carefully planned how every penny was to be spent, and faithfully adhered to his scheme. He once saved up to buy some ginger-nuts, which were his favourite weakness, for himself, and went down to Inverurie to buy them; but on the way back, he met a hungry-looking boy, and promptly bestowed them all on him. Of such things he would never speak . . . . He did it all, as the nurse said, 'just as if it were his ordinary work.'"

Not less remarkable was his early interest in the story of the Cross, and all that pertained to it. At thirteen he was sent to Harrow. There, the master in whose house he resided being witness, his "boyish life was noticeable from the first for marked individuality and determination." "He was one of those boys, not too common, who are not afraid to have the courage of their opinions. Always high principled and religious, he never disguised his views . . . . Not that he was anything of a prig or Pharisee, far from it. He was an earnest, simple-hearted, devout, Christian boy." In harmony with this testimony are the words of a schoolfellow: "His religion was by no means self-contained, personal and passive. He longed to make others better, and he took an earnest, and, as he rose in the school, an authoritative part against those forms of 'evil communications,' which are always present in greater or less degree in every assemblage of boys."

In later years his affection for Harrow bore fruit in the Kintore prizes for Scripture study, which he was instrumental in founding.

On leaving Harrow, Keith Falconer went to reside at Hitchin, in the house of the Rev. Lewis Hensley, a senior wrangler of earlier date, in order to prepare himself for his mathematical course at Cambridge. It was while he was here that his elder brother died, and the first great sorrow of his life befell him. The nature of his sympathies appeared in many acts of quiet service amongst the poor of the town. He was fond of visiting them in their cottages, and would often speak a kindly word to rouse them to serious thought; and "often by the bed-side of the sick and infirm would he sing and read to them, cheering and comforting many a weary soul, and not forgetting to help those in distress with his purse." The same spirit was shown after his removal to Cambridge. "During the nine years he was in residence with me," testifies his landlady, "his sole aim seemed to be to benefit all needing help, whether friends or strangers. He would frequently bring in those he met accidentally in his walks, give them refreshment, better clothing or money, and start them in fresh spirits."

Bicycles were just coming into fashion when Keith Falconer entered the university. It was at Hitchin that he obtained that mastery of the machine which made him afterwards the champion rider of England. This bicycling became his favourite exercise, and brought his indomitable will into popular esteem. It was in 1874 that Keith Falconer's name was entered in the books of Trinity College. Here is a fragment from a letter written scarcely two months later:

"Yesterday was the ten-mile bicycle race—three started, I was one. I ran the distance in thirty-four minutes, being the fastest time, amateur or professional, on record. . . . To-day I am going to amuse the public by riding an 86-inch bicycle to Trumpington, and back. There is a little scale of steps up it, up which I am helped, and then started off and left to myself. It is great fun, riding this leviathan: it creates such an extraordinary sensation among the old dons who happen to be passing."

More characteristic is the following, of a few months later date:

"The bicycle race at Lillie Bridge has been postponed. . . I went to stay with my antagonist for a few days, and took him and his mother and his aunt to Spurgeon's on Sunday. They were slightly astonished to see such a mass of people all *riveted* for nearly an hour. Moody and Sankey will probably hold a meeting in his tabernacle. I shall go to hear them, I hope. I expect it will be glorious."

In stature, Keith Falconer rose six feet three inches; his kindly voice and radiant face, that a manly pensiveness often overshadowed, live in the recollection of his friends. He never allowed his bicycling to interfere with his reading, but regarded athletic exercises as means to the *sana mens in sano corpore*, whereby a man might be better fitted for the discharge of any duties. But his feats were not few; and some perhaps were such as could only be justified by his possession of unusual powers of physical endurance. Once he rode all the way from Cambridge to Bournemouth, a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, between dawn and darkness. He won in numerous races, the one that probably excited most interest being the five miles, in which he competed with John Keen, the professional champion, and won by five yards, the time being 15 minutes 11$\frac{2}{5}$ seconds; but the next year he won also in the twenty miles race, the time being 1 hour 4 minutes 15$\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, which at that time was the fastest on record. On the day of this race, we are told that "he was studying hard all the morning, and forgot that he had to race; and it was not until all the other competitors were at the starting-post ready to start that he rushed into the dressing-room, changed his clothes as quickly as possible, and mounted for the race. He rode several miles before he recovered his breath." Three years later he won in the 50 miles Bicycle Union Amateur Championship race, at the Crystal Palace, beating by seven minutes all previous records, in 2 hours 43 minutes and 58$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds. Amongst his other achievements was a ride in 1882, from the Land's End to John o' Groat's house—"994 miles in thirteen days less forty-five minutes," an average of 76 to 77 miles a day. Such facts help us to measure the energy which he carried into nobler spheres of effort.

Another accomplishment of his leisure hours was shorthand, which he taught himself, and in which he acquired remarkable dexterity both as to speed and accuracy. It was turned to serviceable account on many public occasions, as well

as in his private studies. The article on this subject in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was written by him.

In his career as student, Keith Falconer also won honourable distinction. Many a man might be found of profounder scholarship, or of wider range in thought or knowledge; but he brought an ever-growing store to the tasks he set himself. A characteristic incident is narrated of his "Little-go" examination. On the day before it was to take place, a fellow-student, finding he was to sit by his side, wrote to him, asking him to give him a few hints as need might require and secret opportunity allow, to which "Keith Falconer replied that he could not dream of such a thing, but if the other cared, he would devote every minute of time till the examination began to 'coaching' him for it." He had not been long at Cambridge before he determined to put aside his mathematical plans, and read for honours in the Theological Tripos. The energy with which he set himself to master Hebrew was curiously shown in the post-cards he wrote in that language. "They show a power," says his biographer, "I have not often seen equalled of bending the inflexible idioms, and making the scanty vocabulary suffice for the needs of nineteenth century English." When the Tripos examination came, his name was one of the six in the first class, and the prize for Hebrew was awarded to him. The Semitic languages came next in the programme of his studies, and in these also the examination resulted in his being placed in the first class, "his work having been distinctly brilliant and of decided promise."

A remark of Mr. Bowen, one of his old Harrow masters, deserves well to be pondered in this association:—

"I think this clear-headedness in matters of intellect was after all only a reflection of the moral simplicity which was his highest and most beautiful gift. I have often known young men who were candid, many who were devout, and many who were pleasant; but I can hardly remember any who united the three qualities so fully. *He approached the world of ideas as great observers approach the world of nature, with wonder, with reverence, and with humility.*"

From Cambridge Keith Falconer went with a student of like pursuits to Leipzig, not only to continue his Arabic studies, but that he might see something of the life of a foreign university, and at the same time become thoroughly versed in German. Three days in the week he "read Koran," with one of the professors—a man, however, who it soon appeared knew less of the bare facts of the Bible than many an English child of nine or ten years. These studies had all an intimate bearing on the future which still lay hidden. As yet there was no distinct indication of ultimate purpose in them, but they had no small share in shaping his final plans. On returning to London he met General Gordon. The following note from the latter has a value of its own:

"Southampton, 25.4.81.

"My Dear Mr. Keith-Falconer,—

"I only wish I could put you into something that would give you the work you need, viz., secular and religious work, running side by side. This is the proper work for man, and I think you could find it.

"Would you go to Stamboul as extra unpaid attaché to Lord Dufferin? if so, why not try it, or else as private secretary to Petersburg? If you will not, then come to me in Syria to the Hermitage.

"Believe me, with kind regards,

"Yours sincerely,

"C. G. Gordon."

Another project soon interested him. Not content with his knowledge of classical Arabic, he planned a residence at Assiout, on the Nile—a place then little frequented by Europeans—in order to acquire an easy use of the language as now spoken. While there, he conceived the idea of a camel ride across the desert, but was compelled by an attack of fever to stay his preparations. On his return once more to Cambridge, he was, in 1883, appointed one of the examiners for the Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarships; and later in the same year, he was offered and accepted the post of Hebrew lecturer at Clare College. The next event of moment in his life was his marriage at Cannes, to Miss Gwendolen Bevan, daughter of Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, of Trent Park, Hertfordshire. It would seem to have been towards the end of the same year that the foreign mission field came clearly within the scope of his vision as practicable for himself. The departure of his intimate friend Mr. C. T. Studd, of Trinity College, set his thoughts in a new direction. Early the next year he published his "Kalilah and Dimnah," or the "Fables of Bidpai," a translation from the Syriac, with elaborate preface, of certain stories which, as he remarks, have probably had more readers than any other book except the Bible. Nothing gave plainer proof than this piece of work of the services he might have rendered in this department of literature. But his gifts were soon to be laid on another altar. He was much influenced by a paper in which General Haig urged the duty of attempting the evangelisation of Arabia. A consultation followed, and then much anxious and careful deliberation as to practical points. All things pointed to Aden as a suitable place of approach. In order to clear the ground, he and his wife undertook a preliminary journey, and spent some months on the proposed scene of action.

The glimpses which we get of this four months' sojourn at Aden are full of interest; the step-like house on the side of the hill, the early morning lesson to his wife in Arabic, the "gathering of the servants" on the roof after dinner, his rambles in the town, and talks and gospel readings with the natives—the people looking at him in the street, and saying, "That man knows kurân and *nahwi*." After a visit twenty-five miles inland to El-Hautah, the capital of Lahej, we find him writing:—

"Though I had been warned to use the utmost caution in introducing 'religious topics,' on account of the supposed fanaticism of the people, I found no difficulty whatever in circulating Arabic gospels. Several came to the bungalow to

get them. Books are greatly valued in Aden and neighbourhood, and the name of Isa, the Messiah, is held in veneration by all. The Injil—Evangelion—a term applied to the whole Testament, is acknowledged as God's book, and as having come down from heaven. It would not surprise me in the least if a Christian mission, conducted with prudence and self-denial, were welcomed as a message from God."

In the same letter he writes of the oasis of Lahej :—

"The Sultan owns every inch of the fertile oasis, and the people are so many serfs. His 'soldiers' get no pay, only their food. One of the natives who came to us for treatment with an extensive sore behind his foot, told us that the Sultan had given him a year's imprisonment for tearing a water-skin, and that the fetter had produced his sore. The Sultan came to see us, and consulted the doctor (Keith Falconer's companion) about his ailments. On being told that he must take daily exercise, he exclaimed, 'Impossible!' If I shew my nose outside my palace, twenty men run after me crying for justice. The Sultan took us to see his chief secretary. On seeing this functionary, I was surprised to recognise a man with whom I had conversed at Aden, and to whom I had given a gospel. He now asked me for the whole Bible. Thus a book given in Aden may be carried far away."

These reconnoitrings completed, Keith Falconer and his wife returned to England, but before he left he had purchased "a garden plot" as a site for future use, and the dim vision of a new sphere which he had seen afar off had become bright with the sense of near possession. The culminating point of his Cambridge career was now close at hand. The post of Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic in the University, becoming vacant by the resignation of Professor Robertson Smith, it was offered to him, and after some deliberation accepted. Though his heart was at Aden, the mission was not yet constituted; and it was possible that by accepting the office, he might be able to serve, not only Cambridge, but more efficiently the larger cause to which he had given himself; and that he might, with our present facilities of movement, be able to discharge the duties even from Aden, at least temporarily. Thus it came about that in November of the same year he took upon himself the responsibilities of the professorship, by giving three lectures on Mecca, and the Meccan pilgrimage.

At this point of our sketch, it is necessary to retrace the years. This missionary spirit was no new development in Keith Falconer. Neither man nor boy can know the ultimate issue of his own best impulses. The communicative life had been his from the first. The simple piety of his childhood had unfolded in simple acts of service. The same outflowing soul had kept his student days free from stagnant doubt. His manifold deeds of helpfulness will never be fully recorded. Not content with steady missionary work in Cambridge itself, he came frequently to London, and bore an active part in the evangelistic work carried forward with such success by Mr. Charrington in the East End. Once in the streets he was covered with flour by the frequenters of a neighbouring music hall. He was the honorary secretary of the movement by which the last great Assembly Hall was built, now so conspicuous a structure in the Mile End road, capable of accommodating nearly five thousand people, and sheltering many various agencies of good. His circular appeal was a model of its kind. For the mission he pleads that it is "evangelistic, unsectarian and *sober*." "I say sober," he adds, "because of late years some have despaired of reaching the masses except by using certain unseemly methods, and our work is an emphatic protest against this practice, and a standing disproof of its necessity." "It is overwhelming to think of the vastness of the harvest field," we find him writing to a friend, "when compared with the indolence, indifference and unwillingness on the part of most so-called Christians, to become even in a moderate degree, labourers in the same. I take the rebuke to myself . . . To enjoy the blessings and happiness God gives, and never to stretch out a helping hand to the poor and the wicked is a most horrible thing."

This Aden scheme, it will thus be seen, was no sudden outbreak of enthusiasm. The studies in which he was engaged led his thoughts naturally to Arabia, and when the special call came it appealed to a heart already glowing with Christian zeal; here perhaps was a task for which he was more fitted by training and circumstance than some other men. It was arranged that the mission should be associated with the Free Church of Scotland, to which Keith Falconer had been always attached, though he was to go forth at his own charges. The preliminary arrangements were made with all prudence, a suitable doctor was found for the medical mission work; and plans and methods were well considered.

Within a few hours of delivering his last Meccan lecture, Keith Falconer had left Cambridge and was on the way to London. His little dog "Jip" travelled with him. A few farewell visits paid, and he pressed onward to Marseilles whence he took ship to Aden, arriving there early in December, 1886. The story of the next few months must be summed in few words. His wife joined him before the end of the year. A temporary home was set up at Shaikh Othman, but the bright early days of the mission were quickly overclouded. The house, not the one first intended, proved unhealthy. Keith Falconer was prostrated by fever—"five attacks in eight weeks." Yet his spirits never failed him. "How I wish," he said, "that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ—nearer, nearer, nearer." All too soon came the end. There was no shrill cry of alarm. Death entered with the soft silent step of an angel of light, and, while the household slept, bore him away (May 10, 1887).

Six months, and this the close. But the work which Keith Falconer began goes forward; his spirit is an inspiration yet. This Biography of thirty-one short years is not only a record of affection, it is also a Voice of Appeal. Let him that hath ears for its message, hear.

A PURITAN PREACHING.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

ON ITS RELIGIOUS SIDE.

II.

PHILIP HENRY in his diary, under date September 2, 1666, writes:—"A lamentable fire began in London which continued burning till Thursday following, laying waste that famous and beautiful city, except a very small remnant of it in its own rubbish."

And in his reflections on the event, he says:—"May it not be a further voice to our Governors, like that to Pharaoh, saying, Let my people goe that they may serve Mee, and if ye will not, behold, thus and thus will I doe unto you."

By "a further voice," he evidently refers to that heard in the Plague the year before. Surely it is a significant thing that a period in which the "people" to which Philip Henry referred were put under such cruel bondage should have been visited by a series of such great national calamities as the Plague in 1665, raging not only in London but in several other parts of the country; the Fire of London (1666) than which, to read Evelyn's account, no scene more sensationally awful was ever witnessed in England; and finally, in 1667, the unparalleled disgrace to the honour of the country, when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames as far as Gravesend, threatening London and setting fire to three of our great men-of-war.

How strange that Christian men should be so apt to see the providence of God in their own private affairs, and so blind to the fact that "the government of the earth is in the hand of the Lord." Yet both during the height of the Plague, and during the progress of the Great Fire, though the lessons read were exactly the same, no one seems to have paid the least heed to them, and yet they were so vivid, so exactly appropriate to the occasion, if we consider the particular sins of king and people, that supposing any one wished to portray these two great national calamities in a sublime form of poetry, he could not do better than make the lessons read at the most special times mentioned, from the books of Joel and Amos, its groundwork.

No doubt men like Philip Henry did, but it would have become a subject for prosecution to preach such things.

Under date, July 11, Pepys writes: "Home where all our hearts do now ake, for the news is true that the Dutch have broke the chains and burned our ships and particularly the Royal Charles." And in his terror he holds a consultation in his bedroom, with wife and father-in-law, as to what they shall do with all their money and where they shall escape to.

And after his visit to Whitehall, he says: "There is hardly anybody in the Court but do look as if he cried." "The truth is I do fear that the whole kingdom is undone." If Pepys had gone to church the previous evening, the evening of the day of De Ruyter's exploits, he would have heard words which exactly described the anxiety which the wicked must feel the moment they realise the truth of their position. (Job xv. 20–35.)

And if he had attended morning service on the day that he learnt the disastrous news, he would have listened to a bolder denunciation of proud, tyrannical, covetous nations and kings, than any man of those times would have dared privately to mutter. But who will believe these things? Who is there that believes these so-called "Lessons" are always lessons indeed to those who have ears to hear?

When John James was asked why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he replied:—"Know ye for certain that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves, and upon this city, and upon the inhabitants thereof."

And John James's case was only a flagrant example of a tyranny that was crushing out the lives of hundreds.

And to be dragged through the mire of London streets, to be hanged at Tyburn, with the atrociously inhuman outrages by which earthly power sought to terrorise men into subjection, was perhaps after all not so unendurable as to lay a prisoner for life in some horrible gaol, a moral leper-house, where a gangrened mass of humanity were cast, to get more and more ulcerated, more and more irremediably corrupt. To such circumstances not less than five thousand Quakers were reduced, besides an innumerable host of other Christians, some of the most excellent men and women in the country. If we want to know with how much iniquity the whole matter proceeded, we have only to read the histories of their trials, in some cases preserved in our law records. Read, for example, in the State Trials that of John Crook, and two other members of the Society of Friends, arrested May 13, 1661, while peaceably engaged in their devotions. Called upon to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, they refused, on the ground that they dared not break Christ's commandment—"Swear not at all." In the course of the trial, the Lord Chief Justice not only hectored them in the usual manner of the judges of the time, and which Bunyan so exquisitely touches off in the following colloquy:—

"*Faithful*—May I speak a few words in my own defence?"

"*Judge*—Sirrah, sirrah, thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately on the place, yet that all may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou hast to say."

But Lord Chief Justice Foster did not pretend even to the same show of justice as the judge in the court of Beelzebub, but continually called on the executioner, present with his badge of office,

his ropes round his neck, to stop the prisoners' mouths, which was done several times with a dirty cloth and a gag. Possibly Sir R. Foster was infuriated at the high position the prisoners took as men, innocent men, and Englishmen. "Sirrah, you are too bold," he said to John Crook; who replied, "Sirrah is not a word becoming a judge. Mine innocency makes me bold," and when the gag was out of his mouth he further had the temerity to say, "It is justice, I stand for, let me have justice." But the judges would hear no defence, and ordering the gag to be again applied, they talked with the jury, who gave the Chief Justice a paper finding the prisoners guilty of refusing to take the oath of allegiance. Upon which John Crook and his companions were sentenced to forfeiture of all their real estates during life, and their personal estates for ever; to be out of the king's protection, and to be imprisoned during his pleasure. A sentence, which as Lord Campbell has pointed out, placed them in the position of wolves, "they might be put to death by any one as noxious vermin!"[1]

Charles was, as we know, a most successful dissembler, and we have other proof that he did sometimes speak "the language of Zion," when he wished to "dulcify" its professors. In any case, it is certain that he sent over a declaration from Breda, in which he said: "We do also declare liberty to tender consciences, and that no man shall be disquieted or called in question for differences of opinion in matters of religion which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom." How was it that directly he was firmly established on the throne, he permitted so flagrant a reversal of this promise?

The truth was, he found that those to whom he made this promise were far more unpopular throughout the country than he had supposed. The Commonwealth had not continued long enough to heal the wounds it had inflicted, and there were thousands of persons who had suffered from its various actions, who were only too glad to have their revenge. If Charles II. had been a just king, desiring first of all the common weal of the country over which he was called to preside, he would have done his best to give a right direction to the higher thought which animated the dominant party:—the desire for national unity. In this way he could have laid the foundations of a splendid work, and earned the everlasting gratitude of the country; but he found it only too easy to take the common despot's course *Divida et impera*. He tried to crush the remains of the Puritan party by means of the Church and King party, and again to dominate the latter party by means of the Nonconformists and Catholics; but happily the best men of all sides were true to the religion which formed the soul of the country, the Nonconformists preferring to remain under much injustice rather than put in hazard the Protestant character of the country.

But Charles was no common despot. There is a fascination about him which does not exist in his contemporary, Louis XIV., but which is felt in Bunyan's Diabolus and Milton's Satan.

> He, above the rest
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent
> Stood like a tower, his form had yet not lost
> All her original brightness; nor appear'd
> Less than Arch-angel ruin'd . . . shone
> Above them all the Arch-angel, but his face
> Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
> Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
> Of dauntless courage, and considerate pride
> Waiting revenge: cruel his eye . . . .[1]

This is certainly not the idea the historians give us of Charles II., but one has only to look at his portrait by Lely to feel that there could be no better description of his outward man. Moreover history reveals him as having a purpose, a will and a policy which made him more than a match for any of the English statesmen of the time. He duped Clarendon, Shaftesbury, and Danby, throwing them over as they became dangerous to his purpose. He duped the parliament, the church, and the nation. Gay and dissolute, good-natured and accessible, apparently sauntering through life with no other object than to kill time, he pertinaciously pursued his purpose, hiding his real views until the proper moment came for declaring them. That moment never came, but he and his successor understood one another, and, with a truly philosophic mind, he resigned himself to quit the stage pleasantly, and without any agitation of spirit. It seems a fact little heeded, but it is most important as a key to the political purpose of Charles II. to remember that he was a pupil of the philosopher Hobbes, who taught that the best possible form of government was a pure and unrestrained monarchy.

Burnet says that in the year 1645, the Duke of Buckingham being newly come to Paris, and finding the king (who was then fifteen years of age) being enough inclined to receive ill impressions, he, who was then got into all the impieties and vices of the age, set himself to corrupt the king, in which he was too successful, being seconded in that wicked design by Lord Percy. And to complete the matter, Hobbes was brought to him, under pretence of instructing him in mathematics; and he laid before him his schemes both with relation to religion and politics, which made deep and lasting impression on the king's mind.

They had to part when Charles was about twenty-one years of age, but the love and regard of the royal pupil for the philosopher seems to have been real to the end.[2] To find out Charles' views as a statesman, we must go then to the works of his master, and we shall find they teach that the greatest happiness of a state is to have all authority centred in one single person, who is the representative of all. And that one man, Hobbes maintained, should not only be the absolute ruler, but the teacher and priest of the

[1] "Lives of the Chief Justices of England," vol. i., p. 498.

[1] "Paradise Lost."

[2] Charles took him into his favour after the Restoration, and he had his portrait in his closet at Whitehall, but the name of Hobbes was regarded in his own day as that of Voltaire or of Tom Paine was in later times, and the king had to give him up to his foes.

people. The sovereign, he said, cannot but choose to take in hand the control of the whole life of the subject; the state must be at the same time church if it is to remain state, and the king will give ground to the priest unless he is himself priest as well as king. The state cannot control freedom of thought, but the claim of anything called conscience to override the sovereign's commands must be at once rejected.

This is a key to the inner thoughts and object of Charles, it was the peculiarity of the time that he had a Parliament even more despotic in spirit than he was himself, and a great deal more disposed to disregard the claims of conscience than suited his purpose. In 1661 it passed the Test and Corporation Act, by which all who took any office civil or military were required to take the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. The object was to eliminate the puritan element from the corporations of all the cities and towns in England. Bunyan evidently had this Act in his mind when he represents Diabolus immediately after getting possession of Mansoul, as new modelling the town, and turning the Lord Mayor, the recorder, and all the old magistrates out of office.

But it was in 1662 that the great blow was struck in the Act of Uniformity, the avowed object of which was to force the whole puritan party out of the ministry of the Church of England. It was determined to require an unfeigned assent and consent to every thing in the Book of Common Prayer (it having been altered in order to render it still more difficult to tender consciences), to exact a renunciation of the Solemn League and Covenant, and a declaration that it was unlawful under any pretence to take up arms against the king. More than 2000 clergymen resigned their livings on St. Bartholomew's day, 1662, many to realize the evening lesson of the day; the contempt that awaits the poor Christian man who has to go about from house to house, living on the alms of his brethren. However, they went, some died broken-hearted, some left the country, some rose to be physicians, some sank to be farm-servants or artizans, while some were too old to support themselves by any kind of labour. Unable to believe that any earthly authority could stand between them and their ordination vows, notwithstanding all penal laws they continued to preach, and to assemble their flocks for prayer. Sometimes these congregations met in the woods or in lonely valleys among the hills, or in the dead of the night in private houses, the ministers wending their way in divers disguises. For it was on these last the law fell, and the prisons were soon crowded with such offenders.

When men like Joseph Alleine, who had always been known as a royalist, refused to cease preaching, let them make what laws they might, one would have thought the dominant party would have stopped to consider where they were drifting. But no, Alleine was treated by Chief Justice Foster after the same fashion as he had treated Crook and James. Presbyterians, Quakers, Baptists, all were driven into the same prisons, and at least into a community of suffering.

On the 1st of July, 1664, an Act came into operation called "The Conventicle Act," rendering any person above the age of sixteen attending a religious meeting, not allowed by the liturgy or practice of the Church of England, where five or more persons were present besides the household, liable for the first offence to three months' imprisonment or a fine, and for the third offence to be banished for seven years to the plantations. New England was specially excluded, and from what was reported this banishment must have seemed much like being sold into slavery. Otherwise why should it have been necessary to add the clause, that if a convict returned to England during the period of his sentence he was to be hanged. Still further in carrying out this Act a jury was unnecessary. A single justice of the peace and the oath of an informer were sufficient.

Imagine the fearful tyranny to which this subjected some of the most godly people in England. Who were the persons who had the chief carrying out of this Act? The country magistrates. Macaulay has pictured them for us in his famous chapter on the State of England in 1685. Hardly better educated than their grooms and gamekeepers, and using language as coarse, and speaking with a pronunciation as provincial, constantly drunk, and that with heavy potations of beer, obstinately adhering to the traditional ideas on religion and politics of a very narrow country circle, hating bitterly all Frenchmen and Italians, Scotchmen and Irishmen, Papists and Presbyterians, Independents and Baptists, Quakers and Jews, withal proudly conscious that they were men of family, magistrates and officers of the train-bands; what mercy could a tradesman, artizan, or farm-labourer, accused of defying the law and attending a seditious conventicle, expect at such hands?

It would really seem as if some began to think themselves Turkish pachas, and that they could imprison and hang as they pleased. At Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1664, the magistrates filled two houses with prisoners, and resting on an old statute, some one raked up, of the 35th of Elizabeth, they proceeded to offer twelve of these unfortunate men and women their choice, to conform, abjure the realm, or suffer death. They gave them an afternoon to consider of it, and the victims declining either method of concluding their troubles, were found guilty of felony and sentenced to death. They included Stephen Dagnal, a minister, Ellit, a teacher, eight other men mostly tradesmen, and two women, one a mother with six children. The son of one of the condemned men, a farmer named Monk, at once took horse and rode to London, where he immediately saw William Kiffin, who, though a Baptist, had influence at court, he being so rich, that on one occasion to escape lending Charles 40,000*l.*, he presented the king with ten thousand as a gift. Kiffin went at once to Whitehall, and the king seemed surprised, and inquired whether there was any law in force which would justify such proceedings. Being assured by the Lord Chancellor that there was, Charles granted an immediate reprieve, with

vhich Thomas Monk returned with all possible ıaste to Aylesbury.

This incident we give as showing the extreme engths to which the dominant party would ometimes go. Its spirit was fully exhibited in the Oxford or Five Mile Act.

Any one may see from Defoe's account of the Plague, even if their imagination did not assure them, such must have been the fact, that its terrific ravages and truly awful scenes could not fail to have affected Londoners somewhat as the earthquake did Paul's jailer at Philippi. Yet at this moment a great many of their spiritual guides fled and shut up their churches. It seemed a distinct call to some of the dispossessed preachers and other Nonconformists to supply their places. The presence of death awoke both preachers and hearers. Many who hung on their words literally listened for the last time. Next day their bodies were cast into the pit.

What did the Parliament which had fled to Oxford do? They passed an Act, October 31st, 1665, forbidding any minister to come within five miles of the city or corporation where he had been in the habit of officiating, under a penalty of 40*l.*, unless he took an oath declaring it unlawful, under any pretence whatever, to take up arms against the king, or at any time to come to endeavour the alteration of the government either in church or state. When we know the sort of men who immediately suffered from this Act, men like Philip Henry, who was obliged at once to leave his home, his family residing at the time within four reputed miles of his old parish, we know that those who refused the oath were not moved by mere political considerations.

But what has all this to do with the Revolution of 1688? Revolutions are not made in a day. It is not one or many acts that can drive men to imperil the foundation of society, the poorest, the most discontented are sensible of the value of law and order: the revolutionary agents are the tyrants themselves, who work zealously and persistently till at last the day comes when a very slight accident brings the whole edifice to ruin.

RICHARD HEATH.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

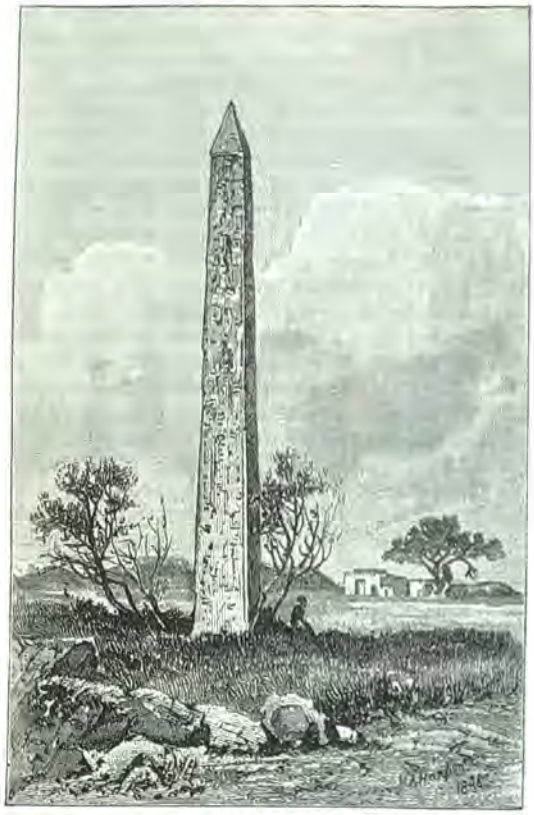
IV.—THE OBELISK OF HELIOPOLIS.

I DO not think that you children will call this a beautiful picture. I hope, however, to show you that it is a most interesting one. It is what is called an "Obelisk." They were invented by the ancient Egyptians. You may call them "pillars" if you like, only remember they are not round, but have square sides and a pointed top, and it is believed that they were often coated with gold. On their sides inscriptions are carved in old Egyptian writing, which inscriptions give a history of the king who then lived, and his doings. The "obelisk" was upright, made of one piece of stone cut out of a hill, or quarry, trimmed to the shape required, then taken to the place where it had to be erected. In London, on the Thames Embankment, you can see one which was brought from Alexandria, in Egypt; that one is called "Cleopatra's Needle." It cost both money and time to bring it here and erect it. Though very interesting, it is not so much so as the one in my sketch, which still stands at Heliopolis, near Cairo.

I will now tell you why this one is so interesting: it marks the site of "On," which place was a great Egyptian University four thousand years ago, the great college where Egyptian priests were educated. Joseph must have often looked on this obelisk as he walked or drove to "On." That was its Egyptian name, though in the Hebrew Bible it is also called "Beth Shemesh." In the Greek it is Heliopolis,—all these different words meaning the same thing, "The City of the Sun God." We know Joseph must have been there, for in Gen. xli. 45–50 we are told that he married the daughter of the priest of "On"; and further we are told that "Joseph went all over the land of Egypt," and moreover he would be sure to visit his father-in-law. This obelisk is therefore believed to be the oldest in the world, and placed here by the first king called "Menes."

Another great man of whom we read much in the Bible must also have lived here—Moses. You know that the Egyptian princess who found him in the water, had him well educated. We are told "he was learned in all the knowledge of the Egyptians," so we may think of him as a young college student, sent to this great seat of learning; and as he walked from his room to his tutor (who would be one of the Egyptian priests) he would note this obelisk and watch the changing length of its shadow, flung on the marble courtyard. What was it they taught in this famous college? The sacred books of the Egyptians, also astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, architecture, medicine. Here, probably, Moses obtained all that human knowledge which afterwards he put to such good use, when he was divinely chosen as the ruler, lawgiver, and teacher to the Israelites.

All the earthly teaching of these priests availed them nothing, for they were worshippers of "idols," and served "false gods." Their temples were not left to slow decay, they were destroyed.



OBELISK OF ON.

Read Jer. xliii. and especially the thirteenth verse, and you will see that God commanded the great king of Babylon, Nebuchadnezzar to destroy all the "pillars" or "obelisks" (Revised version) of Beth Shemesh (or "On") because they did not serve the Lord God.

Speaking of this same invasion, Ezekiel (xxx. 17) says that all the "young men" shall be slain, "they shall fall by the sword," the "cities" are "to go into captivity," not only are the seats of learning to fall, but the very stronghold of the Pharaoh, his famous palace with its fortifications is to be "darkened" also. Late investigations have discovered the "Tahpanhes" of the eighteenth verse, all proving the exact truth of this inspired passage.

But what a long time this college of "On" had lasted, it was a college when Jeremiah wrote five hundred and ninety years before Christ. All these years priests had been teaching their "wisdom," but they had failed themselves to see the true God, and therefore they could not teach Him! God had borne with them all those long years—what long-suffering patience—"if haply they might repent," but they did not.

Do not you feel, children, great pity for those "young men" slain in their college home? The courts where boys and tutors had rambled when classes were done, now are only represented by mounds of rubbish; and this tall weather-beaten obelisk, it has seen all this. Oh, had it but a tongue to speak, what a history it would relate! To mark the palaces of the priests there is nothing but a few mud huts inhabited by poor Arabs. Some tall palms and fragmentary remains of the great wall, enclosing one and a half square miles of ground, showing how huge this settlement of the priests must have been.

Is there no lesson for us in this short story of "On" and of its departed greatness? Yes, you know how anxious I am that you should acquire knowledge, that your lessons should be learned properly and well, but the knowledge I want you mostly to gain is that knowledge of God revealed in the Bible. God the Maker, the Creator of all things.—God the loving Father, the loving Saviour. Children all, that is true knowledge. Pray God the Holy Spirit to apply that knowledge to your hearts. Then it will be better than all the "knowledge of the Egyptians." Get that knowledge if possible, and like Moses apply it to the honour and glory of God. If that is done you will resemble our Blessed Lord, for we are told that He, when a boy, increased in knowledge and stature and in favour with God and man.

SITE OF CITY OF ON.

WILLIE WILLS' WINGS.

CHAPTER VII.

WILLIE did not get far that evening after leaving Mrs. Jones. He missed his way in the darkness, and towards nine o'clock, afraid to venture further, he sat down on a doorstep to reconsider his plans. A gentleman, in passing, noticed his white face, and with a kindly "Poor little chap," tossed him a sixpence. Willie's colour was very rosy as he ran after the gentleman to say, "Thank you, sir," and then without a moment's pause crossed the road to speak to a policeman who was standing there, asking him to tell him the nearest way to a lodging-house. Before getting a bed for the night, Willie purchased a cup of coffee and a penny roll. Something while he was eating the bread reminded him of baby, and it was with great difficulty that he managed to keep back his tears.

Willie had a good night's rest. The bed was clean and comfortable, and the house quiet; he was up by sunrise, thinking to leave the town on his parents' track, but seeing a notice up on a shutter, "An Errand Boy Wanted," Willie thought he would wait until the shop opened and go after the place. He had still one penny left of the sixpence which the gentleman had given him; with this he bought a cup of coffee at a coffee stand.

It was some time before Willie could see the master of the shop to inquire after the errand boy's place, and then it was only to be told that he was too young. However, the little fellow was determined to try elsewhere; and so, for many hours, he trudged those city streets, eager to find a notice up, "Boy Wanted." Three times during the morning he came across the advertisement, and very eagerly made application, but each time to be sent away, "Too small," "Too young," or, "Too inexperienced," being the reason assigned.

By the afternoon Willie was completely worn out. Hungry and weary, he longed to find a quiet doorstep where he might curl himself up and get a sleep. But as he paced street after street he saw the hopelessness, in broad daylight, of doing this. Again and again he wondered what would become of him. He was feeling sick from exhaustion and his head was aching terribly. He tried to comfort himself by saying over and over again his Shepherd hymn, but only one line came to his memory—

"And we thank Thee for Thy care."

This he repeated again and again.

Of course God was caring for him, although he did feel dreadfully alone and tired; perhaps He would help him to get a little place with some good people. Willie's idea of perfect happiness in this world was to live with good people, "who loved the Bible and said their prayers regular!"

Willie was walking very slowly now. He was almost too tired to look about him for the notice, "A Boy Wanted," which had been his one thought all day, but even the habit of a few hours has its influence, and Willie found himself unconsciously scanning each house or building as he wearicdly passed it. Thus it happened that he noticed on a board against a gate which led to a small piece of land, at the back of which stood a large house,

REFUGE FOR THE DESTITUTE.

"The destitute—the destitute," said Willie coming to a sudden halt, "why, that must be me! Left all alone in the world! Father and mother gone, I don't know where! Mr. Jones too poor to let me stop any longer! No food since last night only my one cup of coffee this morning! No home to go to—no bed to rest upon—tired, weary, aching. Yes! if ever there was a poor destitute one, it's me!"

With a new hope in his heart, and new strength in his limbs, Willie crossed the road, passed through the little gate, went down the garden path and up the steps which led to the front door, then timidly—his heart was beating very quickly—he rang the bell.

It seemed a long time to Willie before he heard the bolts drawn within, and the door opened, although it was only the time that it took the matron to come from her room at the back into the hall.

As she opened the door, and caught sight of Willie, the matron's face beamed with a kindly smile.

"What is it, little boy?" she asked.

Now Willie had made up a long sentence to say when some one answered the bell; but everything was forgotten at the moment, and the only words which came to Willie's mind were these, uttered with trembling eagerness—

"Please, ma'am, I'm a poor destitute boy. Will you—will you—refuge me?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Committee were sitting in earnest consultation. How could they find more space to enable them to meet the applications which were before them in a heavy pile of letters lying on the table?

At this moment a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said the perplexed chairman, who had a very tender heart, and to whom "refusing a case" was a positive pain.

The "come in" was answered by the entrance of the matron leading Willie by the hand.

"A personal application, ladies and gentlemen," said good Mrs. Brown, her eyes overflowing with tears. "A lamb of the fold, I take it, who has strayed our way that we may have a little care over him. Will you please to hear his story? Pretty dear, it's pitiful from what I can pick up!" And good Mrs. Brown wiped her eyes.

Willie thus introduced, was brought to the table, and many questions were put to him, all of which he most unhesitatingly and truthfully answered.

"Why do you think your parents left you behind?" said the chairman, kindly going back to that part of Willie's story.

"Please, sir," said Willie, "I was not able to do the things father wanted to make work pay."

"Why? you look sharp enough," said the chairman. "What was to hinder you being a good man of business?"

"Please, sir," said Willie, "it was not a good man of business that they wanted; it was a bad man."

"A bad man," said the chairman, laughing; "no, no, that won't do, little fellow."

"Please, sir, I mean"—and Willie's voice trembled, while his colour rose high in his cheeks—"I mean someone to tell lies, and cheat, and deceive. Isn't that a bad man of business? I couldn't do it, sir—no, I really couldn't, especially after I was in Miss Rose Simmonds' Sunday-school class."

"Miss Rose Simmonds—what Miss Rose Simmonds?" asked the chairman earnestly.

Willie told him the name of the town where Miss Simmonds lived, and related how he came to join her class.

"Most singular," said the chairman, turning to the committee. "Miss Rose Simmonds happens to be my niece. I can soon get this story verified. I suppose we might manage to squeeze the little fellow in somewhere. Eh?"

To Willie's great joy, every one said "Yes," and that night Willie felt more than ever that he did right in repeating

"And we thank Thee for Thy care,"

when everything seemed most dark, most sad; for surely it was God's care which brought him lonely, desolate, and sick with hunger to that Home for the Destitute.

Alpine Cattle Bells.

HOW soft the music of the bells
Borne by the breeze from sheltered dells,
Where herds of mountain-cattle feed,
In friendly groups, on flowery mead!

These bells send forth, not one alone,
But vibrate notes of every tone;
This chorus of the Alps is sung,
With one accord, by old and young.

Such artless music of the hills
The soul with a strange rapture fills;
So many sounds, so varied, meet
In such sweet harmony complete.

The distant blending with the near,
The tenor, bass, and treble clear;
The bell sonorous, slowly swung,
With the small heifer's sharply rung.

Help us, O Lord, to raise to Thee
Music, each one in his degree;
Despising none because their note
In differing tone may heavenward float:

For though to listeners standing near
Some notes discordant may appear,
Yet unto Him who hears above
All blend in harmony of love.[1]

NEWMAN HALL, LL.B.

The Sky-Lark.

I LOVE to see the sky-lark
Soar up to greet the day;
I love to hear the rapture
That swells its sunny lay.

Straight from its earthly dwelling,
As to its home on high,
Exulting in the sunshine
It mounteth to the sky:

And then again with singing
To nest and brood descends,
In lowly toils delighting,
And heaven with home-life blends.

Help me from plain or valley
To rise, my God, to Thee:
To duty still returning
With glad humility.

NEWMAN HALL, LL.D.

[1] For other Alpine recollections, we may refer our readers to a pleasant volume of *Mountain Musings*, by the Rev. Newman Hall, recently published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. VIII.

Among the prophecies relating to our Saviour in the Old Testament, besides those which speak of Him directly, there are several, in which the prophet seems to be speaking of himself in the first instance, but afterwards rises into a style of speech too high for any mortal man, and which can only apply to the Son of God, the Messiah who was to come. Thus not one person alone becomes a type of Christ, but circumstances connected with many of the leading men guide our thoughts to Him of whom all the prophets bear witness.

I. Of these we will take first those that relate to David. In the Psalms there are passages treating of the following points, and these passages are applied in the New Testament to our Lord:

1. The gathering of the nations against David?
2. The fact that David was at first rejected but afterwards accepted as king?
3. A Psalm in which David speaks of himself, as though he would not remain in the grave?

II. Those that relate to Solomon:

4. His kingdom is spoken of as everlasting?
5. The kings of the East are mentioned as bringing offerings to him?

III. Those that relate to Hezekiah:

6. His birth was foretold to Ahaz?
7. One of the well-known titles of Christ is used with regard to him?
8. He is spoken of as a rod out of the stem of Jesse?

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. VII.—p. 672.

1. Malachi iii. 1 and iv. 5; and the latter is alluded to Matt. xi. 14 and xxii. 10, 13.

2. Gen. xlix. 10. Luke ii. 4. Heb. vii. 14.

3. Micah v. 2. Matt. ii. 5, 6.

4. (*a.*) Matt. xxvii. 46. Luke xxiv. 44. (*b.*) Matt. xxvii. 43. (*c.*) Matt. xxvii. 35. John xix. 24.

5. (*a.*) Isa. xxxv. 5, 6. Luke vii. 22. (*b.*) Isa. liii. 7. John xx. 9. (*c.*) Isa. liii. 9. Matt. xxvii. 38, 57.

6. (*a.*) Zech. ix. 9. John xii. 14, 16. (*b.*) Zech. xi. 12 Matt. xxxi. 15; xxvii. 3, 10. (*c.*) Zech. xi. 10. John xix. 34, 37. (*d.*) Zech. xiii. 7. Matt. xxvi. 31.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

HIS EVENING PORTION.

"Here souls cast down and fearful
Are strengthened from on high."

His Evening Portion.

O WONDROUS revelation!
O Book of books divine!
Wherein for all creation
God's tender mercies shine!
What music fills its story!
What sweet compassions move!
Where love is all the glory,
And all the glory love!

Here souls cast down and fearful
Are strengthened from on high,
The tempest tossed and tearful
Find help and succour nigh;
Here hope the storm assuages,
And peace floats wide unfurled,
A refuge for all ages,
A stronghold for the world.

The child in slumber nestling
Hath breathed its words in prayer;
The youth with evil wrestling
Finds strength for conflict there;
The stout heart learns endurance,
The sorrowful are blest,
And calm in its assurance
The aged sink to rest.

Though slaves of wrong and terror
Its glory have denied,
Though wanton doubt and error
Its message may deride:
All hell its weapons casting
Against its truth must fail,
The word is everlasting
And mighty to prevail!

Dear chart of our salvation,
Our book of life indeed,
Still grant us consolation
In every hour of need;
Sustain our hearts when lying
Sore wounded in the strife,
And be to us in dying
The power of endless life!

MARY BOWLES.

OLD GWEN.

CHAPTER III.—THE NEW HOME.

CENNIN Farm or Tybach, as old Gwen's homestead was called, was situated just outside the castle walls. Farm was scarcely a suitable title for it at the period of the migration thither of Tisha and her family. It had been a small farm once upon a time, and the house was, consequently, larger than the cottage Tisha had quitted; but such farm buildings as were left, were let to other tenants. Still old Gwen had her poultry-yard and her piggery, and there was ample room out-of-doors for Tisha's live-stock, while there was place for her and her possessions within.

It took a long time to settle these, and the effort made by Tisha both of body and mind, was beneficial to her so long as the said "settling" lasted. Old Gwen, who was as unselfish as she was jovial, let her have her way, and crowded her own furniture into all sorts of available holes and corners, to make way for her daughter-in-law's. Tisha alternately cried and scolded from the moment when she descended from the bee-hive chair, at the door, till that in which kind Uncle Laban put the finishing touch to the corner-cupboard and the big bedstead. "Now, Tisha fach," he said, as he surveyed his work, "we have done our best, and you must do yours. There's a deal we don't understand in this world; but the Lord knows, and this should comfort us. He knows your sorrows, as He did know your joys, and you must bear your cross for His sake, who did carry it first for yours."

"I'll try, Laban," said Tisha in reply.

While this passed the two Gwens were in the kitchen.

"Where shall we have the company if they should want a cup o' tea or a glass of milk?" asked Gwenny of her grandmother. "They'll be coming soon to see the castle."

"I never thought of that," replied old Gwen. "Make you the kitchen as old-fashioned as you can, and put all the cracked chaney upon the dresser, and the brass candlesticks on the chimney-piece, and the carved oak chair and chests that Lady Lewis wanted to buy, in sight, and make believe they are as ancient as the castle, and you'll never get rid of 'em. Everything old's the fashion now, and made after the pattern of hundreds of years ago, all but our Welsh hats and linseys which you young girls despise. I expect to see the gentry in 'em soon, and then you'll be sorry you took to bonnets and cottons, feathers and flowers, and the like unholy trash."

"Must we ask the tourists into the kitchen, Mamgu?" persisted Gwenny.

"What else? You can't have 'em in the parlour, if your mother takes to her bed again," replied old Peggy.

"Tell mother we'll shut her up in the bedstead while they're having their tea, and that will be

frightening her into keeping about," suggested Gwenny.

Old Peggy laughed till her fat sides shook, and said it was a capital plan.

She had kept the keys of the castle for a generation, and to her was given the small privilege of showing a certain well that it contained, which during the tourist season brought grist to her heavily-encumbered mill. Her children had been showmen or show-women until they all married or were taken from her by death; after which period Gwenny had undertaken the post. Her good looks and ready wit had brought many a coin to the farm; but her office was soon to be transferred to the younger children, as she was anxious to go to service.

Shonny, who knew the castle by heart, was to succeed Gwenny, aided, occasionally, by his elders, and, pleaded Gwenny, "he must get over his schooling somehow. Mother must be helping. At the worst you must give the visitors the key, and let them find their own way about. Some of 'em prefer it."

"They'll all be asking the age of Tisha's bedstead," laughed old Gwen "and be wanting to buy it."

"I'll pretend it came out of the ark, but I suppose bedsteads like that weren't invented in those days," said young Gwen demurely.

She and her grandmother enjoyed their little jokes, which, if dull when translated, were funny enough to amuse them and their friends.

As the days went on, Tisha and her children grew accustomed to their change of abode. Indeed they were all the better for it, the more bracing air of the castle acting as a renovator to Tisha; and the company of the two Gwens, as an antidote to her children for her querulous complainings. Her precious furniture was arranged as nearly as possible like the cottage, and her poor Toom's coracle lay outside the window, so that she could contemplate it at leisure and pleasure. She bemoaned the fact that the castle-walls overshadowed the farm, and wished for the meadows and the river below the rock, but she accommodated herself to circumstances better than was expected. So long as old Gwen and Laban were at hand to console her, and to answer her plaints by texts from Holy Writ, she seemed to try and rouse up; but when they were absent her weak faith grew weaker, and she misdoubted the justice of Him in whose Almighty Hands are the tightening and loosing of all prison bars, and at whose commands chains fall off and massive doors unclose. In this frame of mind, it is no wonder that no sooner did old Gwen go off to a nursing engagement than Tisha took to her bed again, and left the young folk to manage as best they could.

Gwenny was equal to the emergency. One day soon after the departure of her grandmother, the hero of the sovereign episode arrived. He came to the farm and requested to be shown over the castle. She opened the door to him, and asked him to walk in while she fetched the key. He went into the kitchen, where Shonny was seated astride upon the arm of the oaken settle, and began to question him about his father, which caused Shonny to begin to howl, as was, he considered, his duty. But Gwenny was not absent long. She had hurried to her mother, hastily pulled aside the panel of the bedstead, and said:

"Now, mother, you must get up and dress. Here's the first tourist. I'm going to show him over the castle, and then he'll be sure to come back to tea. Mamgu says all the tourists will be wanting to see your bedstead because it's as old as Adam, or nearly, and we must have tea and crumpets and plank-cake ready here. Put you out your best chaney. Dorcas will be home 'rectly and help; but you must make haste, for he's a grand gentleman and looks as if he 'ould'nt be kept waiting."

Gwen did not even stay to hear the "There's unfeeling you all are," that followed her; but hastened back to the tourist. Giving Shonny a push and a shake, she bade him come and tell the gentleman about the ruins; so the trio went out together.

The stranger did not appear to be in the hurry Gwen anticipated, but looked about him in a leisurely way. He remarked upon the quaint porch and windows of the old house, and paused before the coracle in the court. He asked if the pig in the stye were the one he had seen below, and what had become of the poultry.

"Uncle Joshua brought up the pig, and I was catching the fowls and the pigeons," cried Shonny, whose howling ceased easily.

At the moment Dorcas came running up the hill with the cat in her arms.

"I've found her at last, and she's nearly starved," she cried without noticing the stranger.

Gwenny and Shonny both went to look at poor puss, who was truly a melancholy sight; for field mice are not fattening, and she missed her milk. She, like Tisha, was more attached to places than people, and she had disappeared the very night of the move. The tourist looked on with something like a frown, but Gwenny bade Dorcas make haste to mother, and turning towards him whispered to her, "He's sure to want his tea."

But he strode away towards the castle walls, and Gwenny and Shonny hurried after him. The pad-locked gate was soon unfastened, and they found themselves within the enclosure.

Now Shonny was the genius of the family, and had a high reputation for his parts at school. He knew really more about the castle than Gwen, and she was slightly jealous of his superior lore; still, as he was to succeed her as clerk of the works when she went to service, she was anxious that he should make a start. Accordingly, Shonny began to say his lesson with the rapidity customary to school children, who learn more by rote than sense. He had got up a few sentences from a certain guide-book he had come across, and rattled them off famously, albeit with a good Welsh accent.

"The history of these ruins has not been recorded; antiquaries have claimed for them a British founder, Urien, one of the Knights of the Round Table, or a Roman origin; but the existing constructions are probably not older than

Henry III. or Edward I. The platform of rock on which they stand is not more than an acre in extent. It is almost impregnable on all sides but one. These two square towers defend the entrance, and there is the large round tower and the oc—oc—octagonal tower. . . ." Poor Shonny paused a moment for breath; then he rushed on again, omitting part of his lesson. "The very curious passage descending through the solid rock," he began, but here Gwen stopped him with an imperative "That'll do, Shonny. The Well's my business and I know all about that."

She spoke in Welsh, but it would have been all the same to the tourist had she spoken in Arabic, for he was not listening. He had wandered off towards the towers aforesaid, and Gwen followed at a respectful distance.

Shonny's vanity was hurt, and he turned his back upon them, and went in a contrary direction. It was not long before the tourist rejoined Gwen.

"Would you like to see the Well, sir?" she asked.

"By all means. I should like to see every thing," he replied.

They stumbled over blocks of stone and other débris, and went to what looked like the entrance to a small cave. Gwen took a couple of candles and a box of matches from a pouch which she carried at her side, struck a light, put it to the wicks, kindled a flame, and giving one candle to her companion, led the way into a dark passage, holding the other candle aloft. Had she not been fearless and accustomed to the work, she would scarcely have ventured down that dank, slippery cave alone with a stranger. But she explained as she went, more graphically than Shonny, despite his genius.

"The passage is a hundred feet long, and descends through the solid rock," she said, "and wasn't made by man, but has been always here, ever since God made the rock. It is called the Well because of the dropping water."

The passage was so narrow and slippery that the tourist got through it with difficulty. Fortunately it was lighted at intervals by loopholes cut through the limestone rock, for his candle went out, and Gwen's loomed dimly before him. They reached the end at last, when Gwen relighted his candle, and said triumphantly: "This is the real Well, sir. Here you must drop in a pin to dress the White Lady."

A well it was not, since it was only a natural basin capable of containing a gallon or so of water, the bottom of which was visible. A number of pins lay beneath the water, which, Gwen said, had been there "ever since last autumn, and must be quite rusty." She dropped in a bright new pin herself, and presented one to the tourist who did likewise, with an attempt at a smile. His slouched wide-awake had been disarranged by the rock, and Gwen saw his face clearly for the first time. It was a melancholy, white, stony face, which frightened her.

"Do you believe in the White Lady?" he asked. "And what does she want with all these pins? How can a spirit fasten her gown?"

"That is always puzzling me, sir," answered Gwen showing her very white teeth.

"Would you like to be educated and made a lady of?" he asked abruptly.

"No, sir, I'd rather be as I am. Mamgu says the ladies aren't as happy and free as the country women," she replied.

But not quite liking the question or the look that accompanied it, she began to make her way back through the rocky passage. Had she been a reader of sensational romances, she would have thought to herself, "what a situation!" but happily she was not, and she merely mentally asked, "what is he meaning, I wonder?" He did not say, for it was as much as he could do to keep up with her, over the pointed, uneven, slippery rock.

Shonny was waiting for them at the entrance, and said Dorcas had been to ask if the gentleman would like to have tea. He overheard the question, and said, "The sooner the better; for he was tired."

Gwen begged him to come to the farm as soon as he had inspected the ruin, and ran off with Shonny. He wandered aimlessly about for a few minutes, and then stood to look at the magnificent view. Did he really look at it? The answer would be difficult. He stood on the immense height whence were visible valleys, ridges, river, woodland, as far as eye could reach on every side; but his heavy eyes scarcely looked as if they had received any impression which could be communicated to the soul within.

"These peasants are good and happy, in spite of their trials, while I have neither courage nor faith. God help me to both," he muttered, and turning hastily, walked towards the farm. Dorcas showed him at once into the parlour, as her mother's apartment continued to be called. Tisha, terrified at Gwen's sudden announcement, was up and dressed, and had actually obeyed orders so far as to put out her own china for the delectation of the "first tourist." He did not notice it, however, neither did he make enquiries concerning the age of the venerable bedstead, which, being closed, looked like an abnormally big black carved oaken chest.

"Are you Gwen's mother?" he asked instead.

"Yes, sir. She's a good girl, but having been living with her grandmother, isn't as feeling as she ought to be for me, who have had great troubles," she replied.

"Ah! your husband. Where is he?"

This abrupt question took Tisha aback. She was never good at concealment and always ready to air her grievances. She was not reticent like the rest of her family, and longed for some one to whom she could pour out her pent-up grief. Here was an opportunity. A stranger would not be likely to tell the neighbours what she had said, and the absence of old Gwen removed one restraint from her tongue.

"My husband, *ach yn wir*, sir, he's suffering penal servitude for life instead of somebody else," she replied, glancing at the door as if afraid of interruption.

"That sounds strange. How did it happen?" asked the tourist.

"He was up fishing miles away from here, when he was found, all of a sudden, beside a

gentleman who was murdered. Thomas, his name was, and because my poor Toom and he used to quarrel about the little sewens in the river, they said he done the deed. He as 'ould never hurt a fly, and left me to punish the children when they were naughty."

Tisha began to weep.

"Where did it happen? What did he say?"

"He said he found the body, and they 'ouldn't believe him, and there was nobody else near but my poor Toom, and he had been quarrelling over the fish."

"Was no one else suspected? Was any money found?"

"No; but they did say that Thomas did ought to have had money about him: but my poor Toom had none. As his mother do say, he never did harm a fly in all his life, and every night and morning he was saying his prayers reglar, and reading his Bible day by day. But husht! Here's Gwen fach, and she will be keeping noise if she is hearing me talk of her father: and he as innocent as a baby."

Tisha wiped her eyes, and the tourist turned towards the door as if to watch the entrance of Gwenny and Dorcas with the teapot, the crumpets, and a certain plank-cake for which old Gwen was celebrated. All was so hot and well-buttered that he made pretence to snuff up the appetizing smell, though Gwenny thought he looked, as she expressed it, as white as a trout. Moreover, his hands trembled as he took up his teacup, and she heartily wished him off the premises. Still he appeared to be a gentleman. Tisha declared afterwards that he was as grand-spoken as Lord Dynevor or the Earl of Cawdor, whom she had seen at the cottage from time to time. Golden Grove and Dynevor Castle were both within no great distance of our castellated rock.

He made a good tea and praised the plank-cake. When he had finished he asked what their charge was for so excellent a meal. Ready Gwen replied that when there was a party, it was sixpence a head; but she thought Mamgu might ask ninepence when there was only one. He placed a florin in her hand, and she went into the kitchen in search of change, followed by Dorcas. During her temporary absence he rose to examine the carved bedstead, and standing by Tisha in her bee-hive chair, whispered to her that he should like to help her and her family in their trouble. He hoped to come back again, but meanwhile she must accept a trifle.

"Put it in your pocket till I am gone," he said, opening a pocket book and abstracting a paper, which he placed in her hand.

Not having the conscientious qualms of her family, she obeyed, and when Gwen returned with one shilling and threepence, the tourist was reseated, and Tisha had her hands innocently clasped on her lap.

"Here is a shilling for showing me over the castle, and you can give the threepence to Shonny," he said, to which arrangement Gwen saw no objection.

His hands still trembled as he took the coins and returned them, and he stammered slightly over his words.

"Are you ill, sir?" asked Gwenny. "Shall I give you some of Mamgu's cordial?"

"No, thank you. I am due at Carmarthen this evening, and must catch the next train."

He hurried off with a nod and a good day.

When he was fairly gone, Tisha took the paper from her pocket, unfolded it, and found that it was a five-pound note.

"What will Mamgu say?" was the general exclamation, while Tisha declared her intention of keeping it, contrary to Gwen's advice.

But Uncle Laban looked in before the day was done, and said he believed the good God had put it into the heart of the stranger to relieve the wants of a bereaved family, and that He would show what use was to be made of the money. "God seeth not as man seeth," he said, "and raiseth up friends where we least expect them. Let us pray to Him to show us how to use His blessings as we ought." And in simple faith they all knelt down and asked for a blessing on the gift and its donor.

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

VIII.—THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND THE THREE EPISTLES. (2.)

THE chief points of distinction between the Fourth Gospel and the other three must now be noted, partly because these have been employed as an argument against its authenticity, but chiefly because they bring to light hidden coincidences which confirm the truthfulness of all four.

1. According to the Fourth Gospel the ministry of our Lord lasted for at least two years and a half, possibly for a year longer, the time being defined by successive passovers; the *first*, after the call of His earliest disciples and the miracle in Cana (ch. ii. 13); the *second*, possibly at the time of the miracle in Bethesda (v. 1); the *third* (which Jesus did not attend) signalised by the miracle of the loaves and fishes and the discourse in the synagogue at Capernaum (vi. 4), and the *fourth*, by the Crucifixion (xiii. 1). But if, as Kepler first suggested, and many of the best modern critics have held, the festival mentioned in ch. v. 1

was the feast of Purim, only three passovers are included, and the interval between the fifth and sixth chapters shrinks to about a month.[1] The question is however immaterial to the argument. The synoptic Gospels give no such notes of time, and have been thought by many expositors to intimate that our Lord's ministry lasted but for one year; the reference to "the acceptable year of the Lord" being anciently employed to support this conclusion. From St. Luke's Gospel, however, it appears that at least one spring-time, and of course a passover, did occur during this period. "The second-first Sabbath" (Luke vi. 1), on any explanation of its meaning, was a passover Sabbath; and even if with the Revisers of 1881 we reject the phrase, the circumstances of the narrative equally point to the time of ripening corn. So far, then, the chronology of the Fourth Gospel is sustained by an undesigned and remarkable coincidence.

2. A still more noteworthy fact is that this Gospel places the scene of our Lord's ministry mainly *in Jerusalem*. The three preceding narratives are almost confined to Galilee; and from them alone it would appear as though Jesus had never visited the metropolis until the eve of His sufferings. A closer scrutiny, however, will again bring to light a hidden harmony between the synoptic and the Johannine accounts. We do not dwell on the remarkable various reading in Luke iv. 44: "He was preaching in the synagogues of *Judæa*," a reading, says Alford, which "must on any intelligible critical principles be adopted."[2] Other intimations there are, less open to doubt, of a Judæan ministry. "There followed Him to Galilee great multitudes of people from Jerusalem, and Judæa, and from beyond Jordan" (Matt. v. 25). At least one of his disciples, Judas, was a man of Kerioth, in the hill country south of Jerusalem; another, Joseph, of Arimathæa, to the north-west. But the most decisive passage is our Lord's pathetic appeal (Matt. xxiii. 37–39), "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem. . . *how often* would I have gathered thy children together! . . . . Ye shall not see Me henceforth." These are not words that belong to a first visit: the inference is irresistible that there had been a repeated and earnest ministry in the metropolis of the land—in a word, precisely such a ministry as only the Fourth Gospel records. Again, therefore, the harmony appears—all the more striking because not directly obvious.

3. It is undeniable, again, not only that John omits much that the other Evangelists give in full detail, but that he dwells far more prominently than they have done upon the sublimer aspects of our Lord's character and work, and especially upon His own assertion of His highest claims. That this fact may be fully explained we shall endeavour to show. But it is worth while here to remark that the omission of so many miracles was evidently *designed* by the evangelist. In fact, he fully recognises these wondrous works, although he enumerates so few. "The works that I do in My Father's name, these bear witness of Me" (x. 25). "This man," said the enemies of Jesus, "doeth many signs" (xi. 47). "Though He had done so many signs before them, yet they believed not on Him" (xii. 37). "Many other signs did Jesus in the presence of the disciples, which are not written in this book" (xxi. 30). The eight that are set down are recorded in view of the writer's great purpose: they are "signs," one and all, of spiritual truths beyond themselves. But the chief point to be noted here is that the other Gospels also contain some of the greatest of the sayings in which the Son of God advances His supreme claim. "A greater than Solomon is here." "In this place is One greater than the Temple." "All things are delivered unto Me of My Father, and no one knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any one the Father, but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son willeth to reveal Him" (Matt. xi. 27). This great passage in St. Matthew has been called Johannine: it suffices at least to show that Christ's assertion of oneness with the Father, so constantly found in the Fourth Gospel, was no afterthought, but belongs to the whole substance of evangelic record.

4. The chief point of external difference remains. From the account of the Last Supper as given by the first three Evangelists, we should naturally conclude that it was held on the evening of the passover feast, *i.e.*, on the 14th of the month Nisan. "The Master saith, My time is at hand. I keep the passover at thy house with My disciples;" "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer" (Matt. xxvi. 18; Luke xxii. 15). But from the account in the Fourth Gospel we should as naturally infer that the passover supper had yet to be eaten when Jesus was betrayed. "Before the feast of the passover" the supper was held, at which He washed His disciples' feet: when Judas went out some of the disciples thought that he had gone to buy what things were needed for the feast; the Jews on the early morning of the crucifixion would not enter into the Prætorium lest they should be defiled, and so be disqualified from eating the passover; and finally, when Jesus was led away to the cross "it was the Preparation of the passover, and about the sixth hour" (ch. xiii. 1, 29; xviii. 28; xix. 14). These passages point in one direction; they have a *cumulative* force; and the attempts made by explaining them individually into a meaning other than their obvious one, can hardly be said to be successful. To us it seems certain that the writer of the Fourth Gospel intended to set forth the Christ as the true Paschal Lamb; His sacrifice being consummated at the very time when the lamb was directed to be slain. So he quotes from the Mosaic ordinance the words: "A bone of Him shall not be broken." Tradition confirms this view. John, it was said, persisted in celebrating the Christian feast on the fourteenth of Nisan, instead of the Sunday following, as usual in the western churches. The anniversary, as observed by him, was not that of the *Lord's Supper*, as strangely maintained by many writers, but that of the *Lord's death*, which he thus assigned to the time of the passover.

[1] The Feast of Purim was at the full moon of Adar, the month before Nisan.

[2] So also Westcott and Hort; but not the Revisers of 1881.

Now here is at least a superficial discrepancy between the Fourth Gospel and the rest; and it may fairly be argued that no writer wishing to pass off another evangelic narrative in the face of those already existing would have ventured to differ from their testimony on so obvious a point, and one on which the churches were so sensitive. The very difference proves artlessness, sincerity, and we may add, authority. The writer was one who knew the facts, and who had a right to speak. Instead of being an argument, therefore, against the authenticity of the Gospel, it is to us a strong confirmation. How to harmonize the two narratives remains a difficult problem, nor does any satisfactory solution appear possible.[1] Probably there are facts unknown to us, connected with the laws and usages of the festival, which would make all plain. At present the tendency among critics appears to be to accept the literal meaning of St. John's account, from which it would seem to follow that the meal as described by the other evangelists was an anticipation of the customary passover: and certainly there are indications in their words of something unusual in the celebration. To the early fathers in general Christ was the true Passover, and the great Sacrifice was offered at the very hour when the victim was slain.

Too much perhaps, in the discussion of the Fourth Gospel, has been made of *differences;* too little of that deep spiritual accord in which all the evangelists are one. For centuries it never seems to have occurred to devout readers of the Gospels, however critical they might be, that the several pictures of the Master were mutually opposed. One Christ has been recognised in all outward diversities—one Divine Man, to whose portrait each inspired artist added lines of his own, while John heightened the delineation of the rest to an unspeakable beauty. This recognition is a fact of spiritual experience to which we may fearlessly appeal. To secure such a result no human skill would have been sufficient. The outline must have been rendered indistinct by the successive touches, or the features would have been blurred. As it is, the Only-begotten of the Father stands forth clear and glorious to view, the same Jesus upon the Mount of Beatitudes and in the Upper Chamber, amid the uplands of Bethsaida or in the courts of His Father's house in Jerusalem. Critics may strive to destroy this sense of unity; but a deeper criticism, in which literary taste concurs with the instincts of the heart, restores the image, that had for a moment been broken by the waves of doubt, to its completeness in the crystal depths of every soul in sympathy with the Divine.

[1] That the Last Supper was the true passover is maintained by Wieseler, *Chronological Synopsis of the Four Gospels;* by Dr. Edersheim, *Life of Jesus the Messiah;* and by Dr. E. R. Conder, *Outlines of the Life of Christ.* That the crucifixion was at the time of the passover, is held by Canon Westcott, *Speaker's Commentary* on St. John; and by Dr. Sanday, *Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel.* Many other writers might be quoted on either side, but the above have given all the material arguments.

It should never be forgotten that the purpose of St. John was in part apologetic. His steady aim was to recount those incidents which were the test of faith,—which led disciples to believe, or in which the antagonism of evil natures found new incentives to dispute or to oppose. Faith and unfaith, truth and falsehood, light and darkness, death and life, such are the contrasts of this wondrous history. As in the flashing vision of the Apocalypse, Michael and his angels contend with the dragon and his angels, only the contest is fought out in the spiritual realm. So the old man at Ephesus recalls as the centre of these warring forces, the face, the form, the words, of Him whom he had known so well. It was no wonder that his narrative should present points of difference from the earlier chronicles of that divine life. Even from a human point of view, our estimate of the noblest greatness is not best made close at hand. A certain distance is required, in space and time, to secure the true perspective. All the highest genius seems to warn those who attach themselves to it in closest intimacy: "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." By loving thought and remembrance, insight is deepened; words and acts half understood at the time assume their true significance; the full meaning of the character and life is apprehended—or, to apply the thought to the contemplation and memory of the Divine, as quickened by heavenly inspiration, the words are fulfilled: "The Paraclete, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

Tempted like as we are.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—*Hebrews* iv. 15.

SAVIOUR, in all things made our very kin,
Tempted like us, yet pure from stain of sin,
O strong to succour struggling hearts and tried,
In Satan's onset leave not Thou my side;
Nerve Thou mine arm the Spirit's sword to wield,
And with Thy "Lo, 'tis written," win the field.

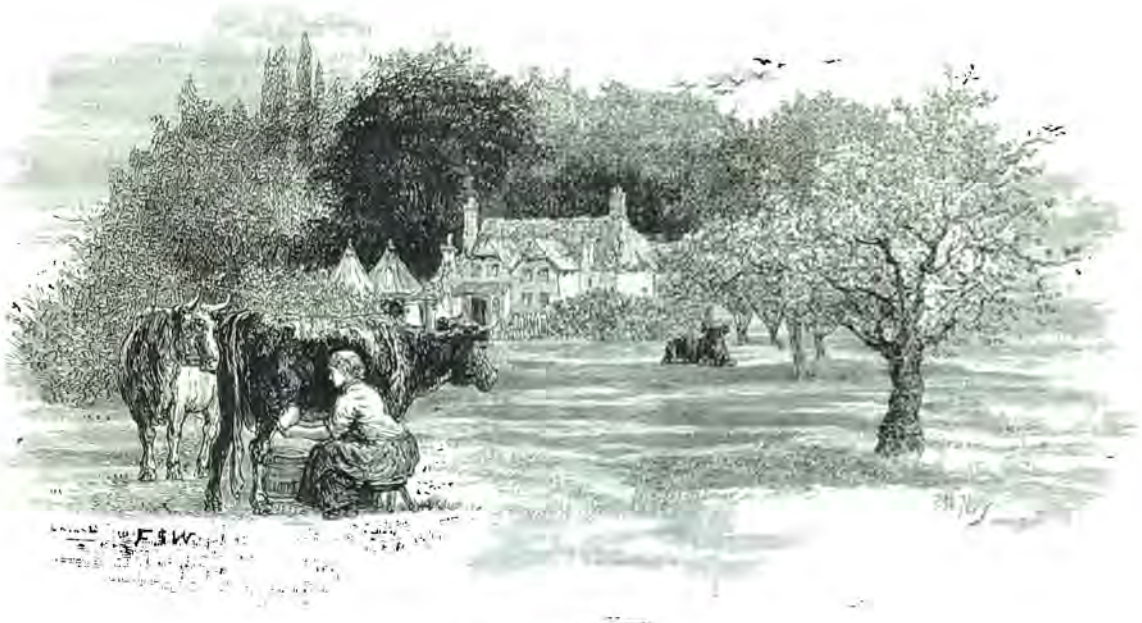
When Satan tempts my heart in weak despair,
Heedless of all my Father's watchful care,
To stretch my hand and take the thing I need,
As though at this His arm fell short indeed,
Recall the word, "When fails his daily bread,
God sendeth bread from Heaven, and man is fed."

When Satan tempts my heart in reckless pride
To trust that God will hold and lead and guide—
Claiming the pledge to saints of olden days,
The while I turn from mine appointed ways—
Recall the word, "Thou shalt not tempt thy God,
Nor look for grace in paths perversely trod."

When Satan tempts my heart, for praise or gain,
For any chosen end I might attain,
To bate a little of God's homage due,
Or fearing Him, to bow to Mammon too,
Recall the word, "Serve thou the Lord alone,
His favour only seek, His lordship own."

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

ON COMING TO LONDON.



LIFE IN THE OLD HOME.

HOW many people come to London yearly to seek their fortune? Year by year the great majority in want of work is greater, and the work proportionately less. As the crowds grow the struggle becomes keener, the wages sink, and the chances of living get more precarious.

And yet the death-rate lessens! What is to be the end of it all? Are we coming to the time when this country is to be run entirely on half-loaf principles?

This thronging to the town is a serious matter. It has its religious as well as its social aspects. There is no social question of the present day which bears more immediately on the moral welfare of our people.

A strange position is ours. Here we have a vast empire, with the largest extent of cultivable land in the hands of one people that ever the world saw, and in one little corner of it is a congested mass of workers idle, and money idle; and in the rest of it, waste and despised, are millions of acres of fertile upland and lowland, with rivers and ports and unequalled communications waiting in vain for labour and capital to develop them and yield a store of wealth to all such as has never yet blessed mankind!

"The worker goes where work awaits him!" Would it were true! Is it not rather that the worker goes where work used to await him; and that like a sheep he follows in the track of his forerunners, never thinking of seeking a path for himself?

But to go to the colonies is "banishment!" Is it? In the days of George the Second, to go no farther back, was not coming to London "banishment?" As many weeks then were spent on the road as are spent now on the road to Australia; as many weeks elapsed then between the despatch and receipt of an inland letter as now take a letter half round the world. How many men then went back to their friends? Far fewer, actually and proportionately, than come back now from over the sea.

But the stream is flowing. It has made its bed, widened it, and deepened it, and become a river; and nothing will stop it without disaster. All that can be done is to lead its waters onwards by continuing the channel. There was once a worthy who thanked Providence for always making big rivers flow past big towns. He would have further cause for congratulation if matters should so turn out as to make the great population river flow past the big town and on to the ocean of untilled land that yields the only hope to the crowding English. "The increase of population must be checked," say the economists! "The ocean must be kept out with a broom," said Mrs.

LAST WORDS.

Partington! The solution of the economical problem lies not in checking the population but in planting the population where its work will pay.

And with most of our country-born there is an idea that work will pay best in London. And there is reason in this idea. Unfortunately, the course of trade in this old country has been such as to unduly develop the middleman. As the people grow more numerous, the distributing trades, which, in the strict sense of the term are not trades at all, assume an importance out of all proportion to the good they do. The shopkeeper performs a useful function as a sort of commissariat clerk dealing out food and clothes, but the bulk of the people are no richer for his proceedings. He produces nothing; and those who do produce have to produce at a cheaper rate in order that the distributor may live. It is the man who makes, not the man who deals, that adds to the nation's wealth. But the man who makes has to work hard for his living; the man who tills works far harder than the man who sells, and his gains are less. The man who takes toll of his fellow-man has an easier time of it than the one whose prey is the land and its produce; and his occupation is more constant. No wonder then that the distributing occupations have the call, and that the flow of recruits should be towards them. No wonder that the town, where those distributing occupations thrive most, should gradually drain the country, and that to the centres of population men should come to live on each other.

And the quantities in which they come, is shown at the great decennial numberings of the people. According to the last census, when the something called London held a population of 3,816,000, only 2,401,000 of them were of London birth; the rest were from all parts of the kingdom, and all parts of the empire, in

GOOD-BYE.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S.

addition to 1253 folks who had been born at sea, and 78,000 foreigners. Just as a magnet loses attractive power with distance, so does a great city. Draw circles round the city as a centre, and the farther the circle from the city the less is the tribute it pays. To show this clearly, let us eliminate from the 1,336,000 non-cockneys such as have obviouly come by sea, or in through trains at cheap rates. Of colonists we have 26,500, the majority being women; of Irish we have 80,700, the majority being women; of Scotch we have 49,500 the majority being men—and in answer to a well-worn joke, it may be pointed out, that, notwithstanding all the journeyings of Scotchmen into England, there are not nearly so many Scotchmen in England, as proportionately there are Englishmen in Scotland. With 5397 from sundry islands, we may assume that we have deducted from the incomers all who have been tempted by special travelling facilities, so that the rest may be compared on equal terms.

Of these, the great contributors to the population of the metropolis are the south-eastern counties of Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire, which between them sent 289,000 natives to the London crowd. Next to them, and continuing the inner ring, are the south-midland counties of Middlesex, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, and Cambridgeshire, by which London was reinforced with 249,000 natives. Next to them come the eastern counties—Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk, which contributed 195,000; so that 734,000 of the London population were born in the counties that surround it. Beginning the outer ring, we find that 169,000 came from Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somerset; 95,000 from Gloucestershire, Hereford, Shropshire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire; and 42,000 from Leicestershire, Rutland, Lincolnshire, Nottingham, and Derby. This completes another ring. Taking another and further round we find Cheshire and Lancashire contributing 34,000, and Yorkshire only 32,000; and taking the outside, and now detached portions, we have Monmouth and Wales contributing 28,000, while Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland send up only 20,000. The meaning of these figures is obvious; the nearer the attractive point the greater the attraction, and the less the cost of travel.

Taking the natives of the whole country, about three quarters live in the county of their birth, the remaining fourth, migrating chiefly to the towns. More women migrate to the towns, than men—as indeed, is to be expected. The counties retaining most of its natives attract most strangers, and the county that retains fewest attracts fewest, so that there are counties of attraction and counties of dispersal. The most attractive county in this, if not in another sense, is Surrey. The population of Surrey at the last census was 1,436,899, but the total number of persons born in the county, and discoverable in the county, was only 996,655, so that over 440,000 Surrey natives were still required to make up the

A CONTRAST.

number of people then living within its boundaries. As a county of dispersal, the best example was Radnor, the natives of which, scattered through the kingdom, were more than 43 per cent. in excess of the county's population. This is the highest dispersal percentage, but there are twenty-four other counties like Radnor acting as feeders to the rest.

These are all figures of seven years ago, but they are facts not estimates. Those who ought to know tell us that this rush to the towns is greater than it ever was, and that every year it increases. London has the lion's share of course, but the great manufacturing towns of the north are growing at a rapid rate. And in them, as in London, poverty is increasing by this influx of outsiders. In truth, these outsiders are not always desirable acquisitions. With the enterprising there come the shiftless and the unruly. The town has its attractions for the men who have failed. Chance work is plentiful: there is no doubt about the existence of the work, the doubt is as to its falling to any particular individual, and this uncertainty brings a certain sporting excitement into its reach which is not unpleasing to the speculative mind. And thus we are led to another consideration we cannot well pass by. That the streets of the city are paved with gold is a saying as old as the city, for where men are gathered the thickest, there money is easiest made; but it is made not out of the streets, but out of those that throng them, and of the thousands who come to make their fortunes, the majority become the victims of the money spinner.

That London is equal to breeding enough to carry on its own business is obvious; but how to put a stop to its increase from the outside is not so clear. What are our country folks to do? Agriculture is under a cloud; mining is in a bad way; and even the country factory is running half-time owing to "the natives of the distant shore," becoming sharp enough to see that by manufacturing a product in the country of its growth, two profits and a double freight are saved. Village industries have been started, to which all wish well, but they are mere drops in the ocean. Something else must be done, but what is it? Talk there is much; work there is none. And in a hopeless, helpless way, our should-be leaders are standing by watching the great migration.

A LONDON ATTIC.

As things now are, it must be, in most cases, a migration unto misery. Even the news of work does harm; so many hearing where only one can obtain. In fact, as it has been pithily put, in the east and south of London more work means more workhouse. It is all very well to say that the worthy can always get work; so they can if they have the means of living till their worth is discovered; but it takes a long time to find them in the crowd, and the greater the crowd the greater the chance of their not being found when wanted.

Though success in finding work may be a proof of merit, the want of that success is no proof of incapacity. Small as the percentage may be of the deserving among the poor of this great city, that percentage represents many hundred individuals thrust under and kept down

by the daily increasing throng. And under such circumstances fierce is the temptation to do evil and join the ranks of the desperate.

It is a pitiful story of disillusionment, this coming to London—a story that has often been told. The happy village home, the journey full of hope, the wearying search day after day for something to do, the gradual sinking into poverty, the struggle to keep body and soul together in a cheerless garret, slaving at starvation wages for the rest of a lifetime, in fact—till the fairy prince arrives, in fiction. But the prince seldom comes, and the miserable toil goes on—on match-boxes, perhaps, at twopence a gross, or shirts at two for three halfpence. As with the women, so with the men; never a chance of regular work; living from hand to mouth, beaten down; the hope deferred making the heart sick of the world. Perhaps they are married; then the doom is worse. Tenants of a wretched room in a dirty barracks in a narrow street, keeping themselves and their children just alive to cry out for charity, and demand it as the ransom paid by the rich to the poor.

This growth of the towns cries out for the sympathetic and practical attention of all Christian people. It is a fruitful source of evil. In over-crowded dens crime thrives apace, and sin runs riot.

And yearly the pressure grows worse; and the same city is the richest in the world; and the city is the capital of a state that has 5,760,000,000 acres of land within its boundaries. Surely there is something wrong!

If the Lambeth Conference did well to direct the attention of the clergy to social questions, surely all who labour amongst the poor have some responsibility in a matter such as this.

W. J. GORDON.

Things New and Old.

GORDON OF KHARTOUM.—In writing of courage, it is impossible to omit a reference to my friend and comrade Charley Gordon. His courage was an instinct, fortified by faith in God and in a future life. This life had no intense pleasures for him, and he shrank from the applause of men. He did whatever came to his hand with all the loyalty of an English gentleman, and especially with the earnestness and zeal of a servant of Christ. The world was to him a sort of prison, beyond the precincts of which lay that New Jerusalem from which his waking thoughts, and very dreams even, never wandered. Whilst in this mundane prison, he tried to do God's bidding with that unbounded sympathy for the sufferings of all animal creation that was one of his most remarkable characteristics. And yet he had absolutely no regard for human life. To die, to be killed, or to kill, was as natural, as much a matter of course, to him as to be born. He cared nothing for his own life, and could not understand why others should set any value upon theirs. It always struck me when conversing with him that he was, more than any man I ever knew well, made up of opposite qualities. The God whom he worshipped was at one time the sternly just God described in the Old Testament; at another He was the God of love revealed to us by Christ. Not that these two conceptions contradict each other, rather is each the complement of the other; but yet the union of such widely different qualities which seems to us natural, necessary even, in God, strikes us as strange in a man. And so the union in Gordon of stern severity and exceeding gentleness always seemed to me to be extraordinary. It was not that Gordon was simply brave in action, but that danger had actually and positively for him nothing terrible about it. There is a curious page in his Khartoum diary where he discusses the question of whether he should, or should not, allow the Mahdi to take him alive. Death to him was really the open door to a new life, and whether he passed through it in action or under any other circumstances was all the same. Death to him was merely a release from all the paltriness of human life. When shall we see his like again?—*Lord Wolseley in the Fortnightly Review.*

THE MCALL MISSION.—The Rev. Paul Monod has published some interesting facts illustrating the indirect benefits of the McAll Mission. The direct benefits are widely known from the official reports, verified by the personal testimony of many visitors. There are now no fewer than a hundred and thirteen mission rooms, where services are regularly held, of which thirty-three are in Paris.

It is in the provincial towns that the facts recorded by M. Paul Monod are most remarkable. As in the case of the visit of evangelists, like Messrs. Moody and Sankey and other zealous gospellers in English and American towns, the operations of the McAll Mission have stirred the missionary zeal of the French Protestant churches, many of which had fallen into a somewhat torpid condition. From this state many have been awakened to active and aggressive work in the cause of Christ, through the impetus given by the McAll evangelists.

The churches at Marseilles have taken entire charge of several of the mission halls, opened in connection with the McAll Mission. The Consistory of the churches at Rheims is undertaking, at its own expense, a similar charge for that city. This re-awakening of the missionary spirit in the old Protestant communities is a promising feature in the recent experience of the evangelistic movement. Numbers of people attend the meetings, who never were seen to enter a church, or temple of the reformed faith. Some may at first be attracted by curiosity, but after a time it is observed that in each mission hall are groups of regular attendants who never miss a meeting, and who appear to be earnest inquirers and devout worshippers.

INDIAN MARRIAGE REFORMS.—The gradual influence of European ideas upon the civilisation of India is seen in the marriage reforms adopted by the Rajput chiefs, at the instigation of Colonel Walter, the British Agent. At his suggestion the chiefs, assembled in council, agreed upon a set of rules which, if fully carried out, cannot but effect a most beneficial change. The money spent upon marriage ceremonies is to be strictly limited in proportion to the income of the parents. Men who have at least Rs. 20,000 a year are not to spend more than a quarter of their income, while those who have less than Rs. 1,000 a year may in no case exceed two-thirds. This amount is to include everything—the actual marriage, the betrothal, and the largess usually bestowed upon certain classes of people who have been wont to assemble in large numbers wherever a marriage was to be performed. Furthermore, expenses at funerals are to be limited likewise. But perhaps the most important regulation is one that was proposed by one of the oldest and most respected of the chiefs themselves. It bears upon the age of marriage, and declares that henceforth boys are not to be married under eighteen, nor girls under fourteen. When the ordinary age of marriage is remembered, this change appears a great advance.

THE STORY OF THE MARÉ MISSION.

THE little island of Maré, from whence the agent of the London Missionary Society, the Rev. John Jones, was recently expelled under French authority, is one of the Loyalty group, lying between New Caledonia and the New Hebrides, from the former of which it is distant some seventy miles. As seen from the sea it appears rocky and barren, but it has coral cliffs which rise in some places abruptly from the sea to a height of about two hundred feet. In other places it presents lower levels, only some twenty to thirty feet above the sea, and these are dotted over with villages. The top of the island is flat and covered with dense scrubs, with here and there lofty trees. The island is but small, being only about twenty miles in length, varying in breadth by reason of its irregular coast.

The population numbers about 4,000. Before the missionaries landed on the island the people lived in small tribes, which were little more than families, and between them was kept up a constant strife, differences on the most trivial matters generating petty wars. They might indeed have been described as naked savages, their only approach to clothing being a cord round the man's waist, and a fringe sufficing for the woman. The men painted their bodies white and adorned them with strange devices; the women cut their hair short and shaved the crown. They were ferocious cannibals, eating their enemies taken in war. Their ordinary food consisted of yam and other vegetables, and what fish could be got from the not very prolific harvest of the deep seas around. Their dwellings were huts, made by a post being fastened in the earth, and twigs stretched around it, with a thatch of grass or sugar-cane leaves. A more rude or barbarous race could scarcely have been conceived of than were the people of Maré before the English missionaries went to them.

Christianity was first introduced to the island by some native teachers from Samoa, who landed there from the *John Williams*, and were left to teach the people as much of the Gospel as they knew. In 1854 two missionaries from the London Missionary Society proceeded to Maré under the direction of the Samoan District Committee. These were Messrs. Creagh and Jones, who settled respectively on the west and north sides of the cape, and at once commenced missionary operations. It may be noticed here that after some years of labour Mr. Creagh removed from the island, the entire work of the mission being from that time under the superintendence of Mr. Jones. It is the work of the latter, therefore, that has for many years stamped itself on the entire island.

Those who have long known Mr. Jones, and who have from time to time been made acquainted with his work, have considered him pre-eminently fitted both by nature and grace for the special work that had to be done in Maré. On going there he at once constituted himself the friend and helper as well as the religious teacher of the people, while they were interested and attracted by the new way of living, and the various conveniences of civilisation introduced by the missionary. They saw the missionary build for himself a better house than they had ever seen before; under his superintendence some of them had assisted him in the building of it, and soon they desired "improved dwellings" for themselves, and set to work to rear them. The door and the window, and the lock and key were indeed to them works of art; but with the help of the missionary, who supplied them with the latter and directed them in the construction of the former, they soon attained to respectable cottage homes. The mission station was the centre of all operations. Some fourteen acres of land were marked off and enclosed in a thick stone wall. Within were the missionaries' premises, a house, and ere long a church and school, with several work-shops, and a depot for stores.

It was soon discovered that but little way could be made in training the children to better their heathen habits without taking them wholly under the care of the missionary and his wife. A "boarding-school" was therefore established, where the children were fed and clothed as well as taught. All this was of course without expense to the parents, contributions of money and clothing and other commodities—consignments of soap and simple medicines being specially desired—came from friends in England. About a guinea a year would supply a child with yams and so sustain life, and many in England were pleased to support a child in Mrs. Jones's boarding school. Many of the present generation of Maré people passed through this school and so attained "better manners" and sweeter habits than those of their fathers and mothers, together with the knowledge of the truth of the Gospel. Thus civilization took root and extended in various directions, the people soon took to clothing when they came to their "right mind," and they had to resort to the mission stores to obtain a supply of calico such as sufficed for their simple needs, as well as such other things as could only be had by the negotiations of the missionary from England or Sydney. Amusing stories are told of the taste of the people in respect to the clothing they chose, their preference being decidedly in favour of "loud" colours, and with but little appreciation of "neutral tints." Fairly clothed, comfortably housed, and tolerably well-informed respecting things in general that concerned them, the people of Maré became a civilized and comparatively happy people. They are now remarkable for their industry and thrift. Something like commerce is beginning amongst them, and they busy themselves in growing

maize for export. They have formed roads, under the instructions of the missionary, from one part of the island to another. Horses, donkeys, and cattle have been introduced, and work is done and business transacted under improved conditions. The homes of the people are getting to have quite a European air of comfort, furniture—tables, chairs, clocks, chests of drawers, etc.—being imported, and purchased by those who have the means.

Best of all the land is Christianized, the people have a high regard for the religion that has been the means of their elevation. Of course they are not all Christians any more than are the people in England. But the idols are "utterly abolished," Christian churches have been formed, and these are presided over by native pastors, who are elected by the vote of the Church; they also support themselves as churches, not taking help from the Society at home, but sending contributions to it in acknowledgment of the good they have received at the hands of its agents. Family prayer is almost general throughout the island, and family life obtains. Mention might be made of the translation of the Scriptures into the language of the people, involving of course the formation of a language.

And all this has been the work of Mr. Jones, who has well earned for himself the designation of "The Apostle of Maré." What John Williams was to other of the islands of those seas, John Jones has been to this little island.

So the good work has gone on in Maré; but as long ago as 1864, the French authorities stationed in New Caledonia cast eyes on the island, determined to "annex" it, as well as the neighbouring island of Lifu. It was done on the false showing that these islands were dependencies of New Caledonia. At Lifu the people resisted what was deemed an invasion, and the invaders had to meet hostility. When the governor appeared at Maré with an armed force, the missionary advised the natives not to resist. At first the French authorities occasioned but little trouble, they simply held the island, and their rule was not felt. It was always suspected that the French priests, emissaries of the Church of Rome, were at the bottom of the annexation, and certainly they soon began to plot and to stir up strife. The people showing little willingness to desert their Protestant "bishop" who had done so much for them, the determination of the priests to get rid of the English missionary became the more fixed. Only some 600 converts set over against 3300 nominally evangelised Christians would not satisfy their ambition. So they were continually making their representations to the governor, which were sometimes if not always credited. From time to time the work of the missionary was curtailed, the school was closed, and ere long Mr. Jones felt obliged to confine his exertions almost wholly to the completion of the translation of the Scriptures, hoping thereby to have the whole of the Bible ready to leave with the people, should things come to the worst.

By the most insidious means did the government authorities seek to undermine the missionary's influence. Seeing that the people did not take kindly to the *régime* of the priests, a French *pasteur* was brought in to turn away the hearts of the people, but this device did not succeed to any extent. "At length events culminated in Mr. Jones's expulsion from the island." Home, church, the loved mission station, and the dear people for whose good the devoted missionary had spent his life's labours—all had to be left at an hour's notice. Happily Mrs. Jones was spared part of this trial, being at the time with her daughters in Sydney.

Meanwhile the people of Maré are "as sheep having no shepherd," and with the wolves not far off. True, they have their native pastors, but these are harassed and obstructed in their work; their churches are taken from them, and only household worship allowed; and we know not what may yet be heard of the treatment of the pastors and of their flocks. Some of them have already suffered imprisonment and exile for their fidelity. They are indeed an afflicted and persecuted people. The effect of French influence upon some of the unconverted inhabitants of the island is already disastrous. Drunkenness, Sabbath-breaking, and licentiousness are gaining hold, and the young are rather encouraged than checked in evil habits.

The friends of missions may well ask whether nothing can be done to arrest the present state of things in Maré, and to right a grievous wrong. Is the life-work of a devoted and efficient missionary to be upset by an unjustified invasion on the part of a foreign power? Are the valuable mission premises to be "annexed" also by French officials or by popish priests? Are the people to be handed over without protest to the emissaries of Rome? We are aware of the extreme delicacy with which the French Government must be approached in such a case; but surely an appeal may be made to justice and honour.

A deputation, consisting of some sixty members of Parliament and other influential gentlemen, was received by Lord Salisbury, who questioned Mr. Jones and expressed sympathy with him in the treatment he had received. Lord Salisbury intimated that Mr. Jones being hurried away from the island without the opportunity of arranging for the disposal of his own and of the mission property, was the point to be regarded as the most serious, and that upon this the French Government might effectually be approached. This no doubt will be taken up by our government. The issue must be awaited with due patience, but meanwhile events show that the danger of new complications is not overpast.

J. BRANWHITE FRENCH.

WILLIE WILLS' WINGS.

CHAPTER IX.

I MUST not dwell upon little Willie's history during his stay at the Refuge. There would be much to tell of his beautiful life which would make us very very glad to hear. Willie daily grew in grace, or, as Mrs. Brown, the matron, put it, he was just like a bit of sunshine amongst them—not talking, but *living* Christ. Oh, how patient he was when teased! How good to the boys who treated him badly! And what a tender-hearted little fellow to the boys younger than himself! Willie was very popular, and oh, so happy!

One day Mrs. Brown came for him in school. Her kind face was literally all aglow with delight.

"A caller for you, Willie," she said, looking a little mysterious.

Our Willie hastened into Mrs. Brown's own private room, to find Miss Rose Simmonds, who was on a visit to her uncle, and had come to see her little Sunday-school scholar. She had had a long talk with Mrs. Brown before Willie had been sent for. Hence she knew a few details of his history.

Miss Simmonds noticed, in spite of Willie's beaming face, that he was much thinner, and looked very very delicate.

"Willie, I can see your wings have been growing," she said when Mrs. Brown withdrew, to give them a little time alone together.

Willie blushed.

"Yes, miss, I hope so," he said softly; then he added: "When my cough was so bad, and my side was always aching, and I seemed in everybody's way, I thought perhaps when they grew strong enough, I might fly home to heaven."

"And not live on earth an angel-boy?" said Rose Simmonds questioningly.

"Please, miss, it was only if I wasn't wanted here. I'm very very happy now; but—but——" And Willie hesitated.

"What is it, Willie?" said Miss Simmonds encouragingly.

"Please, miss," Willie went on shyly, "doesn't the Bible talk of boys and girls playing in heaven? I think they'd play a bit more softly than here. I get tired in the romps here; but I'd be able to manage it there, if my turn comes to go before I get grown-up."

Poor Willie! Miss Simmonds thought of these words when a week later she watched beside his bed as he lay stricken for death—the doctor feared—with a fever then raging in the town. Willie had been unconscious for hours; but now he recognised his kind nurse and friend, and smiled on Rose.

"Can I do anything for you, Willie?" inquired Rose softly.

Knowing how ill he was, she was very very anxious to learn his wishes, now that he could think and speak.

"Would you go," Willie began, then stopped a moment to collect his thoughts, "to No. 4, Poole Court, down by the Fish Market, and ask Mrs. Jones to let me see baby? I do so want to say good-bye to baby." And Willie's eyes glistened with tears as he added, under his breath, "little dear!"

"But Willie," said Rose gently, "you are suffering with a bad fever, and baby might take it."

"Oh, please, miss, then I send my love, and—a kiss—instead," said Willie, with something of the old impetuous ring in his tones. Then he added earnestly: "But won't it hurt you, miss, please? Please don't stay if it's going to hurt you?"

"The doctor says I am all safe, Willie," said Miss Simmonds brightly. "I was ill with this same fever last year, and since then have nursed two dear little nieces through it."

Willie only smiled in answer, then asked for water, and finally sank again to sleep. By-and-by Mrs. Brown came to take her place, and Rose left, and after changing her clothes, washing her hands and face, and rinsing her mouth in Condy's fluid, to insure being free from infection, she went down to Poole Court, to give Mrs. Jones Willie's message.

"Perhaps," Rose said to herself, "they might have heard some news of Willie's father and mother."

CHAPTER X.

ROSE found Mrs. Jones at home. Twice in the past twelve months had she heard from Willie, but only that very morning had she for the first time seen anything of his parents since he had left.

"They are staying here, but won't be in yet awhile, I fear," she said feelingly. "The very minute they do come, I'll send them on; but what about infection?"

"Oh, you must trust us to see to that!" said Rose. "The doctor is very particular! It would be a pity for them to lose the hope of seeing him once more."

"Poor bairn—poor bairn!" said Mrs. Jones weeping. "I always said he was too good for this world! He taught me my first good thought of a better life. I've been to church regular of late; but I owe it all to Willie's silent example for good."

Miss Simmonds saw the baby, now a bonny little pet of twenty months, and gave her a kiss for Willie; then she left Poole Court to go home to dine with her uncle, and returned later to the Refuge.

It was midnight. Willie lay dozing, his breathing very laboured, many signs that life was ebbing. A man and woman, and girl of about twenty, stood by the bedside weeping bitterly. These were Willie's father and mother and sister. As yet he had not recognised them.

"Dear lamb!" wailed his mother; "and he always was such a little Christian! More shame to us to have treated him as we did!"

"Ay, ay!" said Willie's father; "we were cruel, and no mistake. May God forgive us and our likes!" And honest tears coursed down his cheek.

Willie roused a little, gazed round him, then recognised his people.

He smiled very sweetly upon each in turn.

"How good God is! I did so long for this," he said feebly. Then, in a louder tone: "Dear father, and

mother, and sister, I'm going—going—away from this world, and I do want you to come too! My Saviour. . . . may be your Saviour."

He paused, and only his father's and mother's sobs broke the silence. His sister stood cold and hard, and unmoved. Willie closed his eyes, and lifted his hand, and prayed.

"Dear Lord Jesus, please bless my dear father and mother, and sister Sal. Give them new hearts, then they will love Thee and—hate sin. Help them all to give—up—the—drink—and—bad—words. Let them go to church—on Sunday; and bless all my other brothers and sisters. Forgive us every one our sins, because Jesus died—for us, and wants—us to come to his—beautiful—home—in heaven. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

As Willie paused, his sister knelt down by his bedside and kissed his hand again and again, now weeping bitterly.

Willie stroked her hair tenderly with his remaining free hand; then, looking at both father and mother, he said hoarsely—

"Promise—promise—no more drink—for Willie's sake."

"I promise."

"I vow it."

"And I too," said all three in chorus; and Willie waved his hand, and his face was radiant with joy.

Mrs. Brown and Rose were in the room. He beckoned them nearer, and whispered faintly—

"My love to all the boys, and tell them—to live—for—my Jesus."

Then, fixing his eyes on Rose, he said—

"Thank the cripple boy—you've told me about, but whom I've never seen—for helping me—to try to do right. Tell him we'll meet in heaven. My wings—the Lord Jesus will teach me how to fly."

And Willie smiled, and that smile—unlike any other—never faded from his face, but seemed as the first bright gleam of heavenly sunshine which rested on him as he passed within the portal of his Saviour's home.

Little Willie's influence is still felt at that Refuge, although many years have passed since he left it for his heavenly home; and Rose Simmonds often talks to her Sunday-school class of the possibility of being like the cripple lad and Willie Wills.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXI.

I give it all.

The ark, and Israel and Judah abide in tents.

Why have I found grace in thine eyes that thou shouldest take knowledge of me, seeing I am a stranger?

Give me a man that we may fight together.

Saviours shall come up on Mount Zion to judge the Mount of Esau.

Let me not fall into the hand of man.

Why hast thou deceived me so, and sent away mine enemy that he is escaped?

The Lord killeth and maketh alive.

I coveted them and took them, and, behold, they are hid in the earth.

I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me, and I die.

Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without?

When I have a convenient season I will call for thee.

I had not thought to see thy face.

I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding.

This is John the Baptist; he is risen from the dead.

We have found this man a pestilent fellow.

I sat on the judgment seat and commanded the man to be brought forth.

There is no nation or kingdom whither my lord hath not sent to seek thee.

Behold, thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt.

My lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields.

Rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft.

Search out each text, and find the speaker's name
And set it down;
Many enjoyed an honourable fame
And wide renown;
Patriarch, priest and angel, each are here,
And Haran's son;
Governor, giant, orator appear
When all are done;
Servant and master, too, prophet and king,
Maiden and wife,
And one who dared to touch the cursed thing,
And lost his life.
Initials give, when taken from them all,
The words of one who built a city wall.

L. T.

HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. XI.

Write out these texts and then mark one word in each to form another text containing a promise.

1. He only is my Rock and my Salvation.—*Psa.* lxii. 6.
2. Come and hear, all ye that fear God.—*Psa.* lxvi. 16.
3. He that walketh in a perfect way, he shall serve Me.—*Psa.* ci. 7.
4. Do not My words do good to him that walketh uprightly?—*Micah* ii. 7.
5. He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.—*Prov.* xiii. 20.
6. And he that killeth any man shall surely be put to death.—*Lev.* xxiv. 17.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XVIII.—p. 592.—JESUS CHRIST, OUR REDEEMER.

1. J-erich-*o*	Josh. vi. 26.
2. E-lih-*u*	Job xxxii. 2.
3. S-ei-*r*	Ezekiel xxxv. 2.
4. U-*r*	Gen. xv. 7.
5. S-hunamit-*e*	2 Kings iv. 12, 13, 26.
6. C-hilma-*d*	Ezekiel xxvii. 23.
7. H-ittit-*e*	2 Sam. xi. 6.
8. R-om-*e*	Acts xxviii. 16–31.
9. I-coniu-*m*	Acts xiii. 51.
10. S-alom-*e*	Mark xv. 40.
11. T-abo-*r*	Judges iv. 6.

NO. XIX.—p. 622.—ANANIAS, Acts ix. 8, 9, 17; xxiii. 2, v. 5; AGRIPPA, Acts xxv. 13.

A-rimathæ-A	Matt. xxvii. 57–60.
G-oshe-N	Gen. xlvii. 1–6.
R-hod-A	Acts xii. 11–15.
I-bza-N	Judges xii. 7–9.
P-hilipp-I	Acts xvi. 12, 13.
P-ersi-A	Ezra i. 1–3.
A-pollo-S	Acts xviii. 24–27.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

NO. I.—p. 622.

Jeremiah xxxii. 14.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OLD GWEN.

CHAPTER IV.—ONLY A TOURIST.

A SHADOW DARKENED THE DOORWAY.

WHEN old Gwen returned home, there were many consultations concerning the disposition of the five-pound note. Tisha was resolved to keep and use it, and the rest of the family wavered—all but Gwenny, who remembered the educational question put to her in the cave. She was shrewd enough, and wondered if this paper-bait were held out to induce her to submit to being sent to school. She did not, however, mention the circumstance, thinking it wisest to keep her own counsel, for she had no great faith in the multitude of counsellors.

"The gentleman asked me questions about my poor Toom, and was so sorry for us, that he did give us the money to comfort us," argued Tisha, whose spirits had decidedly risen with the prospect of helping her mother-in-law to pay her rent.

"It was a handsome thing for a stranger to do,"

said old Gwen;" and perhaps it was put into his mind from above. I see no reason for casting away the mercies of Providence. We can buy Gwenny a new gown for Sundays. She'll want it when she's in place."

"I'd rather stop till I can buy it with my wages," put in young Gwen. "When must I be going, Mamgu?"

"Soon as possible. Mrs. Bowen is wanting you for the spring cleaning, before she lets her rooms."

Old Gwen had succeeded in getting what she considered a suitable situation for her granddaughter, as maid-of-all-work with a lady in reduced circumstances.

"Not till after Easter, Mamgu?" said Gwenny.

"Easter Tuesday at latest," replied old Gwen.

"We shall have enough to do to get ready, and learn our hymns and chapters, and pack up," suggested young Gwen importantly.

"There's unfeeling you are! You none of you think of me. What shall I be doing without Gwen fach?" moaned Tisha.

"Hach! mother. What have you been doing ever since I was six years old?" asked Gwenny.

"You'll have enough to do to be helping with the tourists. There's beautiful you put out the tea! and you got five pounds for doing it."

Gwenny laughed merrily, which caused Tisha to cry. She always cried when they laughed, because she said, it was unfeeling to laugh when poor Toom was away, and never coming back. They all felt the truth of this more or less, but old Gwen was an encourager of mirth, and wished Tisha could be made to rouse herself.

She did so during the ensuing week, for tourists multiplied, and such as wanted tea had it in her parlour. Easter was late that year, and a fine spring brought sightseers to the castle earlier than usual. We none of us like to lay down the keys of office, and Gwenny was much troubled when she committed her's into the charge of Dorcas and Shonny. The latter was, however, so good a diplomatist, that she told her mother that "she shouldn't wonder if Shonny 'ould make his fortune some day, if only, you mother, will be stirring up to teach him." This was a good stroke of business, for Tisha was devoted to her youngest born, and what with the unexpected riches, the guests, young Gwen's outfit and the Easter lessons, she almost forgot herself.

We have nowadays Easter manœuvres, Easter cards, Easter eggs, Easter decorations, and Easter offerings, to say nothing of Easter holidays; but there was never a prettier or holier way of celebrating the thrice-blessed season, than that in which old Gwen and her numerous progeny took part. Weeks before Easter Monday, hymns and repetitions of Scripture had been resounding at the farm during every leisure moment; and when the day arrived all the household save Tisha started for church. A neighbour had volunteered to look in upon her; while she, with many moans, had promised to give the keys of the castle to any tourist who might chance to want them.

"You needn't say anything about tea, mother. They must do without it," said Gwenny.

"What do you mean? Why for?" responded Tisha, spiriting up. "Are you thinking that nobody can make a cup o' tea or a plank-cake but you?"

Old and young Gwen interchanged a sly glance of satisfaction.

Old Gwen started with her four grandchildren. It was a glorious day. They had a three-mile walk to the parish church, but it was down hill all the way. They sang hymns and recited as they went, and all Nature seemed to join. As to the birds it must be confessed that their songs surpassed those of the human choristers, though they did not assimilate ill, since all were to the praise of the Great Creator. It was a resurrection pæan. And the voiceless flower-bespangled banks united in the hymn of praise. Primroses sent up their mute thanksgivings, glancing open-eyed at the sun that had renewed their life; fox-glove and fern listened with bending heads—celandine and anemone, bird's-eye and campion, rejoiced—and away in the meadows bluebells rang their quiet peal, as if in unison with the church bells down below in the valley.

From every wayside cottage came human songsters, who joined old Gwen, and increased the volume of sound as it rolled down the hill. All the while, the tripping, sparkling brook that danced beneath the trees and among the stones on the left, uttered its prattling orisons, and creation animate and inanimate swelled the chorus of grateful praise to the risen Saviour, who had opened wide the gates of everlasting life.

Down the hill and along the high road wended the cheerful party, gathering strength and volume as it went. Processions of school-children with their teachers, fell in from various outlying villages, and when they all reached the bridge that spanned with its one fine arch, the lovely river, they made a goodly show as they mounted the hill towards the picturesque town. The church bells were ringing, the gates were open, and crowds had assembled to celebrate with prayer and praise the all-comprehending event of that glad festival. The church was soon filled to overflowing with a congregation consisting of the members, old and young, of the various schools in the district, old Gwen and her grandchildren joining the long procession of the townsfolk.

It was a grand day for catechizing, and after the morning service, each school stood round the reading-desk, and responded to the questions of their respective "pastors and masters." They recited chapters in the rythmical monotone of their fine old tongue—if monotone it could be called, when the voices rose and fell; they said the catechism, they entered heart and soul into their joyous service. Then each school, led by its master, sang a separate hymn; and the congregation was never tired of listening, for harmony, and not discord, pervaded the choirs. Now and again, in intervals of repose, some member of the assembly rose and repeated chapters from the Bible. Still the congregation did not tire of listening. Amongst the reciters was old Gwen. From time almost immemorial, she had repeated her chapter at the Easter gathering and as years thickened around her she had been heard with ever-increasing reverence. She had a marvellous

memory, and it was said of her that she "knew the Bible by heart." It was certainly in her heart, for she had lived by its precepts hard upon threescore years and ten, and brought up children and grandchildren according to its commands, none of whom had ever doubted that they were directly inspired by "Him who cannot lie." She was only one of several elderly women who repeated their chapters from Sacred Writ, but her fine voice, manner and, above all, unfailing memory, always commanded attention. She was, besides, well known by rich and poor. Young Gwen was sitting beside her grandmother, and during the sonorous repetition of the chapter was startled by a whisper from behind.

"Is your mother at home alone?" it said.

"Yes," she replied, and, turning, saw the tourist.

As there was much coming and going in the church, during the various intervals, she alone perceived that when old Gwen ceased, this mysterious friend slipped out. She had an instinctive fear of him, despite his generosity, and wondered if he were going to take advantage of her mother's solitude, by offering more money and perhaps proposing to educate her daughter.

The so-called morning service lasted into the afternoon, for the schools were numerous, and each clergyman and superintendent lingered fondly over his particular work, so that the untiring listeners had enough of it. But the Welsh love their Bibles, as well as the old Psalmody of their country or their hymnals, and the repetitions, whether choral or Biblical, continued. Shonny, who inherited his grandmother's memory, repeated a chapter, and Uncle Laban was heard to say that he "spoke it out just so well as the parson; and he shouldn't wonder if he took to preaching some day."

A feast of tea and buns awaited the schools when all was over, but the two Gwens decided upon returning home, and leaving the children to follow at their leisure. Happily for old Gwen, whose breath was not quite so perfect as it once had been, a friend gave her a lift in his empty coal-cart, while he walked up the hill himself, saying that "a merciful man was merciful to his beast."

"Then you mustn't take me along," laughed old Gwen, whose weight was not slight.

Indeed it was with some difficulty that she mounted the cart.

When they reached home, they found Tisha in a very excited state. From the condition of her eyes she must have been weeping even more copiously than usual, although her speech flowed rapidly. She was dressed, and the best china was outspread. But she was alone. The tourist had been and was gone. When Gwenny asked her what had passed, she was reticent as to the fact that the stranger had wormed out of her all she knew of the murder, and the subsequent condemnation of her husband, but she was profuse in her praises of his generosity.

"He wants to pay for the schooling of Gwenny, or Dorcas, or Shonny," she moaned.

"Gwenny has had schooling enough for her state of life," responded old Gwen. "She knows her catechism and her duty to God and man, and that is enough to make a good faithful servant of her. As for Dorcas, the sooner she gets a place the better, for her brains are being well addled by all their 'Standards.' David knows what he's about, and Laban says he'll make a first-rate carpenter—but Shonny!"

"Ah he do puzzle himself terrible over his Shakespeare," interrupted Tisha. "The gentleman says he'd like to be bringing him up, he's so clever."

"Shakespeare," repeated old Gwen with a tone and gesture not complimentary to the immortal bard. "What have poor folks to do with him? I have no opinion of all the learning they're cramming down poor children's throats in these days. The Gospels are far better than all the Standards. The chapters and hymns they've been singing and repeating to-day will be doing more good than what they're learning now."

Tisha was silent. When old Gwen began to preach everybody listened; for even her grandchildren reverenced her, and had not yet learnt the masterful ways of many of their school mates. But young Gwen broke the silence.

"I'll do my best, Mamgu, to keep to my Bible," she said. "I hope my mistress will let me come home sometimes."

This sudden allusion to her departure set poor Tisha off again, and she began rocking herself and repeating the words "Come home! Oh, if my poor Toom could only come home."

A shadow darkened the doorway, and Gwen fach, who was always looking for the tourist, saw it. She rose involuntarily, and was greeted in Welsh; but not by the stranger. It was her brother Toom.

"Here I am, mother," he cried, and hurried towards Tisha.

He was a stalwart young soldier of whom any mother might be proud; but Tisha only wept the more. Naturally the shock of his sudden return overcame her. He knelt by her side, put his arms about her and soothed her. His grandmother received him with energetic delight, and as for young Gwen, she nearly danced for joy. She did, indeed, upset a chair which caused a revulsion of feeling in her mother, and turned her tears to reproaches.

"There's noise you're keeping just as Toom bach has come home!" she cried.

He told them that his regiment was quartered at Carmarthen, and that he had leave till the following day. He had not seen them for two or three years, and they began to kill the fatted calf, in spite of his having enlisted contrary to their wishes. The past was all forgotten, and when the children returned, the family joy would have been full, save for the sad shadow in the far-away prison at Portland. But for that, young Toom would still have been the stay of his mother at home.

"The Lord can turn our weeping into rejoicing," said old Gwen. "I believe He will yet make the crooked straight, and bring father back again."

As she spoke another shadow darkened the doorway, and this time it was the tourist.

"I think I left my umbrella," he said. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you."

"This is my eldest son, sir," said Tisha. "I was telling you about him, and how he 'listed."

The stranger glanced at the young man, took his umbrella from the corner where he had left it, either accidentally or designedly, and hurried off with a few muttered words about catching a train.

"I've seen that gentleman somewhere. Who is he?" said Toom.

"Only a tourist," replied young Gwen. "But he thinks I'm born for a lady and Shonny for a scholar."

"I'm sure he's very kind," remarked Tisha.

Toom had plenty to tell of his military life, for his letters had not been frequent, and he was not so clever a scribe as his younger brothers. He made his grandmother thankful by his assurance that he never neglected prayer, and that he and a few of his messmates read the Scriptures together.

"I think of you and poor father, Mamgu, when I'm tempted, and then I turn away from the drink and the vice, and ask for help to resist."

"Thank God, my boy," said old Gwen solemnly.

Uncle Laban looked in, and rejoiced with his relations. He proposed that they should thank God for the safe return of his nephew, by singing some of the hymns in which they had already joined that day, and the farm soon resounded to notes of praise. Afterwards they all knelt and offered up prayer and thanksgiving to Him who had brought the wanderer home.

No member of that scattered family ever forgot to ask of the Almighty Searcher of hearts, for the forgiveness of the poor convict, if guilty, and for his clearance from crime, if innocent. This burden lay heavy on the hearts of all, but it did not crush them.

Toom was somewhat of a rustic still, and his delight was great when Snap the dog recognised him, and the cat jumped on his kneo. By dint of watchful perseverance, Dorcas had accustomed puss to the farm, and she strayed no more. She told her brother this, and he said he should like just to look at the old home before he left on the morrow.

That morrow came all too soon. Reunions would be perfect but for the inevitable parting. This was softened by the feeling that the distance between Toom and his friends was now trifling, and that he and Gwenny would be, for a while at least, in the same place. They started together the following afternoon, Gwen with a bundle in her hand, and Toom carrying her small box. Dorcas and Shonny were to meet them at the station on their way from school, David being occupied at his trade. Tisha's lamentations were loud, but old Gwen kept hers with her blessings, in her heart.

The brother and sister visited the cottage on their way to the station. It was still unoccupied, and the garden and little yard were overrun with weeds and grass.

"If I hadn't run away we might have been here still," said Toom, reflectively. "But I couldn't bear to be twitted about father."

"They are forgetting it, and everybody's kind now," said Gwen.

They lingered about the old place as long as time would let them, then hastened over the meadows and by the river, to the station. Here Dorcas and Shonny were awaiting them.

"Take care of mother, and don't let her fret, Mamgu, more than can be helped," said Gwen to Dorcas. "Now I've got a place, I'm sorry to leave home."

"Then come back again and bring Toom," cried Shonny, who showed symptoms of the customary howl.

They were cut short by the arrival of the train; and the brothers and sisters were soon separated by inevitable steam.

This was Gwenny's first start in life, and she sat silent awhile ruminating on her possible future. She was roused by a whispered word from her brother, who put his hand on hers. "'Tis hard leaving home, Gwen fach. I wish I hadn't done it. So will you, may-be. But now we're soldier and servant, let us do our duty. You to your mistress, I to mine; and both to our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ."

The word was answered by a hand pressure, and Gwenny prayed quietly in her heart.

SELFISHNESS AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

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

EVER since Cain smote Abel—nay, ever since Eve preferred tempting food and worldly wisdom to her Creator's blessing, two theories of life and happiness have been face to face in the world.

One of them relies for its well-being upon force; the strong arm, the well-filled pocket, and the powerful brain, all these are engines of personal exertion; they are various forms of force. And this view leads of necessity to selfishness, because every ounce of energy which is beyond my control reduces the relative influence of what I possess. My hundred pounds will not purchase what another bids a thousand for; and thus we are all rivals, more or less openly, snatching, thrusting, competing against each other, and muttering those Christian proverbs, "Every man for himself," and "Take care of number one."

And a view of the physical world has come into

the foremost place, within our own time, which tends to encourage powerfully and dangerously this selfish way of thinking. For it proclaims that all the living world around us, crowned by man as its last and noblest development, is the result of a selfish struggle to exist. Life was full of hard conditions. The weak animal was crushed by the strong, the slow of foot was run down by the swift, the foolish was outwitted by the crafty. And thus did various races grow more and more vigorous and intelligent and well shaped, until at last one prosperous species became a human being, thanks to the long and merciless weeding out of all but the choicest specimens.

Religion is not concerned to prove that no effects were really produced by such a competition for existence. She only insists that all such theories come miserably short as an adequate explanation of the world and of man. And she protests against the havoc which, when taken for complete, they must work in the conscience and the heart.

We are not perfect yet—very far from perfect. And how shall the disiples of such a philosophy advance upon the road, but by the old plan, by fierce and pitiless competition, by sifting out every defect, by crushing all the weak and sickly and stupid specimens? Napoleon at Jaffa gave poison to the wounded whom he could not carry off: he was right, let us follow his example; that is the true plan for uplifting the human race; down with the infirm, down with the sickly, down with the deformed, and away with the foolish. All this is very shocking to every humane heart, but such a creed as I am speaking of will gradually conquer any weakness of the sort.

It may nourish hospitals in which to study surgery, but the hour of its triumph will be rung in by the death-knell of all asylums, workhouses, and almshouses, all charities which keep alive the inferior specimens, instead of letting us free the garden from the weeds. At the recent meeting of the British Association there was a protest against the action of our hospitals on this very ground, that they perpetuate the feeble and sickly individuals, who ought to disappear with all speed. What a world that will be to live in!

Face to face with this theory is another. It teaches that while we have need of food and raiment, and our Father knoweth that this is so, yet the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment, and a man's life consisteth not in the multitude of the things which he possesseth. It teaches that this world is God's world, and man is God's child, born to know and love Him, and to find his happiness in his Creator. It teaches that as the south wind and the gulf stream keep our climate temperate, so the whole world is endurable, and happiness is not a dream, only because the soul of man is warmed by the breath and bathed in the currents of a far serener clime.

And it appeals to our experience. What has the fruit of the tree of Godless knowledge ever taught us, except our own misery and shame and guilt, until we cover ourselves from each other, and cower into the dimmest thickets if the footsteps of the Divine ruler shake the ground we tread? What ever happened when we smote a rival—who was also our brother—down, except the sense of curse and loneliness—a punishment greater than we can bear?

Our religion does not underrate the common things of daily life. God feeds His people with the finest of the wheat, but they must not live by bread alone, nor think they can have anything except as He gives it. And then, as children seated at the same table, nourished and loved by the one universal Father, we learn to bear each other's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ, instead of snatching each other's bread, and pushing each other from the board.

Our hearts, which grew sick at the other doctrine, rise up to do homage to the majesty of this. We feel that it is a nobler and better and manlier way of thinking. And it is certain that we could never thus approve and aspire to the doctrine of self-sacrifice rather than worldly wisdom, the thorny crown of Jesus rather than the jewelled mitre of Caiaphas, if selfish struggles to exist were the real secret of the universe. We could not be so false to our origin. There is within every man a living witness to the truth of religion—to our need of something above and beyond ourselves, a voice which we may stifle, and perhaps destroy, but with its dying breath it will protest that though we are weak, dependent, sinful, yet are we not so mean that we can be happy alone, or by another's loss, or without a blessing from above; that we need pardon because all of us have sinned together; and that we are all lost unless we have a common Saviour.

This doctrine sanctifies and ennobles weakness, because all the care we can bestow on it, is really God's grace reaching our brethren through our hands. And we need no longer be selfish in mere self-defence, because God Himself will keep and guard us, reckoning the least service to our brethren, as a service done to Him.

How comes it that sometimes even the unbelievers in our creed rise to its generous level? It is because they are often far better than their beliefs, even as we are worse than ours. But this does not refute the argument that selfish faiths will shrivel up the heart of society, and that generous faiths will expand it. The question is, what would the next generation become, if all the influences of the cross were replaced by the influence of belief in a struggle for existence as the clue to the mysteries of life?

Grasping violence or sweet self-sacrifice, which of them is really the king of life? Jesus it was who first answered that question, fully, perfectly, for ever. At the outset of His mission He saw all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them, He refused them all: He turned away to become least of all, and servant of all: He became obedient, even unto death, even unto the death of the cross. Therefore God highly exalted Him. Death and the grave could not hold Him down. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords, and He has sat down with the Father in His throne.

And as the Father sent Him, even so He sent His followers. He had once exposed the folly of

a king who should go to war without reckoning whether he was able with ten thousand to meet an invader with twenty thousand. Now He sent the Twelve, fishers and publicans, and their disciples, including one disciple of Gamaliel, themselves to invade the world. Not many wise, nor strong, nor noble, they matched themselves against Rome, with her steel-clad armies, with the riches of the plundered world, with torments which but to name makes courage itself turn pale. The disciples had no longer among them "the matchless personality," "the grace," "the fascinating sweetness" by which sentimentalists pretend that Galilee was won. On the contrary their greatest leader was contemptible in bodily presence, and weak in speech. What then was the secret of their unparalleled victory? It was the worship of Divine weakness, Divine self-sacrifice; the Gospel that God was among us as He that serveth; the preaching of the cross was the power of God and the wisdom of God.

And this has changed the world. Men who deny the truth of the story cannot deny the marvellous suitability of that story for human nature, for the very nature which they profess to have been evolved by thousands of generations of successful and benignant selfishness, blessing the world by remorselessly treading down the weak. Upon their own showing, the power of Christ is supernatural, it is the introduction of a new force, into the world, from above it.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

ON ITS RELIGIOUS SIDE.

III.

"ALL Tyranny is of small endurance," said the lesson for one of the great days of national judgment which came so frequently in this reign, and this has been especially the case with the persecutions the church has passed through. The zeal of the persecutors slackens, and the more intelligent come by degrees to recognise that from their own point of view persecution does more harm than good. The Act of Uniformity, the Conventicle Act, the Five-Mile Act were all carried out rigorously, but only with the result of blowing into a flame the ashes of puritanism. Notwithstanding the combination of all the authorities: the council, the parliament, the bishops, the judges and the magistrates, with a host of officials, and spies: the party which at the Restoration appeared broken and ruined, was now considered both by friends and foes to form two-thirds of the nation, numbers among them being prepared to defy the laws, passively by going to prison, or actively by joining in plots for a change of the government. In 1665 there were rumours of an intended rising, information of all sorts being sent to the government concerning plots in Yorkshire. London, too, was felt to be especially dangerous as there were 20,000 of Cromwell's old soldiers in and about the metropolis. To the eyes of some civilians it was becoming evident "that there was very little fruit of all these forcible courses." Nevertheless, as late as 1670, Archbishop Sheldon sent out a letter to the bishops of his province, dated Lambeth Palace, May 7, urging watchfulness and zeal in the prosecution of all holders, frequenters, maintainers, and abettors of conventicles, and unlawful assemblies, under pretence of religious worship, and especially of those who preached and taught in them.

> O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
> Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse,
> Without all hope of day!

Such was the groan that went up from the religious soul of England in these doleful days of Charles II. and James II. A crowd of poor godly men lived henceforth "a life half dead, a living death," but their religion though buried was not exempt

> By privilege of death and burial,
> From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs.

And as "Samson Agonistes" teaches us, that suffering was not borne with angelic meekness. Blind Samson raging against Dalila, and the bully Harapha of Goth, represents the spirit in which enthralled puritanism regarded the society which fluttered about Whitehall and had got possession of power. And we may depend upon it, as its despondency became more and more hopeless, it looked forward to some divinely ordained effort of strength, which should bring this awful tyranny to utter irretrievable ruin.

And this, had England then known all, it is possible might have taken place. But hardly any one, not even ministers who believed they were privy to all the secrets of state, were aware of the treason against England which the king was meditating, or had more than a suspicion of the conspiracy about to be concocted against its liberties and its religion.

The development of his schemes and the elucidation of the mysteries of his policy by the facts which in later times have become known, enable us to understand why he was so persevering in his attempts to modify the harshness of the penal laws against nonconformity. As early as 1662 he tried to do this by claiming a dispensing power in virtue of his prerogative as Head of the Church. However, his Parliament would not hear of it, and he withdrew the proposition. But in 1665 he again recurred to the idea, and to remove all doubts as to his right, a bill was brought into the

House of Lords, but failed, in consequence of the opposition of the bishops and of the Chancellor, Clarendon.

The king, mortified, henceforth supported the effort to bring down this eminent pillar of "Church and State," and Clarendon, driven from office in 1667, was impeached for high treason and forced into exile.

Charles, placed between two antagonistic parties, adopted the policy of Catherine de Medici in a similar position, and sought to play them one against the other. He hoped to pulverise the broken remains of the parliamentary party by giving free scope to the bigotry and revenge of the royalist party, and again to dominate the church and king party by making himself the saviour and protector of the varied hosts of nonconformity. And this policy he pursued through the whole of his reign, openly and cynically playing the part of a royal "Vicar of Bray." However, it was tiresome work, and he longed for the repose of a monarch who could give and not take the law, and besides, from a philosophical point of view, he believed absolute monarchy the best form of government. But how was it to be brought about? His personal popularity was so extraordinary, and the ignorance and venality of the times so great, that it would not have been difficult for him to have done with the country what he would. But he had neither faith, industry, nor enthusiasm. The easiest, the readiest course was to rely on force, and to link himself on to the fortunes of the great representative of the cause of absolute monarchy in Europe: Louis XIV. After preliminary negotiations through the French ambassador in London, the Duchess of Orleans was sent to Dover to conclude a secret treaty between Louis XIV. and her brother. By this treaty, the terms of which have long been matter of history, Charles promised to declare himself a Catholic, and to bring about the conversion of this country to that religion. But there was the chance that Englishmen would not remain firm in the favourite doctrine of the dominant party, Passive Obedience, but might conclude that the religion and liberties of the country were as much worth fighting for as its commercial advantage or its vain glory.

With this possibility in view, Charles made the following arrangement. "The king of England," ran the words of the treaty, "is convinced of the truth of the Catholic religion, and he has every reason to hope that none of his subjects, even those on whom God shall not have yet so abundantly shed His grace as to dispose them to follow the king's august example, will fail in the inviolable obedience due from all people to their sovereigns, even of a different religion. Nevertheless, as there are sometimes turbulent and restless spirits who endeavour to disturb public tranquility under the plausible pretext of religion, His Britannic Majesty believes that the best way of preventing this is to be assured of the assistance of His Most Christian Majesty, who, willing, in order to contribute to a design so glorious, so useful to His Majesty, and even to the whole Catholic religion, has promised and promises to give for the purpose two millions of livres tournois, and binds himself to assist His Britannic Majesty with troops to the number of 6000."

The treaty of Dover was signed on the 14th of June, 1670, and a glance at the old lectionary of 1662 will show that the lesson read in English churches on that day recounted the treachery of Judas.

That an English king should have actually conceived the idea of destroying the liberties and the religion of our country by the aid of French gold and French troops is startling enough, but Charles would not have actually signed the treaty, and struggled, as he did, for the immediate realisation of the clause that related to himself, the clause which bound him to declare himself a Roman Catholic, and bring about the conversion of England, if he had not felt tolerably sure of success.

The French Ambassador, a son of the celebrated Colbert, in a famous letter, says that Lord Arlington, one of the ministers most entirely in Charles the Second's confidence, had given him to understand that if the Holy See would so far condescend as to allow the sacrament in both kinds, and mass in the vulgar tongue that "most of the bishops, and following their example almost all the Protestants of England would reunite themselves with the Roman church." Had Arlington any ground for a statement, which if it only had a shred of truth in it, is full of suggestiveness? Certainly he knew, as every man in England knew, that the leading doctrine of the Church and King party was Passive Obedience, and that it made the test by which it judged a man fit for any office in church and state, his willingness to swear that it was not lawful under any circumstances to take up arms against the king; moreover Charles and his minister watched closely, we may be sure, the real sentiments of those around them, and they saw that while it was the fashion on the one hand to mock at everything Puritan, it was the mode on the other to speak with respect of everything Catholic. But what Arlington could not fully know, but which constituted the greatest danger of all, was the ardent, disinterested spirit of loyalty which pervaded the people. "Kings," said honest John Bunyan, "must be the men that shall down with antichrist, and they shall down with her in God's time. . . Let the king have visibly a place in your hearts, and with heart and mouth give God thanks for him. He is a better saviour for us than we may be aware of, and hath delivered us from more deaths than we can tell how to think."

Moreover, Charles had a powerful lure by which to draw over the commercial classes to support his designs. One of the leading provisions of the treaty with Louis XIV. was that England was to assist him in crushing the United Provinces—England tackling the Dutch by sea while France invaded and overpowered them by land. The hope this would give to British merchants of destroying their great competitors in the commerce of the world, and drawing its chief

advantage to themselves, Charles could not fail to believe would be a powerful temptation to one of the most important classes of his subjects. In his small council of five he had two parties, one working at the real, the other at a sham treaty. Shaftesbury and Lauderdale, who represented the puritan or nonconformist party, were led to believe that the alliance with France was solely for a war with the Dutch, to which they consented in exchange for a control over the Act of Indulgence, which had always a prominent place in Charles's policy, but which they were bent on rendering as little useful to the Catholics as possible.

This indulgence, promulgated March 15, 1672, declared all penal laws against the nonconformists or recusants to be immediately suspended. The nonconformists were to be permitted to open places of worship, provided they applied for and obtained a licence; recusants of the Roman Catholic religion, while sharing in the common exemption of the penal laws, were to be allowed to exercise their worship in private houses alone.

Demands for licences poured in, and soon upper rooms, barns, malting floors, gardens, outhouses in orchards, halls belonging to public companies, chambers in ruined monasteries, and cellars in old castles, resounded with long-silent voices.

How often have we seen the moon break out on a dark night and flood the gloom with light, suddenly a dark cloud passes over it, and the landscape appears once again as if shrouded in crape. Such was the scene England presented in 1672. The Act of Indulgence, suddenly flashed on the country in the spring of 1672, was withdrawn early in the next year.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE. [*After Romein de Hooge.*

The air was full of whispers, rumours, and instead of the Act of Indulgence being merely opposed by the royalist high-church party, it was regarded with suspicion by many of the dissenters themselves, and ere long the very minister most responsible for its promulgation, the Chancellor, Shaftesbury, declared himself against it. Charles in a fit of drunkenness had let out his secret, and the long-deceived minister went home overwhelmed with the gravity of the situation. He

QUEEN MARY II. [*After Vandervaust.*]

reversed his policy, and not only opposed the Indulgence but supported a Test Act, which compelled every one in the service of the State to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, to make a declaration against transubstantiation, and to receive the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. The Duke of York resigned his office of Lord High Admiral, whilst hundreds left the civil and military services. The king seemed completely defeated, and Shaftesbury master of the situation.

Moreover, the other point in the royal plot had failed. "Do you not see your country is lost?" said the Duke of Buckingham, one of the English ministers sent to negociate the submission of the Dutch. "There is a sure way never to see it lost," said the young Prince of Orange who had just been appointed commander of the army of the United Provinces, "and that is to die in the last ditch." This unexpected firmness in the Dutch disconcerted the allies, and Shaftesbury seeing that there was a revulsion of feeling in England against the war determined to bring it to an end. Shaftesbury, however, soon learnt that it was not he, but some one else, who directed the king's policy. He was ordered to deliver up the great seal, and dismissed from office.

Shaftesbury rapidly organised "the Country" party, a title translated by the French ambassador *le parti du Peuple*. Charles replied by throwing himself into the arms of "the Church and King" party still dominant in the House of Commons, and the fruits appeared in a fresh persecution of the nonconformists and the suppression of their conventicles. However, the English ambassador in Paris quarrelling with Danby, the new Lord

Treasurer, came back to England, obtained a seat in the House of Commons, and laid on the table a despatch forwarded to Louis XIV. requesting payment for the king of England's services during the late negotiations, and this despatch being signed by Danby, he was at once impeached; whereupon Charles, in terror lest all should come out, made a bargain with Shaftesbury: Parliament should be dissolved if the impeachment was withdrawn.

But what probably frightened Charles still more was the extraordinary panic occasioned by the discovery of a supposed "Popish Plot." Hans Christian Andersen's curious story of the Man and his Shadow received an illustration in English history. Just as in that story the shadow goes about as the real man and the real man becomes the shadow, so, a mere adumbration of the real plot for making England a Catholic country took possession of the public mind, and was made the subject of solemn Parliamentary inquiries, impeachments and great state trials, followed by the liberal use of the gallows at Tyburn and the block on Tower Hill.

The seizure of the papers of Coleman, the secretary to the Duchess of York, made it clear that in Catholic circles high hopes were entertained of great and immediate religious changes in England by royal authority. In a letter to Père la Chaise, the Jesuit Confessor of Louis XIV., Coleman said—"We have here a mighty work upon our hands, no less than the conversion of the three kingdoms, and by that, perhaps, the subduing of a pestilent heresy which has domineered over a great part of this northern world a long time. There was never such hopes of success since the day of Queen Mary, as now in our days."

The unfortunate secretary was hanged on December 3, 1678; just before he was turned off he was heard to say, "There is no faith in man." If he had expected the intervention of the head-centres of the plot for which he suffered, he was miserably deceived, for it was not the custom of Charles or of James to risk anything for subordinates in trouble. A series of judicial murders followed, the result of the perjuries of Oates, and of a vile race of informers whom his success had called into being. The corrupt society of the Restoration, whose chief weapon after the jail and the gallows was to represent the puritan as a canting drivelling hypocrite, now made itself one with hypocrisy of an odious description, for in the autumn and winter of 1678 Titus Oates was all the rage, fashion giving him for a time supreme power, so that the Council, the Parliament and the Courts of Law all did his behests.

With the return of a new Parliament, Shaftesbury, and his friends Lord William Russell and Lord Cavendish became the King's ministers, and had the honour of passing the famous "Habeas Corpus" Act. Their great object was to exclude the Duke of York from the throne as an avowed Catholic, in which they might have succeeded, had not Shaftesbury conceived the project of declaring the Duke of Monmouth successor to his father. Charles, seeing that Shaftesbury had made a mistake, took an early occasion to dismiss him from his service. The fiery statesman threw himself on to the country, which was soon rent by the contending cries of the two factions of Petitioners and Abhorrers, the former petitioning for the exclusion of James in favour of Monmouth, the latter declaring their abhorrence of the scheme. Shaftesbury would have precipitated a revolution, but feeling that it would not succeed, he withdrew to Holland and there two months after his arrival breathed out his stormy soul. Left without his guidance, some of his followers commenced dark and useless plotting, which only ended in the ruin of the nobler members of the party. Lord William Russell and Algernon Sidney were beheaded, and Monmouth fled.

Thus Charles triumphed over the effort made to defeat his absolutest schemes, and he was more than ever the object of an idolatrous loyalty. On the very day Lord William Russell was executed, July 21, 1683, the university of Oxford affirmed that the doctrine of passive obedience, even to the worst of rulers, was a part of religion.

Charles now rested on his oars and quietly steered in the direction of despotism. He re-admitted the Duke of York into the Council, and to the office of Lord High Admiral. Supplied with money by the king of France, he did not trouble to assemble Parliament. The towns were forced to surrender their charters, and the corporations limited to ultra-loyalists. Steps were taken to form a standing-army.

It is a striking lesson on the necessity of being ever on the watch against the prevailing opinion of a time to note how the best men succumb to it. Even Tillotson and Burnet adopted the doctrine of passive obedience. Where did they really get their ideas? Tillotson, on one occasion preaching before the king, maintained "that no man is obliged to preach against the religion of his country, though a false one, unless he has the power of working miracles." "It is a pity your Majesty slept," said a courtier to the king at the close of the service, "for we have had the rarest piece of Hobbism that ever you heard in your life." Charles rejoined with an oath, "He shall print it then." Which anecdote affords much material for reflection, for it shows not only the faith of the king himself, but that the clergy were, however unconsciously, deeply imbued with the prevailing philosophy.

Well might Charles have Hobbes' portrait in his private closet as one of his most precious treasures. This powerful philosophy worked for royal authority as a tutelary influence, repairing all its errors, smoothing the most stormy seas; and concentrating all the winds of fortune on its task, drove it full sail into the ocean of despotism. There were many among the educated classes who were opposed entirely to Hobbes, Lord William Russell, for example, who, notwithstanding the pressure brought to bear upon him by Tillotson and Burnet, even at the very last, and in face of the scaffold, refused "the very particular and deep repentance" which Tillotson told him his opinions called for. These opinions were generally shared by the nonconformists, and this explains that dreadful storm of persecution which prevailed against them during the last three or four years

of Charles's reign, "destroying not a small number of lives and ruining multitudes of families."[1]

It was probably at this period they got the habit of hiding their meetings in out-of-the-way parts of the town, and lanes and alleys. Dr. Stoughton, in his "Religion of England," gives the following picture of one of their meetings, drawn from the trial of Thomas Rosewell, a Presbyterian minister. "The place in which he preached was situated in Salisbury Street, Rotherhithe, and consisted of a tenement or tenements so altered as to adapt the building for accommodating a large number of people. The rooms were but of a low height. There was a low parlour, and a little room up six steps; and where the preacher stood was a large room and a garret. He stood in the door-case of the room, that the sound might go up and down." Three or four hundred people commonly attended, some "people of quality"; and a store of "watermen and seamen, from Deptford, Rotherhithe, and thereabouts. There were shutters in the windows, and the sun came in, and Rosewell was afraid lest the people that went by should hear him."

And in some state papers of 1682 the same author found the following account of the place of worship in which Thomas Vincent, one of the ejected ministers, preached. "Almost every seat that adjoins to the sides of the conventicle has a door, like the sally-port of a fire-ship, to make escape by; and in each door is a small peep-hole, like in taverns and ale-house doors to ken the people before they let them in." And elsewhere, quoting a note taken from the old books of the church meeting in this curious place of worship: "April 1st, met at Mr. Russell's in Ironmonger-lane, where Mr. Lambert administered to us the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and we sung a psalm with a low voice." Compare this with the account of John James's meeting-house at the beginning of the reign, where, according to the witnesses, the windows were open, and the minister spoke so loud that what he said could be heard in the adjoining houses, and we see how religious liberty, to say nothing of civil liberty, had fallen during this most disastrous, most disgraceful, period of English history.

RICHARD HEATH.

[1] John Howe.

FOR THIRTY YEARS.

A RETROSPECT OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

ABOUT thirty years ago the work of the Young Women's Christian Association began. Like all wide-spread organisations its commencement was small. It was originated by Lady Kinnaird in a Home near Fitzroy Square, which had been used by nurses at the time of the Crimean War. The war came happily to an end; those special nurses were no longer needed, and the small house was turned to good account for the benefit of young women needing help and protection in this inhospitable yet hospitable metropolis. Hence has spread far and wide an association which, in London alone, numbers 13,500 members, and 129 branches. This great central tree has rooted itself where it was first planted so firmly that its ramifications have wandered, like the railways, all over the United Kingdom and Ireland. If the roots of a tree could cross the water, they might almost be said to have reached America, for a sister society now exists there.

This was founded by seven young ladies who united in prayerful purpose for the benefit of their fellow-women, and began what is already becoming a power in their land. This year a conference has been held at New York, and it is interesting to know that Lady Kinnaird's son and two of her daughters responded to an invitation to join in it.

It is impossible to count up the blessings which have accrued to tens of thousands from this small beginning in the Home near Fitzroy Square. Similar homes and institutes have multiplied, and girls need no longer be alone in London if only they will join the one nearest to them. Here they will find recreation and improvement, classes both secular and religious, and friends to whom to apply in difficulty, as well as a safe shelter during the hours of leisure. The Central Institute, at 17, Old Cavendish Street, will serve as a specimen. Hither resort of an evening young people from the large houses of business in the vicinity, and the spacious, comfortable, well-lighted rooms are cheerful and homelike. It is delightful to see the girls during the social evenings engaged in "books, or work, or healthful play," making friends and befriended. And it is still more delightful to know that from this and similar institutes elsewhere emanate every kind of good work. The members unite, not merely for personal benefit, but for the benefit of their fellow-creatures. They teach in ragged-schools, they work for the orphan, they help one another, they become missionaries at home or even abroad. This seems to be essentially a missionary age, and the members of the Young Women's Christian Association are not behind it. Thirty-five girls have lately volunteered for foreign mission work, and eight are in actual preparation for India, China, Algeria, or Central Africa, as may be. It is even in contemplation to send them forth soon, under one of the ladies who is herself anxious to become a missionary.

Once at 17 and 16A, Old Cavendish Street it is difficult to depart, because here is the nucleus of the varied operations of the association. Here are the secretaries always at work, and feeling, as said one, "as if labouring under a mountain, and not knowing when it might fall in." This mountain is debt, since, with the best intentions to keep out of it, imperative claims suddenly arise which apparently cannot be set aside. A friend sends a large gift provided certain new efforts be made. They are made, the gift is expended, but the efforts must be continued. Still, the cost of the machinery is wonderfully small when its enormous workings are known; this is simply because devoted ladies undertake certain branches at their own cost, and give their whole time to them, both in town and country.

There have been several new branches of late which deserve special recognition; of these, "The Travellers' Aid" is perhaps the most important, the secretary for which is at 16A, and very "greedy of gain," not for herself, but for the friendless girls sent to her from the railway stations. It is now pretty generally known that girls throng to London in the vain hope of making their fortunes, or performing some other mythical feat. They often come entirely unbefriended, and have been enticed to their ruin by wicked men and women. To remedy this evil, a regular system of railway-station visiting is established. A letter addressed to the Secretary of The Travellers' Aid, giving three days' notice, will bring a lady to any of the principal stations to meet any unprotected girl, and to see that she is duly cared for. Inspectors, porters, waiting-women kindly and efficiently co-operate in this good work, and, when the visitor is elsewhere, send the lonely girl either to The Travellers' Aid, or to some one of the many respectable lodging-houses connected with it, or to a lady in the vicinity who benevolently allows her name to be used. This Christian surveillance now extends far and wide, both in town and country. Placards are also placed in steamers pointing out to unbefriended girls the dangers of their position, and to whom to apply in a moment of need. Over 27,000 such warnings have been circulated in vessels, and girls have been brought from the docks to the office in times of immiuent peril. An agent in connection with the Protective and Rescue Society of Jewish girls, who speaks several languages, is permitted to aid the Young Women's Christian Association and to hand its address to young women seeking help outside the Jewish pale. Indeed, the unanimity of all sects and societies on this particular question proves the necessity of the case.

Happily, a bedroom has been secured at the central office which can be used in case of emergency, and the kind housekeeper receives her visitor at any hour. Quite lately, at past midnight, the Victoria waiting-woman sent one of fifteen years of age, who had arrived from Paris *en route* for Birmingham. Through a series of either premeditated or unpremeditated mistakes, there was no one to meet her, and but for the Travellers' Aid, she would have been exposed to serious risk. Another of fourteen was sent from a heartless uncle to an equally heartless father. Nobody met her. She was bewildered. A porter spoke to her and directed her to the Travellers' Aid. A situation was subsequently found for her, after every enquiry had been made. A third came the other day, who had been turned out of doors by her mistress and had attempted to commit suicide. She was only fifteen, and in most melancholy plight. Another sat for several hours at the station, expecting the mistress to whom she engaged herself through an advertisement, and who never arrived. She would have sat on till midnight, she said, but for the inspector, who saw and rescued her. She, like thousands of others, believed in what was promised, little guessing at the ways and means of advertisers. Such mistakes, however, often occur through sheer inadvertence: a wrong train—an ill-written address—sometimes no address at all—will launch a girl upon a world of trouble.

"We never know what exciting event will come next," says the secretary.

Another branch thrown out of late years is that for visiting the different parks, and for endeavouring to influence the young women therein, to seek out the lonely, and to cheer the sad. Here may be found servants in and out of place, who are the better for help; and nursery-maids innumerable, who change their places according to present-day custom. Many have joined the Young Women's Christian Association through the instrumentality of the visitor, and a Sunday Bible class attracts some. The temptations of our parks are too well-known to need recapitulation here, and "a word in season" often arrests the tempted. So does the book or tract presented with it.

We grow bewildered, like the poor girls at the stations, amid all the agencies of this Old Cavendish Street centre, and can only glance at the employment agency, where employers and employed get suited free of charge; and the Penny Bank where money honestly earned may be safely housed.

A bare enumeration of the agencies open to young women and girls cannot fail to interest and astonish, and they have only to become members of the Association to benefit by them. In addition to those already mentioned we find holiday club and convalescent homes; drawing-room meetings; total abstinence; circulating libraries, to which contributions of suitable books are greatly to be desired; emigration; flower mission; home study; restaurant and public-house visiting; and a factory helpers' union. The last two being comparatively new branches, should have special notice. Not long since we were at a social evening at Morley Rooms, 14. John Street, Bedford Row, to meet a large gathering of the young women engaged at restaurants and railway bars. It need scarcely be said that their position is one of great temptation, and they are frequently dismissed at a moment's notice. One to whom we spoke, a pretty, well-mannered girl from the North of England, had lately been thus dismissed, and the only person she knew in London was a fellow waitress. Fortunately her acquaintance was a member of the Young Women's Christian Associ-

ation, and directed her to Morley Rooms, where board and lodging are obtainable for half-a-dozen or more of the restaurant girls, and where all who spend their lives in this vocation will find in the secretary and restaurant visitor a kind friend and ready helper. On that particular evening about fifty were present, and these were off duty for a few hours; though several of them were obliged to leave to resume it, after a short interval of "tea and talk." Some of them work fourteen hours each week day, and a portion of the Sunday, and such as really appreciate the rooms find great difficulty in availing themselves of them. Still, there are 140 members, 40 of whom are abstainers.

"We think we shall make our fortunes if only we can come to London," said one; "and had it not been for the rooms, I should not have known where to find a shelter." Much the same may be said of thousands of young women allured to the great city by imaginary gain.

Yet are the needs ever increasing. The last demand is for institutes and every conceivable aid, both religious and secular, for the factory girls, all over London. It startles one to hear that there are, at a rough computation, 140,000 of them engaged in between seventy and eighty different trades. They help to make our jams, preserved meats, envelopes, matches, pickles, cigars, corks, sacks, shirts, ropes, and fifty other useful articles, the enumeration of which would fill this column. They perform the same monotonous round of work all the day, and at night, for recreation, seek the music-halls, penny-gaffs, and public-houses. Soul and body are equally in danger of ruin. Not that they have been forgotten either by churchmen or dissenters; but as a class they are so difficult to reach, that new efforts have to be made and continued. The Young Women's Christian Association would, under the head of "The Factory Helpers' Union," aid in bringing this vast multitude of young women under Christian teaching, and providing for them of an evening something better than the music-hall or gin-palace. These "hands," as they are called by their employers, have also hearts and heads, to say nothing of the souls so grievously ignored. It is awful to think of the unprotected girls at this moment in this huge metropolis. Not only in factories, but in shops, domestic service, restaurants, offices, art studios, and, alas, in the streets! Much is being done, more is needed.

The Morley Halls have lately been dedicated to them in 316, Regent Street, and where the Lotus Clubs were, is now, as if by magic, a place of union, where are sitting and bedrooms, reading and class-rooms, a servants' home, and large halls for general meetings. Communicating with them is the Welbeck Restaurant, where hundreds of young women have their meals daily, and where individual and united effort combine to induce them to lead such lives as become the children of God.

An admirable addition to the work of the Association has recently been made in the formation of evening educational classes which meet at the various London institutes. An endeavour is also being made to extend the movement to the provinces.

Comparing the present with the past, we may indeed take courage to work on in hope and faith. A pile of reports, old and new, show what has been done. The earliest is headed, "The United Association for the Christian and Domestic Improvement of Young Women;" the last, "A Year's Work, Change and Advance." In the latter may be read wonderful details of a far-reaching sisterhood, whose order and badge are faith and prayer. The motto for the year on its first page is, "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts"; and its chief object, "To unite together for prayer, mutual help, sympathy and instruction, young women of all classes who truly love and desire to serve our Lord Jesus Christ." A. B.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

V.—THE MIRAGE.

AS you look on this picture, you children all say, "Father, what is a mirage?" What does it mean? Why are some of those men lying down as if they were very tired? Why is that man pointing to that beautiful lake? Why do not they all go to it at once, instead of looking at it? Ah! some of them know only too well that it is a "mirage," that beautiful lake. Those wavering trees and distant hills are not real! Not "real," you call out; how can you say such a thing? Why, the trees are reflected in the water; the wind is waving the trees, and yet you say the lake is not "real." Ah, sadly did I learn that once! Parched with thirst, burnt up with heat, almost blind with the glare from the sun, the rocks and sand quite burning hot, not a breath of cool air, we had halted on a barren ridge, like the ridge in this picture. No shade of trees there, and yet far away I thought I saw water, a lake and trees! I called out in Arabic "water in plenty;" but the Bedouin replied sadly, "No water—no water;" and then I found what we saw was the "mirage," common to all hot countries; common in the deserts; in the

wilderness of Judæa, and the deserts of Arabia, it seems born but to mock the weary traveller by holding up to his eye the very blessing he so much needs; the one thing needful to give him strength, or to save his life, and yet it has no real existence!

There is sometimes seen even in England a "mirage." I once saw one in Sussex, on the Romney Marsh. I had been looking over the marsh, and seen the flocks and herds grazing, when suddenly all this vanished, and in its place there appeared a sea, with ships in full sail! A few moments and the sea was gone, and the real landscape stood forth again!

Does the Bible ever speak of the mirage? Oh, yes! And, depend upon it, the more you study your Bible, the more you will find in it. In Jeremiah, chapter xiv., we have an account of a terrible time. God had judged Jerusalem because of the sins of the people, and He had withheld hear. Jeremiah then calls upon God, and in verse eighteen of that same chapter, he says, "Wilt thou be altogether unto Me, as waters that be not sure?" The Septuagint version translates the words as "waters which have no reality." Jeremiah most probably had often seen in the deserts of Judæa a "mirage" such as I have described to you. If he had not, he would not have used those words.

Another prophet, Isaiah, in chapter xxxv, 1st verse, says: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." That word "desert" is also translated the "parched land," and he goes on to say that "the 'glowing-sand' —or, as again the marginal reading puts it, 'the mirage'—shall become a pool, and the thirsty ground springs of water." So you see he knew of this "mirage" which makes the hot and glowing sand look as if it were water; but he

THE MIRAGE.

the rains. Now even with us, you know, if we have a long hot summer, as last year, to what straits we are put for water; but in that land of Palestine, without rain, the land becomes like iron, and the sky brass, and so it was now. The earth "chapt"—that is, "cracked"—the plowmen could not plough, and in sorrow "covered their heads"; the very cattle forsook their young ones in the field, and the "wild asses"—who are so clever in finding water, and seem to find it by the smell—they got blind through the heat, and faint because there was no grass. The want of water was so sore, that even the rich sent their "little ones" to seek it; and they, poor children, took their water-pots and came to the wells and the holes for water, and found them all dried up—waterless! And so with sad hearts and aching heads, the "little ones" returned.

So angry was God with these people that, in the fifteenth chapter, He says that if "Moses and Samuel," those great and good men, were to intercede for them, He, the Almighty, would not speaks of a time when they shall no longer be mocked by false or unreal water, for the "real" "living" water shall appear. When is that time?

The prophet tells us "when the glory of the Lord shall appear." "The glory of the Lord." That was the Lord Jesus, who said "If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink;" who told the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well that if she had asked of Him, He would have given her "living water." St. John tells us: "The word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory—glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth." Yes, Jesus is the only "living" water if we love Him, trust Him. No "mirage" will lead us astray, and though we are sure to have many sore trials in this life, yet He knows all, is ever guiding us, and we shall find that, as our day so shall our strength be.

In cloud or sunshine He will guide—
In heat or storm be at our side.

HENRY A. HARPER.

Monthly Religious Record.

MANY anxious thoughts have been directed towards Africa during the last few months. The failure of the Stanley Relief Expedition, the death of its leaders, the long lapse of communications with Emin Pasha, war in the interior, the conflicts also between the Germans and the Arabs, the appearance on the scene of great commercial companies—all point to a period of danger and transition. One hopeful fact appears at Uganda in the restoration of friendly relations between the capricious Mwanga and the missionaries.

Letters have been received from Mr. Walker describing his reception. The king sent for him, and he went, accompanied by Mr. Gordon, who had been for some time, so to say, "holding the fort." "As we drew nearer," says Mr. Walker, "and came in sight of the gate in the high (20 ft.) reed fence we saw hundreds of people. As we came nearer still men came running to meet us at full speed. They rushed right up to us, only pulling up just before they touched us. They said, 'Come quickly,' and then, turning round, ran back to the entrance gate as fast as they could; then they returned at full speed, and kept on running backwards and forwards until we reached the gate. The road for some three hundred yards from the entrance gate was lined with warriors, armed with spears and shields, dressed in native style, many of them with faces painted red, others with curious arrangements of their hair to give a look of fierceness to them. I suppose there were six or seven hundred of them, as they lined the road on both sides for such a distance. As we entered between their ranks the drums beat, and all of them shouted and kept up a sort of tremulous cry, quivering their spears as they held them above their heads. When we entered the first gate the courtyard inside was full of soldiers, dressed in white, and armed with guns, and many of them carried red and white flags. We marched between their ranks, and they, at a given word, marched quickly past us on both sides, and returned behind the first row, thus making their numbers seem very great. I suppose there were three or four hundred of these men in white. At last, after passing through several doors in high reed fences, we came to the court-house itself. A bodyguard was drawn up in front of it. Gordon made me go first. As I stepped over the raised doorstep all in the court stood up—the Arabs, the chiefs, and the king himself. The band played—the band, I fancy, consisted of a big drum, two kettle drums, a bugle, and several native horns. I walked up the centre aisle towards the king, and in my ignorance went up far too near to him. Gordon hurried after me and touched me on the shoulder; I stopped. The king placed his hand on his breast and bowed towards us; we acknowledged the salute in the same way. Then the king and the chiefs sat down, and we, passing behind the first row, walked up to the wall against which the throne was placed, and took our seats on camp-stools some ten feet to the king's right hand. The court was full of people, and all along the walls were ranged soldiers with guns pointed towards the door. The king spoke kindly to us, made several remarks upon my personal appearance, and decreed that I was not such a good-looking man as Gordon. He asked if I had come in the place of the bishop (Hannington). Of course Gordon, who did all the talking, and told me what was being said, assured him that I had not come in any sense as the bishop's representative. He then asked if I was a smith or carpenter. Gordon assured him I was neither, but, like himself, simply a teacher. He seemed pleased and satisfied. I watched his face, as our presents were shown to him, at a distance, and he looked pleased and rather surprised at the size of the piece of carpet. The chair is a very, very much better throne than the thing he has at present, and the carpet will be a great improvement on the red and green table-cloth that now is placed under and before his throne. . . The court lasted some three-quarters of an hour, and then the king rose, and as the band played, left the court-house. As we left the king's enclosure the soldiers in white formed line and marched on each side of us, conducting us much of the way home. Such a reception Gordon thinks has never been given to any one before. The Arabs who came to see us to-day say they never saw the king of Buganda stand up to receive a guest on any former occasion. They think we are in great favour now. . . Surely we may regard this as in some way a sort of apology for his past ill-treatment of the missionaries and their converts." A telegram from Zanzibar speaks of the missionaries as "holding large Sabbath congregations." Remembering the days of fiery persecution, this news will be hailed by the churches with unfeigned thankfulness, though the character of the young king forbids reliance upon him.

THE principles of religious liberty need strong re-assertion in Turkey. There is a growing disposition to infringe on the privileges secured by treaty after the Crimean War. The rule of equality in civil rights is too often ignored. At the present moment two Protestant school teachers are languishing in prison in different provinces of the empire, without the possibility of securing attention to their demand for a trial, or for a definite statement of the charges under which they have been treated as felons. In another province a Protestant clergyman is under arrest, having been torn from his congregation in violation of the rule which exempts the clergy from imprisonment without a regular trial. When, after lying in the common gaol twenty days, he petitioned the government for a statement of the charge on which he was arrested, the governor tore the petition into pieces, and flung it into the waste-basket. He has now been released on bail, but with specific orders not to return to his own town. In the same province, in another town, a Protestant merchant has been harassed during two years by repeated arrests on trivial charges connected with his evangelical views. He is now in prison on the charge of "trying to make men Protestants," and of "trying to make his house a church;" neither charge being an offence under the law, neither having been made the subject of the slightest investigation by the authorities, and both being untrue. In the same province, in three separate cases, the local authorities have arbitrarily and illegally forbidden the solemnization of marriage among Protestants. Other cases show that restrictions on the freedom of worship, and on education, as well as on the publication of religious books, are common, notwithstanding the existing guarantees for toleration.

THE marauding spirit still gives trouble in Bechuanaland, and those interested in the native tribes have still to be on the alert. A letter in the *London Missionary Chronicle*, mentions that "Khame's territory, in the British Protectorate, had been seriously threatened by bands of Boers and unprincipled Englishmen thirsting for gold. The chief was courageously and patiently holding his own against them. On Lord's Day, July 8th, he and his people held a monster open-air service around the church. A space of some 200 yards in length by 100 in breadth was covered with a mass of men, women, and children. The purpose of this meeting was to commend the country and people of Mangwato to the gracious care of God, or, as the Chief Khame put it, 'to put the country before God' in prayer. The chief made a statement with reference to the need for this step, on account of the difficulties which threaten them continually. The Bamangwato, with their Chief Khame, have sought the help of the British Government more than once. But the necessary help has not been rendered. In this strait the Bamangwato turned away their eyes to Him who is King of kings, the Lord of heaven and earth." There is reason to hope that ere this the British representatives have appeared on the scene, and taken steps to protect the district.

MR. EDMUND STURGE calls attention in the *Times* to the state of affairs in Madagascar. Slavery is in process of

revival under the dominant French influence. In the west the freed Mozambiques are being impressed to work in the French gold mines under French taskmasters; eight men who refused were savagely put to death, and this was declared to be done by command of the queen and prime minister. Although the introduction of new slaves has long been declared illegal, they are being brought in by the Arabs in large numbers under the protection of the French flag. The flag of the French Republic is being likewise employed in sheltering a largely-revived slave-trade in the South Indian Ocean. The reaction has extended to the east coast, where the worst forms of the slave-trade are said to be fostered by "British subjects, Christian, and often highly educated."

THE work of missions, which was so promising in Corea, has received a check in the notification of the Corean Government that all Christian teaching in schools there must stop, on penalty of withdrawal of Government patronage. A correspondent of *Evangelical Christendom* states, that two missionaries who had started on an evangelistic tour had been forbidden to preach. The reason alleged is one that requires investigation. "The Jesuits were grading a hill on which to build a cathedral in a part of the city overlooking a royal temple. They were asked to stop, but refused. The king then offered to refund all moneys expended on the present property, and to give free of cost an equally large plot of ground in another part of the city, giving the Jesuits their choice. They asked for the old (now deserted) Palace grounds. Thus defied, the king ordered all teaching of Christianity to cease at once."

THE Baptist Congo Mission has sustained another loss in the death of the Rev. Michael Richards, of Lukolela. Mr. Richards was returning from the Upper Congo to the coast, to take his first furlough in England—which had evidently become necessary to his health—when he was attacked with fever, and died, at Banana.

THE announcement that Raratonga, and the rest of the Hervey Group of Pacific Islands, are to be taken under British protection, will be hailed with satisfaction in that quarter of the globe. The news will be the more welcome, seeing that so many elements of disquiet have recently manifested themselves in adjacent groups.

AT a conference of Protestants, representing eleven different denominations, held in Mexico, it was resolved to establish a college for students of theology, on the basis of the Evangelical Alliance. It was also proposed that in all cities having less than 15,000 inhabitants there should be only one denomination for the work of evangelization.

THE Rev. E. P. Rice, of the Bangalore Mission, writing to the Religious Tract Society, describes a visit to Madura, where there is a large famous and very wealthy temple, which is to the ordinary temples what the grandest cathedrals are to small parish churches. "I have never seen," he says, "so much stir and activity in Hindu ceremonial as in this temple. To walk through its thousand-pillared corridors, every pillar bearing colossal grotesque figures carved in high relief out of solid granite—to see the wealth of gold and silver lavished on senseless and utterly uninspiring images, and to watch the throngs of pilgrims from all parts of India making their obeisance before dark shrines, dimly lighted with a flickering lamp and reeking with oil, and to note the utter want of reverence or spirituality in those about the temple, is a thing to make one sad. How I wish I could make English Christians see it for themselves. It would give them much food for thought. Yet Madura has the best organised missionary work it has yet been my privilege to see—that of the American Mission. They are doing a most admirable work—a work that bears close looking into. One could scarcely light upon a greater contrast than that between the work of those missionaries and what goes on within the temple. Many European visitors come to Madura expressly to see its temple; but I believe few turn aside to see the mission work there. Yet the day will assuredly come when that old temple will be used for Christian worshippers, and be gazed at with wonder as we now gaze at the Coliseum."

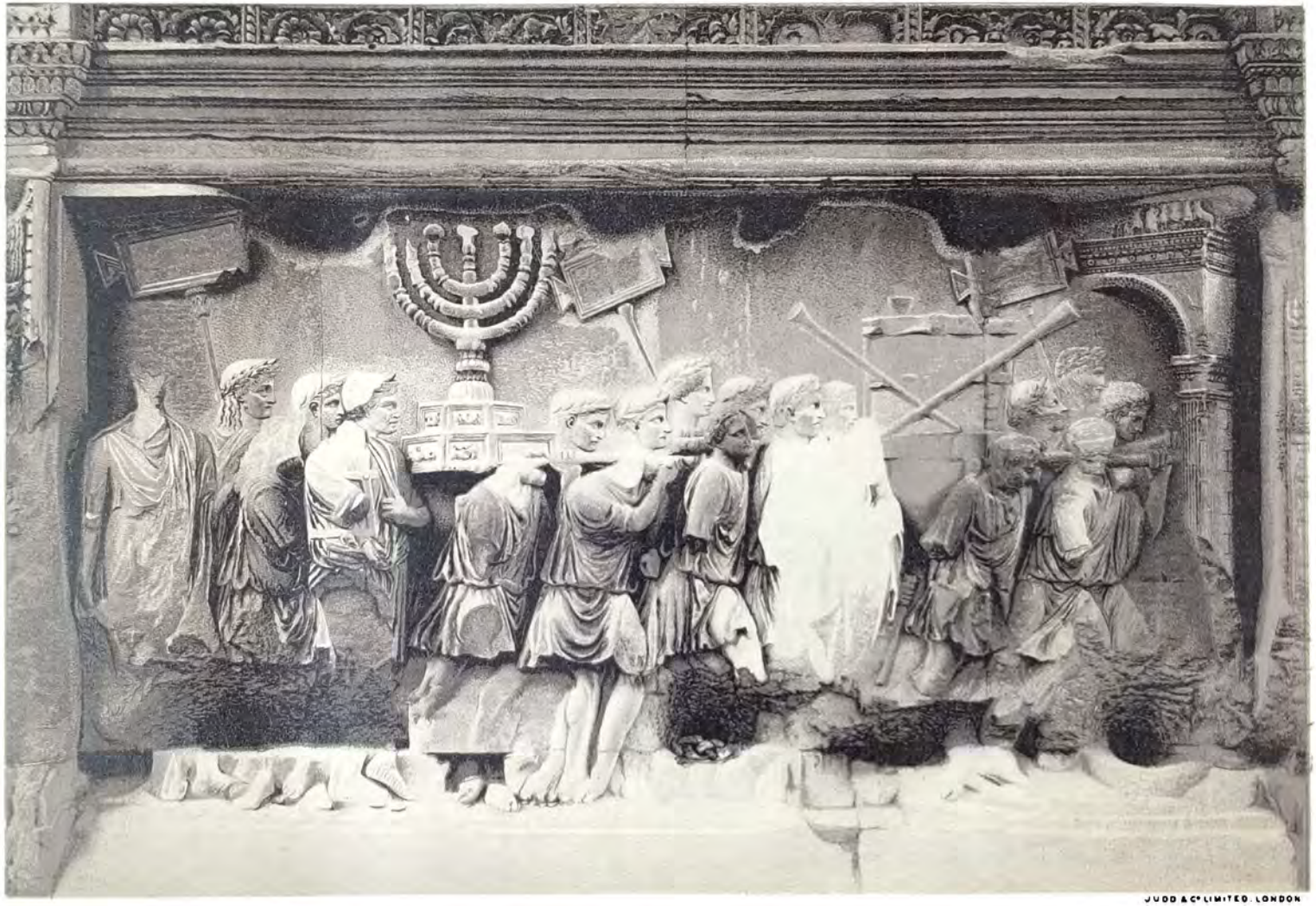
THE Bishop of Manchester, in a sermon preliminary to the recent Church Congress, spoke of the spirit of consecration to Christ's service as spreading amongst all classes of men. There were even nobles amongst them who were not only shaming the wasteful luxury around them by their simple lives, but were also working hard and faithfully in the midst of the offensive quarters of our great cities, and bearing the personal abuse of the masses they were labouring to save.

THE subjects brought under discussion at the Congress were many of them of national interest. The date at which we go to press prevents more than a passing reference here. Among the speakers on the first evening, at the working men's meeting in the Free Trade Hall was Mr. A. T. Balfour, who bore the testimony of a layman as to "The Needs of Human Nature, and their Supply in Christianity." "I feel myself," he said in conclusion, "that religion appeals as freshly, perhaps more strongly, and more freshly, to the hearts of men than it ever did before. I see nothing in the circumstances of modern life to alter that. I see everything to strengthen it. Science changes, science must change, from day to day, and from hour to hour; but as long as human hearts remain what they are, as long as suffering exists, as long as the sense of sin and the sense of weakness oppresses us feeble men, in the face of the overwhelming forces of inanimate nature, so long shall we and our children be able to draw inexhaustible sources of comfort from the same streams which have fed our forefathers." Later the same night, Mr. Balfour took part in a discussion on "Positivism," and read a paper in which he reviewed, with much force, the question of gain or loss to the highest interests of mankind which would follow a substitution of the Positivist for the Christian theory. He showed that Positivism must, even within the limits of mundane experience, prove inferior as a moralising agent to Christianity. Glancing at other aspects, the "the religion of humanity" seemed specially fitted to meet the tastes of that comparatively small and prosperous class who were unwilling to leave the dry bones of Agnosticism wholly unclothed with any living tissue of religious emotion, and who were, at the same time, fortunate enough to be able to persuade themselves that they were contributing to the attainment of some great ideal for mankind. But what had it to say to the more obscure multitude who were absorbed, and well-nigh overwhelmed, in the constant struggle with daily needs and narrow cares, who had but little leisure or inclination to consider the precise *rôle* they were called on to play in the great drama of humanity, and who must, in any case, be puzzled to discover its interest or its importance? Could it assure them that there was no human being so insignificant as not to be of infinite worth in the eyes of Him who created the heavens, or so feeble but that his actions must have consequence of infinite moment long after this material system should have crumbled into nothingness? Did it offer consolation to those in grief, hope to the bereaved, strength to the weak, forgiveness to the sinful, rest to the wearied and heavy-laden? If not, then, whatever its merits, it was no rival to Christianity.

THE statue of Lord Shaftesbury in Westminster Abbey was unveiled on the third anniversary of his death. It is the work of Mr. Boehm, R.A., and represents him in the robes of the Garter, with his hands clasped in front. The statue of William Pitt stands on the right, that of Charles James Fox on the left; while hard by are the memorials of Sir James Mackintosh, the reformer of our criminal code, and of Zachary Macaulay, one of the heroes of the abolition of the slave trade. Canon Duckworth applied to him, on the occasion, the words written in praise of another in the last century:

> "Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
> Since their foundation came a nobler guest."

SOME remarkable statistics (says Dr. Cuyler) have lately been published in regard to the Protestant churches in New York city. In a population of much over one million, the Methodist churches have but 13,000 communicants. The Dutch Reformed, but 7,200. The Congregationalists have decreased from 2,450 to 2,315. The Presbyterians of all shades number 23,016. The Episcopalians, who attract many from other denominations, report 33,900 members. The total membership of all these denominations, including 13,600 Baptists, is only 93,000. This is a sad showing for the great metropolis. There is food for grave meditation, and a call for a general uprising among God's people, in view of so startling an exhibition.



FRIEZE FROM THE ARCH OF TITUS AT ROME.

COMMEMORATING HIS TRIUMPH OVER THE JEWS

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

CONVALESCENT.

"Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in Thee!"

No. 1805.—DECEMBER 1, 1888.

OLD GWEN.

BY ANNE BEALE.

CHAPTER V.—A FIRST NIGHT IN SERVICE.

"YOU are Nurse Gwillim's grand-daughter," were the words that greeted Gwen after she had given a shy single knock at the door of her "place."

"Yes, please, ma'am," she replied with a courtesy.

"Who is that young man? I don't allow young men," said the voice.

"My brother, please, ma'am: he's just carrying my little box," returned Gwen.

It was dusk, and the door was only partially opened, but at these words it fully unclosed, and revealed the figure of a little woman in black with a widow's cap on her head.

"Bring in the box, young Gwillim. A soldier! I don't allow soldiers. Why is your brother a soldier?"

"Please, ma'am, he 'listed."

"I'm quartered in Carmarthen for a bit, ma'am." Toom thought it best to speak out.

"Quartered here! Then you'll bring your regiment, I dare say, to look at your sister. This is a bad beginning. I never have any peace. However, you can bring in the box."

Toom placed the small, inoffensive article in the passage, touched his cap with soldierly salute, and recrossed the threshold of the house.

"Good-bye, Toom," cried Gwen, running after him. "I'm sure I shall never be staying here," she added, tears in her voice.

But Mrs. Bowen's bark was worse than her bite. She took Gwen into a tidy little kitchen at the back of the small house, and told her that she felt sure any one belonging to nurse Gwillim would be obedient and honest, and that if she did her work well, she would have a comfortable place.

"I will do my best, ma'am," responded Gwen, courtesying again.

Mrs. Bowen bade Gwen bring her box and bundle upstairs to a slip of a room dedicated to her one maid. There was scarcely room to turn round in it, and Gwen reflected that it was no bigger than mother's bedstead; but she was to have it all to herself, which she thought would be delightful. It contained all that was necessary for cleanliness and tidiness, and was neat as a new pin: but it was so chock full of furniture that she scarcely knew how she should get in and out of bed. But all the house was chock full she afterwards found.

However, she easily accommodated herself to circumstances, and soon, at her mistress's desire, stowed away her things, and went downstairs. Mrs. Bowen took her through the house, which was very old, but small and compact, and consisted of two sitting-rooms, two bedrooms, and Gwen's "slip." Indeed the house might be called a "slip," since the rooms ran in single file, from the street to the garden at the back.

"This is the lodger's parlour, and his bedroom is above," said Mrs. Bowen, showing the front room. "This is mine"—the back—"and looks into the garden. You'll have your kitchen all to yourself, for I allow no callers. Plenty to do to keep this house clean, though it's small: and to wash Patsy, and to wash and iron for me and yourself, and to help me to see to the garden, for we do it all between us; to say nothing of the cooking, which, your grandmother says, you have to learn."

Patsy was a white poodle, curled up on the hearth-rug in Mrs. Bowen's parlour. Gwen resented the idea that she could not cook, and assured Mrs. Bowen that she could bake and boil, and make crumpets and plank bread, and various other culinary dainties.

"Glad to hear it," said Mrs. Bowen curtly, who, Gwen found afterwards, did not think any one knew anything but herself.

Now as Gwen was tolerably self-sufficient, and had a fine organ of self-reliance, she had got into the right school according to the system of teaching by contradictions. Everything was done by rule in Mrs. Bowen's small establishment, even to the exact measurement of the food necessary to sustain life. "Enough's as good as a feast," was one of her favourite axioms, and "Waste not, want not," another. Indeed, poor soul, she could not afford to waste.

When Gwen had eaten her supper, she fancied she should have liked more, for she had a fine healthy appetite; but there was, apparently, no more to be had. Her mistress superintended her while she washed and put away the supper things, both in parlour and kitchen, and then bade her come into the parlour for prayers. Gwen, who had been accustomed to Mamgu's and Uncle Laban's extempore petitions in Welsh, felt her fervour chilled by the English prayers read by her mistress; and even the chapter seemed to her colder in the latter than the former tongue; but she pulled herself together by the reflection that it did not matter to the Almighty what language it was, and remembered how her grandmother used to roll out those hard words, "Parthians and Medes and Elamites and the dwellers in Mesopotamia," etc., and to say that all nations of the earth became one in Christ Jesus.

"I will let in Mr. Milbank. He only came this morning, and will expect to see me; you can go to bed. You must get up early, for there's plenty to do. "'Early to bed,' you know the rest," said Mrs. Bowen.

Gwen withdrew with a courtesy and a "good night, ma'am," and went to her small apartment.

There she sat down on the foot of her bed, and began to cry. "I wish I was at home with Mamgu, and mother and Dorcas in the cupboard bedstead. Better to sleep two a-top and two a-bottom than all by oneself," she muttered. "And I'm as hungry as Shonny always is. But Mamgu said Mrs. Bowen was obliged to be 'conomical, so it can't be helped."

Here we may remark, that Mrs. Bowen was a woman who abhorred debt. Like many honest people she had the reputation of niggardliness, simply because she kept within her very small income, and took a lodger to eke it out. It is a melancholy fact that the majority have more sympathy with those who are lavish on other people's means, than with those who live modestly on their own. In Mrs. Bowen's proverbial philosophy, "Out of debt, out of danger," held a conspicuous place; and she was what might be called a proverbial philosopher, since she had a proverb ready on all occasions. This was almost as tiresome "as if she had been a professional punster."

Gwen soon wiped her eyes, said her prayers and got into bed. She was asleep in no time. Her digestion never troubled her, and on the present occasion she had not too much to digest. But she had not been more than two or three hours asleep when she was aroused by some sort of unearthly noise. She could not make out whether it was within or outside the house. It was like the flapping of wings, accompanied by a mysterious sound, and seemed quite fiendish to her imagination. At first she thought it must be birds, but they neither flew nor sang in the night; except the nightingales of which she had heard and read. However, there were said to be no nightingales in Wales. The legend was that St. Patrick had cursed them once upon a time, for interrupting his preaching; and that they had quitted the country for ever. This happened at a wild, wooded and rocky place called Llandewy Brefi, in a neighbouring county; and they certainly had not taken refuge in Carmarthenshire. Only once had she heard of a solitary bird singing in the Dynevor woods at night, and all the countryside had flocked to listen. The learned said it was a stray nightingale, but whence it came or whither it went, they were not prepared to affirm.

Like most of her countrywomen, Gwen was superstitious. She believed in corpse candles and magpies, and all sorts of omens; though these beliefs were gradually disappearing; but above all, she believed in ghosts. She had never seen one, but she felt quite sure the strange noises that continued, at intervals, all through the night, were ghostly. Some one was dead or going to die, she was sure. She thought of her father, and cover her head and stop her ears as she would his form and face haunted her. She had no lucifer matches, for Mrs. Bowen never trusted her maids with such inflammable things; so she had nothing to do but to wait for the dawn. It came at last, and with it the most demoniacal noise she had ever heard in her life. She got up and hastily dressed herself, while a pink light crept in at her little window.

Suddenly she heard a door unclose, and a voice exclaiming "Mrs. Bowen! Mrs. Bowen! I can stand this no longer." There was no answer—Mrs. Bowen was either asleep or obtuse. Gwen, terrified out of all propriety, answered for her.

"What do you want please, sir?" she said, dashing into the passage.

"Want! come here," was the reply, and Gwen followed the voice.

All she wanted was companionship.

"Mrs. Bowen, what is the meaning of all these fiends?" cried the voice.

It was of course the lodger. He was dressed and Gwen paused on the threshold of his room, as he entered it. His apartment faced west, and no ruddy streak had penetrated the gray dawn that filled it. He had, however, lighted a candle.

Gwen recognized the tourist!

"Oh, sir! I'm glad it's you," she exclaimed; for a familiar face, even though she instinctively disliked it, seemed preferable to a stranger's.

He took her by the arm, and led her in.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I—I—don't know, sir, unless it's ghosts," she replied.

The supernatural noises were much worse in this room than they had been in Gwen's. The house and air were full of them. The flapping of wings seemed to be actually in the room, and there was a cry as of something in pain. It was almost like the old mythological story of an imprisoned spirit.

"This has been going on all night," said the tourist. "Will you rouse the landlady? I hate unnatural noises, and must find out what this is."

Gwen began to sob, and as she sobbed, it seemed that the supernatural sounds increased. The air was full of them, and they were like nothing she had ever heard before.

"What is the matter?" came from a half-open door, at last.

"Fiends! ghosts! spirits are the matter," shouted the tourist.

"Oh, I know; I'll come as soon as I'm dressed," returned Mrs. Bowen and shut her door.

Gwen was about to depart, but the tourist detained her. The noise grew with the light.

"It sounds like birds, sir. They come at night before a death," muttered Gwen. "Open the window. May be the ghost can't get out."

Gwen's ideas were gathered from many superstitious tales she had heard from time to time.

The tourist obeyed, and looking out, saw a dense cloud of what seemed to him restless spirits.

At this juncture Mrs. Bowen appeared suddenly in hastily-donned widow's garb. She looked severely at Gwen.

"I was frightened, please, ma'am," apologized the girl.

"What at? 'Tis only the jackdaws. I forgot to tell you about them, Mr. Milbank," said Mrs. Bowen, looking at her lodger.

She removed a chimney-board from before the grate, and out tumbled a mass of black matter, while an awful croaking cry, and fluttering of wings was heard up the chimney. A cloud of unmistakable soot accompanied this inroad.

"Poor little things! The nest has fallen down the chimney," said Mrs. Bowen, stooping over the lively mass at her feet. "I don't wonder at your being alarmed, for an accident like this disturbs the whole colony, and they flutter and fidget and make queer little noises, not knowing what to do in the night. Listen to the parent birds! They are chattering up above to their young. We must put a cage in the chimney, and they will come and feed them. They are most interesting."

"Not in my chimney, Mrs. Bowen, I hope," said Mr. Milbank, with an attempt at a smile. "Where do these ill-omened creatures live?"

Mrs. Bowen was too busy with the nest to answer this question. She asked her lodger to be so kind as to go downstairs until she had cleared his room, expressing much sorrow at the accident, and he gladly disappeared. She fetched a large cage, evidently kept for the purpose, and placed the nest of young jackdaws therein, saying she would hang the cage outside in the garden and the old birds would come and feed them. Then she ordered Gwen to fetch dustpan and brush, and sweep up the débris.

Meanwhile, Mr. Milbank, as we will now call him, unbolted the front door, and went out into the street. It was a fresh, bright May morning, and the night was giving place to the dawn. The old town was quiet, or would have been, but for the feathered colonists who had thronged the portion of it in which he had located himself. He could understand the rookery in the trees above the fine old church down below, upon the tower and roofs of which the sun was shining; but he could not make out why that particular house was infested; for there was scarcely a tree near at hand. He glanced up, and the roofs of the houses were all alive with jackdaws, which chattered, flew from friend to friend, and plumed themselves with the glistening rays of the rising sun. He knew that it was a sleepy old-world town, but he had not realized that birds could build unmolested in the roofs and chimneys of that portion of it, and take all the courage out of him as they had done.

He paced up and down the silent street, until he met a policeman. His pale face and disordered appearance, excited the suspicion of this limb of the law, but he explained why he was parading the town at that hour. The policeman smiled, and said strangers were often alarmed by the noise of the birds, but he believed they had been there for generations, and many people thought it would be unlucky to disturb them. The inhabitants were used to them, and as for himself, they were a kind of clock to him, reminding him of the hour.

"They often go to sleep when I wake up, and awake when I am ready for my bed," he said. "I mean when I am on my beat at night."

"I suppose you sleep soundly?" asked Mr. Milbank.

"Rather," replied the policeman, leaving his questioner to determine what that adverb, so fashionable in modern days, meant.

"I wish I slept soundly," muttered Milbank, resuming his beat.

As he paced he meditated on the old town he had known when a boy. It was unchanged, save for a few improvements. He paused outside the restored parish church, which was at the end of the street where he lodged. He uttered an uncomplimentary epithet to the rooks and jackdaws in the trees above it, and longed for guns enough to shoot them all. He remembered how he used to meditate in by-gone years, on the old monuments within the church, particularly on the altar-tomb to Sir Rhys Ap Thomas, who commanded the Welsh under Henry of Bosworth.

"He fought for his country; so did General Nott, whose tomb is there also. And was not Bishop Farr burnt in the market-place for his religion? All memorialised in stone. And I, what have I done?"

Thus he moralised and turning hastily, retraced his steps. The church spire was like burnished gold when he turned his back upon it, and he bethought him that it must be late. But few shutters were unclosed in the sleepy old town, and the door of his lodging was shut; so he walked on, he scarcely knew where. He stood to gaze on the vale and river all aglow in the sunshine; he thought of the antiquity of the place,—the Maridunum of Ptolemy—of what Spenser said about it and its neighbourhood; of the myriads of human beings who had lived and died there.

"More numerous than those accursed ravens," he muttered, as he rushed on to the Picton Obelisk. "All have done some good in their generation, but I, what have I done?" he added.

The town was astir at last, and he suddenly recollected his appearance. Fortunately, nobody knew him, so he reached his lodging unnoticed. The door was open, and Gwen was on her knees scrubbing the passage. He nearly stumbled over her and her bucket.

"There's glad I am, sir!" she exclaimed. "We thought you had run away; and I had a mind to run away too, but I was afraid of the police."

"Then you don't hate me, Gwenny?" he returned.

"Why for should I be hating you, sir? You was never harming me; and Mamgu says we must love everybody, even our enemies."

Mrs. Bowen appeared, and with solemn manner assured him that his rooms were ready, and breakfast waiting.

"Such an accident may never occur again," she said. "The parent birds have already discovered their young. Instinct is strong in the animal creation."

"And they are keeping noise out there in the cage," put in Gwen, who had not yet learned that, in service, she should not give an opinion unasked.

Mr. Milbank went to his room, and found the chimney board replaced, and not a straw or feather left.

"He do look shocking bad," said Gwen.

"He certainly does. What do you know about him?" asked Mrs. Bowen severely.

Gwen told her in a whisper, the history of her various encounters with the tourist, and how

that he wished to educate her. She had no concealment. Mrs. Bowen looked grave, for she had seen much of life and wondered why a gentleman should choose to make friends with people in a different rank to himself. Gwen was a good girl, of that she was sure, or she would have misdoubted his taking her rooms just as she entered her service. She resolved to wait upon him herself at breakfast, and try to discover his reasons. When he appeared, however, he seated himself at the table without taking notice of her, and when she said, "Anything else I can do for you, sir?" he merely replied, "No, thank you," and gave her no further opportunity for conversation.

He sat so long over the meal, that she despaired of finding one, unless she made it herself, so she knocked at the door, and asked if she might bring him some hot coffee, as she was sure what he had must be cold.

"I thought it was Gwenny," he said absently, and she, thereupon, dashed into her subject—

"Gwenny is new to service, sir. I am going to teach her to wait."

"She waits admirably," he replied. "Nothing can be better than the teas at Careg Cennin."

"She is young, sir, and being, I may say, as good as fatherless, she requires watchful care. I have known her grandmother for many years, and she has placed her in my charge, feeling sure that I will do my best, God helping me, to keep her from the evil, and to lead her to the good. Old Gwen is the best woman I ever knew, and has done more good in her time than most people, because she carries her religion with her wherever she goes. There is nothing like example, sir."

"Certainly," assented Mr. Milbank, moving uneasily.

"Gwenny tells me, sir, that you have offered to educate her," pursued Mrs. Bowen. "Excuse my freedom, but was it on her account you came here? I am her protector, and could not answer to my own conscience, or to my Heavenly Father, if I allowed temptation to stand in her path."

Milbank smiled as he replied in a straightforward way to this straightforward question—

"I did come here because I heard that Gwenny would precede me. But I had no ill-intentions. I am interested in her family, and wish to be of service to them. Perhaps you can help me. She refuses to be educated."

"So much the better, sir. Ambition to rise above our natural sphere is the ruin of most of us. Contentment is lost with dissatisfaction."

Mrs. Bowen spoke feelingly, for her husband had ruined himself and her in scheming to "better his condition," as it is called. She had passed through the fire of adversity, and had been purified.

"You need not fear for Gwenny, Mrs. Bowen," said Milbank. "She and her family are sacred in my eyes."

An expression of pain passed over his face, and he rose, as if to conclude a conversation, which had quite satisfied Mrs. Bowen.

THE GAMUT OF GRACES.

BY THE REV. JOHN MONRO GIBSON, D.D.

"Giving all diligence, add to your 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 charity."—2 *Peter* i. 5-7.

"GOD hath called us unto holiness." But what is holiness? We have all an idea what it means, and yet we should find it hard to define it. It seems to be not so much any particular quality or grace, as a something diffused all through the life which is the result of the development in harmonious proportion of all the graces. It is etymologically connected with "wholeness," completeness: so that the idea of rounded symmetry of character is suggested as its basis. From this it follows that holiness is not something which can be directly cultivated by itself. To cultivate holiness we must cultivate all those excellences which enter into the complete symmetrical Christian character. Hence the value of such directions as are given in the passage before us.

One can see at a glance the beauty and excellence of the character set forth in this circle of attainments; and therefore it is a very useful passage even to the casual reader. But besides what lies on the surface, there are many things worth exploring; and therefore it may repay us if we devote some time to looking closely at it.

Observe the order. And the first thing that strikes us, on looking at the arrangement, is the beginning and the end of the series. It begins with *faith* and ends with *love*. It begins with faith—why? Because faith is the foundation of all; it is the soil out of which all the flowers of grace grow. Faith is at all the springs of action in our life. It is for this reason, and no other, that faith is so much insisted on in the Gospel, never as a matter of opinion, but always as the ground of action, the foundation on which the structure of life is built. Hence faith is here taken, not simply as co-ordinate with the others, but as something already present, to which the others must all be added. Then the series ends with love. "Love is the fulfilling of the law." "The end of the commandment is love out of a

pure heart, and a good conscience, and faith unfeigned." How beautifully consistent is Scripture with itself; and in nothing more so than in this, that faith is always represented as the foundation of character, and love as its consummation.

Look now at the links between. Links, we say; though there is nothing in the Authorised Version to suggest the idea. The thought there is simply that of adding, so that the different virtues might be supposed to stand together in a row, like balls or blocks, without being fastened to one another. But we see by looking at the Revised Version that the preposition *in* is used all through the series; so that the idea of successive links is in this way plainly and most expressively suggested. Each grace is firmly linked into that which goes before, so that we have not a mere series, but a chain. The practical difference will be at once evident. You may leave out one of a series and retain the rest. Your series is defective, but that is all; and if, for instance, only one number is omitted, it may look pretty well, and the casual observer might not notice the fault. But drop one link in a chain and it is spoilt. Christian character is not a loose and variable aggregation of excellences; it is a closely compacted whole.

Let us now examine somewhat closely these intervening links between faith at the beginning and love at the end. There is a certain vagueness in some of the English words that keeps us from getting at the precise idea without some explanation. We shall endeavour to remove this vagueness, and to reach a clear comprehension of each link in the chain.

Next to faith, and linked firmly into it, is "*virtue*." Our modern use of the word virtue is quite indefinite, so that to many readers "add to your faith virtue" means nothing more than "add to faith goodness," a term so large that if understood in this sense we might stop there and let the series end, for it already includes everything. But the old "virtue," corresponding to the Latin *virtus*, was not a word implying general goodness, but a specific term which is often fairly enough translated "courage." But the word "courage" again is rather narrow. It is only at times that courage is called into request, whereas the virtue the apostle has in view is always in request. It is that practical energy which resides in the will, and which is necessary to carry faith into action. We may, for convenience, call it *the grace of doing*. "Faith cometh by hearing"; but there are many who hear and fail to do, for want of this practical energy, this determination which leads on to action. It is the practical, as distinguished from the speculative or the sentimental spirit. A moment's consideration will show that this is the first link in the formation of character upon faith; and it is for want of it that we have so many sad illustrations of "faith without works." We may deal with divine truth in the way of speculation, and our characters be no better for it. That is for want of this "virtue." We may deal with divine truth and even with divine love in the way of sentiment, and yet be no better for it. That is for want of this "virtue." But when we have this energy of the soul, this practical determination, then we have a strong bridge between believing and good living, between faith and works. The first and most important link then is this practical energy, this grace of doing.

The next is *the grace of seeing*. Add "to virtue *knowledge*." It is evident that practical and not speculative knowledge is meant—knowledge in its relation to character. And what is knowledge in respect to character? Is it not discrimination? Many a man who is practical enough and energetic enough, loses all the good of his energy for want of discrimination. He has zeal, "but not according to knowledge." Hence to practical energy there must be added practical wisdom. Some may think it strange that this does not come before the other; but a little reflection will show that it is in its proper place. For it is just in proportion as we show an obedient spirit that we shall have an enlightened spirit. "If any man will do," *i.e.* is willing to do (which is just this grace of doing of which we have been speaking) "His will, he shall know of the doctrine" (which is just this grace of seeing, the next link of the chain). I have been interested to find in the work of an acute modern writer on ethics a discussion on the nature of the moral agent, in which he treats first of the springs of action, next of the arbiter or executors of action, and last of the guides of action. The analysis is based on logic simply, without any reference to the Scriptures; and for this reason it is interesting to note the correspondence. The springs of action first—that is the region of faith; the arbiters or executors of action next—here is the practical energy called "virtue" in the text; the guides of action follow, corresponding to the knowledge here spoken of. First, the grace of doing founded on our believing; and then the grace of seeing. And in fact it is of importance to remember that unless we have the first link, the will to do, there cannot really be the second; and that is the reason why so many people who think themselves Christians can go on doing things and living in a way that any one else can see is unchristian, and yet never suspect it themselves. For want of the grace of doing they lose the grace of seeing. (see v. 9.)

Let us look now at the next pair of graces, *temperance* and *patience*. The word "temperance" has in modern times become narrowed, just as the word "virtue" has become extended in meaning. Most people understand it now in relation to one sin, which is called the "sin of intemperance," viz. drunkenness; but it need scarcely be said that while it of course applies to that sin, it does not apply to it alone; it is temperance in all things. The best word perhaps is *self-control*. It is the grace of abstaining from all kinds of evil to which we are tempted; of holding back when lust urges us to go forward. And certainly we all find it hard enough in some direction or other. It may be very easy for me to "hold back" from the use of intoxicating drinks, if I have no temptation in that direction. It does not follow that it is easy to abstain from hasty words or from angry feelings. But to give way to the

latter would be just as much a breach of self-control as to yield to the former.

What is the reason that self-control is so hard to many of us? It is a trite saying that only the man who has learned how to obey is able to command. And this is manifestly true of self-government. A man who has not that spirit of obedience which constitutes the first link will certainly not have that self-control which constitutes the third.

This leads us to notice what an abuse of language, or rather confusion of thought, it is, to call a selfish man a man of strong will, as is so often done. The truth is that such persons are the men of weak will. What is strong in them is not their will, but their passions, and it is just because their passions are so much stronger than their will or their wit (virtue or knowledge), that you cannot do anything with them. But if a man really have the strong will implied in the "virtue," and the strong wit indicated in the "knowledge" of the text, he will certainly have "self-control" enough not to act like a baby because he cannot have his own way.

"And to self-control, *patience:*" patient and steadfast endurance as opposed to impatience, fickleness and changeableness. The former, temperance, has to do with the control of that which is within us; the latter, patience, has to do with the control of that which is without us, our circumstances. A man without self-control is at the mercy of his lusts within him; a man without patience is at the mercy of circumstances. The relation between the two is very apparent, and perhaps we may express it by saying that while the former is the grace of *holding back*, the latter is the grace of *holding on*. The one holds back when lust urges on, the other holds on when vexations and annoyances threaten to move us from our equanimity or steadfastness. Now it is quite evident that patience is closely linked in self-control, and in the graces that go before. Who are the patient ones? Those who have learned to exercise self-control, through the power of a faith-governed will and under the guidance of an enlightened conscience. Who are the impatient, irritable, fickle, complaining ones? Those whose wills are weak, whose sense is small, and whose passions defy control. Notice here as a practical point, how patience must be a plant of slow growth. You cannot summon it up when you want it. You cannot make up your mind all at once, "I will be patient to-day," and then certainly be so. No, no; your patience must be linked in self-control. And your self-control, as we have seen, must be linked in those elements of character which precede it in the chain.

We come now to the closing group, a group of three—*godliness, brotherly kindness, charity.* This is perhaps the best time to notice the relation of the groups to each other. The first two—the "virtue," and the "knowledge," the will and the wit, the grace of doing and the grace of seeing—are fundamental qualities which, with the faith to which they are closely linked, lie at the foundation of character. The next two—temperance and patience, self-control and steadfastness, the grace of holding back and the grace of holding on—belong to the management of ourselves. It will be observed, however, that they are only negative. The one is the grace of abstaining, that is, not doing what lust or passion prompts us to do, not allowing lust to control us. The other is the grace of not allowing circumstances to control us. The three that remain and close the series, supply the positive elements of character; and they include respectively our relations to God, to our fellow Christians, and to all mankind—godliness, brotherly kindness, and charity.

Now there is an easy kind of godliness, brotherly kindness and charity, which is not connected with self-control and patience, or with any of the links that have gone before. There is a godliness which a man may be conscious of, when all is serene in his life, but which disappears in the face of temptation or trial. How often have you been in a calm and apparently heavenly frame of mind for five minutes, ten minutes, twenty minutes at a time; and why not longer? Simply because the first annoyance you encountered drove it all away. That is not the right kind of godliness. It is not snatches of godliness, but abiding godliness that is expected, amid the frettings that come into our home life, through the cares of business, in weakness and weariness, and even amid the strife of tongues, which is the hardest test of all; and such godliness there cannot be apart from self-control and patience. "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy presence from the pride of man; Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

Then there is an easy kind of brotherly kindness which consists in loving and being generous to those of the brethren that are particularly loveable. But "if you love those that love you, what thank have ye?" Or if you love those whom nobody can help loving, what thank have ye? But how do you get on with the brethren who are cantankerous and disagreeable, who misunderstand you and fail to appreciate you? To carry brotherly kindness that length (and it is not brotherly kindness but mere friendship, if you do not) will require a large degree of the grace of self-control and of the grace of patience. And if this be true of brotherly kindness, much more is it true of charity, which means love to all men, among whom are included not only persons who have that in them or about them which naturally excites contempt or disgust, but even those who hate us and do all manner of evil against us. Ah, it is appropriate that this hardest grace of all should stand at the end of the list. Some people think it clearly impossible. But they forget or do not know that "all things are possible to him that believeth;" but possible only, if to his faith he add these other links of the golden chain of character, without which no one can reach that lovely crowning grace of "charity, which is the bond of perfectness."

Now is not this a golden chain? Did you ever see its equal anywhere? Some people have tried to throw this second Epistle of Peter out of the New Testament, on the ground of insufficient evidence of canonicity. But is there not enough in this single passage to show that we have not

here the word of man only, but of God, that word which is "living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the hearts?" Some of the common virtues, such as honesty and truthfulness, are not in the list; but why not? Because they are not needed. The graces in the list touch all the springs of honesty and truthfulness, and of every other grace. Do you think a person who had all these graces could be capable of anything approaching to dishonesty or deceit? When rightly understood every one of the graces in the list cuts at the root of dishonesty and deceit and every evil thing. Yes, "if these things be in you and abound," you will be "throughly furnished unto all good works."

At this point there is suggested a beauty in the passage which we have not yet noticed, and which indeed is veiled in the English. In the original the word translated "add" is not the common word, but a technical term borrowed from the language of the Greek theatre meaning to furnish the chorus; so that to the minds of those to whom the words were first addressed, the thought would be suggested that these graces would come into the life *like a chorus*. They would come singing and dancing into it, filling it with joy and loveliest music. A saint of old thus carolled: "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." And here in the New Testament we have the Christian graces introduced as a chorus into life, which would be dull and flat and discordant without them.

We have spoken of the series, and we found it was better to call it a chain, and now may we not better still call it a *Gamut of Graces?* There is just the right number for the musical scale. Faith is the foundation of all, the keynote with which all the other notes are harmonized. Advancing up the scale, we have found it natural to pause at the third and the fifth, as in the common diatonic scale; and then at the upper octave we have the glorious grace of love, tuned in unison to faith, but sounding high above it. Have we not often wondered how endless the variety of music that can be won from the simple scale of seven with its octaves? As endless is the variety of soul-music that will flow from this simple scale of grace. And nothing but music will come from it. From a musical instrument quite correctly tuned, and on which the scale is faultless, the most discordant noises may be produced; but this cannot be in the spiritual sphere. Given the gamut of graces, and all discord is banished from the life. Life will become one continual song, not always in the major mode, but perhaps most beautiful of all when it modulates into the minor in life's dark days; but a song it shall be from beginning to end, from the keynote and starting point of Faith swelling onward and forward till it closes in the grand finale of the upper octave Love.

The Earth is the Lord's.

THE earth is Thine, Creator, Lord,
Sustained, renewed and kept by Thee;
The depths with gold and jasper stored,
The quiet shore, the restless sea.

The mountains that in silence stand
Like girded warriors round Thy Throne,
The rushing stream, the pleasant land,
Are all beloved and all Thine own!

The cattle on a thousand hills
Thine eye regards through sun and showers;
For them Thou dost send forth the rills,
And clothe the field with herbs and flowers.

The cedar, monarch of the height,
The buttercups of most fine gold,
Alike are precious in Thy sight,
And both Thy wondrous power unfold.

How vast are Thy possessions, Lord!
How manifold Thy works and ways!
Earth's myriad tongues, with one accord,
Proclaim Thy love and sing Thy praise.

MARY ROWLES.

THE SLOPES OF MOUNT TABOR.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN SINGER AND HER LETTERS.

WITH ORIGINAL TRANSLATIONS.

AMONG the Welsh Hymn-Writers of the last century was a young woman named Ann Griffiths. The hymns she wrote could scarcely be surpassed for spiritual fervour. A few of her letters have been preserved and published along with her hymns. They reflect the lights and shadows of a mind that lived within itself in Christ.

She died when twenty-nine years of age, after a married life of about ten months. She had led a Christian life of about eight years; and during that time she was a "lamp that burned and shone." The letters were mostly written to a young friend in the ministry, and became a valuable means of unburdening a mind that was bowed down with an exceeding weight of glory. They are the revealed secrets of an unresting heart, told in simple and devout speech.

The Bible was her fountain of life—a fountain of water clear and cool as the dewdrops of a June morning, embosomed in fadeless flowers of spring. She drank of the living stream, she carried away choice flowers of peace to lie close to her soul. Her piety had in it a sweet tyranny, which compelled each verse to yield the comfort she needed at the time. For instance, in one letter we read:—

"I have had some trials like stormy winds, until I was nearly breathless on the steep paths of the hill; but I was brought up to the summit as by these two chains:—'A Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest;' and—'Come, My people, enter thou into thy chambers: hide thyself as it were for a little moment.' My spirit felt the peace and warmth for a while."

And in another letter:—

"Lately the following words were of great value and comfort to my soul—'Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury, whereon there hang a thousand buckles, all shields of mighty men.' In myself, I am but helpless and unarmed against my foes; but if I shall have the privilege of turning into the tower, I shall there find armour and strength to run through the hosts. These words also were to me of great comfort:—'For it pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell;' and again—'A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse.' I am greatly bound to speak well of God, and to be grateful to Him for some degrees of the fellowship of the mystery. But this is my grief—I fail to stay—I am always forsaking Him. I see how great is my loss on that account: but more than all is the dishonour and disrespect thrown upon God. Grant me help to stay!"

She could even reverently thank God for using His word as an instrument of trouble destroying the strong root of self-conceit, without doing the soul injury.

Her sacred passion brought with it a precious pain and grief. The very fervour of her devotion to Christ, made her judge herself with all the severity of a Paul:—

"For a long time I have been sorely troubled. I have many disappointments in myself continually; but I must say that all trials and all storms of every kind have wrought me to this: that is, they have brought me to see more of the corruptions of my nature and more of the Lord in His goodness and unchangeableness toward me. Lately I was far from the Lord in the backsliding of my soul; and yet I held up against His ministry, as if I were not refusing to stay and walk in His fellowship. But for all my art, the Lord visited me in these words:—'If I be a Father, where is Mine honour? and if I be a Master, where is My fear?' . . . In view of my path after forsaking God, and hewing out broken cisterns, this word anew raised me a little on my feet—'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.' I the one going astray, He the Shepherd; I unable to return, He the almighty Lord. Oh! Rock of our salvation! entirely dependent upon Himself, saving and cherishing sinners! I would wish to be always under the treatment, be it ever so bitter."

This is more cheerful, but still the spiritual element is of the same self-searching earnestness:—

"I feel renewed affection toward the doctrine of the Gospel, because it shows a way to cleanse the unclean. I think I have no need to change my garment, only to be purer in it. I feel a stronger longing than ever I felt before to be pure; and these words are on my mind:—'And the house, when it was in building, was built of stones made ready.' I feel an earnest desire to be shaped by Him, until I am made fit for the heavenly building."

The Rev. Thomas Charles, Bala, once made a remark to her that touched her soul to the quick. Considering the depth and rareness of her experiences, and the marvellous dispensations through which God led her spirit, he said that she seemed very likely to meet with one of three things: either she would meet with severe trials, or her life would soon be ended, or she would fall back. When she heard of falling back, she burst into tears. That fear is touchingly echoed in these sentences:—

"What presses most heavily on my mind at present is the sinfulness of permitting any thing seen to have too large a place in my thoughts. I am reverently ashamed, and wonderingly rejoice, to think that He who humbles Himself in looking at the things of heaven, has made Himself an object of love to a creature as poor as I am: and in view of such a dishonour upon God as to give the first place to second things, I simply think that I would prefer my nature to be crushed to death (if need be), on account of its weakness to bear the heat of fiery trials. I sometimes think that I could joyfully endure that, rather than the glory of God should be clouded before my mind, through granting my material nature its pomp and its desires."

Mercifully did the Providence of God respond to her prayer.

Her mind was eager to discern the vivid outline of Christian doctrine; but mostly in its practical relations. How modestly, how devoutly she takes herself to task in these words for having unwittingly ignored the personal office of the Holy Spirit!

"The most particular thing on my mind is the great evil and great danger of grieving the Holy Ghost. The following words have struck me—'Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you? In penetrating somewhat into the wonders of that Person and that He dwells and abides in the believer, I simply think that I was never possessed with the same degrees of reverent fear lest He should be grieved; and along with that it was given to me to see that one cause, and the chief cause, of this great sin having such a slight impression of uneasiness on my mind was, that my thoughts about the Divine greatness of His person were too low. My whole conception of the Persons of the Trinity was too low; to think of it my mind is held with shame: but I owe it to myself to say that my mind has changed. I used to think of the Persons of the Father and Son as equal: but I held an opinion of the Person of the Holy Ghost, as if he were an officer inferior to the Father and Son. Oh! fanciful and mistaken opinion concerning One who is Divine, all-present, all-knowing, all-powerful to bring forward and perfect the good work which He has begun, according to the conditions of the covenant of grace, according to the decree of Three in One on behalf of the objects of heaven's morning Love! Oh! to be of their number! I thirst to rise higher in the belief that there is a personal indwelling of the Holy Ghost in my soul,—a belief brought through revelation—not fancifully, expecting to comprehend the form and manner in which He dwells; this would be idolatry. In considering the sinfulness in itself of grieving the Holy Ghost; and on the other hand, in looking down to the depths of the Great Fall, and that I am dispossessed of every power, except of being able to grieve Him—my soul is sorely pressed. The following words are on my mind:—'Watch and pray.' As if the Lord were saying, though the commandment is strong, and thou art unable to fulfil one out of a thousand things there, on the ground where thy mind stands, go forth, prove the Throne of Grace; for 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much'—'My grace is sufficient for thee: for My strength is made perfect in weakness.' Blessed be the God who fills His promises!"

Her hymns and her letters form an interchangeable commentary. Both are the simple and fresh outpourings of her soul. In one of her letters we find her tremulously approaching the mystery of the Creator becoming a Sufferer:—

"My mind at present is looking on Jesus bearing the crown of thorns and the scarlet robe, and afterwards in His great sufferings upon the Cross. It is not to be wondered at that the sun should hide its beams when its Creator was pierced with nails! My mind stands astonished when I consider the Person who suffered on the Cross—He whose eyes are as a flame of fire piercing through heaven and earth, at the same time unable to see the work of His hands when darkness was over all the earth! My mind is overwhelmed with too much astonishment to say any more. No wonder that word is written down—'The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake; He will magnify the law and make it honourable': and the other word—'Kiss the Son, lest He be angry.' Would that the remainder of my days were a season of unfaltering fellowship with Christ and His sufferings, and with the Father through Him!"

The same spiritual emotion can be traced in these verses, almost line by line:

Heaven sweetly will remember
The decree of Three in One,
Ever gazing on the Person
Who became a Son of Man:
In fulfilling the conditions
Dying sorrow pierced His soul;
Now the host no man can number
Mightily His praise extol.

In remembering the battle,
All my tears for joy are dried;
Free for ever stands the sinner,
While the law is magnified:
For the peace of man behold Him—
Life's Almighty Author slain!
And the Resurrection buried
For an endless human gain!

In the midst, between two robbers,
There the great Atonement died;
And by Him the arm was strengthened
Which had learnt to pierce His side:
When His Father's law was honoured,
And the sinner's ransom paid,
Justice stood in shining glory—
We were free and undismayed.

King of kings, and great Rest-giver!
See, my soul, His lowly bed!
All creation in Him movèd,
He within the grave lay dead!
Wonder of the holy angels,
Life of those who once were lost:
Unto Him, the God Incarnate,
Sings the great adoring host.

Her latter days were spent close to the frontiers of the Better Land. Her soul was filled with the thoughts and desires of her eternal home. We can almost watch the flame of the spirit's life burning higher and higher—burning up the earthliness of her nature and the last remainders of unheavenly interests. Thus she writes:

"I see more need than I have ever seen before to spend what there is left of my days in giving myself daily, body and soul, to the care of Him who is able to keep that which is committed unto Him against that day. Not giving myself once, but living in giving myself, until, and even when this tabernacle is put off. The thought of putting it off is specially sweet sometimes. I can say, it is this of all things which gives me most joy in these days. Not death in itself, but the great gain to be had after passing through it; every inclination contrary to the will of God left behind, every inclination to dishonour the ordinance of God left behind—all infirmity swallowed up of strength—perfectly conformable to the law—in the likeness of God to enjoy Him for ever. I am sometimes so carried away with these things that I fairly fail to stand on the way of my duty in the things of time; but waiting for the hour when I shall be dissolved and be with Christ, for it is much better, although it is very good with me here sometimes. When my Beloved showeth Himself through the lattice, He sometimes reveals, in a glass darkly, as much of His glory to me as my feeble faculties can bear. I rejoice to say in closing—I would wish to say it with thankfulness—in spite

of my sinfulness, and the cunning of hell, of the world and its charms, through the good grace of God I have not changed the object of my affection till to-night: rather from my heart I rest in His love, and joy over Him with singing, although I cannot obtain that in the least degree, on this side of death, except with effort and violence."

And thus she sings:

Must I face the stormy river?
  There is One to break its flood,—
Christ, my great High-priest and faithful,
  Christ, my all-sufficient good:
Through His blood shall come the triumph
  Over death and hell to me;
And I shall be in His likeness,
  Sinless through eternity.

Disembodied of all evil,
  I shall pierce with earnest eyes
Into Calvary's deep wonders,
  And its infinite surprise:
The Invisible beholding,
  Who is living and was dead;
In a pure, unbroken union
  With the ever-living Head.

There I shall exalt the Person,
  God's own Sacrifice Divine,
Without any veil or fancy—
  And my soul like Him shall shine:
With the mystery revealèd
  In His wounds, I shall commune;
Losing sight no more for ever
  Of the all-belovèd Son.

From salvation's highest fountains,
  Oh, to drink with each new day!
Till my thirst for earthly pleasures
  Has completely passed away:
Waiting always for my Master,
  Quick to answer to His call;
Then to hold the door wide open,
  And enjoy Him, all in all.

These letters and hymns were not written and sung in a cloister. They are divine breathings rising out of the quiet stir of country life like a lark out of the wind-swept heather. She lived a woman's ordinary life of a century ago. When her mother died, she became her father's helpmate. She was busy from morn till eve with the daily duties of the farmstead. She had no hour of prayer and song marked out, nor was there any need. Her prayers accompanied the work of her hands; her hymns were composed in the midst often of her household tasks. She became a "priest unto God," and the golden bells round about the hem of her spirit's robe were not often silent.

If she had a deep concern for personal piety, she was equally concerned for social religion. A member of the Calvinistic Methodist church at a place called the "Bont," she carried all its joys and sorrows in her heart. When the church was wounded "by the stroke of the world and of those falling back," her own soul was also wounded. Her prayers breathed revivingly on the Lord's "faded garden." And when the church had its bright awakening, her joy was full. She had heavy and rugged paths to travel from her home to the chapel, but the darkest winter night made no difference to her. She could sing on the way. It was a narrow way, too, her soul had to travel, and she met some wintry nights of doubt before she reached the gate of the temple. But she sang for the Light that was to come.

There's a day to journey homewards
  For the children of the King;
God shall from the fields of bondage
  To the throne His loved ones bring:
There shall faith to sight be changèd,
  Feeble hope to perfect gain;
And the song shall grow for ever
  To the Lamb which once was slain.

Pilgrim, worn with stress of tempests,
  Look, and see the dawning light!
There the Lamb makes intercession,
  In His flowing robes of white:
Faithfulness, His golden girdle;
  Round His garment's hem, the bells;
Token of the full forgiveness
  Which in His atonement dwells.

H. ELVET LEWIS.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY A. HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

VI.—MEMPHIS.

LET us take a walk through an Egyptian forest, so unlike an English one, which, as you know, is made up of various kinds of trees. The one we are now visiting is a forest of palms. This eastern tree, always graceful, is here especially so, and has a character of its own; the stems of the trees are taller than usual. They are closer together, and the stems are bare, unlike the desert palm, which is feathered from root to crest. These trees have foliage only on the tops; they show the truth of the Bedouin proverb, that the palm "has its head in the sun, while its foot is in the water," for marshy pools abound. At times the trees grow where a disused canal has overflowed its banks, and has become a stagnant lake; at other places, on broken hillocks or mounds—which to those who understand the past, mark ruins of a city or palace.

FALLEN COLOSSUS OF RAMESES.

As you wander through this forest you come to quiet pools, with flocks of white ibis, or paddy birds feeding in the shallows. Storks and other water-fowl abound, doves "coo" in the bushes, and bright green and gold songsters, very tiny, flit about. What wonder then if time soon passed, as I sketched in this enchanted region? But, oh! the sunset; all then was turned into a psalm of colour, orange, pink, blue foliage, water, all became one glow of glory and peace; and then, as in all the east, with one swift plunge, the night and gloom; soon, very soon, to be followed by the stars which here really shed a light, and by which I find my way to my resting-place. Such was my first sight of "Memphis." In one of the pools, surrounded by tall palms, lies a fallen colossus, forty-five feet long, lying on its face in the mud, and quite lately a second statue has been found by the English, who drained this pool. What does this fallen statue represent? Rameses the Great! How came it here? I will try to tell.

Memphis was the first town built in Egypt, built by their first king, "Menes." From Memphis came "Cheops," the builder of the "Great Pyramid," the king who worked the mines in Sinai desert. This place was famous for the learning of its priests, for the grandeur of its temples, palaces, gardens, public works. The temples were enclosed by a sacred wall—"white," so the city was often called by the ancients, "the city of the white wall." The whole town, temples, palace, gardens, are said to have covered seventeen English miles, or a diameter of six miles.

For long ages it continued to be the seat of government—the abode of the king, in short, and yet nothing of the "old" world has so utterly disappeared, for though Thebes, Babylon, Nineveh, have also gone, yet they show even in their ruins emblems of their past greatness; but here there is nothing but this fallen colossus, of which I have spoken. This "Rameses," remember, was the "oppressor" of Israel.

Without doubt this "Rameses" was a great man, one of those mighty men who appear at intervals in the history of our race, who tower head and shoulders above all ordinary men. Here this mighty, this "strong" man held sway, increasing the palaces, the temples, fostering all learning; and what wonderful "guesses" of truth these same Egyptians had given to them? "The father of history," Herodotus, came here, to this old city, and he tells us of all he then learned from the priests, tells how "Menes" changed the course of the Nile, "draining the swamps," and opening a new way for the river. What an engineer he must have been; and an engineer with an eye to military requirements, for Memphis then would bar the way to any incursions from above. We are told of great fortifications, of "stately halls," of "lovely gardens," "rose" gardens, "trees," "vineyards!" where are they now?

Here, too, at Memphis, was firstly instituted that wondrous rite of "embalming," in which the dead

body was preserved in spirits and spices, wrapped in almost endless lines of linen bands, and so made into what we call a "mummy." Why did they thus? These old Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul; they thought the soul would be absent from the body for three thousand years, and then that the soul would return, if its own body was still existing. Therefore they took all care to preserve the body that each soul might find its own again. This, remember, was for the rich, the poor had not that comfort; and here, mark well the difference between the old heathen religion and that of our Lord Christ. Rich heathens had comfort in their old Egyptian days. If they could afford to pay what amounted to seventy-five pounds, English money, they could be "embalmed," and so look forward with ease to the time when, after the long sleep, they would recover their own again. But the poor? No; the heathen world had no comfort for them; they were "outsiders," "lost," if they could not pay their expensive rites, and so the "old" world went on, age after age, till, in the fulness of time, "to the poor the gospel is preached." To the poor! that makes all the difference; the "poor" were uncared for, unspoken of in those old days of temple magnificence and stately glory. No, not till the Son of God came down did rulers or priests realise that in the lowly walk might be found the "Messiah"—the Saviour.

Let us go back to Memphis, or Noph, as it is called in the Bible. Is there any notice of this city in Holy Writ? Yes; Isaiah says (xix. 13): "The princes of Noph were deceived, they have also seduced Egypt;" and Jeremiah (xlvi. 13 to 20) warns Noph that it shall be "waste and desolate"

Ezekiel (xxx. 13) says:—"Thus saith the Lord God; I will also destroy the idols, and I will cause their images to cease out of Noph."

The inscriptions tell us that Esarhaddon invaded Egypt, captured Memphis, also Thebes; that all the gold, all the statues were taken away to Nineveh.

Then some time after we are told that the Egyptians so valued their sacred city Memphis, that they rose in revolt and retook it; but again they were defeated by the invading Assyrian. These inscriptions tell of a third attempt of the people to recover their freedom, only to be again defeated, and we are even told how this last "rising" was overcome. Though the fight went on, all was in vain. Assur-bampal says: "My hands took the whole of it, silver, gold, precious stones, the furniture of the palace, all there was; garments, costly and beautiful, noble houses, two lofty obelisks covered with carving 2500 talents in weight, and carried them off to Nineveh."

From other inscriptions we read of the awful sufferings of the captives. Some of the rulers had their tongues torn out, some were skinned alive, or roasted to death, others crushed in the great gate of Nineveh. These and such like deeds are recorded with feelings of pride! Such is pagan humanity—"the fellow feeling" for man we sometimes hear so much of. There never has been any "fellow feeling for man," except as taught by Christ, and that is one of the great revelations He made, that all men are brothers—all "children" of the great Father.

Herodotus gives a picture of the capture of this city by Cambyses. The children of the Egyptian king were treated as slaves; and with two thousand of the children of the rich, also dressed as slaves, were made to walk with ropes round their necks and bridles in their mouths, before the captive Egyptian king, and then put to death—some were spared, but the Egyptian king was ordered to drink the blood of a bull! Not only disgusting, but, to an Egyptian, much more, for he believed the bull Apis was his God! Cambyses' rage went further, for he had the mummy of the dead king brought before him to be beaten of rods and suffer other shameful acts of ignominy. All this is related by the old historian.

And yet we have reason to know that Cambyses was cheated when he thought he beat the mummy of the king, for we know now that faithful attendants had removed the embalmed bodies to a place of security. They were only to be brought to light in these latter days. Some of these mummies have been unrolled in the presence of the British Commissioner, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. Others are now in Boulac Museum, near Cairo.

SITE OF OLD MEMPHIS.

From this short account you will see how great this city of Memphis once was. How terribly she was destroyed; nearly all traces of the city have passed away, except the fallen statues of

Rameses, lying as I told you in the mud. How completely are those prophecies fulfilled that foretold that Noph, should be "waste," "desolate!" Look at that palm forest, grown up over the ruins of palace and temple! that poor village of mud huts now occupying the site of the proud "City of the White Wall!" Indeed, we may say here, "How have the mighty fallen!" Nothing endures but the word of God, which, though it tells of His judgments on idol worship and sin, yet all through reveals His love to man.

LITTLE MEG AND THE LODGER.

I.—THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE.

"ELL, you have got a lodger now, and no mistake, Mrs. Harris! I got a glimpse of him this morning, and really I couldn't tell whether he looked most like an old clothes-bag, or a walkin' dust heap."

"Yes, Mrs. Wilkins, he is rather a queer party; but he have paid for his room in advance, and I'm too poor to pick and choose my lodgers. Since my dear husband died, it's been a struggle for me and my little girl, and it won't do to quarrel with our bread-and-butter. Poor old man, he's as quiet as a lamb, nor he don't seem to drink or smoke, and I'm in hopes we may get him gradooal into cleaner ways. My Meg, she couldn't help laughin'—kind little soul though she is—yesterday, when he'd been unpackin' some of his things; and down the stairs he came, with bits of straw, and hay, and the like, stickin' out of his head, and his collar, and his pockets; and says my Meg, says she, 'Oh, mother, Mr. Martin looks just like the camel at them gardens up in Regent's Park. You know he's always gettin' hisself all over bits and ends, and has to be cleaned with a broom.'"

"Well, I wish you joy of him, Mrs. Harris," said Mrs. Wilkins, with a toss of her head meant to denote superiority. "But I wouldn't have him for half-a-crown a week—no, nor yet for twice that."

"You've got a husband that works for you steady and reg'lar, my dear," said Mrs. Harris, "and—thank the Lord for it—you don't know what it is to make shift to keep the wolf from the door. But we're goin' to do the best we can by our lodger (God helpin' us), and maybe he won't be no worse to deal with than a many what looks nicer."

Certainly old Micah Martin was not a very attractive person. Tall and thin, with a stoop in the back, and a bend at the knees, he appeared weak and ill. But still he might have washed himself, and brushed his clothes, and combed his great shock of tangled grey hair, which, like a furze-bush, collected specimens of every floating and falling object, and retained quite an interesting and unique collection of straw, fluff, ashes, thread-ends, twigs, and shavings.

A few mornings after Mr. Martin's arrival, there came, about half-past eight o'clock, a gentle little knock at his door.

"Who's there?" asked a gruff voice.

"Please, Mr. Martin, it's me."

"And who's me, pray?"

"Meg Harris, if you please, sir."

"And what do you want, Meg Harris?"

"I've brought my broom and duster, and mother says p'r'aps you won't mind my doin' your room up a bit, and gettin' it tidy. I won't make a noise and disturb you. But if so be, sir, as you're goin' out soon, mother will do it while you're away, for I've got to go to school."

"Oh, indeed?" replied the rough voice. "Anything more?"

"No, sir, nothin' more just now."

"Well, Meg Harris, just go down to your mother, and say that I won't have any one in my room at all, either when I'm here or away. What cleaning it wants, I'll do myself. All I care for is not to be meddled with. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the child; "but, please, your room will get uncommon dirty, and——"

"There, that'll do! If the room's dirty or not, it's my affair! You've not got to live in it, you know. Now go, for I'm tired of shouting to you through the door."

So then poor Meg travelled down again with her broom, and told her mother how she had been repulsed.

"Well, never mind, dearie," said Mrs. Harris. "We won't worry the old man, and presently, may be, he'll not be so rough with us, and will trust us more."

Micah Martin was undoubtedly a very curious specimen of humanity. When he went out in the morning, he locked his door, and when he returned, he went straight upstairs, opened his door, and locked himself in again.

Good Mrs. Harris at first asked him what she should get and prepare for his meals, but he answered shortly that his meals were nobody's business but his own, and that she ought to be thankful if she got her half-crown a week for the room only, and hadn't to cook or wait upon him.

After this she let him alone about his food, nor, indeed, could she do otherwise. But it grieved her sometimes to see the poor old man, instead of sitting down to a wholesome nourishing meal of warm food, bringing home with him odds and ends, picked up hap-hazard, anywhere. One day it would be a two-penny loaf, sliced, with a bit of rusty yellow bacon between the pieces. Another, it would be a lump of stale bread with a piece of cheese, or a couple of slices of red salt beef in a greasy paper. No tea, no coffee, no milk. All he drank was water, and as he never had a fire in his room, he could cook nothing for himself.

But this was not the worst.

Old Micah seemed to be fully as negligent of his soul, as he was of his body. He never went to a place of worship, and once when the good widow offered to lend him a Bible, he roughly told her that nothing of that sort was in his line, and that when he wanted Bibles, he would ask for them.

The days and weeks passed, and the lodger did not improve. Now and then Meg was allowed to bring up a broom, and he swept out, after a fashion, his little chamber, and Meg took away the dust in her dust-pan; but nothing

else was done, and for aught that Meg and her mother could foresee, this state of things might go on for ever.

But one day, just at the beginning of November, Micah came home, visibly troubled and unhappy, and there were traces of tears on his grimy cheeks. He seemed to have forgotten to bring home any food, but his trembling hand held a newspaper. Meg saw him come in, and her tender heart was wrung with the pain in that poor face.

Often as she had been repulsed, she felt as if she must make one more venture now that the poor man was in trouble.

"Mother," she said, going into the kitchen where Mrs. Harris was busy preparing the tea, "will you pour out a cup nice and hot, and strong, and cut some bread and butter, and I'll take it up to our lodger; he looks as if he was too unhappy even to have thought of bringing home any supper, and I'm in hopes he'll let me in for once."

"He won't, child! You'll see, he won't," rejoined Mrs. Harris. "You'll have your trouble for your pains, with, may be, a few hard words thrown in."

"Never mind, mother, dear; I'd like to try him just this once. Why it was only yesterday that teacher was tellin' us at Sunday school that as God has such patience with us, we ought to be patient with others; and that it wasn't no merit to be patient with them as didn't provoke us. And, mother, I couldn't but think of our lodger, and how we tried to be friends with him, and help him, and how he wouldn't. But now p'r'aps there'll be a chance, if so be he's really grievin' over somethin'."

"Well, well, child, here's the tea; there's no harm in tryin' him once more. Your teacher was right in what she said too. Sure enough, if we think of the good Lord's patience with us poor sinful creatures, and how He's always a-forgivin' of us, and teachin' us, and leadin' us back when we've wandered away—it's a wonder, it is! But there, if He loved us so that He sent His Son to die for us, it's likely He'll be patient with us."

Little Meg took the tea and bread-and-butter, nicely arranged on a little tray, and carried it up to the door of Micah's room. There was no sound, except a kind of sniff now and then, so she knocked quite softly.

"Who's that?" asked the old voice as rough as ever, only rather more shaky than usual, which made little Meg say to herself, "Poor old dear, he's got a lump in his throat, just as I have sometimes, when I want to cry and won't."

"Please, sir, it's only me, and I've brought you a cup of tea to warm you this bitter night."

"I don't want your tea nor you either. Take it away, and take yourself along with it."

Poor little Meg! This was too much. She had so wanted to be kind, and gentle.

She felt as if she could not go down at once to her mother, and announce her failure, also she was ashamed to be seen crying, and yet the tears would come, for the hard cruel words had hurt her sorely.

She put the little tray on the floor, and sitting down close by, she leaned against the wall, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

There, at the top of the stairs, with her handkerchief up to her face, and her back turned towards Micah's room, the child neither heard nor saw his door open, and his tangled head appear.

But she started to her feet in real surprise when the hoarse voice said—

"I say, what's all this about? I never saw any one cry like that before. Tell me what it means!"

Poor Meg tried to speak, but she could not say a word. Choking with sobs, she pointed to the tray.

"What!" exclaimed Micah, "do you mean you were crying because I wouldn't take that?"

Meg nodded.

The old's man haggard face worked convulsively. For a moment Meg thought he was going to cry too. Then he said shakily, "Do you think you could stop sobbing, if I tried to take what you've brought?"

Meg flushed scarlet, smiled through her tears, and nodded vehemently, while she handed the tray to him.

He seemed half repentant of his concession, as he took it, looking at the tea and bread-and-butter with a doubtful eye; but another sob from Meg made him decide quickly, and he disappeared with the tray. The door closed upon the old man, and Meg wiped her eyes and went down to her mother.

"You don't mean the old man's been and took it?" asked Mrs. Harris looking up, and seeing that Meg's hands were empty.

"Yes, mother."

"Well, then, child, that lesson in patience wasn't for nothin', after all. That's the first thing Micah Martin have give in to since he came to us, over eight weeks agone. Meg, my darlin', this is the thin end of the wedge."

Meg did not answer. She was wondering how she had best follow up the advantage she had gained, without disturbing old Micah or seeming impertinent.

About an hour after tea, she went up to see if he had put the tray outside. No, it was in his room. Could that mean that he wished her to fetch it? Full of this hope, she knocked.

"Come in," said Micah's voice; but Meg thought that it was certainly not so gruff and cross this time, only hoarse and trembling.

She stole softly in. The tray was on the table; the old man had drunk the tea, but the bread was untouched.

"Oh, I am sorry, Mr. Martin, you've eaten nothin'!' cries Meg. "And mother cut it nice and thin on purpose to tempt you."

"Yes, child, it's nice enough; but I've no appetite. The truth is I'm in sore trouble, Meg Harris, and there's no comfort for me. I never thought to tell even that much; but you are but a child, and you've a kind tender heart, and will be sorry perhaps even for poor cross old Micah Martin."

"Sorry for you! Ay, indeed I am!" replies the little girl. "But, oh, Mr. Martin, there isn't a sorrow or grief as we can't find some comfort for. Teacher 's told me long ago, and I've learned it since for myself, that God never sends no sort of trouble that He isn't willing to help us through. When we lost father, mother and me thought it was more than we could bear. But God helped us and comforted us, and we seem to have known and loved Him better ever since."

The old man buried his face in his bony hands, and did not speak for some moments. At last he said—

"You lost your father, you say; but you still have your mother, and she has you. But I—— Oh, God, it is more than I can bear! I had but one son, and to-day I read in the paper that the ship of which he was the second mate has gone down off the African coast, and it is thought every soul has perished. Oh, Jack—Jack, I didn't think I'd as much heart left in me as has gone down into death with you!"

The exceeding bitter cry—the agonised wail of the bereaved, lonely old man went straight to the child's heart. Feeling her utter helplessness to comfort such sorrow as this, she instinctively turned to the source Divine of all consolation. Dropping on her knees by the old man's chair, she lifted up her innocent little face and streaming eyes, and sobbed out a broken prayer for help and comfort.

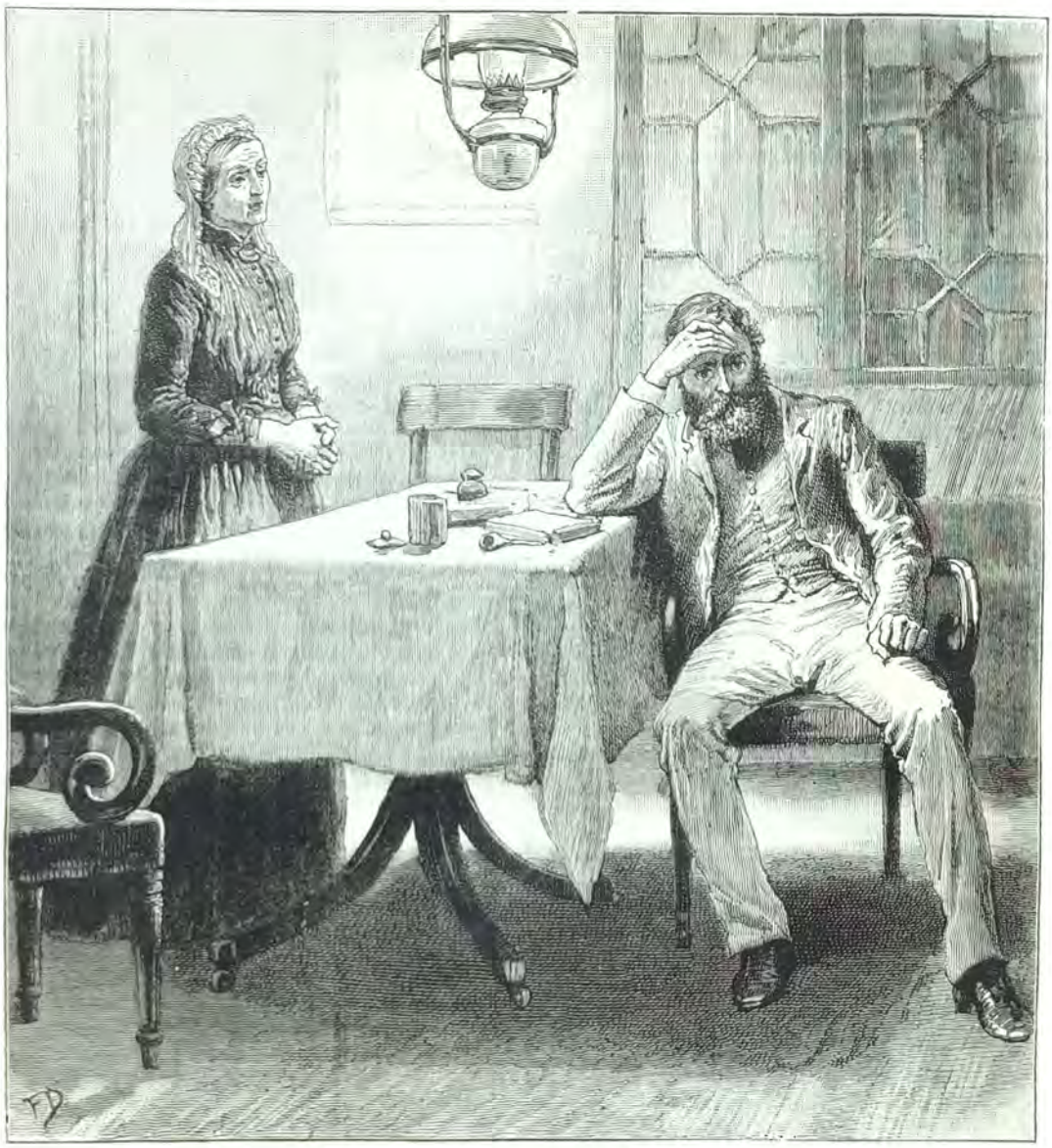
The child rose from her knees, and stood for a moment, her tender eyes compassionately bent on the bowed grey head of the old man. Then, as he did not raise himself, she noiselessly turned away, and left the room, closing the door softly behind her.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OLD GWEN.

CHAPTER VI.—A MAID-OF-ALL-WORK.



"I HOPE YOU ARE NOT ILL, SIR?" SHE SAID.

GWENNY'S first day of service was much more pleasant than her first night. She was, as her mistress said, sharp as a needle, and seemed to anticipate her orders. In spite of the unusual sleepiness caused by her sleepless night, she was bright and ready, and Mrs. Bowen thought to herself, "I've got a treasure at last, if my lodger don't spoil her. The men are at the bottom of all the mischief."

She mused feelingly; for her deceased husband

had not been a pattern of conjugal love. She was, moreover, of a suspicious nature, and had gone through so many troubles, that she failed to realize the essence of Christianity, that one is to do good expecting nothing in return. She still misdoubted Mr. Milbank, of whom she knew nothing, except that he had left Carmarthen when a boy, and had spent the best part of his life in the colonies. He was not Welsh, as his name proclaimed; and said he was the son of an officer who had been quartered for a time in Carmarthen but who had since died. He evidently knew no one, though he said he had friends in the country, who happened to be abroad, but who were likely to return before he left.

Mrs. Bowen had not paused to consider whether she were wise to house a stranger without references. He wanted a lodging, she a lodger. He had paid a week in advance, had not demurred to terms, and had said that he could get endless references from a distance, if she required them. She had nothing of value to lose, if he were a thief; but he certainly could not be a thief, she thought, with such an evident disregard of money. But why did he come direct from Careg Cennin to her, on the very day of Gwen's arrival! This still puzzled her, and made her resolve to keep an eye on Gwen.

This particular surveillance, however, was not necessary, for about noon of that eventful day, Mr. Milbank told Mrs. Bowen that he was going on a fishing expedition up the Towy, and should be absent some days, if not weeks. He wished to retain his lodging, and desired to pay a month in advance, which seemed a small fortune to Mrs. Bowen. He left a pound with her to be expended for the benefit of Gwen or her brother, the soldier, and quitted the house as abruptly as he had entered it.

"If he doesn't come back, I am all right for a month," mused the landlady philosophically, adding to Gwen, "He's a gentleman. He speaks and acts like one."

"I am not knowing, ma'am; but I don't want his money," replied Gwen.

"Perhaps your brother would like it. You may write to him and tell him to come and see you for half an hour—not more mind—next Sunday evening."

Toom bach accepted this invitation, and Mrs. Bowen was so much pleased with him, that she allowed Gwen to walk out with him after evening service.

"You must be in by nine," said that lady. "It isn't respectable for young girls to be out late, for people don't know he's your brother. Besides, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' I hear that in what they call the great world they are making Sunday a day of pleasure, and have no more respect for it than if it was a Hollandtide Fair day. May the Lord keep us Welsh from such sacrilege."

"That is what granny says, ma'am," responded Gwen. "She tells us that we can't expect God's blessing, if we don't keep His commandments."

"She is right, Gwen, and it is our duty to obey His word, and not to pick and choose what we like out of it. The least we can do is to dedicate one day in seven to the service of the Great Being who has not only created but redeemed us."

"Yes, sure, ma'am," returned Gwen with a courtesy, and a solemnity of manner which convinced her mistress that she meant what she said.

Toom was present during this discourse, and clenched it and the favour he had gained in Mrs. Bowen's eyes, by saying, "That's my opinion, ma'am, and I try to preach to my comrades on that text. Some of 'em laughs at me, and some joins with me; but, says I, If the Bible's true, we are dishonouring God by despising His day. Poor father used to be telling us that whatever people said, we couldn't be far wrong if we respected God's word."

"Her children shall rise up and call her blessed," muttered Mrs. Bowen, as the young people departed. "Old Gwen and her family are all God-fearing people, and I don't understand how one of them should be convicted of murder."

Yes, all belonging to old Gwen were, what is called, strict sabbatarians. And hitherto God had greatly blessed their observance of His day and their veneration for His holy word. It was quite natural to them to attend Divine service regularly, and to spend the remainder of the day in "making melody in their hearts to the Lord." And not only were their consciences clearer, but their lives happier than are those of people who devote the seventh, or Lord's Day, to pleasure. If the great Creator rested and allowed us the privilege of rest on this, His day, surely we should consecrate it to His service, and strive to loosen the burdens of overworked man and beast, by doing our best not to employ them, neither should we endanger our own souls, by worldly pursuits.

During the ensuing fortnight, it was strange to see how mistress and maid occupied themselves from morning to night in cleaning and arranging the furniture of that very modest mansion, and tidying up the small garden at its back. They were never idle, for when the active work was over, there was the sewing and knitting to be done. Mrs. Bowen superintended the making and mending of Gwen's wardrobe as well as her own, and assuredly a neater pair never issued cap-à-pie from a bandbox. When the one sat down to her sewing in the parlour and the other in the kitchen, they had the gratification of knowing that there was not a speck of dust to be found, even in the corners; that the brasses and irons were scoured to abnormal brightness; that the glass and china were free from the shadow of a stain—that there was not a crease on the bed-clothes—that the linen and muslins were white as soap, untainted by washing powder, could make them, and that two pairs of arms had done it all. Gwen was the washerwoman, her mistress clear-starcher and ironer; and when Gwen hung out the clothes on the line in the wee garden, she was especially careful not to trample down the borders, because she had had a hand in tying up the flowers and plucking out the weeds. It is astonishing how interested we get in our own works! Gwen even took to loving, not only the caged jackdaws, but the flocks that haunted the roof and chimney of

the house; and as to the white poodle, she all but adored him. And he returned her affection. But then she fed and washed jackdaws and poodle herself, and had a personal pride in them. Not that the old jackdaws neglected their young, but Gwen, who was a managing sort of body, fancied they did not give them enough to eat. She was already getting accustomed to the inharmonious chant of the colony, and her nights were no more disturbed by it.

"Managing" was just the epithet that suited Gwen, but her mistress was also "managing," and Gwen was too wise to display her own propensity in the face of a superior power. Mrs. Bowen did not even find it out, and unceasingly congratulated herself on the possession of a maid-of-all-work who did everything just as she ordered. And Gwen was quite as proud of her position as if she had been apprenticed to a milliner, or was even a teacher in a board-school, which she saw some other girls, no better or cleverer than herself become, because they said, they would on no account be a maid-of-all-work.

"I wish Mr. Milbank could see his rooms now!" said Gwen to her mistress one day. "I'm hoping he'll come back."

"So am I, Gwen, for one month in advance won't keep a house going. 'One swallow doesn't make spring,'" returned Mrs. Bowen. "He's been away three weeks. If he should return, don't you be forward, Gwen."

"Why for should I be forward, mistress?" asked amazed Gwen, who did not understand that Mrs. Bowen was afraid lest her lodger should put false notions into her head; for Gwen was certainly a comely maiden. "I hope nothing hasn't happened to him. He was a nice gentleman."

That very afternoon there was a double knock at the door, and when Gwen answered it, who should it be but Mr. Milbank.

"Here he is, mistress," she cried in sudden excitement, forgetting her duty as parlour-maid, and rushing to her mistress who was in the kitchen. The lodger followed unceremoniously, saying, "Are you really glad that I have come back? Oh, how clean and comfortable you look, Mrs. Bowen. May I warm myself? They say it is summer, but I am always cold."

"Gwen, light a fire in Mr. Milbank's parlour," said Mrs. Bowen, placing a chair, meanwhile, for the lodger, who began to rub his hands over the glowing anthracite coal.

A conversation ensued which tended to assure Mr. Milbank that his landlady was glad he had come back, though he suspected that his warm welcome was more due to the prospective "month in advance" than to his personal merits. Mrs. Bowen was undemonstrative, and did not carry her heart on her sleeve as Gwen did. Indeed, had she so paraded it, her lodger would have read that its owner did not like people whose history was not clear as the day, and who did not gratify her laudable if feminine curiosity. Gwen soon announced that the "fire was burning famous," and Mr. Milbank enquired if it was likely to disturb the jackdaws, since he believed the same chimney carried off the smoke from his sitting and bedroom.

Gwen, who was afraid of being "forward," restrained a smile and said demurely that no nest had fallen since he left. He withdrew into his parlour, and shutting the door surveyed it.

"How clean and fresh and home-like!" he muttered, and sat down by the fire just as if it was winter.

He rang the bell, and when Gwen answered it, asked for tea.

"Were you really glad to see me, Gwenny?" he said moodily.

"Deet yes, sir!" she replied, taking a clean table-cloth from a drawer in a chiffonier, and spreading it.

"I have been to Careg Cennin. I have seen them all, except your grandmother. Your mother asked me to go and pay your brother a visit at the barracks. I shall do so after tea. I think she will let me educate Shonny."

"Gwen!" sounded in the passage, and that damsel speedily disappeared.

"I wasn't 'forward' ma'am, but the gentleman was telling me about mother," she said.

"I daresay. He seems wonderfully interested in you all," replied Mrs. Bowen, who was, as we have said, of a suspicious nature.

"He do look so unhappy," said kind-hearted Gwen.

"I put a Bible on his drawers, and I hope he'll read it," returned Mrs. Bowen severely. "I haven't seen one amongst his things, and his soul must be fed as well as his body. Take you the tray and I'll carry in the kettle."

So Mr. Milbank had two waitresses instead of one. But as Mrs. Bowen herself fried the eggs and bacon, Gwen was obliged to carry them in, which gave the lodger the opportunity of asking her if she was happy with Mrs. Bowen. He looked disappointed when she replied in the affirmative.

A solitary meal is rarely cheerful: certainly Mr. Milbank's was not. He ate without apparent enjoyment, and although he consumed a respectable portion of the tempting tea before him, there was no lifting of the gloom from his countenance. When he had finshed he went out, and did not return until nine o'clock. Mrs. Bowen opened the door to him and followed him into his parlour to ask him about his supper.

"I hope you are not ill, sir?" she said, seeing a harassed, hunted look in his face.

"No, thank you. Will you kindly sit down, and tell me what you know of Gwen's family. I have seen her brother, and he seems a steady fellow, for a soldier."

"I do not know much about them," said Mrs. Bowen. "Everybody knows the grandmother, who is as much respected as the Queen. Gwen seems a good girl, and I hope nobody will spoil her by putting false notions into her head. Her brother appears a well-conducted young man, and I understand all the family bear an excellent character, with the exception, of course, of Gwen's unfortunate father."

"Ah! what was the public opinion of that affair?"

"It was thought, I believe, that Gwen's father, Toom Gwillim, and Thomas Plas Newydd had

a quarrel over the fish. Mr. Thomas was a resolute conservator, and all the fishermen hated him. Gwillim was always preaching at him, they said, and trying to prove from Holy Scripture, that all sorts of fish and wild game were free to all; while Mr. Thomas, who was not a religious man, cursed and swore at him, and stopped all fishing in that part of the river that ran through Plâs. He summoned Toom more than once before the magistrates, but he got off victorious. Other fishermen summoned by him were not so fortunate. He was a tyrannical man, and not much liked either by gentle or simple."

"But the—the murder; what of that, Mrs. Bowen?"

"Everybody believed Gwillim guilty, for he was found with the body soon after life was extinct. It was said they fought fiercely, for not only was there blood, but the body was much bruised. No suspicion fell on any one but Gwillim, and his protestations of innocence failed to convince the jury. Everybody pitied him, and thought he must have been terribly provoked; but no one believed him. Mr. Thomas was supposed to have had a large sum of money with him, but if so, there was no trace of it. His horse must have run off with his dog-cart, for they were found at a distance."

"Thank you, Mrs. Bowen, that will do. I will pay another month in advance, as I may leave again to-morrow for a few days."

Milbank's face was turned from Mrs. Bowen,—indeed she had never met his eye—so that she did not see its expression, but she perceived a strange trembling of his body.

She laughed quietly, for she had never before seen so nervous a man. Being a conscientious woman, she demurred to receiving another month in advance, since the last had scarcely run out, but he insisted, saying that he should probably be more with her in future, and that he wished to leave his traps in her care: so the money was paid.

"I have been a settler and know how to manage with a knapsack," he said. "I like the independence of carrying my wardrobe on my back. I want a word with Gwen."

Much against her will, Mrs. Bowen sent Gwen to him. All he wanted was to give her another douceur. This time it was only a few shillings, which she received with a courtesy and thanks.

"Have you any message for home, Gwen?" he asked. "I shall probably be at Careg Cennin soon."

"Only my love, please, sir, and tell them Toom and I are hoping to be at home for Whitsuntide."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Gwen? And warnings, and omens, and the like?"

"Mamgu says they're nonsense, sir, and nothing happened after the birds," replied Gwen, laughing. "They did keep noisy! and they all go on just the same, only I've got used to them."

The following morning Mr. Milbank disappeared, and in the afternoon Gwen's soldier brother came, ostensibly to see that gentleman. Mrs. Bowen invited him into the kitchen, and he said he had come to ask the gentleman if he had made a mistake in leaving a sovereign with him the day before.

"He has more money than wit," said Mrs. Bowen. "But you had better keep it till he comes back."

She left the brother and sister together, and Toom proceeded to make enquiries concerning Mr. Milbank. Gwen told him all she knew. Toom was much puzzled, and declared that he had seen him before, fishing up the Towy.

"I remember his face as clear as light," he said. "Father and I were together when we saw him last, and he touched his hat and said, 'Good day,' as we passed him. I believe it was the very day of—of—" he could not say "of the murder," but Gwen understood.

"He is a kind gentleman," said Gwenny. "He don't seem to have any relations or friends, and if he have taken a pity for us, I'm sure we may be pitying him; for—oh Toom! what should we all be doing without one another? He do seem like poor father, all alone; only father has the Lord with him, and I'm afraid he hasn't; but, perhaps, gentlefolk don't read their bibles as poor folk do."

"Some do, some don't," said Toom; "but all that I can say is, those as do, make the best officers. As my captain says, 'Put on the whole armour of God, and you are sure to do your duty.'"

THE CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER ASSEMBLY.

BY BENJAMIN CLARKE.

FOR some years past, a strange and inelegant looking word has crept from time to time into our magazine literature, with some explanation of what the term conveyed. When one first saw the word *Chautauqua* he asked what it meant; and then he asked how it was pronounced. The latter question was easy to answer, by saying it was a North American Indian word, pronounced by the natives *Shaw-tauqua*. The former question was not so easily disposed of; generally, it might have been correct to say it was a great summer assembly of a religious and educational character, but the movement now to which the word Chautauqua is attached is so far-reaching that its scope cannot be defined by any one term.

Every year, however, makes us better acquainted with Chautauqua, as one Englishman after another is attracted to the place from interest or curiosity, or else is privileged to be

invited to take part in the varied programme of the summer's engagements.

It was in the latter capacity that the writer spent a full week at Chautauqua, during the present summer; and he desires to share his happy experiences, and, if it be possible, also some of the mental and spiritual stimulus that he there received. If he could help to do even more he would think himself indeed happy. Every Englishman who visits Chautauqua wishes that the idea could be transplanted to these shores and carried out, at least in some of its features.

Our climate, alas! is not so favourable for camping out, or for any out of door exercises; but some of the Chautauqua programme might be attempted.

The Summer Assembly is an enlargement and development of the old camp-meeting idea, so dear to the Methodist and other bodies. Chautauqua, indeed, owed its origin to the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr., now Bishop, Vincent, and Lewis Miller, the famed agricultural implement maker of Akron, Ohio, being its founders.

It occurred to these gentlemen that an impetus might be given to Sunday school work by the establishment of a Summer Assembly, and in 1874 the first meeting at Chautauqua was held. The place selected was admirably chosen; an estate of some hundred or more acres was purchased, situated on Lake Chautauqua, in the county of the same name. This lake, about twenty miles long, and from two to three broad, is a picturesque sheet of water, whose banks in many places are very prettily wooded; and on one of the prettiest parts of the lake the site for Chautauqua was fixed. At first, rude wooden huts and tents afforded shelter for the early settlers; but it was evident from its initial stage that the assembly would become popular; and very soon plots of ground were purchased, on which the owners built convenient, substantial, and in many cases, elegant wooden cottages and houses.

The financial success was soon assured, managed as the assembly was by men of keen business insight; but with the interest only of the assembly at heart, it was laid down that any profits arising from the undertaking should be spent either on improving the grounds, or on the programme, so as to make it increasingly attractive.

It is unnecessary to trace the growth of Chautauqua, step by step, suffice it to describe what it has grown to in this present year of grace, and in this its fifteenth season.

The estate now comprises about a hundred and eighty acres—a beautifully-wooded grove and some fourteen acres for a base-ball ground having been added this year. There are now about five hundred permanent wooden houses erected, some of them of a most picturesque character, of commodious extent and luxuriously furnished. These belong to merchants, professional men, manufacturers, and others, who come here season after season with their families; other houses of plainer construction have been built by their owners for family residence during the assembly, and others again are occupied by their owners, or let to tenants for a longer or shorter term. Many of the houses are used as boarding-houses, some of them accommodating as many as fifty guests. Then there are tents of various sizes, some of them belonging to private parties who live in them, and others the property of the association managing the assembly, who let them out by the week or month.

There can be no doubt that one of the main features of the success of the assembly has been the camp-life idea. To live in the woods with all the freedom of unconventional life, with just enough of the camping-out and pic-nic element to make it pleasant, and yet with so much of the conveniences of living as to redeem it from roughing it, has doubtless charms for other than the young people of the families. And here one can have just as much or as little of this camp-life as he likes; some go in for it to the extent of lighting their own fires at the back of the tents, and doing all their cooking out of doors. Some are furnished with oil and other stoves, and by no means are unmindful of the culinary art.

Young men club together, and under their own canvas, or in a more *al fresco* condition, manage to cater for themselves with some comfort and much enjoyment. At one of the assemblies—at the New England Chautauqua at Framingham at Boston—we were invited, with Bishop Vincent and the conductors of the meeting, Drs. Dunning and Hurlburt, to take luncheon with some young ladies, a party of six of them, all connected with the Congregational Publishing House at Boston, some of them as clerks, two of them missionaries from Utah, and one of them the secretary of the New West Commission, a missionary enterprise to the Mormons. They had purchased a little cottage, and here in the woods, with the mother of one of them as chaperone, they spent their holidays, or a portion of them, year by year, enjoying the free life—so great a change from their more confined residence in the city—taking advantage of the educational and social advantages of the assembly, and at a more economical rate than they could live at any other summer resort. Seated on a little verandah in the rear of the cottage, with leafy trees waving their welcome, and with birds piping their cheerful song, we laughed, and chatted, and ate our simple meal with a sense of enjoyment that more elaborate repasts would fail to give.

For those who wish to get rid of all cares of housekeeping there are, as has been observed, the boarding-houses, or the more elaborate Athenæum Hotel, a building capable of accommodating four or five hundred guests, situated on the border of the lake, with wide verandahs on each side of the house; it offers a very pleasant and commodious retreat for the numerous visitors that patronise it. Provided with electric lights and bells, with telegraphic and telephonic communication with distant parts of the States, with the comforts and cuisine of a first-class hotel, and managed by the association in a manner and at charges to make it desirable, it attracts a constant stream of guests, who themselves help to form one of the enticing features of the assembly. For here, in its dining-room and parlour are gathered together throughout the season men and women of note in the religious, educational, intellectual, or

musical world of America, whom one could not meet in such numbers in any other place in the States.

In this respect, in its ability to engage the services of the most eminent men and women, to instruct and to entertain, Chautauqua advances year by year. By fees charged for admission to the grounds—twenty-five cents for day ticket in July, forty cents in August, one and two dollars respectively for a week's ticket, two dollars and a half and three dollars for a month's ticket, five dollars for a full season ticket—by sales of land, rents of cottages and tents, royalties paid by those who supply stores and provisions, a very large income is secured, which enables the management to pay high prices and secure the attendance of the best preachers, lecturers and entertainers. Without being furnished with official data, one would not be far wrong in estimating that nearly 4000*l.* had been spent this year upon its platform, that is in providing preachers, lecturers, musicians and others. This may seem a large sum, but then the sources of revenue must be large also. There have been this season fifteen thousand people located on the ground at one time, besides others from neighbouring towns who have paid for day admissions. It was estimated that on the Sunday when Dr. Talmage preached there were upwards of twenty-two thousand assembled, all of whom would be living there from Saturday till Monday, for there are no Sunday admissions.

The attractions that bring so many people to Chautauqua are many and varied, and they extend over a period of eight weeks.

The assembly opens in July, for early in that month the schools and colleges have begun their vacation—some of the colleges, indeed, close towards the end of June, but all educational establishments finish their term in time for the celebration of Independence Day on July 4th.

July, then, is the month when ministers and teachers who desire to take up regular courses of study come. First there is the School of the English Bible, for the study of the Word like any other classic, from an historical and scientific standpoint, under the direction of Professor W. R. Harper, of Yale College. This season there have been three courses, the general course including the literature, history, and contents of the Bible for six hours a week; and the principles of Biblical interpretation studied inductively, for six hours a week. The Old Testament courses have included: (1) Old Testament History—Samuel to the Disruption. (2) The Disruption to the Captivity. (3) The Prophets and Prophecy. (4) The Messianic Prophecies. (5) Isaiah 1—12. (6) The Book of Psalms. The New Testament courses included: (1) The early years and opening ministry of our Lord. (2) Studies in the Epistles. (3) The Epistle to the Galatians. (4) The Epistles to the Corinthians; and to each one of these subjects six hours a week have been given—the courses extending to three weeks. Then, in addition, there have been series of lectures relating to the studies, by eminent professors; and, besides these, there have been conferences on Bible study in the Sunday school, in college, in theological seminaries, by ministers, and on Bible helps. These conferences have been very spirited and stimulating, and have indicated how great an importance the teachers and professors at Chautauqua attach to a more thorough and systematic study of the Bible. The conferences have been attended by Sunday school teachers and others who have not taken the regular Bible courses of study; and a very profound impression has been made, that at colleges and theological seminaries, and by ministers in the preparation of their sermons the Bible is not studied scientifically and thoroughly, not so much so as other classic works in college courses are. It seems to us that one of the most important results of the Chautauqua assembly this year has been to deepen the sense of the importance and need of a more thorough study of God's word, both by those preparing for the ministry and those already ministers.

One of the most valuable developments of the Chautauqua assembly is the College of Liberal Arts, which is in effect a summer college, with a term of six weeks' study. We were present at the close of the term, when an *al fresco* meeting was held under the trees, and presided over by Bishop Vincent. We were thus enabled to judge of the scope of the term's work and of the spirit that animated professors and students. The curriculum included English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Scandinavian language and literature; Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Zend and Gothic: New Testament Greek, Hebrew; the Semitic languages and philology: mathematics, physics, geology, mineralogy, and botany, history, political economy, and social science, psychology and ethics. There is a staff of some thirty professors and teachers under the direction of Dr. W. R. Harper, as principal. The brief report given, showed how remarkable was the personnel of the students. Of the three hundred and eighty-four on the rolls of membership, there were thirty-five ministers, twenty-six professors in universities and colleges, sixty-three college students, eighteen theological students, thirty-one teachers in institutes, academies, and seminaries, seventy-three teachers from public and private schools in grades below the normal and high school, and nine principals of schools; one hundred and sixteen of the students have received college degrees. Most of the religious denominations are represented, the Presbyterians heading the list with eighty-nine, and the Methodists following with seventy-nine students.

It may safely be said that no college in the world can boast of a better set of students; and, indeed, when men, still at college, or who have been there, are ready to give up six weeks of their holiday to further study, one may be quite sure they mean business. It is not surprising, therefore, to hear the professors speak, as we did, in the highest terms of the industry, and even enthusiasm of the students. One professor said he had never found in any college a class of students he could take as far as these of Chautauqua. Another said that better work had been done than ever this year, and all agreed as to the value of even a six weeks' course, when there

were so much enthusiasm and inspiration in the students. So much for the charge of superficiality sometimes brought against Chautauqua.

The teachers' retreat provides a three weeks' meeting for secular school teachers, with classes in all kinds of school studies, as well as writing, drawing, kindergarten work, modelling, and school organisation.

It may be asked why it is that teachers, who, presumably, have been hard at work during the term, should be willing to sacrifice any part of their well-earned holiday to study? The answer can only be, that they are impelled by a desire to continue their education, either in the line of their own particular subjects, which they are required to teach, or, as is often the case, in the direction of other studies which they have no opportunity of pursuing during the school term. It is found that the educational atmosphere of Chautauqua is so stimulating, the professors and teachers are so much in earnest themselves, the students bring to their studies so much enthusiasm that there is no perfunctory work done, and teachers and students are alike inspired with their studies.

Then something must be put down to the surroundings of the place: there are charms about Chautauqua that have their attractions for all who come. The day is not one continuous round of study; there are the educational and intellectual companionships, the enjoyment of nature, the recreational facilities, and the general charms of out-of-door life. The managers are very wise in catering for all kinds of taste, and especially in providing for the recreation of the various classes that attend the assembly. Indeed, a casual observer, paying a cursory visit to the grounds, might suppose that the recreational element was the most conspicuous, if not the only one. He would see young people boating, fishing, bathing, and playing lawn-tennis; he would be drawn to the amphitheatre where there might be, at the time of his visit, a concert of vocal or instrumental music, or else a lecture that might fairly be called an entertainment. But, unless he were told, he would not know that many of those whom he saw present were attending classes of one kind and another.

In addition to these classes already mentioned, there are those attended by teachers and others for the study and practice of vocal and instrumental music, drawing and painting, photography, clay modelling, wood carving, elocution and oratory, shorthand and typewriting, physical training, and even the newest study, Volapük. The courses for these are of various lengths, and all of them require the payment of a small fee.

Chautauqua may be said to be at its height during the Assembly proper, which opens on August 7th, and lasts for three weeks. Originally and primarily intended for Sunday school teachers and for the development of Sunday school methods, it is then that the presence of teachers is the largest, because special provision is then made for them. There are two normal courses—the first, and the advanced, under the charge of Drs. Hurlburt and Dunning, two of the leading Sunday school men in America, who for years past have given up most of their holiday-time to this work. These classes are held daily for three weeks, and from personal attendance at them we can say they are most instructive and stimulating. At the end of the course, examinations in writing are instituted, and certificates awarded; and, if desired, the courses can be continued and finished at home under the auspices of the Chautauqua Assembly Normal Union. This year the classes were attended by between four and five hundred students. During the assembly period meetings and conferences are held for the consideration of all kinds of topics relating to Sunday school work, and these are attended by foremost workers from all parts of the States and of Canada.

Perhaps the most popular outcome of Chautauqua, and certainly that which has become most known, is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, abbreviated for convenience' sake to the initials C. L. S. C.

Ten years ago, at the assembly, Dr. Vincent proposed a four years' course of home reading, which should promote habits of reading and study among those who had left school or college, which should help to give a bent to young people's minds, and should supplant desultory and aimless, by systematic and useful reading. It was proposed by its scope to give the college student's outlook upon literature and life, to secure for those whose educational advantages were neither great nor long continued, opportunities for carrying on their studies, in the leisure of domestic or business life, and to carry on the culture of those who had been obliged to leave school or college just when they were beginning to be stirred by intellectual quickening. A four years' course was proposed in history, literature, science, art, and general reading, requiring on an average about forty minutes' daily reading.

The proposal was received with favour, and from the first success was assured, though no one, not even the sanguine promoter, anticipated such wide-spreading results. We were present at a meeting to celebrate the completion of the ten years' course of the C. L. S. C., and a more enthusiastic testimony to the value of any educational or intellectual movement could not have been given. More than sixty thousand persons are pursuing the reading, and nearly fifteen thousand have completed the four years' course and received their diplomas. Members are found in every part of the world, in every State and territory of the United States, in Canada, Mexico, Great Britain, France, Germany, India, Persia, South Africa; and in Japan there are some hundreds of intelligent natives who are enrolled.

The course of study is announced early in the season, and the term begins in October and finishes in June—the three summer months, however, enable those who are behind in their readings to complete them. Every member is furnished with a four page memoranda or question paper upon the readings of the year. The questions are to be answered as the various books are completed, from memory, if possible;

when this cannot be done, the answers are to be looked up and given in the student's own language. These memoranda are more in the nature of review sheets than examination papers; and are retained by the student until the required reading has been finished. In connection with the regular course of each year a supplemental or Garnet Seal course of reading relating to the subject taken up, is provided for those who wish to pursue their studies along the indicated line. The annual fee for membership is fifty cents. (two shillings of our money) and the cost of books and of the "Chautauquan"—a monthly magazine containing some of the prescribed readings—is about six dollars and a half.[1] The C. L. S. C. has proved of immense advantage as an educational agency, in stimulating mental activity among both young and old, and its influence is continually increasing. At most of the summer assemblies conducted on the Chautauqua model the C. L. S. C. Recognition Day, when the students for the class of that particular year having finished their four years' reading receive their diplomas, is the heartiest and most successful day of the season; and there can be no doubt that the summer assembly, with its C. L. S. C. mottoes, songs, vesper services, memorial days, diplomas, seals, badges, class gatherings, alumni reunions, processions, &c., has proved of great service in promoting the success of this reading circle.

The far-reaching influence of Chautauqua, with all its provisions for educational stimulus and mental improvement cannot easily be estimated.

There are other assemblies based on the model of Chautauqua, which are springing up all over the States. Upwards of forty such have been held this year, some of them attended by thousands of visitors, and all of them giving impetus to religious and educational training.

We rejoice to know that our American cousins are so keenly wide awake as to appreciate such a movement—a movement which identifies religion with intellectual progress and activity—and we cannot but desire that our own land should be stirred by some similar quickening impulse.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

ON ITS RELIGIOUS SIDE.

IV.

IN the sixteenth century Geneva and Rome had been the centres of the influences which struggled for the mastery in England and France; in the later part of the seventeenth century the opposing movements looked either to Versailles or to Holland for direction and support. The republic, or federation of republics, called the United Provinces, was in Europe the city of refuge for all whose opinions in religion or politics rendered them obnoxious to their own rulers. In the Dutch cities English Dissenters met with Scotch Covenanters and French Huguenots, and naturally inspired each other with much more intense enthusiasm in the cause in which they were all interested than if they had been living isolated and separated in their native towns and villages. The three or four concluding years of the reign of Charles II. had witnessed the beginning of the agony of French Protestantism. One dragoonade after another had followed, and thousands of those who had the means had already fled to Holland. Doubtless in this ardent society were bitter strifes and fierce disputations, but notwithstanding, and perhaps I might say, because of these palpitations, Holland was at this time the real heart of Christendom.

It was a cosmopolitan land. Its commerce brought it into connection with all the world, and thousands of energetic men visited its ports and cities. Naturally this community—the very heart and soul of European Protestantism—looked with horror at such a portent as the accession of James II., an avowed Catholic, to the throne of England, one whom the Scottish portion of the exiles already knew as a cruel persecutor. James became king February 8, 1688. He at once began to have mass said in St. James' Chapel, and on Easter Sunday he went to hear it in state, surrounded by the Guards, and accompanied by the Knights of the Garter and other great nobles. At his coronation he neither partook of the communion nor accepted the Bible. Nevertheless he was welcomed to the throne with enthusiasm: his promise to support the Church of England being considered quite satisfactory since it was "the word of a king." Addresses of a furiously loyal character poured in; those from London, Bristol, and the Universities not being less obsequious than the rest. Oxford declared she would never under any circumstances swerve from the principles of an unlimited obedience.

When the Parliament elected under this influence came together, James felt that he could not have done better had he named the members himself. However it did not at all represent the country, for the city and borough corporations had been so reconstituted that only supporters of the government could be returned, while in the country where the people had some chance, every possible influence was brought to bear to prevent their candidates being elected. This state of things naturally filled with dire alarm the party which had been founded by the great men of the

[1] The Rev. Donald Cook, Dundee, is the correspondent for Great Britain, who will enroll members and furnish all particulars.

LAMBETH PALACE AT THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION IN 1688.

(From a Print in Lambeth Palace Library.)

Long Parliament, and had recently followed Shaftesbury, Russell, and Algernon Sidney.

Was it strange that its exiled members should think it their duty to make an effort to rescue the lands of Wiclif and of Knox from the fate that had befallen those of Huss and Calvin? The Earl of Argyle undertook to lead the attempt in Scotland, the Duke of Monmouth the greater effort in England.

The story of both these enterprises is a melancholy one. With the exception of the rebellion in Kent and Essex in the days of Richard II., and that in Norfolk in the days of Edward VI., there has never been an insurrection which so took hold of the heart of the people as that in the Western counties in 1685. The vast bulk of the population threw themselves into the rising, or gave it aid and sympathy, its soul and mainstay being the godly people of every denomination: Church of England, Presbyterian, Independent, Baptist. In the contemporary minute-books of the Independent Church at Axminster it is recorded: "A great number of sober and pious men marched forth with the army." "Divers of the brethren belonging to the church marched with them." And special reference is made to the deaths of two members of the Axminster church who fell in battle. Macaulay speaks of the numerous puritan ministers in arms against the Government, and describes them as praying and preaching in red coats and huge jack-boots, with swords at their sides. The joy with which Monmouth was received in Taunton reads like a page from Bunyan's description of the entry of Emmanuel into Mansoul. Every door and window was wreathed with flowers, and every man in the street wore a green sprig in his hat. A train of young girls presented him with a royal standard that female hands had embroidered. And the lady who headed the procession offered "England's Darling" a Bible of great price, which he reverently accepted, saying, "I come to defend the truths contained in this book and to seal them, it may be so, with my blood." Now Taunton was the very town where Joseph Alleine had lived, laboured and suffered.

But if we would form a true idea of the spirit of the men who were willing to give their lives rather than England should fall into the condition of the Jesuitised countries of the continent, we ought not to forget the histories which have been preserved of the last hours of the Hewlings. These two young men were the sons of a Turkey merchant in the city of London, and grandsons of William Kiffen, the pastor of the Baptist church in Devonshire square. The younger, not twenty years of age, who was pursuing his studies in Holland, came over with Monmouth; his elder brother Benjamin, aged twenty-two, joining the duke's army subsequently in England. After the great disaster at Sedgemoor, they sought to escape in a boat, but being driven back to land, were obliged to surrender. Taken to Exeter, they were conveyed in a frigate to London and thrown into Newgate, and after being in that prison three weeks, they were led, loaded with heavy chains, to Dorchester; the keepers who went with them being filled with admiration at the grave, serious, and Christian carriage of such young men.

At Salisbury a friend found them very cheerful and resigned, stating that they were in a more happy condition than ever in their lives, from the sense they had of the pardoning love of God in Jesus Christ to their souls, expressing themselves thus: "Anything what pleaseth God, what He sees best, so be it;" "We know He is able to deliver, but if not, blessed be His name, death is not terrible now, but desirable." And Benjamin Hewling added: "O, God is a strong refuge, I have found him so, indeed."

While the friend who narrates their last hours was waiting with William Hewling the issue of his trial, the young prisoner told him "how God by His Holy Spirit did suddenly seize upon his heart when he thought not of it, in his retired abode in Holland, as it were secretly whispering in his heart, 'Seek ye My face,' enabling him to answer His gracious call, and to reflect upon his own soul, showing him the evil of sin and the necessity of Christ, from that time carrying him on to a sensible adherence to Christ for justification and eternal life. Hence he found a spring of joy and sweetness beyond the comforts of the whole earth. He also said that he could not but admire the wonderful goodness of God in so preparing him for what He was bringing him to, which then he thought not of; giving him hope of eternal life before He called him to look death in the face, so that he did cheerfully resign his life to God before he came, having sought His guidance; and that both then and now, the cause did appear to him very glorious, notwithstanding all he had suffered in it, or what he farther might suffer, although for our sins God hath withheld these good things from us."

Sentence being passed, he was only allowed one day before his execution; nevertheless, his friend found him in a most joyful state of mind. At dinner, just before going to Lyme, where he was to die, he dropped many expressions of inward joy, and sent his particular recommendations to all his friends, saying that he advised all to make sure of an interest in Christ, for He is our only comfort when we come to die.

As he passed through the sympathetic crowds who followed him and his fellow sufferers with great lamentations, his discourse was exceedingly spiritual, and when he got into the country he said: "This is a glorious creation, but what then is the Paradise of God to which we are going!"

At Lyme, just before they went to die, he consoled one of his companions thus: "Here is a sweet promise for us—'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you'—Christ will be with us to the last." To each friend who bade him farewell he gave some encouraging word. Then he prayed with the greatest fervency for three-quarters of an hour, offering earnest petitions for the peace of the church and of these nations in particular, so that many persons were melted into pity and wept.

Just as he was departing out of the world, he said with a joyful countenance: "Oh, now my joy and comfort is that I have a Christ to go to," and so resigned his spirit to Christ on

12th September, 1685. No notice was given of his burial, yet when the body was brought into Lyme two hundred came to accompany it, several young women of the best families in the town laying him in his grave in Lyme churchyard.

Great exertions were made to save his brother; strong interest being brought to bear on Judge Jeffreys, who was believed to have the power in his hands. But in this case it was the king who was responsible for the carrying out the sentence. Hannah Hewling went to James personally, and besought him to pardon her brother, but found him, as Lord Churchill had warned her, as hard as marble. Benjamin suffered on the 30th of September with such courage that the very soldiers around the gallows joined in the lamentations. Asked if he would pray for the king, he replied, "I pray for all men." Then he requested that they might sing a hymn. The sheriff told him that it must be with the ropes round their necks, which they cheerfully accepted, and sung with such heavenly joy and sweetness that many who were present said it both broke and rejoiced their hearts.

Macaulay's chapter, descriptive of the Western Insurrection, gives a faint idea of the horror of which the doings of the king's judges at the Bloody Assize that followed must have caused throughout the western counties. Lord Chief Justice Jeffreys hanged three hundred and twenty persons on this circuit alone. In every spot where two roads met, in every market place, on the green of every large village where Monmouth's followers had been provided with food, there ironed corpses, clattered in the wind, or human heads and quarters stuck on poles, terrified the miserable people; hideous reminders of the ruin of the cause they loved. "Very few of the convicts," says Macaulay "professed any repentance for what they had done." Their dying words were carefully remembered, and their farewell letters preserved as sacred treasures.

The authorities feared the widespread sympathy with the rising more than they did the efforts of the insurrectionists themselves. Two women were actually condemned to be burnt to death for no greater offence than sheltering fugitives. Lady Alice Lisle's sentence was finally commuted into decapitation, but Mrs. Elizabeth Gaunt was left to suffer her fate. Bishop Burnet says, "She rejoiced that God had honoured her to be the first that suffered by fire in this reign, and that her suffering was a martyrdom for that religion which was all love. Penn, the quaker, told me that he saw her die. She laid the straw about her speedily, and behaved herself in such a manner that all the spectators were melted in tears. She was executed at Tyburn, October 23, 1685; within a few days of the signing of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In a paper she wrote and delivered to the keeper of Newgate, she said that she heartily and freely forgave the cruelty as against herself, whether committed by 'the furious judge,' 'the unrighteous jury,' the pitiless jailer, or 'the great one of all (James II.), by whose power all these and multitudes more of cruelties are done,' but as it was done in an implacable mind against the Lord Jesus Christ, and His righteous cause and followers, she left it to Him who is the avenger of all such wrong, and who will tread upon princes as upon mortar, and be terrible to the kings of the earth."

It was a dark time for all who sympathised with people like the Hewlings and Elizabeth Gaunt. Never were their persecutors more on the alert. Such people had to perform their worship in the night or at break of day. Yet their spirit was not broken. A justice of the peace coming with a strong force on one of the nocturnal prayer-meetings held in a gravel pit about two miles from London, seized the preacher and broke up the meeting; but the congregation, numbering about two hundred, turned on their assailants, rescued their pastor, and put the constables to flight.

Many nonconformists gave up England in despair and left the country, among others the greatest of their divines, John Howe.

In the autumn of 1685 the power of James II. reached its zenith. The Parliament was devoted to him, the corporations were filled with his creatures, the judges were his tools, the established Church professed unlimited obedience to his authority. He accordingly set about carrying out the dream of his life—to become an autocrat like Louis XIV. and to make the Roman Catholic religion the dominant power in the land. To accomplish these things he relied on the "loving Commons" to abolish the Habeas Corpus Act, to give him means to keep up a standing army, and to repeal the Test Act. But at this moment Providence opened the eyes of all Protestants not wilfully blinded. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave Englishmen a startling lesson on the nature of the despotism into which they were drifting, a lesson they could not avoid applying, when they learnt that the Bishop of Valence as the representative of the Gallican clergy had told Louis XIV. that "the pious sovereign of England looked to him for support against an heretical nation." The bishop's harangue was much talked of in London, and members of the House of Commons were especially eager to see a copy. To counteract the effect, James opened a subscription for the Huguenot refugees, subscribing towards their relief from his privy purse.

Though alarmed for a moment, he was soon again at his favourite work. He published the fact that the late king had lived and died a Roman Catholic, and producing two papers Charles II. had written in defence of that religion, he challenged Archbishop Sancroft to reply to them. The archbishop discreetly declined, but the revelation must have produced an effect upon him analogous to that which Shaftesbury experienced when he was made privy to the shameful designs of Charles II. to force Catholicism on England by aid of a French army.

James, seeing that he had awakened suspicion and opposition, determined to give up all thought of becoming powerful in Europe, and to concentrate

his energies on the work of forcing Catholicism on England. "It is my resolution," he said to the Spanish Ambassador, "to establish my authority at home, and do something for my religion." And instead of attempting to rival Louis XIV., he determined to work with him and under his protection. Accordingly when Jeffreys tried to deter him from ordering a book on the sufferings of the Huguenots written by the pastor, Jean Claude, to be burnt at the Royal Exchange, he said, "One king should always take another's part, and I have particular reasons for showing this respect to the King of France." And for this end he, who wished the repeal of the Test Act, ordered that no Huguenot should receive any aid from the vast offerings the English people had made on their behalf, unless he first of all took the sacraments according to the rites of the Church of England.

Two prerogatives inhered in the royal authority, both undefined; the dispensing power and supreme authority in the church. By the use of the first, James hoped to remove all obstacles to appointing Catholics to places of trust, military, civil, and ecclesiastical; and by means of the second to compel the Protestant Church of England to become the accomplice in its own destruction. To obviate a doubt raised by the distinct surrender of the dispensing power by Charles II., it was determined to obtain a decision from the judges in the king's favour, and this was done by the dismission of four judges not to be relied on.

By virtue of this reclaimed prerogative of dispensing with the laws, Roman Catholics were now introduced into the Privy Council, and clergymen permitted to retain ecclesiastical benefices after having become Roman Catholics. One such pervert was the master of University College, Oxford, who was not only allowed to retain his position, but to introduce a Jesuit as chaplain into the college. The next step was to prefer Roman Catholics to high ecclesiastical office, and the deanery of Christ Church becoming vacant, it was bestowed on a papist. James did not dare yet to appoint Roman Catholics as bishops, but he appointed men whom he could rely on to support his designs. Meanwhile he kept the see of York vacant, evidently intending it for a papist when the favourable moment arrived. James II. meant to play the part of Henry VIII. only to reverse the performance. The Act of Supremacy, by which that redoubtable monarch had separated the Church of England from the Holy See, was now to be used to reunite her to Rome.

But the power of the crown over the church had been greatly lessened by the abolition of the Court of High Commission by the Long Parliament. James now determined to revive this formidable tribunal. In July, 1686, the country was startled by the news that James had placed the Government of the Church of England in the hands of seven commissioners; they were to be fettered by no rules, and were to be both prosecutors and judges. The accused were to be allowed no copy of the charge for which they were indicted; they might be subjected to any amount of examination; they could be suspended, ejected, and rendered incapable of holding any office whatever; they could be excommunicated, deprived of all civil rights and imprisoned for life, and, by the weight of the costs thrown upon them, reduced to poverty. The chief commissioner was the furious and brutal Lord Chancellor Jeffreys; and with him were appointed the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Keeper, the Chief Justice, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops of Durham and Rochester: Sancroft refused to sit, pleading ill health. The court at once proceeded to business by citing before its bar the Bishop of London, for neglecting the royal order to suspend the rector of St. Giles for preaching a discourse against the pretensions of the See of Rome. The Lord Treasurer, the Chief Justice and the Bishop of Rochester were for his acquittal: but the first named—Lord Rochester—being offered his choice, a verdict of guilty, or dismissal, chose the former alternative, and thus Dr. Compton was found guilty, and suspended from his office as Bishop of London.

James was anxious to renew diplomatic relations with the Roman See, but Innocent XI. was not at all disposed to look with favour on his proceedings in England. This pope was a Jansenist, and he doubtless knew that James was under the influence of the Jesuits. At the instigation of the Jesuit Petre, whom he had made clerk of the closet, James dismissed his Franciscan confessor, and took a Jesuit in his place. Towards the end of 1687, the King advanced Petre to a place in the Council, and he, Jeffreys, and Sunderland, became the King's chief advisers. James sent Lord Castlemaine as ambassador to the pope, but Innocent would hardly see him, always pretending to be ill. However, his master was determined not to be offended. James caused the papal Nuncio in England to be conveyed in state to Windsor Castle, and on one occasion he fell down on his knees before him in the presence of the whole court and implored his blessing.

That a Catholic king should wish to annul the cruel and terrible laws against his co-religionists was natural, and James could not have been blamed had he used all his influence to bring about their abolition legally, or even had he freely used his prerogative of mercy to prevent cruel sentences from being carried out. But it suited his temper better to suspend the whole mass of legislation on the subject by the simple exercise of his royal will. Accordingly, Londoners soon began to stare with wonder at the unwonted sight of Franciscans, Carmelites, and Benedictines in their respective garbs moving about the streets, and were not a little discontented to find them founding houses in various parts of the town. In the Savoy, for example, the Jesuits opened a school where they soon had four hundred boys, half of whom were of Protestant parentage. Riots broke out, and the train-bands sent for in order to suppress them, cried out, "We cannot in conscience fight for popery." Upon which the king, determined to have his way, formed a camp at Hounslow. However, the crowds who came to look at the soldiers, corrupted their loyalty, and the army was soon as little to be depended upon as the train-bands.

So far from these things moving James, he openly expressed his joy to the French Ambassador at finding himself in a situation to strike bold strokes, declaring that he would not flinch. And the 4th of April, 1687, saw one of these bold strokes, when he published a Declaration of Indulgence, in which, by his sole authority, he annulled a long series of statutes, and suspended the penal laws against all classes of nonconformists. Henceforth they were to be permitted to worship publicly, and no religious test was to be imposed as a qualification for any civil or military office.

What did this indulgence mean Simply this: Indulgence to fill the Army and Navy with believers in the idea of absolute authority, indisputable and indefeasible. Indulgence to fill the judicial bench with men imbued with such a belief of divine right inherent in supreme authority, that their very idea of law was the will of the king. Indulgence to rule England by the aid of the wild Irishry and French dragoons. Indulgence to fill the Royal Council with Jesuits, and the country with monks and friars. In fine, Indulgence for a hundredth part of the nation to suppress the rest.

R. HEATH.

JOTTINGS FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

SEA-SNIPE.—We have on our coral reefs a species of sea-snipe, called from its cry "Kuri." When not on the wing, it is always dodging about in shallow water pecking at molluscs and small crustaceans. In allusion to the habit of this bird, Tuārae said, "Let the professors of the Gospel cultivate a calm, trustful spirit, content to feed on the promises. Do not be like the ever-restless wandering Kuri, ever on the move in quest of some new thing."

SANCTIFICATION.—The same preacher went on to say: "We have not seen the process of silver-refining referred to in the Scriptures, but we all understand about the cooking of *kape* (a species of *Caladium*, so acrid that the mouth of wild hogs biting the raw stem drips with blood), upon which in winter we mainly subsist. One, two, three, or even four cookings are needful, according to the sort[1] of *kape*, to render it fit for eating."

"God's children may be compared to this acrid but valuable plant. We all need to be placed in the oven of affliction to purify our natures. With some the process is speedy; with others it must be repeated. Some again have such perverse dispositions that it would seem as if the needful purification would never be accomplished. It will eventually; for we are in the hands of One who is infinitely wise and patient."

"THE BRANCH" (Zech. iii. 8.)—Angene lived on the western side of Rarotonga, under the ridge of hills (of slate) known as Tuoro, believed to be the track of ghosts on their route to spirit-world. It behoved him to be very careful not to offend the eyes, nostrils, or ears of the numerous gods ever hovering about that fatal district. But the impious fellow defiantly threw the refuse of his food before and behind his dwelling. On one occasion, when asked by Great Tangaroa, the tutelar god of Rarotonga, what he was eating, he insultingly replied, "The legs of little (i.e. insignificant) land and sea gods" (=crabs). Tangaroa resolved to make an example of this impious man. At his bidding a stage was quickly extemporised, and Angene placed upon it,—the major gods carrying him off with a mighty shout of triumph to a neighbouring *marae* (at Nikao), to be cooked and eaten. A troop of minor gods followed exultingly.

On the road to death, Angene passed under a tall hibiscus tree, to a stout branch of which he clung whilst the empty stage was borne to the *marae*. For in their joy the major divinities did not hear the voice of the minor gods as they chanted these words:—

> Angene is safe in a tree;
> Angene clings to the branch.
> 'Tis but a bundle of sticks,
> An empty stage, that you bear on!

On depositing their burden within the sacred precincts, great was the chagrin of the major gods at discovering how they had been outwitted by a mortal and deprived of a feast.

But what about Angene meanwhile? As soon as the gods were out of sight, he dropped to the ground and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to Avarua, where he lived in peace, and where his descendants still dwell.

Thus runs the ancient myth, so well known at Rarotonga. Native preachers descanting on Zechariah iii. 8, never fail in a few well-chosen words to allude to it. Of course Angene represents the impenitent sinner hurried away at last to unquenchable fire. Jesus is the strong Branch, clinging to which he may escape the malice of his spiritual foes. An impassioned native orator will break out thus: "Oh, Angene, you are on your way to destruction. Do you not see the yon 'Branch,' strong enough to bear the weight of you and your many sins. Cling to it—your only chance—and live!"

The family of Angene believe this myth of their ancestor to be true. Like the early Christians in Europe, our Polynesian converts regard the divinities anciently worshipped to be veritable evil spirits under the control of Satan. Hence the horror with which they regard the idols worshipped by their ancestors.

W. WYATT GILL.

[1] Four varieties grow in the Hervey Group. The "one-oven" sort is most cultivated. It sometimes attains the length of ten or twelve feet.

LITTLE MEG AND THE LODGER.

II.—DRIVEN HOME.

IT must not be thought that the battle was wholly won, and that nothing now remained to be done, after the incident with which we closed our first chapter. True, little Meg, taught of God, had been permitted to carry the Gospel message to this stubborn yet suffering soul, and out of her loving, pitying nature, had spoken words which had touched the old man as he had thought that no words could ever touch him again. Her simple prayer had pierced his inmost soul. But Micah's heart, sore with bereavement, was rebellious; not in a condition as yet to receive comfort, because there was no submission to the Divine will.

But one great step had been gained. To the child he was now no longer inaccessible. Indeed, if she did not come to him for at least a quarter of an hour when he was at home mornings and evenings, he was grieved and hurt. And though at first he preferred that she should just chat with him, he after a while allowed her to bring her Bible, and read him a few verses, and talk them over.

But some things about the old man were still the same as ever. Fond as he now seemed of little Meg, he would not allow her to do anything to his room, and if she even so much as moved a chair, his quick eyes noted it, and he looked suspicious and annoyed.

Even the little girl had perception enough to feel that she did not know Micah Martin's character thoroughly yet, and that beside the sorrowful resentment which his boy's death had called forth, there was some other and more secret sin unrepented of, unconfessed, which was keeping his heart closed against Him Who was saying in His tenderest love-tones, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

But God has various methods of dealing with those whom His love has ransomed, and who will not accept the proffered salvation; and now, having sent His angel of bereavement, He sent also the messenger of sickness.

One morning, when Meg ran in as usual, before going to school, she found the old man in bed, burning with fever and racked with pain.

"Oh, Meg," he said, "I'm very bad; I'm afraid I've got a touch of rheumatic fever, such as I had a few years ago."

"Dear me!" cried Meg, "what can I do for you, Mr. Martin? Shall I run for the doctor?"

"Oh, no, no! That costs a lot of money," groaned the old man. "I'll wait and see how I get on."

"Shall I get you some stuff at the chemist's?" asked Meg. "He's most as clever as a doctor, and if I tell him just how you are, I'm sure he'd let me have somethin' for you."

"Money, child, money! It all costs so much!" sighed Micah.

"Poor, dear Mr. Martin!" murmured the child, bending over him tenderly, and smoothing the forest of hair from his burning brow. "It must indeed be hard to be so ill, and yet so very, very poor!"

The old man frowned, and moved his head uneasily.

"There, there, Meg!" he said at last; "tell your mother to make me some rice or barley water—whichever's cheapest, you understand—and let me have a jug of it here by my bedside. But don't go sending for any doctor or medicines till I give you leave. And I don't want any food, but just the barley water."

"You won't mind mother just comin' in to look after you while I'm away at school, will you?" asked Meg.

"No, if she doesn't come spying and prying round," replied Micah. "But before you go, Meg, just shove that box under the bed, will you? It's rather in the way where it is."

Meg obeyed, but found that it was as much as her strength could manage to push the box along the floor and under the iron bedstead.

"Did you find it heavy, child?" asked Micah, with a look which had something of suspicion in it, as Meg lifted her face, flushed with the effort.

"Yes, sir, very heavy. Such a little box, too! Why, it might be full of stones by the weight of it."

"What can it matter to you what it's full of?" snarled the old man, showing his teeth like a growling dog.

Meg looked at him in silent wonder and sorrow. He had been so gentle with her now for some time that she did not understand this sudden return of the old rough manner, when she had given him no cause for anger.

Seeing the child's look of innocent surprise and trouble, he said, as if ashamed of his sudden outburst—

"I beg your pardon, Meg. I'd no call to speak to you like that, but this pain in the joints does play the mischief with my temper, and that's none of the sweetest, my dear, as no one knows better than yourself."

Several days passed, during which nearly all the spare time that Mrs. Harris and Meg had, was spent at the bedside of their lodger, who suffered very much, but would not allow them to send for medical advice. At last, one night he became so much worse, that the widow said—

"Mr. Martin, I daren't take upon myself to answer for you if we are to go on in the dark like this. So, whether you approves, or whether you doesn't, I must send for the doctor; and if you're too poor to pay for his visits, well, I'll make shift to do it myself somehow. He's a kind man, and will give me time, I know—but have a doctor you must!"

There was no such thing as resisting fate in a form like this. Besides, Micah was himself alarmed at the course the disease was taking, for the heart was threatened, and he well knew the danger of this, and did not feel ready to die yet.

So he submitted with the best grace he could to the remedies prescribed, and if not actually amiable and patient, was still not altogether so hard to nurse as might have been expected; even allowing himself to be kept clean and tidy.

By the second week in December, he was able to leave his bed, and sit up in an old armchair, which Mrs. Harris

carried upstairs for him; and Meg often brought her lessons to prepare, and sat with him, appealing for his help now and again in something she did not understand, or if she had an interesting book, she would read aloud to him, to beguile the long weary hours during which he could do nothing to employ himself.

One day the child was sitting with him, knitting a comforter for her mother. They had both been silent for some time, but at last Micah said—

"What are you and your mother going to do for Christmas?"

Meg flushed.

"We're not goin' to do nothin', Mr. Martin," said she, "at least nothin' but go to church."

"But don't folks always have a good Christmas dinner on the day, and some kind of a treat on one of the days soon after?" asked the old man.

"Yes, sir, and we have had sometimes, but it won't be convenient to do it this year."

"And why, pray?" questioned Micah, with strange pertinacity.

The blush deepened on the child's round cheeks.

"After all, Mr. Martin," said she, "the truth is always the best. We're very poor, and we can't afford anything extra by way of keeping Christmas. But it don't matter, we can remember what the day stands for, and why the dear Lord became the child Jesus; and the great work He did, all the same."

"Then you're poorer this Christmas than you've been before, is that it?" pursued Micah.

"Yes, sir, things can't be always the same. We've nothin' to grumble at."

There was silence again. At last the old man said with a great effort—

"It's I that have been this expense to you, and used up what you had saved, now isn't it, Meg?"

"Don't mention it, Mr. Martin. You was ill, and poorer than us, and we did what we could for you, as we should have done for any one—as mother says—for the dear Lord's sake."

The old man's eyes dropped. For a moment he could not meet that sweet truthful gaze of little Meg's. Then he said hesitatingly—

"But Meg, supposing, you know, that I—I——" There he paused, uncertain how to complete his sentence, and Meg said—

"Please Mr. Martin, we won't suppose nothin'. Make haste and get well, and let's all thank God for His mercy. Then this'll be a happy Christmas, even if it isn't very rich in some ways."

For days after this conversation, the lodger was strangely thoughtful and silent, nor did he again allude to Christmas Day, or ask any more questions. He looked care-worn and distressed, and at night, the widow, when going to her room passed his door, she several times heard him murmuring as though in prayer, and once she caught the words, uttered like the cry of a perishing soul, "Lord help me! Christ save me! Help me to be willing to give up my sin, and come to Thee."

Christmas Day passed very quietly. There was no Christmas beef, nor was there any pudding. But there was a little Christmas green about the house; a few sprays of holly and laurel here and there, and some of the prettiest were reserved for old Micah's room.

The season was a very mild one, and in Christmas week Mr. Martin was allowed to go out a little. It was about this time both the widow and her little daughter noticed that a great change had passed over him. It was as if he had shaken off some terrible weight, something that had been oppressing his conscience, and making his sorrow for his lost son harder to bear. These last days he had accepted Mrs. Harris's invitation to spend the evening with Meg and her in their cosy parlour, cosy because it was clean and tidy, and warm, in spite of the bareness that poverty brings. And the old man's manner had so changed, that it would have been hard to recognise in him the gruff, shaggy creature that first excited the wonder and ridicule of Mrs. Wilkins.

Mrs. Harris's parlour was in the front of the house, and as she and Meg and their lodger sat there one day early in the New Year, they could not help remarking upon the commotion that appeared to be going on in a house nearly opposite, which for some time had been standing empty, but which now apparently had been let, for furniture was being carried in, and fires seemed to have been lighted in all the rooms to air them.

"I wonder who's took that house?" said Mrs. Harris. "It's a partic'lar nice house, and when my poor husband was alive he used always to say, that if he was but a bit richer, there weren't a place in the town as he would have cared to have so much as that, bein' so well-built, and dry, and every way convenient. Whoever's took it must be precious well off; just look what furniture that is bein' carried in; nothin' showy, but so good and substantial."

"Yes, the house does seem a nice one," rejoined Micah, with another look across the street, "and I am glad it is, because some friends of mine, I understand, are going to live there. There are a good many rooms, and it is just the house for lodgers. Shouldn't you say so, Mrs. Harris?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Martin. But dear me, to think of you havin' some friends after all! We always thought you hadn't no one."

"Well, you see, I am richer than you imagined!" responded the old man, laying a significant emphasis upon the words, which made little Meg look up wonderingly into his smiling face.

The day after, the preparations in the house seemed to be nearly or quite complete, for all was quiet, and Mrs. Harris saw a neat-looking servant appear at the door to admit Mr. Martin, who called to inquire, on his friends' behalf, how soon they might move in.

That evening the old man came home more cheerful than he had ever been since Mrs. Harris and Meg had known him; and after tea, he said to them—

"I want you to come across the way with me, and look over that house you think so nice. I know very well that the people who have taken it would be only too happy to have me show the rooms to any one I please. Get your hat and coat, Meg, and come!"

Rather wondering at the accommodating disposition of the future tenants of the house, and still more at the strangely exhilarated state of mind in which Mr. Martin seemed to be, the widow and her child accompanied him across the road.

The door was opened by the servant whom Mrs. Harris had already seen, and who now smiled, and said good evening very pleasantly.

They walked through the rooms, which were simply but well-furnished, everything looking beautifully fresh and new.

"This is the linen-closet," said Micah, unceremoniously throwing open the doors of a large cupboard in the store-room. "You see there is plenty of table and bed-linen for the lodgers. Look, it is all marked!"

"Why, so it is!" cried the widow. "And how very strange, Mr. Martin; the folks that are comin' have the same name as ours, Harris! There it is, as plain as markin'-ink can make it."

"Oh, yes—by-the-way, didn't I tell you that?" asked

Micah. "Harris is not a very uncommon name, after all, so there's nothing wonderful in it."

But now Mr. Martin led the way to the top of the house, and there was one dear little room facing the south, which took Meg's fancy immensely. It had a little white bed, and white curtains to the windows, and a pretty round table, and on it a big illustrated Bible which attracted Meg's notice at once.

"Oh, what a lovely Bible, Mr. Martin!" cried she; "might I just look at it?"

"Yes, my dear," said he, "do." She did so, and uttered a little cry.

"What is it, child?" asked her mother.

"Oh, mother, look here!" and Meg held up the book, and showed the words, "For my dear little friend and kind nurse, Meg Harris, from her ever grateful and affectionate old Micah Martin."

"Well, now," said Micah, when Meg had almost overwhelmed him with her rapturous thanks; "suppose we go down to supper, it will be ready for us by now."

"I must run across and prepare it, you mean, Mr. Martin. It can't prepare itself, you know," replied Mrs. Harris.

"No, no, nonsense!" cried Micah, "we're going to have supper here this evening. Come down into the dining-room, we'll be grand for once!"

He threw open the door as he spoke, and there was the supper-table spread with a delightful repast, to which they all sat down, the widow and her child wondering more than ever.

"It's no use, I can't be a dissembler any longer!" said Micah at last. "Mrs. Harris, I'm glad to see you are pleased with the house, and with what it contains, and that you, dear little Meg, think the little white room and the Bible nice. There remains now nothing more for me to do than to ask you to take possession of your new home as soon as you like, begging you to reserve a room for me, if you will still kindly allow me to remain your lodger."

"But I don't understand!" stammered the widow; "what about your friends that are comin', whose name is Harris, you know?"

"You are my friends, and you have come, and your name is Harris, is it not?" laughed the old man. "Listen, dear friends;" and his face grew grave and earnest again. "You thought me poor when I came to you, and so I was, in all save money, but I was a miser. I had persuaded myself that I was right in hoarding for my son, but when my son was taken, I found that the money remained as precious as ever, and as hard to part from as before, which showed me that I had come to love the filthy lucre for its own sake. You, my little Meg, with your loving, faithful words and earnest prayer, set my conscience working. I began to feel how terribly far from God I had been living all my life, and the danger of it. Your patience and Christian gentleness, dear friends, taught me that a Christian's faith must be a real thing. Then, without any hope of reward, you expended your all upon me in my sickness, doing it for Christ's sake.

"Was it strange, then, that I began to long to know this Christ for myself; this Saviour whose love constrained His children to gracious deeds and constant self-denial?

"But my riches stood in the way. That box you saw, Meg, contained gold and silver, but that is not a quarter of what I possess. And the passion for hoarding had grown so terribly, that the pain of parting with a single coin was real agony. But God helped me to conquer this demon of avarice. He answered my prayers, and made me willing in the day of His power—and now I only want to use my money for His service, and the good of my fellow-men. As for this house, dear Mrs. Harris, I offer it you in humble gratitude for benefits that you and this child have conferred upon me, such as I can never hope to repay; but God Himself will reward you openly for the good that you have done in secret."

And the poor widow could only exclaim in a broken voice—

"God bless you, sir!" while little Meg sobbed, "and He will, I know He will!"

M. E. B

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXII.

Under a palm was her dwelling-place,
Up in a mountain, where face to face
With Israel's God, in the solitude,
Wisdom was given, and strength renewed.
And hither, from cities of many a name,
God's chosen people for judgment came.

1. As the letters of fire on the wall decreed,
Victory was won by this princely Mede.
2. For thy care of a prophet so cast away,
Thy life shall be saved in the evil day.
3. On moved the star, and made no delay,
Till it stood o'er *the place* where the young child lay.
4. O warrior of might, thy valorous sword
Brought thee fair guerdon and sweet reward!
5. Oh peaceful Sharon, thy solitude glows
With the face of this *loveliest flower* that blows.
6. In *him* was found, by the Heavenly King,
In that house of wickedness, "some good thing."
7. Out of the eater came forth meat,
And out of the strong came forth this sweet.

M. E. B.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XX.—p. 640.—SARAH.

1. S-hepherd . . . . John x. 11.
2. A-aron . . . . . Exod. xxxii. 1-5.
3. R-ebekah . . . . Gen. xxvii. 6-17.
4. A-bigail . . . . . 1 Sam. xxv. 3.
5. H-osannah . . . . Matt. xxi. 15.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. VII.—p. 686.

"And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, even as the Garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar."—*Gen.* xiii. 10.

(1) Gen. xiii. 10; (2) Matt. iii. 13, 14; (3) Gen. xix. 1; (4) 1 Kings vii. 45, 46; (5) Gen. xiv. 2; (6) 2 Kings vi. 1-4; (7) Gen. ii. 8, 10; xix. 28; (8) xiii. 10; (9) Lifting up the eyes, xxiv. 63, 64; (10) xiii. 1, 2, 5; (11) xi. 25, 27 (12) xiii. 11, 12; xix. 23, 24; (13) xiii. 10.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. X.—p. 704.

Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord, shall be safe.—*Prov.* xxix. 25.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

HOW MARY CAME HOME.

OLD JEAN BRINGS STARTLING NEWS.

WE were all together in the parlour between five and six o'clock on Christmas Eve.

Looking back on that evening now, it is very distinct to me, and comes back through all the years as if I were in the midst of it again.

I seem to feel the stillness of it; the silence that had fallen on us all—to see the lamp upon the table, and the snow falling through the darkness outside, for we had not drawn blind or curtain yet. Jem sat reading in a corner beyond the fire—he could always see anywhere to read. Father was in his armchair upon the rug; Anna sat thinking by the piano, and Gracie and Kittie in low chairs, and with a little table to themselves, were trimming their new bonnets for Christmas Day. A little apart from the rest, against the

wall, was the sofa where mother always lay; her eyes were shut as if she were sleeping now, and I sat sewing by her side, separating her now, as always, from the rest, for it was my one business always to wait on her. It was all warm and bright and quiet, and, though sad thoughts could not be far from any one of us, a sense as of comfort was beginning to come round us all, safe in our home-shelter, with the lamplight round us, and New Year's hopes so near. Only with that one anxiety that we all possessed—now more than ever present to our hearts—we could not speak, we could only sit working and be quiet. And so we sat in silence, and the lamplight shone.

And then—all at once—I do not know how it was, or who heard them first, we seemed to catch the sound of footsteps under the window on the snow. Right under the window they seemed to be, as if someone had been waiting there and had gone.

Jem started up, and went to the window. I think a sort of thrill went through us all. He stood there, looking out into the blackness, with his face pressed against the glass; the snow was falling all the time outside. Then he turned round with his slow, quiet smile, and looked at us. "No good," he said, "there is nothing to be seen."

"It was the boy going round to the kitchen with the greens," said my father, almost sternly, as if he were rebuking some silent fancy that oppressed us all. And, as if half ashamed, we bent our heads over our occupations, and Jem went back to his corner and sat down, though he did not take up his book again.

"Of course! the boy," murmured Anna in her shy, quiet manner, from her work. "But I wish we had not heard him all at once like that. It made me think——" and suddenly she paused, whilst a deep, sudden flush covered her face and neck. No one ended her sentence for her; no one dared to put the silent feeling into words—on that subject there had been no spoken words since many months had passed.

Yet as we sat silent, trying still to work, the one unspoken feeling that possessed us all seemed like a silent presence in the room with us. How long a time, nearly a year now, had passed, since wandering footsteps had gained new meanings, since the sight of vagrants dimly seen in the night-time could make our hearts beat faster as with unspoken hope! For some day, in some such way, it had seemed to us that we must see or hear of her again. That—anything—would be better than the deadness of blackness into which, for so many months, her life had passed—like death, worse than death, without one word to tell of her since nearly a year had gone. Our Christmas preparations had recalled these things, our fancies for the New Year had turned first to these, and now the Christmas and New Year were close upon us, and the wanderer had not returned as yet. And, stranger still, the thought of her, though always with us, had grown dim and faint with time; the sharper edge of shame and trouble had gone, we had bent ourselves to our altered life, and the once well-known form was like a phantom now. Looking at Kittie's drooping head, I could see that she was thinking earnestly, whilst the light shone on her fair hair and the dark blue velvet her fingers held, but her thoughts had evidently slipped away to other subjects now. For other hopes had risen for her, for us, not allowed indeed to us in our disgrace—and yet—yet—seeming possible, now the New Year was so close. We were all silent and thought with her.

But now, all at once, strange sounds could be heard in the distance, voices, exclamations—the distant kitchen was the scene of some commotion. My father raised his head in an irritated way, perhaps he thought the mistletoe that was to be put up that evening was in some way to blame; my mother stirred on the sofa where she lay, and I, whose charge she was, bent over her at once. And now came hasty steps towards the door; it burst open, and old Jean, our oldest servant, broke in on us and spoke.

"Oh, ma'am, ma'am, Miss Mary's come."

We all started to our feet, my father and Jem with newspaper and book; I with my sewing in my hand; even my mother raised herself a little as she lay. We stood blank, panting, without a word, without looking at each other, till, perhaps, a minute had gone. Last year we had all so started up when the news came suddenly in on us that the Christmas pudding was spoilt—but it was a very different feeling now.

"Mary?" said Anna, with a sort of sob, and no one else could speak.

"She come in," said Jean, "she tapped at the door; and then she come right in, and sit down in a chair, wi'out a word. And she haven't move nor spoke—not a word have she. Into the kitchen she came——" And stopping here, she wiped her eyes.

Into the kitchen! A long, deep breathing, like a sob, went round us all. So it was like that, in that manner, she chose to return to her father's house. Ah, doubtless she was afraid to come into the parlour and face us all! The thought of the difference, of our altered home, of these strange tidings, seemed to thrust and pierce, sinking deep into our hearts. We all stood silent.

"Mary—Mary," said mother, in a little laughing way.

"Where—oh, do tell me where she is?" faltered Anna, so shy always to speak her feelings, though she was the eldest of us all.

"She haven't move, nor spoke, Miss Mary haven't," Jean replied. "She just sit there, in that chair by the kitchen door, with her bonnet a-dropping off her head—such an old bonnet!" And she wiped her eyes again. We looked at each other now.

"Don't you think—some one ought to go?" Anna faltered once more, looking towards my eyes, as if to find her counsel there. We all looked downwards then, but no one moved or stirred.

Oh, we had prayed for this thing, we had longed for it; we had not dared to hope that anything so good might yet be given. It had been our one hopeless, desperate Christmas prayer, that God, in His infinite mercy, might permit this

weight to be lifted from off our hearts at last; and now that it was so, we stood motionless. What was the matter with us that we could not stir hand or foot to meet her? It was as if a spell was upon us. I raised my eyes, so did Kittie, and our glances met. Something else, I think, rose in the hearts of both of us at that moment —something of some one very near to her, who would be coming to-morrow, not knowing of this change that had come already to us all. For one instant that thought must have struggled in her mind, and then she raised her head suddenly as she moved.

"I don't care," she said, in her sudden, decided way; "I will go to her. Poor Mary! Where is she? Let me go!" And out of the room she ran.

Jean followed her, and the rest of us were left alone together again. What did that matter? One of us had gone to welcome the wanderer at last.

There was an instant's silence, whilst we strained our ears, though from the distant stillness no faintest sound of that welcome could be heard. Mary come back! The shock of it was still too much for us. Come back to us—to the kitchen—as one of old-time to the "hired servants." . . . I could not get it straight in my head at all. But now mother, a little excited at first, had fallen from her comprehension into the babbling state in which she would talk to herself at times, and I bent over her to soothe her if I could. Then Grace spoke, in her little precise manner. There was no fear that our poor invalid would understand her now!

"I should think," she said, "that Mary will be very sorry when she hears how ill mother has become through her."

And I turned my head to answer, though the words seemed to come suddenly, against my will, and almost against my wish.

"I don't know. She never seemed to me to care much for anything or anybody but herself."

Jem turned now, and his eyes met mine, his slow glance seeming to speak instead of words: "It is not right of you, Susan, to talk like that." Perhaps it was the growing tumult in myself that spoke for him. His eyes seemed to question; they all seemed to wait for me—for me who, although I had been always considered so dark, and reserved, and silent, and unlike the rest, had yet, ever since that terrible time, nearly a year ago—when I had given up my love, and hope, and all my work and plans, that I might wait day and night by one couch, and bear the wanderings of one imbecile mind for my only society—been looked on with some silent wonder by the others as some strange sort of living virtue actually present in the house. No one but myself could tell how hard to bear the days, the nights, of those months had been; how under that terrible strain it had sometimes seemed to me as if my health and life itself must sink; how that only the family love and admiration, given at last to me, had been able to keep me to my work. And now as in some tumult of reaction I sat silent, separated from them all again, not able to be dishonest, not able to pretend to be good and tender, and to put out my arms towards the sister from whom our misery came—the beautiful, proud sister who would not make renunciation, but had clung to her hope in defiance of our counsel, had rejected with pride our advice and tenderness, and had wandered away into darkness from us all. And still, though I felt in myself a difference from the others, I knew that the same feeling which restrained me held them back as well.

But now Anna rose, trembling very much, and with that quick consumptive flush, that last year had brought, coming and going over face and neck. Poor Anna, who, though she was pretty, and the eldest, was always too shy to speak.

"I think—we ought to go," she said, almost crying. "She must want—Mary—she must want so much to see us all. Won't you come, Susan?"

But I did not move. She stood irresolute, looking still at me, then turned and went. Another of us gone; the rest were motionless, but there seemed some relief in that.

"I don't want to see her; I can't bear to see her," cried Grace into the silence in a sort of passionate way. Father turned his head, and looked silently at her.

"I don't want to touch her," said I in a very low voice, and, turning his head again, he looked silently also at me. Then, all at once, Jem leant his head against the mantelpiece, and sobbed. He had never done such a thing before, and we were all frightened into quietness for a moment. Mother began to talk to herself, and that checked him, as astonished at himself, I think, as we were at him. I was on my knees by the sofa; father sat in his chair; the two others stood in their different parts of the room, and we were silent. Mary come back! Come in the gloaming, as Kilmeny, only not as Kilmeny came! It was not to be understood as yet.

And I remember still how that, in that pause, it passed through my mind to wonder how the bonnets could ever be done, or the decorations put up to-night.

Now came footsteps again, and Kittie came in, and sat down at once on the nearest chair, leaning her arms on the back, and her head upon them, and crying very much. Through broken crying we got her words. Mary would not move, speak; she looked so strange, so old. Oh, it seemed so sad! and then she cried again. For one moment Jem stood with his head against the mantelpiece; and then he raised it, with his face red all over, and turned to us, to Grace most, who stood scornful by Kittie's chair.

"I want to go to her," he said.

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to kiss her."

No more words. He went, shuffling slowly and awkwardly, as he was used to do. But as he passed me where I knelt, a sudden longing came up over me to rise and follow. I started up, and then, all at once, I fell down into the nearest chair, as if all impulse to move was gone. I stared out into the darkness, through which the snow fell. Oh, I could not bear to see her yet! And still the thought that his arms would soon

be round her was in my heart, but only in a kind of dull cold way—a terrible sense of shrinking left me no power to stir. Kittie had gone out once more, and we were silent again.

"I don't care," cried Grace, with her little delicate, precise manner, that was so like her features, quite absorbed into passionateness; "I don't want to see her; we can't be glad of her now. She was the best of all, so they all said, and we were always ready to give up everything for her, and she pretended to be so quiet and sweet, and then she went and stole away from us like this. I say she's a hypocrite, and she has only come to us because she can't help herself; and I don't want to see her, and—and, oh, draw the blind! Poor Mary must have been so cold in the snow." And she sat down and cried, and a long while passed.

A sudden noise of footsteps, that all at once seemed to make our blood stop, and then sent our pulses throbbing in our throats, and our hearts thumping against our sides. We all strained our ears to hear. They were coming towards us. My head tingled, and my hands turned cold. I longed to get up and hide myself, and yet I could not. No, the footsteps had passed; they were gone.

Mother raised her head then, and as I bent towards her to soothe her, she looked at me in a sort of frightened way.

"Don't—don't stop me," she said.

"Do you know what has happened then?"

"Yes—Mary come."

She turned round, and hid her face in the sofa-cushion. I was so startled that I could not move; then she raised it, and spoke querulously, and yet in more of her old manner than she had ever spoken since that one terrible month had passed.

"She will want so many things," she said. "The fire lighted, and—and everything else, and I can't remember now. I should like to go upstairs and see that it is all quite ready for her." And she looked helplessly at me.

Grace had been sitting bent together, with her little delicate fingers clasped over her face; but she raised her head with decision now.

"I will come with you, mother," she said.

And she moved to the sofa. I could have found it in my heart to cry out, to entreat them not to go and leave me alone; but I could only sit and stare stupidly at the snow as I had done before. Mother got down off the sofa, clinging helplessly to my youngest sister, as she was used to cling to me. They went out, and were gone.

Slow minutes passed; the clock ticked; my father sat crouched in his chair, and I in mine. We neither moved nor spoke. I was conscious of nothing but my own conflict, and was scarcely sensible even of his presence.

Oh, was it not terrible? Now, at this moment, when every best feeling that was in me should have come uppermost at once, to fail so strangely; to be so bad when all that year I had been trying so hard for the life of self-denial that should make all things easy to me! I had been so separated once from the others, and she had caused it, and she had laughed at me always for being so unlike the rest, and I did not want to see her now in her humiliation, or to touch or kiss her until I could feel that such touch meant a whole forgiveness from me. And yet all the while that I sat still and silent, I felt almost heart-broken with shame, so bad, so alone in my badness, so unable to think and pray. . . . I could not bear it at last. But, as I raised my eyes with a sort of despairing movement, I saw that those of my companion were bent on me, and, in that instant, I was sure that I was not struggling alone.

He had drawn his thick grizzled eyebrows together, the grey eyes beneath looked steadily at me. His face was hard and stern enough, but his voice was very soft and quiet when at last he spoke.

"Lass, will you shut the door?"

It was not a name by which he was accustomed to call me, or any of us—a remnant, perhaps, to him of long past times—it seemed natural then. I got up and shut the door, slipping the bolt too, and then sat down again, with my elbows on my knees, and my head between my hands, looking towards him. So our eyes met, and then they dropped, and we looked down on the ground, and said no more. A long time seemed to pass. We had each our work to do, and had no words to say.

He raised his head at last. I remember his manner, something like that, I fancy, in which a captive might announce to his fellows the possible escape that he had found. Yet his words came slowly, and gravely too.

"I've been thinking—thinking," he said.

He looked then at me, as if to see if I too had some help to give, but I could only raise a face that I could feel was pale, and look silently at him. He went on in broken words, though I could catch the meaning as he spoke.

"I've been thinking," he said, "that if one of His sisters . . . . for He might have had sisters, you know. . . . ."

There was a pause.

"They said something like it ('here with us,' you remember, perhaps?) I've been thinking then that if a sister of His, a daughter of His mother, had been away from home and had come back through the night and the snow, perhaps——" and here he stopped.

"I'm thinking that He wouldn't have sat all away by Himself, and let the others go to meet her. It would have been His step out of all of them she would have heard the first. He wouldn't have told her He forgave her. There would have been no need for that when she felt that His arms were round her."

A pause.

"We must try to be better Christians, Sue."

"It's very hard," I muttered, for all reply. I had spoken rebelliously, but his face had a curious tenderness as he looked at me.

"I've not paid enough heed to thee, maybe, my lass," he said. "So taken with your mother of late, and never quite like the rest. I'm thinking of what they used to say of me, 'A good one to work, but a bad one to forgive.' That's true of more than me. I should like to have been more help to thee, my girl."

And then suddenly, as if broken by his tenderness, something hard and cold that had been in my heart through all my life seemed to snap at once, and I rose from my chair, and fell upon his neck. "I will be good," I cried, and I clung to him and sobbed.

"We'll pray, Sue," he said, putting me tenderly down from his breast at last, and we knelt together.

Hand in hand we went upstairs when our prayer was done. At the door of the spare bedroom we paused, I remember still the light under it, and the sound of voices. We opened it, and went in.

I remember that sight now. The room was warm and bright, they were all standing about it, *she* was in an armchair by the fire. Worn, changed, stricken, her face like that of an older woman, with a strange, silent look upon it, yet with the beautiful blue eyes beneath the brown, dark hair as of old. For one instant I saw, but for no longer. For she was in my arms, and I was devouring her with kisses, her hair, her lips, her cheeks—I had never in all my life felt the impulse to such passionate embracing. I think she was surprised, for a little cry escaped her lips—she had not uttered a sound before—and then as I loosed her I saw she was looking past me to where my father stood.

He came slowly up to her and got hold of her hands, whilst we all stood silent round. For one instant, one breathless pause, their eyes met, and then he spoke.

"It's a good thing, Mary, you have got back in time for the Christmas dinner," he said.

Oh, what a trivial sentence for that instant of reconciliation! And yet somehow the word gave a sort of warm feeling to us all. And as we stood silent, looking at those two on whom the light of the fire was shining, some other thoughts rose vaguely in our hearts—thoughts of another Feast that we could hope for now, and of a far away Land where the members of a family may be glad to meet again and have no broken links to count at last. For ah! in all families there is so much to forgive before we may join in that country where all troubles can be forgotten.

But now Mary roused herself. All the while since she had come silently in through the kitchen door—through all the welcome that the rest had given, she had found no word to say, the strange silent look had been in her eyes as if in some painful dream she was enduring all. Now she raised herself a little, still looking hard at my father who held her hands, whilst a colour with a sharp edge rose in her face; her voice was quiet when she spoke, altered, but still the same, and she turned her head slightly towards us for an instant.

"Send them all away," she said; "I want to speak alone with you."

So out we all trooped, into Kittie's room, whose turn it was to have a fire that night, and there whispered and huddled together—all but Jem, who turned his face to the wall in the corner and cried—until father's voice summoned us to the side of our sister again.

But I think that of that story which had been told to him we never heard the whole, though something we all heard afterwards of the terrible rapidity with which the awakening had come—of the agony with which she felt herself deceived, deserted—of her painful wanderings, and long and sore distress—and of the night on which, in a death-struggle with her pride, she made up her mind to return to her home once more—that was enough for us.

We had our Christmas communion with our mother, in our home, and the other feasting too, afterwards, though we had not much heart for that—and we stayed within doors all that day; and the bells chimed with a distant sound over the snow that I can remember now, and a sacred, silent sort of Christmas feeling seemed to possess us all. I think it has dwelt always through all our lives with us, that Christmas day.

Many years have passed since its sun has set, and we are all scattered, and have but little share in each other's lives and feelings now. And Mary is happy as she never thought to be again; and, of the rest of us, some have died and some are married, and we are far distant from each other. But for me at least that evening of which I have spoken has had power through all my life, a sort of life of its own that no after living could destroy. Many years indeed have passed, and strange things have happened, and I am even far from my own country as I write. But that evening keeps its place in my heart, in spite of that, and as I lie now, in the distant country, alone and dreaming, with my baby by my side, the sound of the Christmas Eve bells across the snow is mingled with the echoes of a long-past evening—the silent family is still gathered near the fire, the snow is still falling through the increasing darkness, and Mary comes home through the twilight.

M. A. COURTOIS.

LETTER MISSIONS.

AMONG the many philanthropic efforts of this our wonderful age, letters have played a prominent part. We all know the effect of a letter, and how its contents can make one joyous or sorrowful, pleased or annoyed. Thoughtful letters are the intercommunion of soul with soul, and those written especially for the spiritual good of the receiver, are frequently wonderfully blessed, both to writer and reader. They are often more powerful than speech, inasmuch as they may be pondered over in solitude, and so have the effect of staying the hand from evil deed, or the heart from unholy communication. Naturally, letters written by

hand, are more warmly welcomed than printed ones, and we will glance at them first.

Let us imagine, if we can, all the prisoners in all the prisons of Great Britain and Ireland, of many foreign countries, and of portions of America, and endeavour to realize their feelings on receiving a friendly letter on Christmas morning. Tens of thousands of such letters are written by ladies all over the country, and illuminated either by drawing or coloured scrap of fruit or flower. They are essentially bright to look at, and hopeful to read. Let us picture to ourselves the solitary inmates of prison cells receiving this tender remembrance from the hand of chaplain or warder, and watch the gleam of pleasure on their callous or sad faces. The birth of a Saviour becomes a reality, for none but His followers would have thought of the felon or the outcast. And it proves a reality, since the letters help to bring claimants for work to the great steam-laundries, and penitents to the Conference Hall. Mrs. Meredith's work bears fruit, not only among the children of Addlestone, the prison women in Clapham-road, and the invitations at the prison gates; but in the solitary cell where no eye but God's sees the tear fall on this Christmas letter of hope and love. Testimonies of the good thus wrought come now and again to cheer the workers, not only from our own country, but from abroad; and prove that even the criminal classes are alive to the charity which

"Blesseth him that gives, and him that takes."

All great works spring from small beginnings, many probably originate at our own doorstep; indeed, we need never stray far to find our vocation. These letters to prisoners are written by ladies in their own homes, and sent by hundreds at a time to the "sorting house" in Clapham-road. Hence they are dispatched on their service, both domestic and foreign; for numbers are in strange tongues.

In the same way, The Theatrical Mission employs many hundred pairs of willing hands to write to members of the profession it seeks to benefit. This, also, is home work, and from it springs an interchange of thought, which, almost mesmerically, moves from heart to heart. Any one who has visited Macready House, and seen a portion of the seven thousand members of the institute, rejoicing in the haven provided for them, between rehearsal and play, will readily learn what these letters have accomplished. They inaugurated the mission, and the young employées of the ballet, chorus, or pantomime, have to thank their kind correspondents for good advice and often for timely help. It is touching to hear the anxious enquiries of the young people, for their own particular "lady," and to see their joy if she actually "turns up" in person. It does not seem a great work to write a monthly letter to a woman or child engaged from week to week—sometimes for the best part of a life—in fantastic performances for the amusement of others, yet it is often the means of kindling the fire of holiness in the breast, where, otherwise, it might have died out. Wandering from floor to floor of the huge building in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, dedicated to those who tread the "mimic stage," we are amazed to see the results of a movement begun by letters. Not only in London, but in all the provincial towns, this tide of correspondence flows after the young actors and actresses, and brings with it the argosies of Christian love. Mr. Courthorpe Todd, the originator, can no longer curb the ever widening waves of this, his remarkable work, which now bear with them the blessed truths of the Gospel to strange and varied strands.

And what shall we say of Miss Skinner's "Friendly Letter Mission?" This is a volume in itself. "These Seven Years" is the title of her book but lately published, which gives an account how she began by one letter, written in a country parsonage, and has continued, until it it has swelled to thirty, addressed, literally to "all estates and conditions of men." Of course these are printed, since they do not, as in the previous instances, profess to be from one individual to another, but from one to a multitude. They have opened public-houses large and small, to the reception of texts, books, and even preachers and teachers. They have been welcomed at railways, cabstands, stables, prisons, markets, lodging-houses, laundries, factories, collieries, and other great centres of amalgamated labour. As they are addressed to individuals of every class, and especially designed to help each member of that class, their effect cannot be overestimated; for they touch and vibrate on chords that often thrill through the frame and reach the heart. They have gone forth to medical men, nurses, and invalids; to merchants and warehousemen; to young ladies, and labourers' wives; to young women at counter or bar, and those in mill or factory; to shepherds and donkey-boys; to gamekeepers, and grooms; to organists, printers, and grocers; to missionaries, and all who labour for the Lord; in fine, to Jews and Gentiles. These letters have been reprinted in French, Breton, German, Italian, Swedish, Danish, Bohemian and Arabic, and it is contemplated to publish them in Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, and the Indian and other Oriental languages. That they have been asked for, again and again, proves their usefulness. Truly "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Les Lettres Amicales drew forth a petition for one in French to soldiers, priests, and printers of impure literature. It was answered in the two first instances by one written and translated, *Aux Soldats*, and *Aux membres du clergé catholique.*

Who shall calculate the good done to immortal souls by these letters? Each one is so written as to arrest attention without the use of what people choose to call cant. The reader must take it home, for it is a personal appeal, albeit indited by a stranger. And when we think that these earnest missives are circulated far and near, at home and abroad, and have reached the individuals for whom they were originally imagined; when we think that they have emanated from one brain and heart, and been inspired by the hope of winning souls for

Christ's eternal kingdom—we can only praise God for His gifts of writing and printing. Miss Skinner would be glad of help, and from her present residence, 5 St. James'-square, Bath, would furnish specimens of her "Friendly Letters" or lists of them to any person interested.

Bath is a notable place; not only for its warm springs, but for many other emanations from beneficent centres. Amongst them we may class other letters; for Miss Weston was, we believe, native of that far-famed city. Everybody knows her, by name at least, and her life-long work for the sailors. The Sailors' Rests at Plymouth and Devonport testify of her; to say nothing of all the societies she has founded with the prefix, "Royal Naval," The Christian Union, Temperance, Help one Another, and Purity. All sailors know Agnes Weston, and again we say, what hath God wrought through the instrumentality of one earnest follower of our Lord Jesus Christ? Let scoffers scoff, but the results of Letter Missions alone would suffice to overthrow their untenable theories. Miss Weston's Blue Backs, or monthly letters to sailors, should at least convince the sceptic of the power of the Gospel. When we hear of 270,000 distributed in three months to the dwellers on the seas in every quarter of the globe, and know that they are looked for with unspeakable anxiety by members to whom they are sent, we are amazed and thankful. Not only the sailors, but the soldiers crave for these messages of love and peace, and the Bluejackets distribute them to the Redcoats. In the Soudan, a sailor who died in action, had them in his pocket, soaked with his life-blood, and the soldiers were said to be "wild to get them, because a brave man's papers must be worth having." Thus by sea and land, on the battle-field, and in the tempest, in life and death, earnest words of faith in God will cheer and encourage, when other words fall unheeded on the ear or heart.

Some seventeen years ago Miss E. S. Elliott began her letter mission. She conceived the plan of placing a Christmas letter on the pillow of every inmate of hospital, infirmary, or work-house, and her idea has gradually developed into an organised system. Not only in Great Britain but in the colonies, and many European countries, thousands of sufferers are greeted on Christmas morning by friendly letter and illuminated text, addressed to each, individually, and telling of the Saviour born, as on that day for them. These letters are now written in many languages, and the work is carried on by over a hundred secretaries, scattered throughout the world. Who shall paint the effect of such a mission on the soul of the lonely patient, tossing on a bed of pain? "A letter for me! A Saviour for me!" Blessed and often unexpected announcement.

In like manner a letter mission exists in connection with the police force, and much valuable correspondence on religious topics is carried on in all parts of the country. Christmas letters and cards are, almost universally circulated, and many a man on his lonely beat is cheered by good Christian wishes. "We may be sure too that Miss Robinson does not forget her soldiers, and that helpful letters circulate among them, both at home and abroad.

The examples already quoted are tolerably well known to the public; but how many letter missions there are of which the world knows nothing, or at best but little! Among these is the one to asylums. A writer selects a patient whose poor brain is just clear enough to receive ideas, and sends a letter containing, perhaps, a card or slight remembrance. We are acquainted with one, herself an invalid, who thus strives to interest the mentally-afflicted. The pleasure afforded is often far beyond the anticipations of the writer, and the good work is within the sphere of many who would gladly do "some quiet thing." So is that of seeking out some lonely missionary and his wife, and keeping them informed of home news either by letter, magazine, or paper. All have not friends capable of this, and many a weary labourer in the Lord's vineyard, or solitary emigrant in far distant lands, may be cheered by the regular arrival of kind words, whether written or printed. No one need say, "I have nothing to do," or roam far afield in search of occupation. All who can write, and who have brotherly love in their hearts, can find occupation for a leisure hour resulting in good to their fellow creatures.

The letters of Sunday school teachers to their pupils are often invaluable, and tend to keep the love of God alive in the soul, when service or the world would fain extinguish it. So are those from associates of the numberless societies for helping young girls written to their members. We have one before us from the secretary of a branch of the Y.W.C.A. so tender and thoughtful, that her Bible class is never empty. Let every one, whether man or woman, choose some brother or sister less fortunate than himself, and encourage them in the path of duty.

What shall we say of the letters of those Christians placed, by themselves, into the hands of outcasts who would seem almost without the pale of Christianity? They contain invitations to a meal, or to some friendly gathering, where their writers are ready to welcome the poor sinner and to point the way to repentance; and where refuge is offered to all who will accept it, and by means of which, many a lost sheep has been brought back to Christ's fold. Truly a few strokes of the pen may be powerful for good or evil.

We may almost class the texts that accompany the nosegays of the Flower Mission among the letters, for they spring from the written word, and are transcribed by loving fingers. Indeed each may be called a letter from God to man, and together with the sweet influence of the flowers, they touch the heart when spoken words might fail to influence. We have seen the receivers ponder over them and heard them say, "That suits me—that was just written for me," proof that "all Scripture is written by inspiration of God." And surely He will inspire our thoughts and words, whether for the aid of convict brother or fallen sister, if we humbly pray for the direction of His Holy Spirit.

A. B.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

ON ITS RELIGIOUS SIDE.

V.

JAMES hoped by the Declaration of Indulgence to win the support of the Protestant dissenters while he pursued his design of catholicising the Church of England. He was not wholly unsuccessful. Some, blind to the national interests, presented addresses of thanks which were immediately trumpeted forth in the Gazette. But those who intelligently considered the matter, refused to be thus duped, seeing clearly that the Church of England was a bulwark against popery, and that if it went, their own ruin would be rapid and certain. And of this the king proceeded to give some startling illustrations.

For refusing to admit a Benedictine monk to the degree of Master of Arts, the vice-chancellor and senate of the University of Cambridge were summoned before the High Commission, and the former deprived of his office.

Oxford had long been the sacred city of monarchy, but now it seemed as if James was bent on forcing the university into open rebellion.

In March, 1687, the President of Magdalene College died. The king recommended a man of notoriously shameful life, one Farmer, who had been a clergyman, then a dissenter, and was now a Romanist. The Fellows refused to accept him, and chose one of their own number named Hough. They were cited before the High Commission, treated with the utmost contumely, and the election declared void. Nothing more, however, was said about Farmer, but a royal mandate came recommending Parker, the Bishop of Oxford. The Fellows begged to be excused, and declared Hough duly and legally elected.

During the summer James came to Oxford. He sent for the Fellows of Magdalene and severely upbraided them with their disloyalty, threatening them with his vengeance if they did not admit his nominee. They refused, and a special commission was appointed, but Hough protested against all its proceedings as illegal, and announced his intention of appealing to the Courts at Westminster. The Chief Justice said, "I will see whether the civil power cannot manage you. If that is not enough, you shall have the military."

The Fellows were expelled from the college, deprived of their livings, pronounced incapable of holding any ecclesiastical preferment, and, such as were not yet in holy orders, of ever becoming clergymen.

In a few weeks Parker was carried to an obscure grave in Magdalene chapel. The students, all refusing to obey the new authorities, were expelled, and Magdalene College was turned into a Roman Catholic seminary, the Roman Catholic bishop of Madura being appointed President. Twelve Roman Catholic fellows were then admitted, and the Roman Catholic service performed in the chapel.

The terror and dismay which now spread through the Church of England may be imagined. There was no college or church institution in the land but what in a few weeks might be Romanised, and in the hands of Romish priests. There was no bishop or dean, prebendary or canon, rector or vicar, who might not find himself in the meshes of the High Commission, and see himself ejected from his living, and his wife and children reduced to poverty; and, what was still worse, these things, if successful, betokened the ruin of the work of the Reformation, the Jesuitising of England, and the destruction of all its civil as well as religious liberty.

In April, 1688, James re-affirmed his Indulgence, reciting all its provisions, and ordered it to be read in all the churches in England on two successive Sundays: in London on the 20th and 27th of May, in other parts of England on the 3rd and 10th of June.

The London clergy met to consider what they should do. The general feeling was in favour of submission. When speaking out, Dr. Edward Fowler, vicar of St. Giles', Cripplegate, said, "I cannot be bound by the vote of the majority; I shall be sorry to cause a breach of unity. But this Declaration I cannot in conscience read. Tillotson, Patrick, Sherlock, and Stillingfleet having declared themselves of the same mind, all present pledged themselves not to read the Declaration on the days appointed.

On the 18th of May a decisive meeting was held at Lambeth, attended by the bishops in town, and the leading members of the London clergy. Prayers were read, and if the service included the lessons for the day, nothing could be more appropriate, the chapter from the Old Testament describing a state of things analogous to that in which the Church of England found itself, with an all-conquering, ruthless enemy at its gates, summoning it to surrender, and that, after a fashion that should bring it into contempt with the people of the land. "This day is a day of trouble, of rebuke and blasphemy," but, as in the old time, the lesson encouraged them to believe that God would now appear for the preservation of England, drive the enemies of its religion and its liberty from the land, and utterly overthrow them and their designs. The result of the deliberation, was that Sancroft drew up a petition to the king, in which, after disclaiming all disloyalty or intolerance, the bishops stated that parliament having pronounced against the dispensing power the declaration was illegal, and that, therefore, they could not in conscience be parties to its publication. It was signed by the

archbishop, and the six bishops present, and immediately taken to Whitehall.

It was after ten o'clock when the bishops were admitted into the royal closet. They dropped on their knees and presented their petition. The king read it and looked thunders. "This," said he, "is a standard of rebellion! I tell you this is a standard of rebellion," he repeated again and again. "I will have my declaration published." "We honour your Majesty," said Bishop Ken, who, all through, spoke in a manner worthy of the occasion, "but we fear God." "Have I deserved this?" replied the king, "I, who have been such a friend to your church! You are trumpeters of sedition. Go to your dioceses and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will remember you that have signed it." "God's will be done," said Ken, and after a few more passionate reproaches from the king, the bishops withdrew. That very evening, the document was all over London—no one knew how—printed and lying in every coffee-house. The printer, it was said, cleared a thousand pounds by his penny broadsheet.

It was Friday night when the bishops were with the king, on Sunday morning the crisis came. The Church of England had reached the Rubicon, would it cross it, or would it not? "Hear, O, Israel, thou art to pass over Jordan this day," said the evening lesson, which, with all the others, consisted in a call to the English clergy and the English people to remember all the way the Lord had led them from the Reformation onwards, and at this great crisis in their history, not to be feeble, but to play the man for England, as their forefathers and especially those noble martyrs, for the very cause now in danger, Latimer, Ridley and Hooper, had done.

In only four churches out of a hundred in London and Westminster, was the declaration read. The king vacillated between receding from his position or citing the bishops before the High Commission, and depriving them of their sees. Finally, by the advice of Jeffreys, he took a middle course, and determined to indict them in the Court of King's Bench for publishing a seditious libel.

ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT.

From a Drawing by Loggan in Lambeth Palace Library.]

Sunday, the 3rd of June came, and the churches throughout the country followed the example of London. Not one clergyman in fifty obeyed the king. On the 8th, the bishops were summoned before the Council, and refusing to enter into recognisances to answer in the Court of King's Bench the charge of seditious libel, they were at once committed to prison and conveyed to the Tower.

On that eventful June evening the Thames was covered with wherries and the neighbourhood filled with anxious crowds. Immediately

the bishops appeared the people fell on their knees and asked their blessing. All the way down the river they were cheered as they passed on to prison through two lines of boats filled with sympathisers. Directly they arrived at the Tower they went to the chapel. It was the time of evening service, and both Macaulay and Lingard mention the appropriateness of the second lesson, which must have been encouraging and consoling to the seven venerable prisoners: "In all things approving ourselves as the ministers of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments."

On Sunday, the 10th, an event happened which brought the struggle to a climax, and destroyed all hope of a peaceable settlement. The Protestant religion, or the favourite doctrine of passive obedience, one or the other, would have to be given up. A Prince of Wales was born, and under circumstances that caused the whole world to cry out that it was a fraud. The whole world was wrong, but there was much to justify the impression, and both the event and the doubt precipitated the revolution.

The trial was ordered for the 29th, but the bishops were liberated on the 15th on their recognisances, the question having been settled against them by the judges. During the fortnight which elapsed between these dates, the flame spread from one end of Britain to the other. The Scotch Presbyterians sent up messages of sympathy, and the Cornish miners threatened to march up to London in their thousands, while throughout the country a vague hope prevailed that "England's darling, King Monmouth," would appear and lead the people to the final rout of the popish monarch and the Jesuits.

The government was alarmed, but James said, "I will go on—I have been too indulgent. Indulgence has only ruined my father."

On the day appointed, this famous trial began. Four judges presided, one a Catholic, who sat on the bench in defiance of what the best lawyers said was law. The jury consisted of persons in high position, one, however, was brewer to the king. They spent a whole night in considering their verdict; nine were for acquittal, three for conviction. Two gave way, but the brewer persisted to hold out. "If I say Not Guilty, I shall never brew more for the king; if I say Guilty, I shall brew for no one else." Such was his dilemma, it is not surprising that he decided for the many throats against the one. But the falling away of such supporters precurse the end of a despotism.

At the words "Not Guilty" cries of joy arose from almost every one in the Court, the news spreading immediately to the ten thousand persons assembled in Westminster Hall, whose roar of delight taken up by still greater crowds without rolled along, ever gaining volume, from Westminster to Charing Cross and through the Strand to Temple Bar. Meanwhile a series of explosions on the river conveyed the good news to the city, and to the fleets of vessels which lay in the pool. But what was stranger than the shouting, was the weeping; the heart of the people seemed as if it would burst for joy.

R. HEATH.

OLD GWEN.

CHAPTER VII.—REMORSE.

THERE was much scouring and cleaning up at Careg Cennin against Whitsuntide. Old Gwen was at home, and the prospect of a visit from Gwenny, and Toom bach, roused the spirits of the ever-drooping Tisha. She even sat in her bee-hive chair, near her beloved corner cupboard, and regularly cleaned it and all its contents. Since her change of abode, she had certainly been better and had not taken to her bed again, as old Gwen had feared she would. But neither time nor change had cured her of her perpetual plaint after her lost husband. She at least had a constant soul. Her children were beginning to forget as children will; but their memories were continually being freshened and a sense of shame instilled into their minds, by their mother's frequent repetition of "There's unfeeling you are!" the one phrase that seemed to soothe her irritable temperament.

The occasional visits of Mr. Milbank were also a pleasure and an honour to her; indeed the family party generally began to look upon him as a sort of fairy godfather, and to feel elated at being selected for the benefits of so fine a gentleman. He came and went like a meteor, and even old Gwen was conquered by his persistent kindness. Still she, like Mrs. Bowen, was afraid it concealed a liking for Gwenny. He had offered to adopt and educate Shonny, and his proposal was under consideration when Whitsuntide came on.

"We will have a family consultation," said old Gwen; "Toom bach will be here Whit-Monday, and Laban and the rest will be sure to drop in. It 'ould be a proud day for them to live to see our Shonny a parson."

Young Gwen arrived late on Saturday. Mrs. Bowen was going on a visit to friends, and had given her nearly three whole days, shutting up the house meanwhile. None of these good people would have travelled on Sunday; they respected the Lord's day, as a day of rest for man and beast, and rested, according to the commandment. Uncle Laban would as much have

thought of working himself as of letting his little mare, Nanno, work. She had a happy time of it on Sunday, and began work again on Monday, all the better for the "Sabbath of rest." It was a blessed institution of the Divine Lawgiver, and was never intended, as some affirm, to be a day of pleasure and amusement. To be sure our simple and wise-hearted friends found their pleasure in worship and pious exercises, both at home and abroad, and, as Old Gwen affirmed, "This has promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

Young Gwen's repressed spirits burst forth when she came home, and she was soon her old managing self again. That eve of Whit-Sunday was a happy time, and Mamgu contemplated her family with satisfaction. Shonny was in high spirits, because he looked forward to a harvest of sixpences and shillings on Whit-Monday, which was sure to bring excursionists to the castle, and even Tisha was not indifferent to the influx of visitors to the farm, who would be sure to want tea and other delicacies.

Sunday was spent by them all in church or chapel, school, or class,—all save Tisha; for whose benefit Uncle Laban improvised a little evening meeting, which was attended by all the neighbours, so that the parlour was full to overflowing.

"If only father was here," murmured Tisha.

"He is with us in spirit," said old Gwen.

The day was all too short, and Gwenny sighed when it came to an end, and bethought herself of Whitsun Tuesday, when she must return to her place, Mrs. Bowen, and submission.

Toom bach arrived early on Whit Monday, and was much admired, not only by his own family but the neighbours, who, like the rest of the world, the female portion of it especially, were enslaved by a scarlet uniform.

The expectations of a harvest were not disappointed. It was a fine day, and Dorcas and Shonny were overpowered by the number of excursionists who came to see the castle. Many of these either brought their own provisions or went "to town" for them; but a goodly number invaded the farm. Here the two Gwens, assisted by David and much impeded by Snap, made tea, cut bread-and-butter, and baked plank bread and crumpets in the kitchen; while Tisha superintended them in the parlour.

"There's nice mother looks," said David to Gwenny. "She can lift the big teapot and pour out tea quite easy now."

Almost while he was speaking, Mr. Milbank came in, accompanied by Toom. He greeted Gwenny and her grandmother kindly and asked for some tea, saying he would have it in the kitchen.

"You must wait upon me, Gwenny, just as you do at Mrs. Bowen's," he said, with a voice from which all cheer was gone.

She did so, and when he was seated at the table, she gave him of her best and hottest. Toom stood at a distance watching him, and finally came forward with the following question:

"I ask your pardon, sir, but was you fishing up the Towy the year of——"

Toom paused and then named the date and year of the murder: for he, like the rest, hesitated to pronounce that fearful word. Then he added:

"I seem to remember your face, sir, and that you borrowed poor father's coracle."

"You must mistake me for another. I have been many years in the colonies," replied Mr. Milbank, rising and leaving the kitchen with a promise to return later on.

"That's odd. I could 'a sworn he was the same," mused Toom.

Castle and farm were almost clear of excursionists when Shonny came in, pale and breathless with excitement.

"Toom! David! come along quick. Somebody has tumbled down from the top of the castle. I saw him fall, and he just missed the rock. I'm afraid to go to him by myself."

Out rushed all the young people. Dorcas met them with a similar tale to Shonny's. Old Gwen followed as quickly as she could. Shonny led the way, and they soon saw a black heap lying between the outer wall of the castle and the low, broken fence that scarcely separated it from the rock, of which it seemed to form a part. The ledge was so narrow that no one ever ventured upon it, and the prostrate form—for it was a man—appeared to be lying on his face, partly on the ledge, and partly over the low, broken wall. His face, indeed, rested on the latter and but for that slight impediment, he would have been precipitated down the rock.

Toom crept towards him on hands and knees, followed by the cries of his sisters. They feared he might slip and fall over. But Toom was young, strong and fearless, and contrived not only to reach the fallen man, but to draw him by his feet gently towards him. As there was no sound, he believed he was dead. Still on his knees, and clinging with one hand to the gnarled ivy roots that grew into the castle wall, and carefully dragging at the body with the other, he succeeded in freeing it from the broken fence. David was at his heels, fearless as he. It was a perilous moment, and the onlookers feared lest the stones should give way, and the trio be precipitated over the precipice. But David laid hold of Toom, and quick as thought, Gwenny, Dorcas and Shonny made a sort of cordon from the dangerous to the safe part, clinging to David and one another.

"Lord have mercy upon them!" ejaculated Old Gwen, as she toiled up the steep.

Her prayer was as necessary as it was involuntary, for her grandchildren were all in imminent danger. Red-coated Toom on his knees, dragging the prostrate form along the dangerous ridge; David clutching him; Dorcas, David; Gwen holding her sister's frock with strong grasp, and Shonny clinging to Gwen; all held to the gnarled roots of the ivy with one hand. A sudden panic, and they might have been hurled down the almost perpendicular rock.

"Lord have mercy upon them!" again cried old Gwen as she stood panting on the sward below the dangerous ledge.

And He had mercy. Shonny slipped back-

wards into his grandmother's arms, and one by one the others rounded the castle, and reached the green where she stood; Toom last with his ghastly burden. All surrounded him, and helped the inanimate man over the rough stones to the smooth plot of grass that lay amid the ruins. It was soon stained with the blood of the poor wretch they had risked their lives to save. He lay on his face still, a helpless mass of injured limbs.

It was now old Gwen's turn to assist. She and Toom, on their knees, raised the head, while the others gently took hold of the limbs; all, save Shonny, who, terrified at the sight of blood, ran away to his mother. Very tenderly they turned the maimed figure, and as the poor head lay on old Gwen's lap, they exclaimed simultaneously, "The gentleman! the tourist!"

Old Gwen laid her hand on his pulse; her ear to his mouth; her palm to his heart.

"I don't think he's dead," she said. "David, go for Dr. Evans. Help to carry him to the farm first, then run for your life."

They took him up with all possible tenderness, the boys holding the arms, the girls the legs, old Gwen following. Whence the blood flowed, or what limbs were broken, they knew not, but happily the house was near.

"Take him into the parlour," said old Gwen, and to the horror of Tisha and Shonny who were huddled up in the bee-hive chair, he was borne into that refuge.

"It is Mr. Milbank, mother," whispered the terrified Gwenny.

"Him as give me the five pounds! poor fellow. Put him on my bed," returned Tisha, drawing back the panel of the big cupboard bedstead.

"Lay the blankets double a-top. No call to spoil the bed," said old Gwen, and very soon Mr. Milbank was placed on the blankets, and she was examining with professional acuteness his injuries, and pouring down his throat such restoratives as the house afforded.

Tisha was frightened into unwonted energy, and unexpectedly helped her mother-in-law, while the boys went off in search of a doctor, and the girls did what they could.

Gwenny was crying all the time, for she was a warm-hearted girl, and fond of Mr. Milbank.

"What will Mrs. Bowen do?" she thought, as she surveyed his ghastly face.

Suddenly his eyes unclosed and he looked at her. She uttered a little cry, and the eyes shut again.

"Go you all out of the room except Tisha," said old Gwen. "Keep water boiling, turn out all the old linen, and don't lose your time and strength by crying and wiping your eyes."

Meanwhile, Shonny had found Dr. Evans. His account of the accident was incoherent, and all that the doctor could gather clearly was, that Shonny had seen some one fall from the very top of the castle.

"Then he must be dead," said the doctor coolly, "but tell your grandmother I'll be with her directly."

To his amazement he found the patient alive, but unconscious. It was impossible to move him, so he could not discover what limbs were broken; but he ordered wine, and promised medicine.

"How shall we get the wine?" asked old Gwen. "You doctors find it easy to give your orders, but poor people can't always attend to 'em."

"Here's his own five pound note as he was giving me," volunteered Tisha, producing the treasured paper. "He was very kind to me, and was talking about my poor Toom, and wanted to send Shonny to school; and, now, *ach yn wir*, he do look awful!"

"We must write to his friends," said Dr. Evans. "Let's have a look at his coat."

Old Gwen had contrived to get his coat off, and the doctor examined the contents of the pockets of his various habiliments. They contained money, and a pocket-book. Gwen came in with the news that she had discovered the knapsack that he was wont to carry over his shoulder, stowed away in a corner of the kitchen. Again the injured man unclosed his eyes and made an effort to speak. It was at Gwenny he looked, but the doctor bent over him to listen. He failed to articulate, and the eyes closed again. Neither pocket-book nor knapsack contained either card or letter that gave the address of his friends.

"Mrs. Bowen may find out," suggested Gwenny; and then all their energy was directed to keeping alight the flickering flame of life.

News of the accident soon spread, and the neighbours came to ask about it. Among them was the owner of the principal property in the vicinity, who was a magistrate, and who took down the account of the event, and all that the Gwillim family knew of the stranger. He seemed, he said, to remember the name, Milbank, and would strive to recall when and where he had heard it. Uncle Laban also came, and there was great confusion in the kitchen, for the doctor refused to allow the inquisitive to enter poor Tisha's troubled domain, where she and old Gwen held sway. But Toom crept in to wish them good-bye, for he was obliged to be back with his regiment that night.

"There's unfeeling you were to go and 'list," moaned Tisha. "Nobody to help now you and poor father are gone."

"Husht!" whispered old Gwen, for Milbank moaned too. "He must be conscious," she thought.

The doctor went into the kitchen with Toom, where they found the magistrate aforesaid, known as Walters Careg, Cennin House, who was still questioning young Gwen. He and Dr. Evans gave Toom orders to inform Mrs. Bowen of what had happened, and to ask her for further information concerning her lodger. He knew Mrs. Bowen, and said he would be very glad to see her, if she could run up the following day, and tell them all she knew of the mysterious man.

THE ARCH OF TITUS AT ROME.

ON a spur, called the Velia, which connects the two hills, the Palatine and Esquiline, at Rome, there stands an arch, the inner sides, as well as the vault of which, are covered with marble reliefs. The marble is black with age; the reliefs are injured in many places; for eighteen centuries have passed away since they were put up. And during that time the arch has suffered strange vicissitudes. It formed the gate of a mediæval fortress, which a noble family, the Frangipani, had built for themselves in the heart of the city. It became completely filled up with *débris*. The *débris* were removed; and by order of Pope Pius VII. the walls of the fortress broken down in 1822. The arch itself, thus left without supports, gave way, and had to be rebuilt; but the modern structure contains the ancient reliefs. And the traveller to-day stands on what was one of the main streets of the old city and gazes on that triumphal procession executed in marble which recalls to his memory one of the most significant moments in the history of Rome and of mankind.

Our frontispiece this month represents one of the two friezes, which are placed on either side of the arch. We see to the right legionaries bearing on their shoulders a table, evidently of considerable weight; two vessels or cups of unequal size are on the table; in front of it, placed crosswise, are two long trumpets. Another larger group of soldiers on the left are carrying a massive candlestick with seven branches. The frieze on the opposite side of the arch represents the imperator in a chariot drawn by four horses, which are governed by the goddess Roma, whilst the vault above shows him borne aloft by an eagle. The friezes are somewhat crowded with figures; the workmanship exhibits certain defects, peculiar to a declining age of art; but it is noble all the same; there is that pride and stateliness about the Roman soldiers, marching forward in triumph, which makes these marbles works of real art, and the arch, in which they are placed, one of the finest which has come down to us from the time of the emperors. The meaning of the pageant represented is shown by the table and especially by the candlestick with seven branches; all doubt as to its significance is dispelled by the inscription, on one side of the gateway, which informs us that this monument was erected by the "senate and the people to the (memory of the) divine Titus, the son of Vespasian." The adjective *divine* as well as the frieze on the vault, which shows the emperor being borne upwards, and which signifies his "apotheosis," we might say, his ascension, clearly indicates that the arch was built, at least completed, after the death of Titus, after 81 A.D. It commemorates the one great triumph which Titus achieved and shared with his father, Vespasian, the triumph over Jerusalem.

There is no need to describe that event; it forms a chapter in history which is read of all men. The fanaticism of the Jews, the oppression of foreign governors, the claims of false Messiahs, the general revolution, the advance of the Roman army, the campaign begun by Vespasian continued and concluded by Titus, these are the main incidents. Then was fulfilled the prophecy which our Lord had uttered before His death, when, seated on the mount of Olives, His disciples around Him, He beheld "the royal city" with its walls and gates, its palaces, its flights of steps, its splendid temple. "Jerusalem compassed with armies, trodden down of the gentiles," witnessed "the abomination of desolation" in its sanctuary. "Not one stone of its temple was left upon the other."

The horrors of the siege have been described by an eye-witness. When sword and famine had done their work amongst the multitudes crowded into the city at Easter time, the Roman soldiers made their entry through the broken walls. They fought their way step by step through the streets into the upper part of the town; they set the houses on fire; and Titus, riding through the blazing piles, could not help admiring the massiveness of the fortifications. Three towers only he left standing, as a memorial of their strength, and of his perseverance. He tried to save the temple; but when the general saw that he could not restrain the fury of his soldiers, nor put a stop to the fire, now rapidly spreading, he ordered the vessels and some of the furniture to be removed from the temple. He himself had penetrated into the Holy. No doubt the vessels removed were those which had been actually used. Some of the treasures belonging to the temple had been hidden at the approach of the enemy in the subterranean vaults and passages with which the hill was honeycombed. But the historian expressly mentions that some of the priests saved their lives by delivering up the treasures which they had secreted. The candlestick, the golden table, the trumpets, the book of the law, and the vessels of incense, taken from the temple, were the same which were carried before Vespasian and Titus at their triumphal procession to the capitol. The artist has with true instinct fixed upon the most significant part of the ceremony which was enacted. The part has however a deeper meaning even than he could have imagined. We can understand it when we recall to our mind the simple fact, that the vessels used for the services of Jehovah were carried by heathen soldiers before a heathen imperator through the streets of Rome, the book of the law to be deposited in the palace, the candlestick and the table in the temple of peace.

Five times, says Josephus, was Jerusalem taken before the time of Titus. Eleven times has it since then been sacked, sometimes with great slaughter; but amongst these captures, the one

which was accomplished in 70 A.D., that is within the lifetime of the generation born before the death of Christ, stands out pre-eminently as the destruction of Jerusalem.

Three hundred and twenty triumphs, says Orosius the Christian historian—with somewhat ungenerous exultation—were held in Rome since the foundation of the city; but never before was there the sight witnessed of a father and a son (Vespasian and Titus) riding in the same car, after completing the most arduous campaign and the most difficult siege.

The memorial of that triumph, the marble friezes, one of which is shown in the frontispiece, is well worth a careful study. The most striking object in that picture, next to the figures of the soldiers, is the candlestick. This is "the candlestick of pure gold, of beaten work . . . even its base and its shaft . . . with six branches going out of the sides thereof . . . three branches out of one side, and three out of the other . . . " a full description of which is given in the twenty-fifth chapter of Exodus.

The description does not, however, in point of ornamentation agree with the candlestick, which appears on the frieze. This candlestick is, according to the exact measurement made by an Englishman, Anthony Twyman, two feet and nine inches in height, consisting of three almost equal parts. The breadth of its base is equal to that of the branches at the top, two feet. The branches, though most of them are unfortunately injured at the tops, are clearly seen to rise to the same height, and thus to form one horizontal line. The exterior branches on either side are not similar in their ornaments. The main difference, however, between the candlestick, which stood in the tabernacle of Moses, and the one represented in this frieze, consists of the following points. The former was adorned with "cups and knops and flowers." Three of each were, according to Jewish commentators, fixed on every one of the six branches, amounting to altogether fifty-four ornaments. Four of each were found on the main stem; and if we add the "knops" which it appears were placed at the spot where two branches issued from the main stem, we understand how the commentators arrived at the sacred number seventy, as forming the total of all the ornaments of the candlestick. Whether this enumeration is correct or not, there can be no doubt that in the book of Exodus only three different ornaments are mentioned; but here we meet with four. We recognise the "cup," which is low and flat, with a jagged rim —the "flower," a lily, perhaps, or the blossom of pomegranate. The third figure is round, shaped like a ball, and represents a ripe fruit, an apple, the fourth resembles an egg. And when we examine the exterior branch to the right, with the help of an enlarged print, we find that it contains no less than thirteen ornaments. There are four "apples," three of which are lying on, and covered by "cups."

The next object which attracts our attention in the picture is the table carried in front, to the right. A full description of it is given in Exodus xxv. It was made of acacia wood; two cubits was its length, a cubit and a half its height and breadth; it was "overlaid with pure gold," and "a crown of gold round about it," which rested on "a border of an hand breadth." In the four corners close to the border were rings, for the staves on which the table was borne. The rings certainly do not appear on our picture; and the Roman soldiers evidently carried the table on their triumphal march in a manner very different from that in which Jewish priests had once borne it into the temple.

In front of the table there are the two trumpets, similar to those of beaten silver, which Moses had made (Numbers x.), which the sons of Aaron, the priests had sounded "for the calling of the congregation and for the journeying of the camps."

As regards the difference between the sacred vessels and furniture, described in Exodus and Numbers, and those represented in the Arch of Titus, there is this to be remembered, the candlestick, the table, and all the other things which had filled the temple of Solomon, were carried away by Nebuchadnezzar; they were restored by Cyrus. Again, in the second century before Christ, the sanctuary at Jerusalem was plundered of all its treasures by Antiochus Epiphanes. The tyranny which the Syrian king established over the Jews, the persecutions he inflicted on them, the attempt he made to extirpate the religion of Jehovah, are recorded in the books of the Maccabees. His efforts were vain; and the temple vessels he had stolen were restored by fresh ones.

Whether at that time slight alterations were introduced, or whether the Roman sculptor considered it pedantic to imitate in stone all the small details of ornamentation which he observed in the originals, and allowed himself a certain amount of artistic liberty, we cannot say for certain. But we entertain no doubt about the identity of the furniture which was used in the services of the temple, which was carried through the streets of Rome, and immortalised in the marble frieze of Titus Arch. What became of it afterwards is uncertain. The golden candlestick, the table, the trumpets were, as Josephus says, deposited in the Temple of Peace. That temple was burnt down during the reign of the Emperor Commodus, 180–192 A.D., but later chronicles maintain that the Hebrew spoils were saved from the flames. According to one tradition, Geneseric, the king of the Vandals, when he pillaged Rome, carried with him the trophies of Titus to North Africa in 455 A.D. When eighty years later the kingdom, which he had founded, was overthrown by the general of Justinian, the trophies found their way to Constantinople, then the capital of the Roman Empire; "and there," says a chronist, "a Jew pointed out to the emperor that the sacred vessels had never found a quiet resting place, but had caused the ruin of every city in which they were deposited, first of Rome, then of Carthage. Justinian, alarmed at this observation, gave orders that they should be returned to the place from which they had been taken; and they were handed over to the different Christian

Churches in Jerusalem." Another tradition, however, relates that the Hebrew spoils were carried off from Rome by Alaric in 418 A.D.

These conflicting accounts merely show the uncertainty of later historians regarding their ultimate fate. The sacred vessels have disappeared from the face of the earth, like the temple which they adorned. By a strange chance, that very moment when "judgment was executed on the house of God," when things, hitherto jealously guarded within the Holy, were exposed to the light of the sun and the gaze of a heathen multitude, is pictured before our eyes in the marble frieze of the Arch of Titus.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY A. HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

VII.—THEBES.

LET me try to give you a slight idea of the ruins of another wonderful city in Egypt. I cannot tell you the size, or give a plan of that old city, for though I spent a good deal of time there, the ruins were so extensive and covered so much ground on both sides of the river—the Nile—that I completely failed to get any definite idea of its former size or plan. One set of ruins is now called "El Karnak," that is on the eastern side of the stream, and here we find ruins of temples, of palaces almost without end. There are great avenues of sphinxes. Those strange creations of Egyptian art are now crushed or battered almost out of shape; they led to great gateways which are covered with inscriptions much defaced. The gateways led (by paths which are now choked with fallen columns, fallen obelisks or shapeless masses of large blocks of stone) to a great central hall, called the "Hall of Kings," where massive columns seventy feet high in a double avenue led in their turn to a temple. These columns are very grand. At one end stands erect an obelisk one hundred and eight feet high, while other obelisks lie half buried in rubbish. Then there are great columns partly buried in Nile mud, while in other directions are great masses of ruined masonry. Mounds in short so large that you wonder how before the days of gunpowder such huge buildings could have been overthrown.

Valuable discoveries are constantly being made by excavators under these mounds; chambers are found covered with inscriptions in rich and varied colours, inscriptions telling of the history of the kings of Thebes and their conquests. My sketch may give a slight idea of some of the ruins.

Let us now cross to the western bank of the river. There at some distance from the stream are ruins of enormous temples, with long rows of columns, and ruins of palaces for priests or kings. Two huge monuments of sitting figures are called "The Vocal Memnon," because the historian of old said that when the first rays of the rising sun struck on the larger one it emitted a musical sound. The first time I visited Thebes I left my dahabeeyah in the dark, and in a small boat rowed across the Nile; and, led by some Arabs with lanterns, crossed the plain in the faint light of dawn. The figures loomed huge and impressive, but when the light struck the figure, judge my astonishment when I heard a low musical note! It seemed such a confirmation of the old

RUINS OF THEBES.

story. A few moments, and then I saw the grinning face of one of my Arabs just behind the ear of the larger figure; he had climbed up behind it to where there was a hole in the head, and then with a stone had struck the statue, and the rock gave out this musical sound. Perhaps the priests of old had used this same trick, perhaps concealing a boy, and so deluding their worshippers. Near by there is a fallen statue of the King Rameses II., which is estimated to weigh eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, one solid lump of rock. There is too a vast pile, the temple of Medinah Haboo, on the walls of which we can read of the conquests of people who lived on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. On another temple we read of "Shishak," who conquered some of the cities of Judah, also of those long lost people of the Bible, "the Hittites." There are also tombs without end; one tomb alone covers an acre of rock, all inscribed. Near here, in a valley hidden from view, were recently found the mummies of the early kings of Egypt. These mummies are now at Bûlak, Cairo; they had been removed from their first resting-places by the priests, when some dreaded invader was nigh at hand.

The life of people living more than three thousand years ago is depicted on these tombs. We see their religious processions, their daily life, feasts, harvests; we learn their ideas of judgment and a future life!

From this brief account cannot you see what a wonderful place this Thebes was? Is there any mention of it in the Bible? Yes.

Let us first remember that the Egyptian name of Thebes was "Nu Amen," "The City of Amen." "Amen" means "hidden." So it would be right to call it, "The City of the Hidden God." In the Bible the city is called "No Amon," or "No." Let us read Jeremiah xlvi. verse 25.

"Behold, I will punish Amon of No, and Pharaoh, and Egypt, with her gods, and her kings; even Pharaoh and them that trust in him; and I will deliver them into the hands of those that seek their lives and into the hand of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon."

It was to be destroyed because it trusted in false gods. Ezekiel xxx. 14–16.

"I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitude of No, and No shall be broken up."

Read the more detailed prophecy in Nahum iii. verse 8, where the prophet warns Nineveh.

"Art thou better than No Amon, that was situated among the rivers, that had the waters round about her, whose rampart was the sea (*i.e.* the Nile) and her wall was of the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite; Put and Lubim were thy helpers. Yet was she carried away. She went into captivity; her young children also were dashed in pieces at the top of all her streets; and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains."

We can read on the Assyrian marbles the story told by their king. He tells how all gold, silver, precious stones, horses and booty which could not be counted, with men and women were carried captive by him to Nineveh (about 666 before Christ). Nahum said Nineveh should experience the like treatment from her foe, and in less than one hundred years she likewise fell.

Ancient history tells us how awful the war, how bitter the struggle between Egyptian and Assyrian. Inscriptions show us the merciless cruelty of the conquerors—how captives were chained, blinded with hot irons, pierced with arrows.

As we thus glance at history and read our Bibles, we can understand who it was that destroyed this city (it had other invaders afterwards), but let us ever remember that no earthly power, grandeur, size or might will preserve a nation unless the Lord her God is with her, and dwells with her.

God is so long-suffering, so loving, that as in the days of old, so still He will not destroy a guilty city if even ten righteous men are to be found in her. Let us pray that our dear country England may grow in grace and love to God as she grows in power, and then she will not be like those nations of old "removed out of her place."

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

"H. S.," Plymouth, proposes the question: "In the first chapter of Genesis there occurs after the record of each day's work, except the second, the statement that 'God saw that it was good.' What explanation can be given of this exception, seeing that the thirty-first verse makes the same declaration regarding everything that God had made? I believe I have seen some fanciful idea that the second day's work became afterwards specially the dominion of Satan (the prince of the power of the air, or heavens), and so the commendation was omitted from the record of its creation."

WE have not seen the explanation to which our correspondent refers. On the face of it, it is absurd. That Satan and his angels afterwards invaded the dominion of the air would not render it otherwise than "good" at its original formation. Other parts of the material and spiritual creation also came under the power of evil, notably the soul of man; yet this does not hinder their being "very good" at the outset. For the omission of the words we cannot satisfactorily account. Bishop Wordsworth suggests: "It seems that they are not introduced here because the work was merely in progress and transition, and one of separation rather than of creation." The explanation may possibly be accepted: the scheme of which the firmament was the centre was not complete until the gathering together of the "waters under the expanse;" the commendation therefore is reserved for the end of the two days' work (the second and the third) and equally belongs to both. But perhaps a yet simpler explanation may be accepted. *The Septuagint has the words* "God saw that it was good," after the account of the second day's work, as after the rest. It thus appears that the Hebrew copy from which the Seventy made their version contained the omitted sentence. May it not have been dropped by some transcriber from whom the copies now extant have come down?

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

OLD GWEN.

CHAPTER VIII.—PLENARY FORGIVENESS.

"HE KNOWS THAT MY POOR TOOM IS INNOCENT!" CRIED TISHA.

OLD Gwen could not prevail on Tisha to go to bed, so they watched together through the night, carrying out the doctor's orders, who promised to return with the dawn. He had discovered that the blood flowed from a deep wound in the side, and they had staunched it with difficulty, as they dared not move the patient, whose groans when touched even, were fearful.

"He must have broken every bone in his body," said Dr. Evans.

But during the night, he recovered speech, and went off into strange, wandering delirious ravings. They terrified Tisha, but old Gwen was too well accustomed to sickness to be frightened.

"He do think of what I was telling him about my poor Toom, and Thomas, Plas Newydd," said Tisha, listening.

"I wish you could have held your tongue," said old Gwen.

"But he was asking me so many questions!" returned poor Tisha, who trembled like a leaf.

Neither of the women quite understood his

speech, but it was truly wild and portentous. Wet bandages on his temples, Dr. Evans' effervescent medicines, and old Gwen's remedies failed to stem its torrent.

The doctor, who was uneasy, returned before his time, and said that there was neither sense nor coherence in his delirium; but his mind was wandering on murder and gambling, and seemed to be rather in Australia than in England. Some narcotic, however, soothed him, and he fell into a sort of doze to the great relief of the women.

This state of things continued all the next day. Mrs. Bowen came to the farm, and saw Mr. Walters, but she had not much information to give, and none that we have not already learnt. She remained the night at Mr. Walters's, so that Gwenny was not obliged to leave home. The other children went about their different avocations, while she did the work of the house, and answered the insatiable enquiries of the neighbours. No gossip shop was ever better supplied with inquisitive denizens than was old Gwen's kitchen that day. And as for the uncles and cousins who looked in, they were legion.

The evening brought Uncle Laban. When he arrived the patient was temporarily quiet, and shut out from the observation of in-comers, by the closed panel of his bedstead. Uncle Laban made many whispered enquiries concerning him of his mother, Tisha and Gwenny, and recalled the fact of his apparent interest in their change of abode when he saw them leaving the cottage.

"It is strange. Perhaps the Lord is working in His mysterious way. Maybe he is a backslider. Let us pray for him," he said.

Old Gwen was about to remonstrate, but he knelt down as he spoke, and the three women did the same.

"You must be quick," said old Gwen.

"I will be short," he returned. "He will not understand if he should hear."

He poured forth a fervent prayer for the sufferer, low and emphatic. Although it was in Welsh, there was an awful groan just as it ended, and they rose from their knees in terror, drew back the panel of the bedstead, and all stood beside it. The prostrate, helpless man, looked from one to another. His eyes seemed to pierce them through, and terrified young Gwen.

"Don't be frightened, Gwenny," spake Milbank in a hollow voice. "I am sane. Bring me a magistrate—quick! There is no time to lose. I have a deposition to make. It—it—concerns you all. Run, at once, lest I should change my mind."

"Mr. Walters was here awhile ago," stammered awe-struck Gwenny.

"I know him. He is a lawyer, besides. Bring him," came from the patient in a sepulchral voice.

Old Gwen feared this sudden arousing was a precursor of death, and hurried her granddaughter off in search of Mr. Walters. He was found at no great distance from the house discussing the accident; for country-folk, whatever their social position, love to gossip over any unforeseen occurrence. He hurried back to the farm, and was horrified at the sight of the injured man.

"Bring pen, ink, and paper, and leave us alone," said Milbank to the women and Uncle Laban.

They complied with his request, and placed such writing materials as the house afforded on a small table at the side of the sick man.

"Call me, sir, if he gets worse," whispered old Gwen, as Mr. Walters seated himself at the table.

She and the others went into the kitchen, where they found Mrs. Bowen. They all began to speculate on what was going on in the other room.

"He do know something about my poor Toom," said Tisha oracularly. She seemed to have renewed her life since her arousing by the accident.

This speech caused them to gather up into one connected whole the fragments of conversation that had dropped from time to time from Milbank. He had now, for several months, persistently stuck to the family; he had been desirous to benefit them; he had made constant enquiries concerning the murder and the far-away convict; he had been driven almost beside himself with terror at the episode of the jackaws and Gwenny's suggestion concerning ghosts; he had been evidently disturbed by Toom's recognition of him. Finally, he had left the house abruptly the previous day, and had either fallen from the castle battlements, or had thrown himself from them. Which? they all asked.

"He do know something of my poor Toom," repeated Tisha, who was always ruled by one idea.

"Mr. Walters and I have been talking it over," said Mrs. Bowen. "He remembers the name, and says there was a Colonel Milbank many years ago at Carmarthen, that he left the army and emigrated, and that three or four years ago his son was visiting at Caergwyn. He thinks this is the son."

"That doesn't speak well for him," said Uncle Laban solemnly. "The Caergwyns are a bad lot. They do nothing but gamble, and drink, and race, and ——"

"Thomas, Plas Newydd was always with them, my poor Toom was telling me," interrupted Tisha. "They was agreed to preserve the river, and summonsed my poor Toom. But there was nothing against him."

"Nor ever could be. He was God-fearing from his childhood," said old Gwen with clasped hands.

"A word with you, Laban," here broke in Mr. Walters, and as Laban followed him out of the kitchen, he whispered, "I want you as a witness to his signature. An awful deposition. A fearful confession."

"There's bad Walters do look!" exclaimed Tisha. "He have heard something about my poor Toom."

Certainly the magistrate did look bad; so bad that the women wondered what could have happened.

In a few minutes Laban came back, and bade his mother go to Milbank, who was either dead or in a swoon. Fortunately, Dr. Evans arrived at the moment, and he and old Gwen were left with Milbank, while Mr. Walters and Laban joined the rest in the kitchen. All turned to the magistrate, who seemed too bewildered to speak.

"A wonderful deposition! I—I—will come back and tell you. I—I—must consult the lawyers, the chief constable, the Bench. But you—you—there is good news for all, if he has spoken the truth," he stammered.

"He do know all about the murder. He do know that my poor Toom is innocent," cried Tisha, rising in her sudden excitement, and seizing him by the arm.

The rest surrounded him, and David, Dorcas, and Shonny entering at the moment, caught their mother's words. Mr. Walters gazed from one to another, and repressed forcibly the words that were on his lips.

"Good news for all, if this is true," he said, holding up the paper he held in his hand. "But you must wait—you must wait," and he broke through the group and hurried away.

"He is innocent," murmured Tisha, and fell back fainting into Laban's arms.

Meanwhile, old Gwen and the doctor brought Milbank back to life. His first words were: "Let me die. I have confessed. It is off my mind."

"In the Lord's time. You must lie quiet now," said old Gwen.

"The Lord's time!" he repeated. "Lord, have mercy upon me!" and then he wept pitifully.

The excitement, confusion and hope of that humble family subsided into deep compassion when he suddenly expressed a wish to see them all. The doctor said he had better be humoured, for his hours were numbered. Tisha, scarcely recovered, sank into the beehive chair; old Gwen stood by his pillow, her grandchildren round about and Laban at their back.

"Has he told you? No? He will soon," he muttered in an almost inaudible voice. "I will be before him—I am the murderer."

The awe-struck family thought he was wandering, all but Tisha, who rose and pushed her way to the bed.

"I knew it, I knew it!" she cried. "I will forgive you if you will bring my poor Toom back."

She fell on her knees as if imploring a favour of him who had done her such an awful wrong. The children began to cry as they surrounded her; and the scene grew indescribably pathetic. Old Gwen was the only self-possessed one of the party.

"Come away Tisha, you are killing him!" she said. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

"Pray for me, all of you. I repent of all I have done you. For Christ's sake, pray for me."

Again Uncle Laban knelt down, but it was old Gwen that broke forth in prayer. She was well used to pray in English as well as Welsh, and her words were always "with power." Now they took the form of thanksgiving.

"We bless and praise Thy Holy name, Almighty God, for bringing this sinner to repentance. Forgive him, for Christ's sake, as we do forgive him. Clear my son from the charge of blood-guiltiness, and bring him back to us in Thy good time. Dear Lord Jesus, receive this malefactor, as thou didst the thief on the cross. Thou didst shed Thy precious blood for the guilty. Wash him, make him clean——"

"Wash me; make me clean!" here broke in the dying man.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow," said old Gwen, motioning the others from the room.

Tisha remained behind. She was no longer the drooping reed, but the tall, erect woman; for her Toom was innocent. Neither she nor Gwen felt any malice towards the man who lay before them, only gratitude that in some way, yet unknown to them, he had made their Toom's innocence clear.

But they had no time to realise this; for the penitent sinner who was lying on the very bed of the man he had unwittingly wronged, grew worse and worse—weaker and weaker. His mind was, however, clear, and he spoke at intervals. They gathered from what he said, that he had not intentionally injured Toom: that he only heard for the first time that he was suffering penal servitude, when he saw his family leaving their cottage: that he wished to benefit them; that he had not courage to confess; that their patience and faith had overcome him; that he had made a will leaving them all he possessed; that he did not quite know whether he had fallen accidentally or premeditatedly from the castle, for the devil was beside him all the time; above all, he affirmed that he had not meant to murder Thomas, Plas Newydd, though he had wandered, like Cain, ever since.

It was astonishing how tenacious of life was this poor wretch, who had taken the life of another. He was still alive the next morning, and his last question was to Tisha, "Is your poor Toom come back? I want to ask his forgiveness before I die."

"I give it you for him," said Tisha.

And so he passed away.

CHAPTER IX.—THE COTTAGE AGAIN.

DAZED, wondering, yet hopeful were the inhabitants of Careg Cennin Farm.

"When will Walters come? When shall we know the truth?" were the questions of the youngsters, and "In the Lord's good time," the answer of old Gwen; while Tisha sat watching, waiting, listening for the magistrate, who seemed to her to hold her fate in his hand. He came at last, and there, in the kitchen, in the midst of the assembled family, confirmed the wandering speech of him who "slept his last sleep" in the adjoining room.

"He affirms the innocence of your son," he said, addressing old Gwen, "and declares himself the murderer of Thomas, Plas Newydd. His deposition was short and clear, and to the effect that he came from Australia, and went on a visit to Caergwyn. He brought much money with him. Thomas, who was a gambler, fleeced him of it at play, and nearly beggared him. He watched for him on his way to the bank, where they said he was sure to place it, and demanded it back again. He jumped into his dog-cart and a struggle ensued. Thomas was thrown out

and Milbank leapt down after him. They fought fiercely, and Milbank knocked Thomas down. He did not wait to see if he were dead or alive, but rifled his pockets till he found his own Australian notes. He made off with them, and, as he had left Caergwyn a day or two previously, got away unsuspected.

"He took his passage at once for Australia, and avoided his fellow-creatures, so that he knew nothing of the result of his deed. He would not enquire; but conscience would not be pacified, and after roaming from place to place, he came back to Wales. The rest, he said, you could tell me; and in the interests of justice, there must be a full examination of all the circumstances."

When Mr. Walters ceased, he looked from one to another of those who surrounded him. If they were overjoyed, their joy was so tempered by awe that they did not appear to rejoice.

"I knew it—I knew it! My poor Toom!" said Tisha, and again fell into a faint.

Shonny began to cry, and the usual confusion ensued; indeed, they were all rather in a state of lamentation over one parent than of rapture over another; until Tisha, suddenly reviving, exclaimed: "There's unfeeling you are; all crying, and your father coming back!"

This caused Shonny to leap up in a sort of transport, and the rest to break into smiles.

"Praise the Lord, O my soul!" cried old Gwen, uplifting eyes and hands as she stood in the midst of her children. "I never misdoubted Thy mercy or his innocence."

Mr. Walters left the house, and began at once to set on foot the necessary enquiries. The Prices of Caergwyn were summoned, and confirmed Milbank's statement concerning the gambling, and recognised him, when placed face to face with his remains. It evolved that there had been also a love affair in which Thomas and Milbank were rivals.

Misprison of felony subsequently headed many paragraphs in many papers; but the innocence of Thomas Gwillim, convicted of the murder of Mr. Thomas, of Plas Newydd, Carmarthenshire, was fully proved. He had suffered four years' penal servitude, wrongfully, and would have been hanged but for an irreproachable character. "But then he was always quarrelling with the landed proprietors about the fish, and the game-laws must be kept," said the magistrates. "Is fish game?" enquired the ignorant fishermen.

"We will go back to the cottage, and be there against father do come home," said Tisha to her children. "We must seem as if nothing had happened. There's lucky that nobody has taken it."

Even old Gwen thought this was a good plan, though no one took into account what effect those years of prison-labour might have had on the husband and father. Not a moment was lost in airing and repairing the neglected house, in digging up the garden, in white-washing and yellow-washing, even to the pigstye; and in restoring the old home to its original state.

"I will spend my five pound upon it," said Tisha. "The poor gentleman was very sorry for what he did to father, and 'ould like to think he was helping us. If his will do go for nothing, they can't be taking his presents away."

"And there's my pound," said Toom bach, doubtfully.

"And the money he left with Mrs. Bowen for me," suggested Gwen fach, with tears in her eyes: she always cried when she thought of Milbank, for she would have it "he was very kind-hearted."

"It was honest money, left him by his father, Colonel Milbank," said old Gwen. "I think we may use it for honest work."

And so the long-disputed cash helped to defray the expenses of the second flitting. How different that was from the first! How quickly and joyfully accomplished! Tisha was foremost in everything. She wanted neither cart nor beehive-chair to take her back to her home. She walked as briskly as her children. She accompanied the beloved coracle from its new to its ancient stand-point, and had it repaired and tarred to be ready for her Toom's fishing. All the neighbours as well as all the relatives, helped to convey the goods and chattels, so that young Gwen declared "it was like the jackdaws building their nests on the roofs and in the chimneys."

Mrs. Bowen kindly spared her at this time, and said she would manage without her until her father's return.

His return! Who shall describe the coming back of one supposed to be lost so long as life should last? The day and hour were uncertain; it might be Monday, it might be Tuesday; the journey was long. How they watched by turns at the station—how they tidied up at home!

"Will he ever come, Mamgu?" asked Tisha, Tuesday evening.

"In the Lord's time," replied the trembling Mamgu.

They were sitting by the fire in the twilight, while the children were all on the watch. The kettle sang on the hob; supper was spread; the cat purred on the hearth; the corner-cupboard smiled serenely, as if happy in being at home again; brasses and tins shone like gold and silver; all the furniture, like Tisha, had renewed its youth.

"Husht! what's that? 'Tis like the drum and fife band," cried Tisha, starting up.

In another moment the door was opened, and in burst Shonny.

"Here's father!" he cried.

David and Dorcas followed, holding that father by the hand, and in the rear Toom bach and Gwen.

Tisha was in her husband's arms.

Old Gwen, with a thankgiving on her lips, bided her turn. The children circled round them.

"Tisha, wife, mother and children, once more, thank God," came from the gaunt man, who embraced one after another of those he had never hoped to see again.

His clothes hung about him, he looked ill and aged, his hair was cropped, but he was their son, husband, father. How they laughed and wept

by turns, till they were suddenly recalled to other friends by sounds without.

"'Tis the drum and fife band. I said it was. They are playing 'Home, sweet home,'" cried Tisha.

"They all came to meet me. Oh! my friends, my brothers!" sobbed Tisha's "poor Toom."

The words were scarcely spoken when those "friends and brothers" streamed in. The Welsh are not only patriotic but clannish, and all Toom's relatives and friends had met him at the station, and had formed a sort of triumphal procession over the bridge and along the river-side to the cottage. The fife and drum band of which David was a member, had played Welsh airs all the way, till the "Home, sweet Home," seemed the more appropriate; but David had not joined the musicians, because he "had hold of father's hand."

That hand was well-nigh shaken off, and Tisha, who clung to his left side as if afraid they might again be separated, had hard work to repress her sobs. But she meant to make up to him by her love and bravery, for all his sufferings, and she would not give way. It was his worn and wearied spirit that failed, and his the voice choked by emotion.

"You—you—none of you believed that I did it," he stammered.

A negative that almost seemed a cheer, burst from all present, and the hand-shaking began again.

But this like everything else came to an end; and, perhaps, we cannot do better than end with it, and with old Gwen's parting address to the friends who, at last, left the re-united family to themselves.

"We are all of one mind. Let us thank the Lord for making his innocence clear as the light of day. It is His doing. It was He as led the footsteps of the guilty one to this very place, quickened his conscience, and brought him to repentance. May He be with our dear Toom in this, his coming home, and give him strength for honest labour, and a heart prepared by suffering, for the spending of the remainder of his days in His service."

"Amen. Amen," echoed from cottage to river, as the friends departed, and happy Toom was left, with his wife, mother and children.

ST. JOHN:

APOSTLE, EVANGELIST, AND SEER.

BY THE REV. S. G. GREEN, D.D.

IX.—THE FOURTH GOSPEL AND THE THREE EPISTLES. (3.)

HITHERTO we have taken for granted that the John who, according to the testimony of all Christian antiquity, lived and wrote at Ephesus, was one and the same person, with the disciple of the Lord. A second John, however, is thought by some to have been upon the scene;—John the Presbyter, or Elder: and as his presumed existence has been regarded as the key to many difficulties, it may be worth while to turn aside for a moment, and ask what is known concerning him.

The chief indication of such a personage is in a quotation given in Eusebius from Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis, said by Irenæus to have been "a hearer of John, and an associate of Polycarp." Papias writes in his work, entitled *An Exposition of the Oracles of the Lord*:—

> "Whenever a person came in my way who had attended on the Elders, I would inquire what were the declarations of the Elders, what was said by Andrew, or by Peter; or by Philip; or by Thomas or James; or by John or Matthew; or by any other of the disciples of the Lord; and what Aristion and John the Elder, disciples of the Lord, say; for I did not think that I derived so much benefit from books as from the living voice of those that are still surviving."
>
> "It is proper," adds Eusebius, "to observe that the name of John is twice mentioned, the former time in association with Peter, James, Matthew, and the other apostles;—evidently meaning the evangelist. But Papias ranks the other John with the rest not included in the number of apostles, placing Aristion before him, and distinguishes him plainly by the name of Elder. So that the statement is confirmed of those who assert that there were two of the same name in Asia, that there were also two tombs in Ephesus, and that both bear the name of John even to this day; which it is particularly necessary to observe. For it is probable that the second, if it be not allowed that it was the first, saw the Revelation ascribed to John."—*Eccl. Hist.* iii. 39.

Such is the evidence. Its significance consists in this, that critics who cannot admit the common authorship of the Gospel and the Apocalypse have here another John to whom to attribute the rejected work. True, these critics are by no means agreed as to which of the two books belongs to this "John, the Presbyter." Eusebius, as we have seen, says the Revelation; moderns more generally say the Gospel. To sounder judgment both hypotheses are alike unnecessary. In fact, there is some room for doubt whether this second John ever existed at all. Papias seems to be referring to two classes of witnesses; first, to those whose testimony belonged to the past—"what *was said* (formerly)" by

them, and secondly, to those with whom he had actually conversed—"what they *say* (now)." Very possibly, the "John" of both lists is the same. This great evangelist combined the testimony of successive generations. Certainly "the Elder" is not a distinctive title, as Papias terms all the apostles Elders alike. There is no clear trace of a second John in any other ecclesiastical writer; and as to the existence of two tombs at Ephesus, it seems to be a mere rumour which Eusebius took from Dionysius, bishop of Alexandria, one hundred and fifty years after the apostolic era. "*Some say*," writes Dionysius, "that there were two tombs." Jerome, however, remarks: "Some think that they are both tombs of John the Evangelist."[1] This is really all the testimony that we have to the existence of John the Presbyter. Eusebius disliked the Apocalypse, and eagerly caught at any suggestion that might discredit its apostolic origin. It is, therefore, held by many that the personage of whom so much has been made, is altogether mythical.[2] In any case, supposing him to have existed, and to have been a teacher of Papias, there is not the slightest evidence, beyond the worthless conjecture of Eusebius,[3] to connect him with either of the canonical books.

We may then dismiss this Presbyter on whom so much has been written, as having nothing to do with our discussion; and may reaffirm the general belief of the church, as unshaken by all the adverse reasoning of later days, that in the Fourth Gospel and in the Three Letters, we have the mind and heart of the disciple whom Jesus loved.

Nay, we have much more. The Spirit of God that was in him had opened his eyes to discern yet deeper and grander aspects of the truth than had been unveiled to his fellow evangelists, and especially to see how the broken lights of men's thoughts concerning the Divine were but glimpses of that consummate glory in which the Son of God was revealed. St. John, alone among the evangelists, stood face to face with Gentile speculations. He had passed beyond the circle of Judæan thoughts and beliefs, and had become conversant with the figments and the dreams of the world's philosophy, in proud and cultured Ephesus. For in that centre of Asiatic wisdom there was something more refined and subtle than the gross popular idolatry which was content to cry "Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!" and to worship "the thing that came down from Zeus." Still, no doubt, as in the days of Paul, the Demetriuses and craftsmen of the city stood by their "silver shrines," and valued their religion mainly as a matter of art and of business. But St. John had also to meet with men of another calibre. There were many who in their hearts despised the gods of the people, and strove, although in strange, bewildered ways, after a better ideal. Some attempted an impossible eclecticism, in the reconciliation of Jewish beliefs with heathen notions; others, again, to whom the message of Christianity had come, thought to inweave its teachings with the subtleties of their own philosophy. The systems which we class under the general head of Gnosticism, were not as yet fully formulated; the age was chiefly one of tendencies; there was a very chaos of thought—conditions which required another setting forth of the truth than that of the Galilean Gospels.

Of these tendencies, two were predominant. One was to remove the Divine Being to an infinite distance from His own creation, and from human thought. The Unknown and Unknowable, it was held, could only be manifested by emanations,—vaguely conceived as utterances from the Eternal Silence, or even as inferior beings, given off, as it were, from the infinite and inconceivable Substance. Later Gnosticism had a whole hierarchy of these intermediaries between the Creator and the creation; but these we need not now consider. In the time of St. John, the leading conception, so far as the conception had any clearness at all, was that of the Logos, or Word: in Jewish speculation, the *Memra*, or "Word of Revelation;" in Platonised Greek thought the *Reason*, or "mediating principle of the Divine activity," in communication with the world of matter and of mind.

The other tendency was to the belief in two opposing eternal principles, as afterwards formulated in Manicheism, but really imported into the Christian circle from older Oriental speculations. In matter was the source of evil; and in the flesh lay the cause of all moral depravation. This dualism led to many wild hypotheses in after days. The time of these had not yet come; but there was, at any rate, the disposition to assert the necessary and everlasting antagonism between the material and the spiritual worlds. Sin, therefore, became a matter of constitution, and man's responsibility for it was practically ignored.

Such were the prevailing modes of thought among the people to whom St. John made the great announcement of an Eternal Father, in closest communion with His children, not by the effluence of power from some mysterious and unimaginable depth of being, but by the Word, personal, eternal, divine, incarnate. For the abstractions of a heathen philosophy, there is given a revelation of light, life, love, in One whose glory, says the evangelist, "we beheld," or again, whom "we have heard, and seen with our eyes, and looked upon, and our hands have handled." This personal revelation of the Divine in humanity is the great theme of these writings;

[1] The supposition of a second monument besides his actual sepulchre would be by no means improbable.

[2] See a full discussion of the subject in Smith and Wace's *Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Biography*, art. "Joannes Presbyter"; also in an Excursus at the end of Archdeacon Farrar's *Early Days of Christianity*. Bishop Lightfoot is inclined to believe that John the Presbyter was an actual person, and teacher of Papias, although, of course, not the author of the Gospel or the Apocalypse. See *Contemporary Review*, August, 1867.

[3] Dionysius also, anticipating much modern criticism, holds that the Apocalypse and the Gospel must have been by different writers; but he is all at sea as to the authorship of the former. The seer was a *John*, he remarks, inasmuch as he gives his own name (Rev. i. 4, 9; xxii. 8), it could hardly have been *John Mark*, the companion of St. Paul! "But," Dionysius adds, "I think that it was some other John of those who were in Asia, since some even say that there are two tombs in Ephesus, each of which is called the tomb of John."

it is the master-thought, in the light of which the apostle calls to mind and sets in order the facts and the utterances of that Life in long-past days which was to the end his greatest and dearest memory.

The Word became Flesh, and tabernacled among us, and we beheld His glory as of the only-begotten from the Father. Such is the motto of the Gospel, and the first Epistle repeats the strain, with exhortation, warning, and appeal. The old man at Ephesus knew and felt that the one way of meeting the false metaphysics and bewildered ethics of his day was by setting forth THE CHRIST, by declaring GOD IS LOVE. Long meditation, with the teachings of the Divine Spirit, had made the vision clear to his adoring view. "The Life was manifested, and we have seen, and bear witness, and declare unto you the Life, the eternal Life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." Far better now did the disciple understand the Master than in the days of their earthly fellowship. The works of Jesus that had borne witness to Him then, were now seen to be fraught with grander, holier testimony; and words half understood when spoken, although heard with reverent wonder and delight, now shone with the full glory of their meaning. These words and works the apostle records—partly for their own sake, that the mind and heart of Christ might be unveiled also to that generation, partly as evidence, that the errors of the time might be rebuked, and that men might believe.

It is, no doubt, an inadequate account of the Fourth Gospel to describe it simply as apologetic. True, it was that, but it was far more. Still less can it be said to have been simply a supplement to the other three. That this also is a partial account of St. John's design may be conceded. There are omissions, as of the Transfiguration, the Institution of the Supper, the Agony in the Garden, and even the Ascension, which seem inexplicable on any other supposition. To this last great event, indeed, there is distinct allusion, perhaps also to the others; but these references we need not be concerned to discuss. It is more to the purpose to remark that in those scenes which St. John describes in common with the synoptic evangelists, he adds vividness and completeness to the narrative. Very especially is this the case with the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the only miracle recorded in common by the four evangelists, and in the description of our Lord's twofold trial before His crucifixion. The added details, while perfecting the narratives themselves, are as evidently given for the sake of the apostle's chief aim, the manifestation of the Christ.

This aim appears especially in the selected miracles or "signs." For it is observable that the word for miracles as "powers," or "mighty works," so frequent in the other Gospels, is never used by St. John. These wonders are always "signs" simply, or "works," the former appellation expressing the spiritual intention which every miracle embodied. Seven in all (or eight, if we include the draught of fishes after His resurrection) are recorded in this Gospel; and in their deepest meaning they are all testimonies to Him and to His great redemption. When He turned the water into wine at Cana of Galilee, "this beginning of signs," we are told "manifested His glory, and His disciples believed on Him." It at once made manifest His power over the material creation, and suggested the enrichment and ennobling of life by His might and love. The healing of the nobleman's son revealed Christ's power over disease, and at the same time exhibited the trial and discipline of faith. The cure of the paralytic at Bethesda was followed by unbelief instead of by faith as in previous cases; that unbelief taking as its occasion a misplaced estimate of the Sabbath, on which our Lord utters some of His profoundest teachings on His own and His Father's working. The feeding of the five thousand at Bethsaida led to our Lord's self-revelation as the Bread of Life; and when soon afterwards He comes to His disciples across the wind-tossed waters of the lake, He proves Himself Helper and Refuge amid all earthly storms. He appears, again, as the Light of the world in the cure of the blind man at Siloam; and as the Resurrection and the Life, beside the open grave of Lazarus. The cycle of miracles is complete; each becomes to us not only an evidence for the confirmation of faith, but a parable in act, revealing some great aspect of His work of redemption.

In the *seven* miracles many expositors have discerned a numerical mystery, characteristic of the apostle, and another link with the Apocalypse. On the discussion of this point, however interesting and suggestive, we cannot enter. After the Resurrection, an eighth sign was given, as expressive as any that had gone before. Again, as at their call to apostleship,[1] the disciples are shown by an emblem taken from their early occupation, that they are to be fishers of men. But how changed are the circumstances! Then the nets were breaking, now they are unbroken; then the fish were uncounted, now they are carefully numbered;[2] then the cry of the disciple was, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!" now, from the same lips, "Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee." The symbolism of the two miracles may be the same, but in this second there is a loftier and grander view of apostolic work.

The record of this miracle, with the conversation following, has one special point of interest for the aged apostle who thus brings his narrative to a close. Our Lord's last words he does not yet fully understand: "If I will that he tarry till I come ——" St. John's fellow disciples were ready to interpret the saying for

[1] This call is recorded, we need hardly say, by the synoptics. John omits it altogether.

[2] Some interpreters find a mystery in the number "one hundred and fifty and three." Thus Jerome says that there were just so many kinds of fish, and takes the number as indicating the completeness of Christ's Church. Other solutions of the supposed secret are given by Westcott, *Commentary*, pp. 306, 7. The simplest explanation is probably the correct one, that the specification of the number, as in other places, is the almost unconsciously accurate statement of an eye-witness.

him, "The Lord has said that our dear Teacher will not die." With inimitable naturalness the apostle puts aside the inference as unwarranted. "Jesus said not unto him that he should not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" The beloved disciple is simply content to repeat the Master's words, and to await the interpretation that time would bring. That the words were written by another, after the apostle's death had solved the mystery, the form of the passage clearly shows to be an inadmissible supposition.

Then, the Ephesian elders, or other companions of St. John, add their attestation: "This is the disciple which testifieth of these things, and wrote these things, and we know that his testimony is true;" concluding the record with a quotation from the apostle's own words, as shown by the change of phrase from "*we* know" to "I suppose." As though, when he concluded his dictation, or put the manuscript away, he uttered with a sigh this daring hyperbole, to show how infinite the task would be to set forth *every one* of the "things which Jesus did!"

The first Epistle of St. John is evidently a supplement to his Gospel. The same thoughts, often the same expressions, recur: the style is identical: the lessons of the Divine life are turned into earnest exhortations: *Walk in the light; do righteousness; love God; for God is Light, God is Love.* The Epistle, too, as is natural, is more doctrinal than the Gospel. The Divine glory of the Word is there—"This is the true God and Eternal Life;" His redeeming sacrifice—"He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world;" the purifying efficacy of that sacrifice upon heart and life—"the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

But the one point on which it was needful to insist was that which the Gospel was written to illustrate, that the Word was *made flesh.* So the apostle begins by speaking of that which his "eyes had seen and his hands had handled." For the tendencies of which we have spoken were growing into shape, probably through the influence of Cerinthus, whose doctrine seems to have been a development of the "Nicolaitan" heresy denounced in the Letters to the Seven Churches of Asia. It was a strange form of rationalism, consisting in the denial, not so much of the divinity[1] as of the *humanity* of the Christ. Various were the expedients devised for evading this great truth. That the man Jesus was simply human, and that "the Christ" was superadded at His baptism; or, that the manhood was only an outward semblance, deceiving the senses of those who professed to observe Him—such were the theories. Hence the insistance of St. John upon the truth, as essential to Christianity, that Christ Jesus had come *in the flesh.* The denial of this was the chief antichrist of the early church. There were many antichrists, but this was the grossest, the most insufferable form of unbelief. In the tremendous indignation with which he denounces it, we seem to hear the old Boanerges. "Many false prophets are gone out into the world. Hereby know ye the Spirit of God; every spirit which confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is of God, and every spirit which confesseth not Jesus is not of God: and this is the spirit of the antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it cometh, and now it is in the world already!" Again: "No lie is of the truth. Who is the liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? This is the antichrist, even he that denieth the Father and the Son."

In connection with the same truth we interpret the difficult passage, "This is He that came by water and by blood," the same Christ all through, in His baptism, which inaugurated His work, and in His death, its consummation. St. John had seen the blood and water issue from His side upon the Cross, and takes the fact as an expressive symbol of His whole work. The two are "witnesses," and the Spirit which He gives, and which continues His power among men, complete the testimony. "There are three that bear record."[1]

This First Epistle of St. John is "general." It was an "encyclical" to the churches, over which he exercised apostolic supervision. These churches contained Christians in different stages of the Divine life. Some, like himself, were fathers, who had long maintained the faith, and to whom he speaks in kindredship of soul: "Ye have known Him that is from the beginning." And young men there were, in the full ardour of their readiness to do or to suffer for Christ's sake. Sympathising with their enthusiasm, the apostle with glowing heart writes, "Ye are strong." Others had but newly entered on the life of faith. Whether mature in years, or youthful in life, they had freshly surrendered themselves to Christ. The apostle speaks to them tenderly, warningly: "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." "Little children, it is the last time." "Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

Such were the apostle's last words to the churches. Two short letters follow, of a private character, which, although sometimes doubted by the early church,[2] are shown by many tokens, as well as by their early general acceptance, to be unmistakably his. In the superscription of each, he terms himself "the Elder," a title, which, as in a similar phrase of St. Peter, may imply old age, or office in the church, or both. The former letter is to the "Elect Lady," or to "Electa

[1] The Ebionites denied His divinity, but were altogether of less influence than the Cerinthians.

[1] "For there are three who bear witness, the Spirit, and the water, and the blood; and the three agree in one."—*Revised Version.* Such no doubt is the true reading in 1 John v. 8. The introduction of the *heavenly* Witnesses into the passage seems to have been the work of some early transcriber, who misapprehended the apostle's argument, and presumed an omission.

[2] The shadowy personage "John the Presbyter," to whom we referred in the beginning of the present article, has with some the credit of these two letters also.

A CHRISTMAS BOX IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Kyria," or to the "Lady Electa,"[1] or to "Kyria the chosen one": for so variously has the address been read; some critics again taking it as personifying the Church, the Bride of Christ. To us it appears that the ordinary (and Revised) rendering is likeliest to be accurate, and that the letter, as we have said, is to an unnamed Christian woman of repute in the Church. There were false teachers abroad, carrying with them the pernicious doctrines which St. John denounces in his first Epistle. Some of these might seek the hospitality of this Elect Lady, and the apostle adjures her to refuse it. Keep these people, at all hazards, out of your house! It is Boanerges who speaks again—the John of the traditional story about Cerinthus in the bath. But the letter begins and closes with a lovely serenity, giving us glimpses of a happy home, in which, to mother and to children, the aged and beloved Apostle was an honoured guest.

The Epistle to Caius takes up the same topic of hospitality, but from a different point of view. Where he lived we have no means of knowing. There was a Caius of Macedonia, a Caius of Derbe, a Caius of Corinth;[2] in fact, it was among the commonest of Roman names, and we know how, in its Græcised form Gaius, it has become a symbol of hospitality,[3] partly from this Epistle, and partly because of the entertainment of St. Paul by Gaius at Corinth. This friend of St. John appears to have been delicate in health; for so we understand the apostle's earnest and unusual desire that Caius might be as strong in body as he already was in soul. But at any rate he did what he could, in welcoming to his house and helping on their way those brethren who had gone forth "for the sake of the Name," a striking expression, indicating the missionaries of Christ in early days. But this pleasant task had somehow of late been impeded. There was one, Diotrephes, who harshly refused this welcome. He lives before us in St. John's portrait, a loud-voiced, self-important man, forcing himself to the front, and imperiously dictating to the church. By this man some excellent people had been recently turned away; and those who persisted in receiving them had been expelled from the congregation! These high-handed proceedings must be stopped. But in the meantime Caius must not be intimidated into following the example. Demetrius, probably the bearer of the letter, perhaps one of the brethren denied hospitality, is a good man and true. What higher description can be given of a noble character than that not only his associates, but the Truth itself commended him? So, with greetings to the many friends, not particularised by name, as Caius will know whom the apostle means, this brief and graphic picture of early church life is closed; echoing the farewell benediction of Jesus to His disciples, "Peace be with thee!" Who could utter such a blessing with a greater appropriateness than "the disciple whom Jesus loved?"

[1] This interpretation, however, seems forbidden by the fact that it would require another "lady Electa" (verse 13) sister of the former.

[2] Acts xix. 29; xx. 4; Rom. xvi. 23; 1 Cor. i. 14.

[3] See John Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress*, part ii.

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688

ON ITS RELIGIOUS SIDE.

VI.

THE English nation and the English church now turned for help exactly in the same direction as the French Huguenots. William of Orange, the Stadtholder of the United Provinces, the head of the Protestant interest, had his eye on everything happening in England, and was organising his forces with a view to the moment for action which he foresaw must soon arrive. Dykvelt, the envoy in England of the United Provinces, spent his time mainly in this work. Conferences of leading noblemen of all parties were held in his presence; and on the very day of the acquittal of the bishops, a document was despatched to William signed by seven representative men; which stated that nineteen-twentieths of the common people of England longed most anxiously for a change, and that the nobility and gentry were animated by the same sentiments, and that if the Prince of Orange could land with a force sufficient to promise protection to his friends, he would in a few days find himself at the head of an army double that of the king's, and would see crowds of officers and privates abjure the royal standard for that of religion and liberty, and that this was a favourable moment for the attempt.

The two kings, James and Louis, who by the exercise of the most common-place wisdom could have rendered all these schemes futile, acted at this moment in so infatuated a manner that we must believe them judicially blinded. The Dutch Stadtholder could do nothing if the ruling classes in Amsterdam, the natural enemies of his house, opposed his English schemes. Yet Louis had the folly to wound these possible allies in their most tender points: religion and commerce. He interfered with their herring fishery, and sent his secret police into Holland after Huguenot refugees. Great demonstrations of the latter took place in Amsterdam, the city was moved and every one crying for war.

James seemed raised up for the very purpose of showing England with unmistakable clearness the nature of the principles on which the great struggle turned, and the issue of the doctrines which Hobbes and Bossuet taught. Even at this moment after the crushing defeat he had sustained in his quarrel with the bishops, he actually proposed to cite before the High Commission every clergyman in England who had refused to read his Declaration of Indulgence.

It was not until the news arrived that the Prince of Orange had actually embarked for England that James awoke out of his fool's paradise, and began to see the imminent peril he was in of losing his crown. In the course of a few days he retraced every step, and annulled almost every Act peculiar to his reign.

On the 22nd of September he sent for the bishops, and solicited their advice and aid.

On the 26th he restored the deputy-lieutenants and magistrates he had shortly before dismissed, because they would not help him to pack a Parliament.

On the 28th he repudiated the design of calling in the King of France, and promised to summon a Parliament.

On the 30th he restored the Bishop of London.

On the 5th of October he dissolved the High Commission.

On the 12th, he restored Dr. Hough and the Fellows of the Magdalene College.

On the 17th, he returned to the corporations the various charters he had taken away, sending that of the city of London by the hands of Lord Chancellor Jeffreys himself.

On the 22nd, he dismissed the Jesuit, Petre.

On the 27th, he dismissed Sunderland.

Nothing more was left him than to dismiss Jeffreys, and then himself, but just at this moment the news came that the Prince of Orange had surmounted the difficulties caused by the wind driving back his expedition, and that he had successfully eluded the king's fleet and had passed the Straits of Dover.

On the morning of Saturday, the 3rd of November, the coasts of Kent and Picardy were lined with spectators, watching the new Armada. A messenger galloped post haste from Dover Castle with the news, and very early on Sunday morning a great muster of troops took place by torchlight in Hyde Park. The winds bore the coming invaders well on down the channel all that day and night, but when morning broke they found that they had gone beyond Torbay where William was to land. But just when some faithless souls believed all was over and the expedition had failed, a soft breeze sprang up from the south, the mist broke, the fleet turned back and rode safely into the harbour of Torbay. "Well, doctor," said the Prince when Burnet came to congratulate him, "what do you think of predestination now?"

The disembarkation had scarcely taken place when a great gale arose from the west, arresting the royal fleet which was swooping down on the invaders. It had just sighted the Dutch masts in Torbay when the tempest drove it back to take shelter in Portsmouth Harbour.

Truly it was the deliverance wrought for us and not by us, for never did a people do less, and never was a national peril greater; however the people had done their part, as Sedgemoor and the cross-roads and village-greens throughout the western counties witnessed. When they saw the Prince of Orange triumphantly marching through the very district in which only three years earlier Jeffreys had held the Bloody Assize, could they fail to recognise that a just God and a Saviour rules the world, and to say in the familiar words—

"The Lord is come to judge the earth,
With righteousness shall He judge the world,
And the people with equity."

MEDAL STRUCK TO COMMEMORATE THE ACQUITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

(From the Original in the Medal Room of the Brit. Mus.)

Charles and James had acted most treacherously towards the nation; now the last Stuart king was so basely deceived and so universally deserted that the people in their simple, magnanimous way began to pity him. He seemed a veritable old Lear forsaken by his own children. But his worst enemy was himself. The sole thing he thought of was to secure the safety of his wife and to save his own head. He then began to prepare for his own flight. To blind those around him, he ordered a meeting of the peers for the 11th of December, and the very day before he fled he told the Lord Mayor and sheriffs that though he had thought it expedient to send his wife and child out of the country, he would himself remain at his post. That night he ordered the great seal and the writs for the new parliament to be brought to him. Such of the latter as could be found he pitched into the fire, and those already sent he annulled by an instrument drawn up in legal form. At three o'clock the next morning, December 11th, James rose, and taking the great seal with him, got into a hackney-coach, and drove to Millbank where he got on board a small wherry. As he was rowed across the river he threw the great seal into the water, and very soon the boat stopped at Lambeth where he got into a coach and drove off to Sheerness.

We may imagine the excitement in London at the news, especially as it was intensified by such items as the following from the country:—The

rebels welcomed in Newcastle and the king's statue hurled into the Tyne; the garrison at Hull surprised by a *coup de main;* Declaration of the Duke of Norfolk against popery and arbitrary power in the market place at Norwich; Bristol opens its gates to Shrewsbury—the bishop the first to welcome the Dutch troops. Rescue from prison at Gloucester of Lovelace; he marches triumphant into Oxford; some of the heads of the university will coin their plate to help the Prince of Orange.

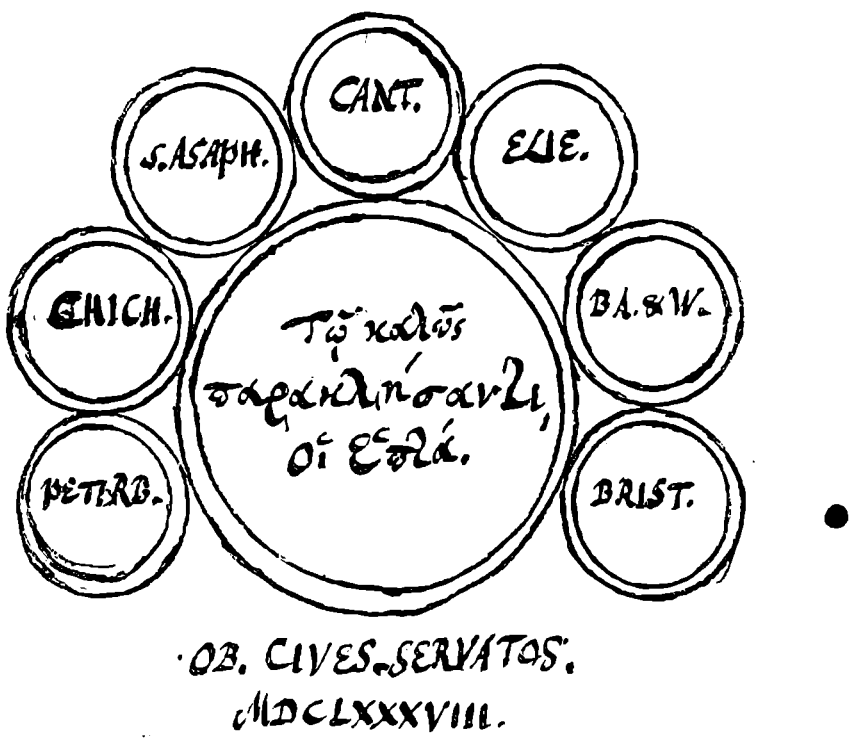
London, according to Macaulay, contained at this time thousands of housebreakers and highwaymen, cut-throats and ring-droppers, and there were moreover in it thousands of idle apprentices who loved the excitement of a riot. The chief authority in the country had extinguished itself, and the lord mayor, the chief authority in the city was so extremely nervous, that the sight of the terrible Lord Chancellor disguised as a vagabond sailor, begrimed with coal dust, and trembling at his bar, so overcame him that he fell into a fit, was carried to his bed, whence he never rose. Yet in the midst of every incentive to the wildest excitement, with all the machinery of law and order legally unable to move, this terrible population committed no "atrocious" crime. What rioting there was, was entirely of a political character, and consisted chiefly in the destruction of Roman Catholic chapels and convents and the houses of Roman Catholic gentlemen. But not a single Roman Catholic lost his life, either in London or throughout the country. With the single exception of the infamous Jeffreys, the people showed no vindictive desire to harm any person whatever. And this although their excitement one night well-nigh bordered on lunacy under the belief that Fevershams Irish troops were marching on London intending to massacre every man, woman, and child in the metropolis. The nation for a moment had realised its unity, and its soul elevated by ennobling thoughts concerning the supreme value of its religion and its liberty, and the way in which God had appeared for their preservation, there was no place for the tempter. He was for a while awed and confounded.

On the very day James finally left London William entered. Great crowds assembled near St. James's Palace to greet him, every hat and cane adorned with Orange favours. The bells were ringing, faggots for bonfires were heaped in the streets. But William, who had no sympathy with the people, avoided their cheers as much as possible, and came through the park at nightfall to St. James's.

It is not part of our purpose here to relate how the revolution was legalised and made the foundation of our present constitution in church and state, for is not that all written in the history books? Suffice it to say that the ghosts of arbitrary power which James so imprudently raised were all decently laid to rest by the Declaration of Right, in which the call of William and Mary to the vacant throne was set forth and duly accepted, and which formed a sort of contract between king and people.

Thus the struggle terminated, a struggle in which great lessons had been learnt, lessons which the country took deeply to heart, and which it has been slowly trying to realise ever since.

RICHARD HEATH



DESIGN BY SANCROFT FOR A MEDAL TO COMMEMORATE THE ACQUITTAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

(*From the Original in the Bodleian Library.*)

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY A. HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

VIII.—THE PYRAMIDS.

THE TABLE-LAND OF DESERT.

WHAT child has not heard of them, for they are the largest and oldest buildings in the world. I hope, however, to tell you a few things about them not generally known. People think they are built on a plain; really they stand on cliffs, and when you ascend those cliffs you find yourself on a raised table-land of desert. Then too there are a great number of pyramids in Egypt, though these largest are at Geezeh, a few miles from Cairo. Now it is quite easy to get to them, as a good road has been made, which road has trees planted on either side; really it is quite a fashionable drive for people to take. Just fancy, having picnics at the pyramids!

You s[illegible] who built them, and what are they for? These are difficult questions, and, until lately, learned men differed very much, but you need not bother your little heads with rival theories. At Geezeh there are three great ones, and some smaller, but the big one of all is called "Cheops." Who was he? Well Herodotus, who is called the "father of history," by which is meant that he was one of the first travellers who wrote an account of what he saw in his travels, and which account has come down to us, says Cheops was a king, that he employed 100,000 men to work on this huge building, that he gave them poor pay, and that many died.

We can see by hieroglyphic tablets or writings of the Ancient Egyptians how the people built them. The stones were brought from quarries across the Nile, and laid in steps or stairs inclining inwards. The whole height of Cheops is 482 feet (that is, if a little of the top had not been knocked off.) Now that is about 100 feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral in London, so when you look at that great church you can fancy how high this pyramid is. It is said to be 5000 years old. No building in the world can compare with this for the amount of stone used in its construction, and what is worthy of note is that every stone was perfectly laid and finished. Longfellow sings,

> "In the elder days of art
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part,
> For the gods see everywhere."

They are now generally believed to have been tombs for kings, and it is said that so soon as a king came to the throne he began to build his tomb or pyramid, and that the reason why Cheops is so large is that that king lived to be

ninety years of age. At least that is the age given to Cheops in an old Egyptian writing or papyrus which is now in the museum at Turin.

Not only is this great pyramid wonderful because of its size, but it has many most wonderful passages and chambers in it. One gallery is called the great gallery, from its size, and one fine chamber is called the king's chamber. It is 34 feet long, 17 feet 7 inches broad, and 19 feet 2 inches high. At one end of it stands an empty sarcophagus of red granite; no inscriptions are on it. Then there are many strange passages, and a very deep pit or well, and other wonders which would take too long now to relate. We will talk about the outside, for we can climb to the top. I cannot say I thought it easy to climb, though the huge blocks of stone are like rude steps, very much worn by weather and time.

When this pyramid was in its glory it was cased or covered with blocks of red granite, polished quite smooth; but the Moslems, when they conquered the country, stripped off these outside blocks, because they were so valuable, and took the stones to Cairo to build their palaces with. You say you want to go up. So you start and take four or six native Arabs, who live in a village near, whose right it is to take travellers up; some of these men go in front and pull you up the blocks of stone, while the others shove you up. You cannot go straight up, but have to zigzag about; half way there is a sort of resting-place, and there you are glad to rest and get breath and drink some water which an Arab boy brings up—of course you have to pay men and boy. When I went up I did not much like it, but the leader of the Arabs said in very good English, "Never fear, I will look after you like the apple of my eye," touching his eye as he spoke. The Bible language sounded so strange.

On the top I stayed a long time to make some sketches; it was, however, a very windy place; I thought I should be blown off; the Arabs had to sit round me and hold my sketching things tight. What a wonderful sight it was! Looking down, the figures at the bottom looked like little dots. The second pyramid seemed small; you looked right over it, and beyond to such a great expanse of desert, all hills of rocks and hollows of sand; and then, looking the side the Nile flows, you saw all Cairo and its gardens, set in lovely tints of green: the Nile, like a broad streak of silver; while the canals gleamed like threads of light and life, while the desert side had a silence of death.

If going up is bad, coming down is worse; you see there is no hand-rail for you to hold on by, so I gave myself quite up to the Arabs, and often shut my eyes, it made one so giddy to look down. Some foolish people think it is not dangerous, and refuse the help of the Arabs; and quite recently a poor silly English soldier said he would come down alone, but slipped and bounded from ledge to ledge; his poor body was lifeless when it reached the bottom.

If these stones could speak what a wonderful history they would tell! In their grandeur when Abraham went into Egypt; quite middle-aged buildings when Moses led the people of Israel out to Sinai; grey and weather-beaten when our Lord Christ was born on earth, and yet they stand!

It used to be said by writers long ago, before people knew much about the history of old Egypt, that these Pyramids were some of the things the Israelites were set to build by the cruel Egyptian king: now we know better than to say things like that. The Israelites had nothing to do with the building of them, for they lived in the "land of Goshen," which is a long way off, and they had to make "bricks" of Nile mud, and built store houses for corn, which we have lately found and dug out; and then, too, these pyramids are built of stone, and they were cut, carved, and builded long before Jacob went into Egypt for bread. There is no mention of these pyramids in the Bible; that book does not tell any of the history of the great nations, and little of the proud doings of kings, but it does often tell of the dealings and most of all of the love of God. That book tells many stories of little children, or of poor despised men. God does not judge as men do.

The Sweetest Song.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God."—*Luke* ii. 13.

LISTEN, my darlings!
Babes were wrapt in slumber,
With happy smiles upon each little face,
When from the skies swift angels without number
Sang of the Babe of David's royal race.

Shepherds their watch amid their flocks were keeping,
Dim were the hills beneath Judæan skies,
When one bright seraph, as the world lay sleeping,
With light celestial blessed their wondering eyes.

"Behold! I bring glad tidings to all people;
For unto you," he cried, "the Christ is born!"
(This is the news that rings from tower and steeple,
Oh, children dear, on every Christmas morn.)

And then the angel told them of the manger,
Where lay the holy Child, in poor array,
Where He, the King of kings, a homeless stranger,
For love of man was born on Christmas Day.

Then suddenly, as if the courts of heaven
Were overflowing with its joy and love,
A host of angels from the skies all riven
Sang the high praises of the Lord above.

"Glory to God! To God the highest glory!"
And benedictions fell like summer rain.
"Peace upon earth!" until the world is hoary;
No song so sweet will fall to earth again.

Oh, what a night of happiness and wonder—
Through the long ages still the angels call.
Are you not glad the heavens were rent asunder,
That we might hear the sweetest song of all?

CLARA THWAITES.

BIBLE NOTES AND QUERIES.

A CONSTANT READER writes: "I should feel much indebted if you would give an explanation of the following text: 'Christ who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God.'—*Heb.* ix. 14."

THE "Eternal Spirit" in this passage undoubtedly designates our Lord's Divine nature. So, in Romans i. 3, 4, we read of Him as "born of the seed of David *according to the flesh;* declared to be the Son of God with power, *according to the Spirit of holiness;*" and in 1 Tim. iii. 16, "Him who was manifested *in the flesh*, justified *in the Spirit.*" His Divine essential being "justified" or vindicated His claims to the trust and obedience of men. Compare 1 Peter iii. 18; "put to death *in the flesh* but quickened *in the Spirit.*" Now His offering of Himself was partly through His mortal flesh, for He was slain; it was also through the Eternal Spirit which in Him was incarnate, for that also He surrendered: "Lo, I am come to do Thy will, O God." The purpose in this part of the Epistle to the Hebrews is to show the superiority of Christ's sacrifice over the offerings prescribed in the law. In these, "the victims gave up an animal life, all were unconscious, but Christ gave Himself, His own will and heart consenting—not the man only, but all that was Divine in Him: His higher nature which, before time, acquiesced in the purpose of the Father, and that same nature now a conscious agent in effecting it."—Schaff's *Commentary.* Note by Dr. Angus.

A FRIEND AND OLD SUBSCRIBER writes from Brighton: "Our Lord's express teaching in Mark xi. 24, is, 'Whatsoever things' (no reservation), 'Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' And in the verse preceding (23) He tells us to believe that those things which we pray shall come to pass, and we shall have whatsoever we pray. How is this reconcilable with what is often taught, namely that God does not give us what we ask, unless He sees it to be right? Our Lord puts no limitation, he uses the word 'whatsoever.' So then according to the teaching referred to I may pray in vain for the conversion of a sinner, and that he may be restored to his family."

OUR correspondent's question touches a subject which has often occasioned much painful doubt. The promise seems unconditional: and yet it is evidently restricted to the prayer *of faith.* What, then, is the faith of true prayer? Is it not trust in the infinite wisdom and love of God? Now, if we have this trust, we shall believe first that God will give what we ask if He sees it to be right; and secondly, with equal assurance, that He will not give if He knows it would not be right. If we pray truly, we apprehend this condition. If we do not apprehend it, ours is not true prayer at all, and therefore the promise does not apply. It is impossible to believe that our Lord can have assured His disciples that unconditionally whatever they *desired* should be given to them. The words of our Lord, as given in St. Mark (compare St. Matthew xxi. 22), declare one element in this faith to be the belief that they *already had* the things asked for. They had them in idea, though not yet in actuality. But how could they believe that they had these things? The faith, we reply, by which they could so believe, was itself the gift of God: and He would not give it unless He had also granted the request. *All true prayer is answered:* it is the language of the Holy Spirit in the heart, "making intercession;" and the response is certain. But all desire is not prayer; all asking is not prayer: and even the case that our correspondent supposes—ardent longing for the conversion and restoration of a sinner, may not be in accordance with God's wise and loving but mysterious will. In this, as in other cases, the spirit of entire submission, however difficult, must be maintained by the suppliant.

The Secret Chamber.

(IN MEMORIAM, 1688.)

IN the gloomy years in Scotland—
Dread time of sword and flame—
Lived one who loved the Covenant,
And those who bore its name.

Who wept the husband of her youth,—
One not in battle slain
When Monmouth rode to victory
On Bothwell's fatal plain.

He fell not in the open day,—
Nor fighting sank to rest,
His trusty broadsword in his hand,
And his banner on his breast.

But when a homeless wanderer,
He sped with bated breath
Along the heath, where fierce Dalyell's
And Grierson's names meant death.

The moonbeams shone across his path,
Lag's troopers mark'd his flight,
And their warning cry of "Halt!" rang out
'Mid the silence of the night.

He dauntless faced the scowling band
Eager to shed his blood;
He saw their dark brows menaced death,
And he met it where he stood.

Long, long he lay on the moorland waste,
Ere they found him cold and dead,
The lark his requiem carolling
In the blue lift overhead.

No moss-grown stone is there to tell,
Where his life-blood stain'd the sod;
Yet, though unknown to mortal man,
'Tis not unmarked of God![1]

[1] Mrs. Hemans' "Graves of the Martyrs."

Then for the homeless such as he,
In danger on the moor,
His gentle widow at her home
Kept ever open door.

For hid behind the wainscot
In an old panell'd room,
By side of stately fire-place,
Faint shadowed in the gloom,

A touch on hidden spring reveal'd,
A little chamber fair,
Where fugitives might spend their days
In safety and in prayer.

And kindly hearts the same made known
To friends around the Hall,
And when across the dreaded heath
Night's shadows 'gan to fall,

Would come some hapless wanderer—
Some straggler from the glen—
When moss and dell were hounded o'er
By Clavers and his men.

Would steal the weary foot of age,
The wounded in despair;
And all for love of Him who died,
Were kept and cherished there,

Until from off our troubled land
The shadows roll'd away;
And on her mountain-tops there dawn'd
A new and brighter day

When mercy, born of pitying heaven,
Bade persecution cease,
And won for Scotland and her sons
The holy calm of peace.

ELLEN E. GUTHRIE.

CHRISTMAS BOXES.

THERE are few children in England who do not know what a Christmas box is. The engraving which we give in another page takes us back to a time when the custom took another form, and was not so general. The Romans used to give presents on the first day of the New Year; and in some countries now gifts are more commonly interchanged at that season than at any other.

The Christmas box is said to have had its origin in the custom of collecting moneys that masses might be said by the priests. A box for this purpose was once as common—probably much more common—than the missionary-box, or hospital-box, now to be found in houses. According to Brand, the Christ-mass Box was a box into which coin was dropped for masses to be said at Christmastide; and servants were allowed to ask for "box money," that they, like their masters, might be enabled to pay the priests, in accordance with the well-known proverb, "No penny, no pater-noster." The custom, however, soon came to have another purpose. We are told that towards the end of the sixteenth century apprentices procured earthen boxes, into which employers and customers dropped money, and that these were broken at Christmas, and the contents spent in festivities. Thus, one old book speaks of "an apprentice's box of earth," as apt to take all, but to restore nothing till it be broken. Boxes of this sort seem also to have been carried from house to house. Later still, we find the Christmas box described as "the bounty of well-disposed people, who were willing to contribute something towards rewarding the industrious, and supplying them with necessaries." The general spirit of good-will has, however, long since overstepped all such limitations. The rule now seems to be that he that hath shall give to him that hath not, and he that hath little to him that hath less. So wide is the range of Christian charity that few at this season are left wholly without notice. Well would it be if all who received remembered Him "from whom descendeth every good and perfect gift."

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE VERSE.

NO. VI.—p. 622.

Jeremiah xxxii. 14.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

NO. VIII.—p. 720.

I. (1.) Psa. vii. 1. Acts iv. 25.
(2.) Psa. cxviii. 22. Matt. xxi. 42.
(3.) Psa. xxi. Acts ii. 25-31; xiii. 36, 37.
II. (4.) Psa. xlv. 8. Heb. i. 8.
(5.) Psa. lxxii. 10. Matt. ii. 11.
III. (6.) Isa. vii. 14. Matt. i. 23.
(7.) Immanuel, Isa. viii. 8.
(8.) Isa. xi. 1. Rev. xxii. 16.

ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT.

NO. XI.—p. 736.

He that walketh uprightly walketh surely.—*Prov.* x. 9.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXI.—p. 736.—"OUR GOD SHALL FIGHT FOR US."—Neh. iv. 20.

O-ram . . . . . 1 Chron. xxi. 23.
U-riah . . . . . 2 Sam. xi. 11.
R-uth . . . . . Ruth ii. 10.
G-oliath . . . . . 1 Sam. xvii. 10.
O-badiah . . . . . Obadiah 21.
D-avid . . . . . 2 Sam. xxiv. 14.
S-aul . . . . . 1 Sam. xix. 17.
H-annah . . . . . 1 Sam. ii. 1, 6.
A-chan . . . . . Joshua vii. 21.
L-ot . . . . . Gen. xix. 19.
L-aban . . . . . Gen. xxiv. 31.
F-elix . . . . . Acts xxiv. 25.
I-srael . . . . . Gen. xlviii. 11.
G-abriel . . . . . Daniel ix. 22.
H-erod . . . . . Matt. xiv. 1, 2.
T-ertullus . . . . . Acts xxiv. 5.
F-estus . . . . . Acts xxv. 17.
O-badiah . . . . . 1 Kings xviii. 10.
R-abshakeh . . . . . 2 Kings xviii. 19-21.
U-riah . . . . . 2 Sam. xi. 11.
S-amuel . . . . . 1 Sam. xv. 23.

NO. XXII.—p. 784.—DEBORAH.

1. D-arius . . . . . Dan. v. 31.
2. E-bedmelech . . . Jer. xxxviii. 7-13; xxxix. 15-18.
3. B-ethlehem . . . . Matt. ii. 1-9.
4. O-thniel . . . . . Judges i. 12, 13.
5. R-ose . . . . . Song of Sol. ii. 1.
6. A-bijah . . . . . 1 Kings xiv. 1-17.
7. H-oney . . . . . Judges xiv. 1-14.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME

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

"CALMEST, BRIGHTEST WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN."

Thrice happy age, whose years serenely close,
Crowned with the radiance of a faith assured.

No. 1809.—DECEMBER 29, 1888.

IN TIME OF NEED.

CHAPTER I.—ALL OVER!

"IT'S all over, Nannie!" said Joe Warrender, as he entered his little sitting-room in one of the suburbs of Birmingham, one dull drizzling March evening.

So full was he of his trouble that though he had remembered to take off his overcoat and hang it up in the entrance hall, he had forgotten to change the shiny threadbare garment he dignified with the name of business coat for a still more threadbare and, indeed, ragged jacket in which he was accustomed to lounge about at home. Indeed, so absorbed was he with the one idea he had given utterance to, that he had omitted to remove the sheet of foolscap, which he—careful soul!—always placed over his ample shirt-front to protect it from being soiled by the outer garment: and he was not recalled to his omission until his three-year-old Nannie had climbed his knee and begun tracing straight-strokes and pot-hooks on the paper.

"Yes;—it's all over!" he said again, as he took his seat after changing his coat, and with a despairing gesture he pushed his fingers through his somewhat scanty auburn hair, and looked steadily into his tea-cup with so fixed a gaze that the child, thinking the remark applied to his tea, and remembering her own frequent mishaps with tea-cups, said reassuringly—

"It aint over, papa. You aint naughty."

If poor Joe had not been so completely absorbed with his own trouble, he must have noticed that his neat little wife gave a momentary start at his words, and involuntarily put her hand to her side, as if to relieve a sudden pain. But we would defy either him, or a more practised observer, to have found anything but cheery confidence in the tone with which she said—

"Never mind, Joe, dear, it'll all come right, you'll see."

And having set his tea before him hot and fragrant, and a round of crisp buttered toast, she took the child from him, and began giving her rides to Banbury Cross, pretending to be thinking of nothing but baby, though scarcely a minute passed in which she did not glance anxiously at her husband's face, eager to read there, if possible, what she had resolved not to ask until tea was over.

A shrewd little woman was Nancy Warrender. She knew that when she felt low and miserable a cup of good strong tea acted like magic. She believed her Joe to be the cleverest, wisest, and best man in all Birmingham borough, but she had learned by experience that he was just the man whom a great trouble seems to crush at the onset, and this was not the first time she—timid retiring woman as she was—had had to be a helpmeet for him.

When Joe had finished his tea he turned his chair to the fire, and showing a face ten degrees brighter than before, actually tempted his little daughter to come to him, and tossed her and played with her while his wife quietly and quickly cleared away the tea things.

That done, the little woman sat down by her husband's side, took baby on her lap, and yielding to her anxious curiosity, said—

"Now Joe, dear, tell me what has happened."

"The very worst, Nanny! I've got to leave Munton's in a month."

"That's not the worst that may have happened by a long way, Joe," said she, with well-assumed courage. "It's a scandalous shame though, for all that. After being with them for twenty years! They ought to be ashamed of themselves. Do you mean to say they'll turn you adrift altogether?"

"Well, it's in this way. Mr. Munton called me into his private office, and told me (what I very well knew) that trade had been getting worse and worse. He said he should have to curtail expenditure, and, as Master George could now take my place in the office, he should have to reduce me to the position of warehouseman at thirty shillings a week, and he would discharge Will Matthews to make a place for me."

"What a shame!" said Nancy, drawing her chair up nearer her husband, and taking his hand sympathetically; "but never mind, Joe, we must do as well as we can at the lower wages. They'll be better than nothing."

"Of course, I wouldn't hear of such a thing for a minute," continued Joe, extinguishing his wife's last gleam of hope. "If they serve me shabbily, there's no reason why I should do Will a bad turn, and he only just married too; so I told the governor I should look out for a fresh place."

Joe Warrender was quite right in describing his employer's treatment of him as shabby. To show how shabby we must go back a few years.

Perhaps no town in the kingdom presents such opportunities for workmen to start as manufacturers on their own account as does the metropolis of the midlands. Oliver Munton had started business so, some twenty-five years before, in one of the many branches of the metal trade. By fortunate speculative purchases of copper immediately preceding phenomenal advances, he had accumulated a considerable capital. Joe Warrender had joined him as his only clerk in the early humble days when his manufacturing premises consisted of one dimly-lighted range of shopping in a narrow back street. He had grown with the business, and had so controlled all its processes that, at the time of our story, although Oliver Munton had a good business reputation on the Exchange, and personally conducted the financial arrangements of his now extensive and varied business, the practical director of the concern was our modest, painstaking, plodding friend Joe. The business had been long ago

removed to spacious and extensive premises, where, one after another, different collateral trades had been added to the original one, in each case as the result of Joe's working out and mastering the details of the new trade.

Joe Warrender was not one of that large class of men one so often meets with in mechanical pursuits, who are content to work on for ever by rule of thumb. He never felt satisfied with any new process or production until he had thoroughly worked out its prime cost, and tabulated its results, which in due course got entered in a capacious pocket-book he always carried, and which, from the comprehensive variety of its contents, its unquestioned authority, and a superstitious exaggeration of its range of information, was called by the workmen "Warrender's almighty book." There was not a question of weight, of cost, of specific gravity, or of alloy, that could not be answered from this wonderful compilation, combining the results of twenty years of calculation, observation, and experience.

About two years before the events we are recording, Mr. Munton's eldest son, George, had left school and entered his father's office. Joe had known Master George from the time when as a child he had visited the works in his holidays, and a kindly feeling towards his master's son had sprung up, increasing as he grew towards manhood. And when the youth came to take a place in the business, Joe welcomed him cordially, and spared no trouble to show him the ins and outs of the trade.

It was not long before Master George saw that the "almighty book" contained the key to the whole concern, and he suggested to his father the idea of borrowing the book for him to take a copy of it, not having the courage to ask Joe for it himself.

The father took an early opportunity of asking Joe to lend George the book in question in the evenings when he was not using it, and asked, apparently as a favour, that Joe would help him all he could in mastering the trade, finishing up with—"Do all you can for him, Joe. I'll make it worth your while. You have been a good trusty fellow, and after Christmas we'll see what can be done about your salary."

For the credit of humanity, let us hope Mr. Munton meant all he said. Certainly he kept his word at Christmas to the extent of increasing Joe's wages by twenty pounds a year.

On the strength of this, Joe and Nancy had carried out a long cherished ambition to move from the town-house they had hitherto occupied to a small but pretty villa in the nearest suburb. They had now two children, a boy of about ten and the little three-year-old Nannie, and both father and mother were desirous of getting them away if possible from the deteriorating surroundings of a Birmingham back street.

Besides, Joe, like most busy men, had a hobby. He was fond of flowers. Town-born and town-bred as he was, this taste for horticulture may at first sight seem strange. But, perhaps, there was nothing so very wonderful in it. He had never in his youth known that familiarity with flowers which brings indifference, if it does not breed contempt, and consequently the simplest flower excited a passing interest in Joe's admiring eyes. And so when he found himself in the possession of a dozen yards of garden ground, he thought he was in Eden. His ambition, however, soon carried him beyond the cultivation of hardy annuals, and he had recently set up a small portable greenhouse and gone in for growing pelargoniums. He had cultivated these with such success, that he had lately exhibited some blooms of his favourite variety—a pure white, zoned with cherry colour—at the Town Hall show; and he had now struck some plants which he had every reason to believe would carry off one of the prizes in the very next competition.

But, unfortunately, the tide of prosperity in the hardware trades had slowly but persistently ebbed. Speculative purchases in copper which had at first been one of the principal factors in Mr. Munton's early successes, now proved in every instance a loss; and at the same time keen competition kept the profits on manufacturing at a vanishing point. And so, as soon as George Munton had got a complete copy of Joe's "almighty book," and felt competent with his father and the subordinate foremen to manage the concern, the temptation to economise by saving Joe's salary was too strong to be long resisted, and, as we have seen, he was offered a post as warehouseman, which he indignantly declined.

When a great bewildering trouble befalls us, it is often some inconsiderable detail which for a time absorbs our attention, as if the mind found relief in considering that instead of exhausting its energies in trying to comprehend the vague vastness of the disaster. So with poor Joe Warrender and his wife. The one tangible feature of their trouble was the fact that, whatever else it might or might not mean, it was certain they would have to leave their pretty home, which they had begun to love so much—with its pure air and bright sunshine, its flowers and trees—and to return to the dingy smoky town streets, rendered more squalid than ever by their short experience of the comparative paradise of a suburb. And to Joe's mind came, with absurd disproportion, the thought of his choice pelargoniums, which it would be so utterly impossible to grow in town.

And so the two sat, sad and silent, picturing a dark future, and counting one by one the many pleasant things they would soon have to forego, until they were roused from their gloomy reverie by the return of little John, who was brimful of the wonders of some dissolving views he had been witnessing at a school entertainment.

Joe Warrender was happily not without the consolation of religion, and in the case of another's trouble would have promptly pointed out sources of comfort and hope. But at present the future seemed as black to him as if he had been brought up in an atheist creed and had never been able to catch a glimpse of the loving face of "our Father which art in heaven."

He had long been in the habit of having family prayer, but to-night he suggested it should

be dispensed with. He felt that the heavens were as brass. The suggestion was a great grief to Nancy. Again she came to his help.

"Don't say that, Joe, dear! That would be a bad start. Let me read to-night."

And when John had brought to his mother's knee the old family Bible, the little woman hesitated but a moment, and then, turning quickly to the thirty-seventh Psalm, she read in a clear voice, that seemed the very articulation of confident faith, the words that have been the comfort of so many a downcast spirit.

"Fret not thyself because of evildoers."

"Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and He delighteth in his way."

"Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand."

And so the grand old promises came pealing forth in his wife's clear ringing tones, like shore-bells guiding a fog-bound mariner into a haven of safety. When the Psalm ended with its triumphant burst of confidence in God, Joe had not only lost his gloom and bitterness, but was actually smiling through dimmed eyes at his dear wife. And when he knelt down he was able to pour forth his trouble in a few earnest petitions, and then confiding himself and his dear ones, his present and his future, to his loving Father, who knew all and could do all, the fond pair sought their couch in cheerful resignation, and hopeful expectation of deliverance.

But, alas! this hopeful feeling did not abide. It was much easier to be sanguine of a possible opening before any attempt had been made to find one, than to be hopeful after weeks of eager inquiry, and anxious canvassing among all his acquaintances, and in every kindred trade, had failed to offer anything better than a vague promise to remember him if anything dropped out.

CHAPTER II.—ALL OVER AGAIN.

THE last week at Munton's had come and gone, and Joe Warrender had heard of nothing likely to suit him. As a special favour, his landlord had arranged to let him off at only three months' notice, and he was in treaty with an acquaintance for the sale, at a ridiculously low figure, of his little green-house. His choice plants he had promised to several amateur florists. He had visited every likely place and yet could hear of nothing to his advantage. Day after day he started out on his weary search after employment, and returned heart-sick, as well as tired from his fruitless perambulations.

His wife tried her best to be cheerful and bright, but her face was fast becoming sharpened with care and apprehension. As all sources of income were now closed, she jealously watched every penny of expenditure, and practised the anxious economy of fear, instead of the pleasant thrift of voluntary carefulness.

She was one morning at work in her trim kitchen, making an apple-pudding for dinner, and brooding over her troubles in silent hopelessness. Little John was at school, and Nannie, after several fruitless attempts to interest her mother in her play, had given up the attempt, and was "making believe" with an all-absorbing interest.

Nancy had just rolled her paste into a lump, and was stooping over her paste-board to hide from the child the tears which were actually falling into the flour, when she heard the familiar click of Joe's latch-key in the front door, and in a second more she heard him close the door behind him with a bang, and shout with a voice like a bugle—

"It's all over, Nannie!"

In less time than it takes to tell it she was by his side in the little hall, with her arms round his neck, and sobbing for joy as she asked him what he meant.

What mattered it that Joe's overcoat was marked with an Ulster badge of white flour; or that the pot boiled dry waiting for the pudding, which never got made; or that Nannie, missing her mother from the kitchen, had tried her hand on the paste with such success that she was dusted from head to foot like a miller's apprentice? Sorrow could afford to wait. No danger of its bitter fruit spoiling by keeping. But joy's exquisite clusters must be shared with the bloom on.

"Yes, our anxiety is all over at last, love."

"How?"

"Why, I am to start in business on my own account!"

"Joe?" responded his wife, with an inflexion of voice expressive of surprise, wonder, and fear.

"It's all right, Nannie. Never fear. I'm to find the brains and experience, and a gentleman friend is to provide the capital. Hurrah!"—and the sedate old-fashioned Joe, who had never learned a step in his life, actually attempted a *pas seul* which was so utterly ridiculous, that his wife began to wonder if he had lost his mental balance, and to question if the good luck he had reported were really true.

"And who is the friend, Joe?"

"Walter Birchall, Esq., Metal Broker, of Cannon Street, London, and New Street, Birmingham!" answered he with boastful pomposity, while he watched with great amusement the growing wonder expressed in his wife's face.

"Mr. Birchall!" said she, and well she might. That name had been for years in her thoughts a synonym for all that was respectable, substantial and wealthy. She had of course never had the honour of an introduction to so great a man, but she had seen him on two occasions supporting the mayor on the platform at Town Hall meetings, and when Joe had pointed him out as a great citizen with whom he had a speaking

acquaintance, she had felt that some measure of his dignity and importance were reflected on them. He was a tall, square-shouldered man, of near upon sixty, whose well-set head was adorned with an abundance of almost snowy hair; and it seemed to Nancy Warrender that he was the very model for a perfectly honest and upright millionaire.

It appears that Mr. Birchall happened to call at Oliver Munton's works that week after Joe had left, and missing the busy clerk, enquired if he were away ill.

"No," said Mr. Munton, "he's not ill—he has—in fact, he has left."

"Left you?" said the old gentleman. "Nothing the matter, I trust?"

"Nothing at all, except that—well, the fact is, trade is so bad, we were obliged to cut down expenses. We offered him, as an alternative, the chief place in the warehouse, but he refused, and chose to leave."

"He was a rare fellow," said Mr. Birchall quietly, as if talking to himself rather than to Mr. Munton. "I should have thought you could ill-spare a man like him. How long had he been with you, now? Ever since I knew you certainly."

"Yes, he has been with us over twenty years."

"Has he got into anything yet?"

"He hadn't on Saturday, but he still refused to fall in with our offer, though he looked downhearted enough."

"Well, you have surprised me," said Mr. Birchall, rising and putting on his hat, "I certainly thought him quite a fixture here."

It was evident the old gentleman had some absorbing idea in his head as he went out, for he neither acknowledged nor saw the deferential bows of the junior clerks as he passed through the general office.

Arrived at the street entrance, he asked the porter if he had any idea where Mr. Warrender might be found, and hearing from the old pensioner that he was intending to call at the old place that morning, Mr. Birchall took out a card, and hurriedly pencilling on the back, "Meet me at my office at earliest convenience," stepped into his brougham and drove off.

Thus it was that Joe Warrender, having dejectedly gone to the scene of his former labours, with the intention of clearing up a few matters with the foremen, was induced by the bit of pasteboard to proceed hastily and anxiously to Mr. Birchall's office, where in less than an hour all the preliminaries of a partnership were arranged.

Joe learned that the old gentleman had long intended adding manufacturing to his merchant business, and having some large and convenient premises idle, he only wanted to put his hand on a trustworthy competent manager to decide about starting. The thought had often crossed his mind that Mr. Munton's manager was just the fellow he wanted, but concluding that he and his employer suited each other, he had given up all hope of securing him. But now that Mr. Munton had treated Joe in a way he could not help characterising as shabby, he felt no scruples about doing himself and Joe a good turn by enlisting his interest in the new venture.

We may be quite sure Joe felt no disinclination for family prayer that evening. When at the appointed time little Johnnie brought his father the well-worn Bible, Joe asked—

"Where shall I read to-night, love?"

"Wherever you like, Joe," said she absently, for her mind was otherwhere, and then, seeing a suggestive smile on her husband's face, she added, "I don't think you can improve on the thirty-seventh Psalm. Do you?"

Joe was amazed to find how sweet the old Psalm was in his new experiences. He thought he had exhausted all its comfort at the last reading of it, but now it was like looking over a familiar landscape bright with new and glorious sunshine.

After the children were in bed, Joe and his wife had a long delightful chat, and laughed and cried together over their bright prospects, with as charming an interest as ever they did over their first house furnishing projects.

Joe had, of course, already sent a note to his landlord withdrawing his notice to leave, and informing him he hoped to occupy the house for some years. Equally, of course, Joe did not sell his little greenhouse at the ruinous sacrifice anticipated, nor did he sell it at all, but indulged his horticultural predilections to his heart's content. And, of course, he did not distribute his choice collection of pelargoniums, but actually took the first prize at the Town Hall for his wonderfully pretty pink and white bloom.

The business of Birchall and Warrender proved a great success. They started in the tube drawing branch; but before two years had gone, they added rolling machinery and wire drawing. Mr. Warrender brought out several patented processes of great utility, and in five years the business had developed into a larger concern than the older firm of Munton and Sons. In fact, that firm gradually receded. Even the "almighty book" was found not to be omnipotent apart from its author's brains, and Joe's old employer was driven to the necessity of paying him a royalty on the adoption of some of his patented processes.

Joseph Warrender, Esq., is now a prominent man in his native town. He might long ago have been a member of its town council had he desired the honour; but he preferred less prominent though not less useful spheres. He is a leading man in all religious works, a Sunday-school superintendent, and director of many social and commercial undertakings.

He still grows pelargoniums for exhibition, though declining to compete for prizes.

In all his prosperity he never forgets the day of adversity. Over the fireplace in his breakfast room there hangs, in a splendid gilt frame, a large illuminated text, prettily painted by his eldest daughter Nannie—

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

"TOM BROWN."

HOSPITAL NURSES

IN LONDON AND ON THE CONTINENT.

BY MRS. BREWER.

CHAPTER VI.—BUDA-PESTH AND MILAN.

WE were anxious to see the hospitals and system of nursing at Buda-Pesth, and therefore on leaving Vienna took that route to Italy rather than either of the others.

Pesth is barely six hours' distance by rail from Vienna, yet how wonderfully different are the cities and the peoples.

On our way through the streets of Pesth to the hospital we were much interested in the chemists' shops, over each of which hung a sign "To the Saviour," "To the Holy Trinity," etc., bearing witness to the fact that the Hungarians regard the art of healing as sacred.

The large hospital in Pesth is more like the general hospital in Vienna, and what we saw of it distressed us equally. There seemed no order or cleanliness about it, and it was impossible to find any person of authority. For more than an hour we marched round and round dirty, cheerless corridors, in search of some one who would give us permission to go over it, but without effect, meeting on our way, however, unattractive nurses, convalescents in greasy soiled dressing-gowns, and helpers equally unkempt, carrying the unappetising food from the kitchens to the wards.

We were not successful in getting into the wards or kitchens, so we can say little or nothing of this hospital, except that it adheres to the old style of nursing and administration, which we are striving so hard to get rid of.

We were more successful in our visit to the Elisabeth Hospital on the Buda side of the Danube, across which we went by the magnificent suspension bridge known as Clarke's Bridge.

This hospital standing out of the town on a hill is built on the Pavilion principle, and nursed and managed by Red Cross Sisters.

In time of war it would be wholly devoted to wounded soldiers; but in time of peace it is used as a general hospital for the people of Buda-Pesth.

It consists of four pavilions and nine barracks, and when in full use would accommodate eight hundred wounded soldiers. In time of peace, however, the four pavilions alone are used, and enable the authorities to receive a hundred and twenty patients.

Two of these are devoted to separate or paying patients, and two to the non-paying.

Each pavilion is provided with four good large bathrooms and supplied with every conceivable necessary and comfort.

A first-class separate room costs six guldens a day (about 10*s.*), which includes everything. One could not desire anything better—the rooms are light, airy and cheerful—good spring mattresses on the beds, and an air of cleanliness and neatness everywhere.

The second class room costs three guldens a day, and seemed little if anything inferior to the first class.

Attached to the paying pavilions is a large cheerful room where patients can sit, if well enough to rise, while their rooms are being aired and cleansed.

We saw several women patients walking about looking cheerful and clean, and one dear little girl who seemed to be everyone's pet.

We next went to the common or third-class pavilions, common, only, inasmuch as eight persons sleep in one room, and third class simply to distinguish it from the other two classes.

Another difference is that first and second class patients may wear clothes and linen of their own providing, while the third class are obliged to wear those supplied by the hospital.

On an average, the daily cost of a bed to the hospital is three guldens, sixty kreuzers (about 5*s.* 7*d.*).

No infectious case is taken here, but should any infectious disease occur among the nurses or patients while in the hospital, they are placed in an isolated pavilion reserved for such.

The matron or superintendent is a baroness, Sister of the Red Cross and devoted to her work. Both she and the doctor took us into every corner of the hospital, anxious that we should see thoroughly the working of each department.

Every six months twelve probationers are received here, learning, both by daily work in the wards and by lectures, the work of nursing. They must remain two years, at the end of which, if they pass their final examination with credit and bear a high character, they are received as Red Cross Sisters, and their badge, a brooch with a red cross, is bestowed upon them. The Red Cross Sisters hold themselves ready for private nursing in the town if required.

On leaving the wards we were taken into the washing or laundry pavilion; the most perfect we have seen anywhere, at home or abroad. All the laundry work of the hospital is done here. As many as four or five thousand pieces a week passing through the hands.

They have all the best machines for washing and rinsing—huge coppers where the linen soaks—all of which are in one immense room. Passing out of this to one on the same floor, we see the linen sorted and packed in large baskets, and a few steps leading up out of this room brings us to a small one where the drying closets, such as are to be seen in all our London hospitals, are situated.

We were called on to admire the quality of the sheets and other bed linen, which is certainly excellent.

Leaving this department we next visited the kitchen which cooks for all the pavilions. The cooking is done by steam, and extremely well done, but we were surprised to hear that no broken or left food is allowed to be given away as in our hospitals. There are six cooks.

The method of conveying the food from the kitchen to the various pavilions is admirable. It is by little covered hand-carts fitted with trays; the food reaching the patients warm and nice looking.

Of course the probationers learn the work of every department under the sisters. In every particular this may rightly be regarded as a model Red Cross hospital, and it would be worth visiting by any one interested in hospital work.

I noticed the absence of flowers and plants in the wards, and was surprised to hear from the lady superintendent that she disapproved of them altogether in hospitals. I could not help remembering how they cheered the sick in our London hospitals.

As this is the last hospital we shall see at present under the care of the Red Cross Sisters, it may not be out of place to say how thoroughly appreciated and recognised is the work performed by women under the banner of the Red Cross. How marvellously successful they are in their work of love; whether it be in taking comfort to the battle-field, performing heroic deeds by the sick bed, or in introducing order and cleanliness into the homes of the poor, one must watch them to know. May they go on nursing, saving, and strengthening the lives of the people, and using their opportunities to bring the sick to the True Physician!

THE HOSPITAL IN MILAN.

The L' Ospedale Maggiore di Milano, which stands near the church of San Nazaro in Broglio, was formerly the palace of the Sforzas, and retains many traces of its former grandeur.

It was the gift of Francesco Sforza, who expressed his wish that it should be a grand and solemn hospital, worthy of his dukedom and of the illustrious city of Milan.

It has been in existence as a hospital since 1456, and not a hospital we have visited, either at home or abroad, exceeds it in order, cleanliness, quiet and regularity.

All cases of sickness are taken in, and the size of the building may be imagined, when I say there were 2600 patients within its walls the day we were there, and that in times of epidemic they can accommodate 4000.

Large as it is, however, and notwithstanding its six branches in other parts of Milan, it is yet insufficient for the ever-increasing population.

Sixty sisters, 250 women-nurses, and 112 men are employed in the wards. There are also 115 doctors and 20 chemists.

Each ward contains sixty patients, and is under the care of one sister, four lay nurses, and one man.

We began our inspection of the hospital by entering the "Santa Corona" department, where very poor people from outside, taking with them an order from a doctor, can get medicine and advice gratis. Four to five thousand avail themselves of this free dispensary daily, and are attended to by thirty to forty medical men.

We entered the cavern-like dispensary where the chemists were busily engaged in making up and sending away the different medicines.

Leading out of this was another similar room, in the centre of which stood a row of copper cauldrons, each with the name of the concoction within written above, such as solution of arnica, so as to prevent any mistake.

In one of the side walls was a trap door, opening into the outer corridor, through which empty trays were received, and returned filled with the made-up prescriptions.

We mounted some stairs and found ourselves in the infants' ward, at the entrance of which was a porteress in a little box, whose duty it is to see that the visitors convey no food or prohibited articles to the patients whom they come to see.

Every ward in the hospital has such a porter or porteress—visitors may give oranges and lemons and grated cheese to the patients, but no meat, bread, wine, or spirituous liquors.

This rule the contadini, or country people, are always attempting to break, and they would succeed but for the vigilance of these officers at the entrance.

The children looked happy and pretty in their little white beds, which were arranged down each side and along the centre. This last was a single row, but in the larger wards a double row of beds is arranged down the middle back to back.

There was a table in this ward for small operations, the more important ones being performed in the theatre close by.

The theatre possesses a good light, an operating table, and an extra table close to it with all necessary apparatus, and a machine with tubing attached, through which water can be directed on to the patient when needed.

There are two surgical wards for women and four for men. These wards are enormous, more like churches, running the height of the hospital, and on looking upon them from above, we were astonished at their proportions. A glass screen in the centre divides them in two—formerly from their size they were too draughty.

Throughout the whole hospital the beds are excellent, and the nurses are proud of the wire mattresses.

The kitchen is a most tempting place. It is under the direction of three sisters, seven women, and four men cooks. Here the food is prepared for the sick alone, not for the sisters or nurses.

As we entered, all were busy ladling out the soup, meat, and vegetables into various pails and pans, as carefully cooked and served as though for a private table.

There is a crane to lift the huge coppers from off the fire. Outside is an electric board which notifies how much coffee and milk mixed, and coffee alone is required.

Everything connected with the food, whether

of quantity, quality, or kind, is clearly noted down, together with the date and special patient to whom it is sent.

The dispensing of the food is entrusted to three sisters and one servant.

The time for patients' meals is eight o'clock breakfast, one o'clock dinner, and seven o'clock supper; and the doctors' visits are at seven o'clock and eight o'clock in the morning, and at half-past seven in the evening.

The laundry is fitted up with the most perfect machinery, and the whole work performed by twenty men and twenty-four women under the supervision of two sisters.

Fifteen hundred to two thousand sheets are washed every day, and the average weight of linen washed in a year is 1,934,385 kilos.

The amount of Cardiff coal used in the laundry in the year, was 2993 cwt.; of coke, 1809; of wood, 1181; of soda, 176.

The linen from the infectious wards is washed in a separate place.

All linen is found by the hospital, and is given to the poor women of Milan to make up.

We were shown into the book-keeping rooms, which greatly interested me. The books are huge and kept in a most methodical manner.

A daily register is kept of every ounce of food, whether of meat, meal, vegetable, or bread, and of every drop of drink, whether of wine, milk, coffee, or tea consumed. Each book lasts a year, and without the least difficulty one can ascertain the year's consumption.

We next went to the coach-house and saw the four carriages, or ambulances, in use. One is for fetching the sick from their homes to the hospital. It is provided with cushions, curtains, and every comfort.

A separate one, and equally comfortable, is used only to take convalescents from the hospital: a practice we thought good and prudent.

A third is for bringing and taking insane people who are received here until they can be taken to proper houses.

There is yet a fourth, which is used for infectious cases, and kept in a separate house.

Some of the patients who can afford it pay two lire a day, but are treated in no wise different to those who pay nothing, nor have they separate rooms.

There is no department in this large hospital but bears the stamp of forethought and cleanliness, and the question naturally arises as to what is the secret of its efficiency. One need only pay a visit into every corner of it, as we did, to recognise that the skill of the doctors and the beneficent desires of the directors are followed up by the most skilful nursing and careful supervision. Nothing is too small or too insignificant to come within the range of discipline.

This and indeed nearly all the hospitals in Italy are nursed and superintended by the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

In consequence of the law suppressing religious orders, the existence of these sisters cannot be legally recognised—they are therefore called sorveglianti, or superintendents; but, whatever the name, it does not alter the character of their work; and, in spite of all, they continue to be called Sisters.

Every department of the hospital, whether wards, kitchens, laundry, wardrobes, dispensaries, or clerks' offices, is under their superintendence; so also are the nurses and helpers.

The sisters and nurses are lodged in the hospital; the pay of the first is one lira fifty cents. a day (about 1*s.* 3*d.*) and food, with the privilege of having it in kind or money.

The nurses, besides their board and lodging, are provided with one uniform a year, blue and white striped, and a daily wage of from sixty to ninety cents. While the probationer is on her trials she receives only thirty cents. a day.

While the nurses are in attendance upon the insane and infectious patients they have an increase of twenty cents. daily in their wage.

Although there is no definite assurance of pensions to those who work long and faithfully, yet the Council never permits such workers to go without annuities.

In 1861 a friend of the hospital, Ignazio Risnati, left all his means to this hospital, with the injunction that it was to be applied towards augmenting the salaries of the nurses, and for rewarding good and faithful service, so as to make the pay more in accordance with the needs of life, and to give them some sign of favour in the shape of silver and bronze medals.

The ceremony of giving these rewards is one of pomp and solemnity; with the highest medal one hundred lire are also bestowed; with each of the next three, which are simple silver medals, fifty lire are given, and with each of the four bronze medals twenty-five lire are given.

Other benefactors have since followed in his steps.

There is a large stone placed in a prominent position on which are written the names of those nurses who have fallen victims to contagion while working in the infectious wards; it is impossible to say how much the living nurses think of this.

A great point is to secure vigilance at night in the nurses whose turn it is to watch. Two sisters take it in turn the whole night through, going from ward to ward, cheering and helping the nurses and the sick alike.

Those who have seen these ladies at work must admire them; they are so skilful in assisting the sick, so thoughtful over their needs, so ready and gentle in wiping away tears, so comforting to the sorrowful; and they so entirely devote their lives without a thought of self to the inmates of those abodes of pain in which they have chosen to dwell.

Public sick nursing is a work of Christ-like love and compassion, whether it be undertaken by our hospital sisters at home, or by the Albertinerins, the Red Cross Sisters, or the Deaconesses and the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul on the Continent. It is a work which will make the nineteenth century remembered as the one in which women found their vocation and followed it even to the sacrifice of their lives.

OUR EBEN-EZERS AND OUR NAPHTALIS.

"Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 *Samuel* vii. 12.

"O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord."—*Deut.* xxxiii. 23.

IF the setting up of this pillar memorialising the Divine help was typical of marked epochs of deliverance in the lives of God's children through all the various tracks of time, just as typical were the circumstances under which it came to be raised.

The Israelites had been in difficulties that threatened to overwhelm them, and their difficulties came upon them when it might appear that they had least reason to expect them.

Had not the ark of the Lord, for which the hearts of the fathers of the congregation trembled, been brought from Bethshemesh and placed in the jealous guardianship of Abinadab's consecrated son?

Had not the hearts of all the House of Israel been lamenting long after Him who was known to them as the great I AM, and who had promised by many a holy covenant, and by many a comfortable word spoken in the wilderness, to be a rewarder of all them that diligently seek Him?

And to the mind of these Hebrew children, whose spiritual education was yet incomplete, awaiting the fulness of the time, temporal blessings did not lie outside the circle of the Divine blessing as a kind of happy accident unworthy their desire or care; they were included within it, an inheritance for their posterity, a pledge of present favour, an earnest of better things to come.

And yet after mourning long over their sins, and lamenting after the Lord, as a child becoming conscious of loneliness cries after the father—whom a turn in the road has hidden from his sight—after pouring out their penitent hearts like water before God, the only effect of their gathering together seems to be that those remorseless lords of the Philistines, are swooping down upon them, and soon there will be an utter rout.

"Oh, pray! pray!" they say unto Samuel. "Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that He will save us out of the hands of the Philistines."

The answer to prayer was to the eye of sense delayed, and yet the very circumstances that were so trying to their faith, were "working together for their good."

The on-moving Philistines came down full charge, but their war was with the elements. For battle dust and din, there was the roar of thunder, while like a destroying angel the swift forked lightning glanced hither and thither, and death and destruction were the consequences of its terrible play.

So signal was the defeat of the haughty Philistines that they came no more into the coasts of these people for whom the very heavens contended.

The extremity of the Israelites had been God's opportunity—no human help could have availed them. So they would see it looking back, and in all the joy of this fresh deliverance, Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Eben-ezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

"Hitherto." Yes, whether they looked back on as much of the past as was included in their own brief lives, or in the lives of their fathers since the time of the Exodus, they were bound to acknowledge that the Lord had helped them. Their fathers had trusted in Him, they had trusted, and were not confounded. The children also had the sanction of a very rich and varied experience.

So it is, that that emphatic pregnant word "Eben-ezer" has come down from them to us, and thousands of believers in every generation have given it their happy and thankful endorsement. Eben-ezer—the word stands above many a humble house of prayer that the contributions of the poor have raised. We have seen it cleanly-carved above the door of the modest home that thrift and the blessing of the Lord on the diligent hand had given to old age. The venerable saint, nearing the end of the earthly pilgrimage, breathes it in the ear of children and of children's children. The earnest man, the timid woman entangled in the worldly snare, says it with backward look upon the past and wistful believing gaze into the future.

Yes: hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Let us thank Him for having cared for us and kept us thus far, before we commit the perplexed present, the future behind curtains, to His care.

Never does the period draw near when the old year retires into the eternal past and the new one steps out from the eternal future, that a thousand hearts and minds are not engaged in recalling the events which the last twelve months have brought to them, that after the retrospect they may erect Eben-ezers, the full signification of which is oftentimes between themselves and God. Sicknesses cured, calamities averted, beloved wanderers brought into the fold, family breaches healed, property saved. Oh! with how many the position has seemed as desperate as it did to the Israelites when the Philistines were sweeping down upon them, but somehow deliverance came. Perhaps not so signally as to the Hebrew children, but still just as certainly.

Faith has said: "It is the Lord. He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters." We need to encourage ourselves by remembering the past, that we may go forward to meet the future. How many glance furtively with feelings of sick apprehension to the year that is coming. They dare not look it in the

face; they feel so sure that in the secret scroll it carries there are dark portents for them, and for their father's house, or for their little ones. Their hearts fail them, considering the signs of the times, depression in trade, symptoms of disease, sounds of the Philistines preparing for attack. They do not know what is written in that scroll, but they know full well what is likely to be, so far as they are concerned.

Ah! a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Did they know all that would be before they wrote their last Eben-ezer, and Eben-ezer before that again?

If this year is like the years beyond the flood, must not Eben-ezer once more be the Finis?

Has God used up all His means of deliverance? Have we come to the end of our faith and gratitude, of our stones of help? Where the way of deliverance has been manifest to us once, has not the danger risen before us a hundred times, magnified by the mist, till it loomed upon us like a tall son of Anak, with whom we were not able to contend?

"Let us forward," cried a voice from the deep, a voice whose dying accents were "How beautiful is God!"[1]

"Let us forward: God leads us; though blind, shall we be afraid to follow? I do not see my way; I do not care to; but I know that He sees His way, and that I see Him, and I cannot believe that, in spite of all one's sins, He will forget His gracious promises."

"They looked unto Him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed."

Yet while we lay our hands on our stones of help, and bend our heads reverently over them, making these stones an altar for the renewal of self-dedication, does not something whisper to us of more blessed experiences, which we have coveted all too languidly, and only sought fitfully to possess?

"Eben-ezer; Hitherto hath the Lord helped us!" The word is good, but it speaks perhaps of ever-recurring pain, and need and conflict. Is our life here to be all made up of the contest with flesh and blood, and a weary world, with brief moments of exultation and occasional notes of praise? Do those of us who believe, not enter into rest, until Death has laid his cold hand on our heart's tumultuous beatings?

Like a burst of jubilant music, sweeps through the heart the memory of these words of benediction on the Patriarch's son:—"Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord."

What must it be to be satisfied? Oh, happy Naphtali, and seven times enriched! Can such a fulness of blessing, temporal and spirtual, be the portion of any beside thee? Can the heirs of God's spiritual Israel ask for, believe for, hope for, so much except on the hither side of Jordan?

We look to be satisfied, when we behold His face in righteousness, when we "awake with His likeness," but can we, even in this cold, hard, mutable world, be "satisfied with favour"?

To the law and to the testimony.

"The promise is to you and your children," says the Holy Book, and we see the verification of it in lives that, like our own, were full of trial, in hearts that sometimes knew dismay.

"In His presence is fulness of joy," is true of this world as well as of that which is to come.

The earnest of His Spirit in our hearts must be a rich foretaste of the inheritance which waits upon the final manifestation of the sons of God; for what is the kingdom of God but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost?

"Satisfied with favour." Paul the Aged makes heathen Nero welcome to his head. His soul is in other keeping; he is persuaded all is well.

And have we not had Naphtalis in our midst, of whom we may think lovingly and reverently as "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord?"

There are young Naphtalis to call to mind as well as aged ones; but more naturally we recall the veteran, reposing in a green old age, in the light of a glorious, setting sun.

As we write, we think upon the stately passage to the grave of one, who for many years had been an overseer of Christ's flock.

His last wish had been gratified, for he had lived to see his ninetieth year. On his eighty-ninth birthday his children, and his children's children, and their children again, received from his hand their tokens of his love, and felt it laid upon their heads, while words of patriarchal blessing flowed from his lips.

When a few months afterwards he was laid upon his bed of death, beatific brightness beamed upon his countenance.

"Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord?" enquired a friend, who had just been ushered into his presence; but he lay in a repose so deep, it was doubtful whether the words reached his consciousness.

"Shall we say of you, 'O, Naphtali, satisfied with favour?'" was repeated once again.

The dying saint instantly caught what was meant. His left hand was clenched, and his arm energetically extended upwards, and so held for several seconds, in evident reference to the exulting words spoken of all the tribes which shortly after follow: "The eternal God is Thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

And those everlasting arms are stretched out to *us*, for us to cast ourselves into and be satisfied. Yes, after all the childish wailing and the long unrest and weariness with the burden which we cannot carry, but which He can carry so easily for us, while we lean it upon Him.

After the disquietude and weeping shall be the sweet hushing and the soft wiping away of tears.

We may come to the peak of our highest experiences by a very painful and difficult path, but His leading will surely bring us to it.

Let the weak in faith, the almost despairing take to heart these words also of a voice that spoke out of the deep, and they will learn how the healing, and rest, and full heart-satisfaction may come.

"Art thou robbed, wounded, deserted, left to die, worsted in the battle of life, and fallen in its

[1] Rev. Canon Kingsley.

rugged road, with no counsel, no strength, no hope, no purpose left? Then remember that there is One, walking to and fro in this world unseen, but ever present, whose form is as the form of the Son of man. . . . He will stablish, strengthen, settle thee; He will bind up thy wounds, and pour in the oil, and the wine of His Spirit—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter—and will carry thee to His own inn, whereof it is written: 'He will hide thee secretly in His own presence from the provoking of men. He will keep thee in His tabernacle from the strife of tongues. He will give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.' And He will give thee rest at last in the bosom of the Father, from which thou like all human souls camest forth at first, and to which thou shalt at last return, with all human souls who have in them the Spirit of God, and of Christ and of eternal life."

SARSON C. T. INGHAM.

LETTERS TO MY CHILDREN FROM THE EAST.

BY HENRY A. HARPER, AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM THE HOLY LAND," ETC.

IX.—THE HOUSE OR CHAMBER ON THE WALL.

CHAMBERS ON THE WALL.

YOU remember, children, when we were in Wales, I took you to Conway Castle. You saw the great towers and the high walls which still surround the town, and you know you went out through the gateways, and I told you that all cities at one time had walls round them like Conway. It would not have been safe to have lived as we do now, in the open country with merely a gate which any one can open leading to the gardens and the house. London even once long ago had a wall round it.

Jerusalem has a wall now; you can only leave the city by the gates, and they open at a certain hour in the morning and are closed at night; soldiers keeping watch all night in rooms near the gate.

In the Bible we find "the walls of the city" mentioned many times, and very often also "the gates of the city." Once the people heard that a man they wanted to catch was in a city. So, as they thought to be quite sure of him, they shut the gates and waited about for him, but at midnight when they all slept, Samson went and took the gates and the posts and even the bar and carried them away to the top of a hill far away, and so he escaped from his enemies. He, you know, was a very strong man.

When the Israelites first crossed the Jordan, and

entered into the Holy Land, they found a strong city, Jericho, with walls and towers which stopped their way. It protected and closed the great road into the Holy Land, so they were obliged to stop. Joshua, who was now their leader, wished to find out how strong his enemies were, so he sent out two men as spies, that is, they were to pretend to be people of the country. They were to look about and find out where the soldiers were, and how many of them; if there were any weak places in the walls, or anything of that sort, and then go back and tell him. They got inside this city Jericho by the gates, but they had not long been there when the king heard of them and sent men to seize them; but a woman, out of kindness to them and fear of God, hid them under some flax on her roof, and at night when it was dark (Josh. ii. 15), "she let them down by a cord through the window, for her house was upon the town wall, and she dwelt upon the wall," and so they got away.

In the Second Book of Kings (ch. iv. ver. 10), we also read of a good woman who wished to be kind to a prophet of God. His name was Elisha. This woman lived in a little town or village on the plain of Esdraelon—Shunen. There is a little village there now, and I think many of the houses there are built just as they might have been in the days of this prophet, at least I thought so when I was there. This good woman asked her husband to let her build "a little chamber on the wall," for the good man. She put a bed, a table and a stool in it, so now whenever he passed that way he had his own little room always ready. And another time when David, who afterwards became king, was in danger of his life from Saul, his wife Michal (1 Samuel xix. 12), "let David down through the window" and so he got away. And we read again, of St. Paul, when he was at Damascus, the Jews hated him, because he was so good. They wished to kill him (Acts ix. 23, 25). They watched the gates day and night, so that if he attempted to go out they would kill him. But the other disciples "took him by night and let him down through the wall, lowering him in a basket." Paul himself says he was let down by a "rope," and so he got away. This little picture will show how all these things could happen. In Jerusalem, I once saw a woman let down a bucket by a rope that another woman outside might give her a pail of water; so then I saw how it was that David and Paul and the others could get away.

My sketch was made in the great convent of "Mar Saba," and here there were many "little chambers" built into "the wall," and people lived in them. In many Eastern cities I have seen lots of these little rooms. At Constantinople on the old walls I sketched several. And so, children, I think you will now be able to understand what these "little" rooms on walls were like. You see God used these "little rooms" to save those who loved and served Him

New Year's Eve.

OH God, my life has run to waste,
And I have nought to bring;
No fruits that seem a worthy gift
To offer to my King.

Through mingled motives, selfish aims,
Through fears, and doubts, and strife,
I scarce discern the love and praise,
The sap which is the life.

'Tis useless—I give up the quest,
From all the past I flee;
From all my failures and my sins
My refuge is in Thee.

In Thee—what peace those words contain!
Can Thy pure life be mine?
Thy death hath won that life for me,
And righteousness divine.

And if from out my wasted life
Some plants of beauty spring
To bloom in Paradise for Thee,
Fit for my Lord and King;

Then freed from pride and thoughts of self,
My greatest joy shall be,
That Thou art glorified, and not
That aught has come from me:

Then shall I never cease to praise
The wond'rous love and power
Which from such refuse soil could make
To bloom one heavenly flower.

LYDIA EWBANK.

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